

[MISS MOUSE *returns.*]

MISS MOUSE. Mother is nowhere to be seen.
Now tell me what you named your youngest child.

CAT. All-out.

MISS MOUSE. All-out? Why, that is more curious
than the others. I have never seen it in print.

CAT (*glaring at Miss Mouse*). You never will!

MISS MOUSE (*frightened*). What do you mean?

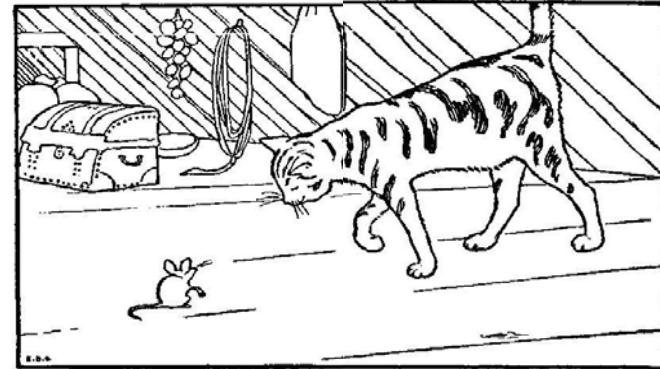
CAT (*preparing to spring*). I mean to put you
down with the butter!

MISS MOUSE. Help! help!

[*Enter MOTHER MOUSE just as the Cat clutches
her daughter and jumps out of the window with
her. Mother Mouse crosses and looks into the
empty grease-pot.*]

MOTHER MOUSE (*sighing sadly*). It is always
the same! Show your grease-pot, and you'll go
with it!

THE CAT AND THE MOUSE



An Old Tale in Skit Form

A LearningIsland.org
Skit

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The Cat and the Mouse/An Old Tale in Skit Form
Summary: A tale warning of the danger of flattery.

1. Folk Tales. Juvenile Literature. 2. Plays. Juvenile Literature.

Created in USA

Words: 957
Reading Level: 2.7

[Miss Mouse nods and runs out. The Cat creeps to the grease-pot and eats half the butter; then crosses to the window. MISS MOUSE returns.]

MISS MOUSE. Mother is nowhere to be seen. Now what did you name your second child?

CAT. Half-out.

Miss MOUSE. Half-out? I never heard such a name!

CAT. What does that matter, if it pleases me? Now the last child is really a wonder. He is quite black and has little white claws, but not a single white hair on his body.

MISS MOUSE. What have you named him?

CAT. I'm afraid that will please you no better than the others, but still I will tell you. First, though, run to see if your dear mother is not coming.

[Miss Mouse nods and runs out. The Cat creeps to the pot and eats all the butter. She then crosses to the window.]

CAT. What one begins one must finish.

CAT. I've a mind to tell you his name. First, though, run out to see if your dear mother is not coming.

[Miss Mouse nods and runs out. The Cat quickly creeps to the grease-pot and licks the top off. She crosses to the window just as MISS MOUSE returns.]

MISS MOUSE. Mother is nowhere to be seen. Now what did you name your eldest child?

CAT. Top-off.

MISS MOUSE. Top-off? Why, that is a curious name! Is it common in your family?

CAT. Oh, no! My second child has a white ring around his neck.

MISS MOUSE. Remarkable!

CAT. Very!

MISS MOUSE. What did you name him?

CAT. I gave him an unusual name. I will tell you what it is. First, though, run out to see if your dear mother is coming.

THE CAT AND THE MOUSE

TIME: *perhaps this minute.*

PLACE: *perhaps your own attic.*

CHARACTERS:

MOTHER MOUSE.

HER DAUGHTER, MISS MOUSE.

THE CAT.

[MOTHER MOUSE *and* MISS MOUSE *are in their spare room because Mother Mouse is getting ready for a journey. Miss Mouse helps her. The CAT is outside, peeping now and then through the window, but so slyly that the mice do not see her.*]

MOTHER MOUSE (*going*). Now mind you keep one eye on our grease-pot, child.

MISS MOUSE. That I will, dear mother!

MOTHER MOUSE. Let no one in. No one! No one!

MISS MOUSE. No one, dear mother!

MOTHER MOUSE. I'll not be gone long. Good-by, my child.

(*Starting out; stopping.*)

Mind you show no one the grease-pot, child,—No one! No one!

Miss MOUSE. No one, dear mother!

[*Mother Mouse goes out of the front door.*]

[*The Cat runs quickly to the northwest corner.*]

MISS MOUSE (*in alarm*). Come away! Come away!

CAT. Why, here is your grease-pot!

MISS MOUSE (*as before*). Come away, I say!

CAT (*looking into the pot*). Truly, the butter is kept hard and cool here.

MISS MOUSE. I pray you come away! Mother does not so much as let me look into it. It is not yet time, she says.

CAT (*looking again into pot*). Exactly!

(*She leaves the pot and joins Miss Mouse.*)

It is just what I'll tell my kittens about my grease-pot when I have bought it.

MISS MOUSE. Ah, then you have kittens at home?

CAT (*nodding*). Such beautiful kittens! The oldest is white, with brown marks.

MISS MOUSE. He must be charming!

MISS MOUSE. Mother said—

CAT (*interrupting*). Only tell me if I be right! It will do no harm!

MISS MOUSE (*hesitating*). Well—then—yes. But it is put away for our winter stores.

CAT (*nodding*). That is good! But I can't decide where to keep my grease-pot when I have bought one. Won't you give me your advice? You are so wise.

MISS MOUSE. Do you truly think I'm wise?

CAT (*nodding*). Yes, and if you will tell me where to keep my grease-pot when I have bought it, I'll tell you something more.

MISS MOUSE (*greatly pleased*). About me?

CAT (*nodding*). Yes,—what every one says about your being so beautiful. But first I must know where to keep my grease-pot.

MISS MOUSE. Then listen—you must keep it, when you have bought it, in the northwest corner.

CAT (*calling through window*). Oh, Miss Mouse! Oh, Miss Mouse!

MISS MOUSE (*showing alarm*). Who calls?

CAT (*very sweetly*). Only I! Will you please let me in?

MISS MOUSE (*shaking head*). Mother said—

CAT (*interrupting quickly*). It is a matter of business!

MISS MOUSE (*shaking head*). But mother said—

CAT (*interrupting*). It is most important!

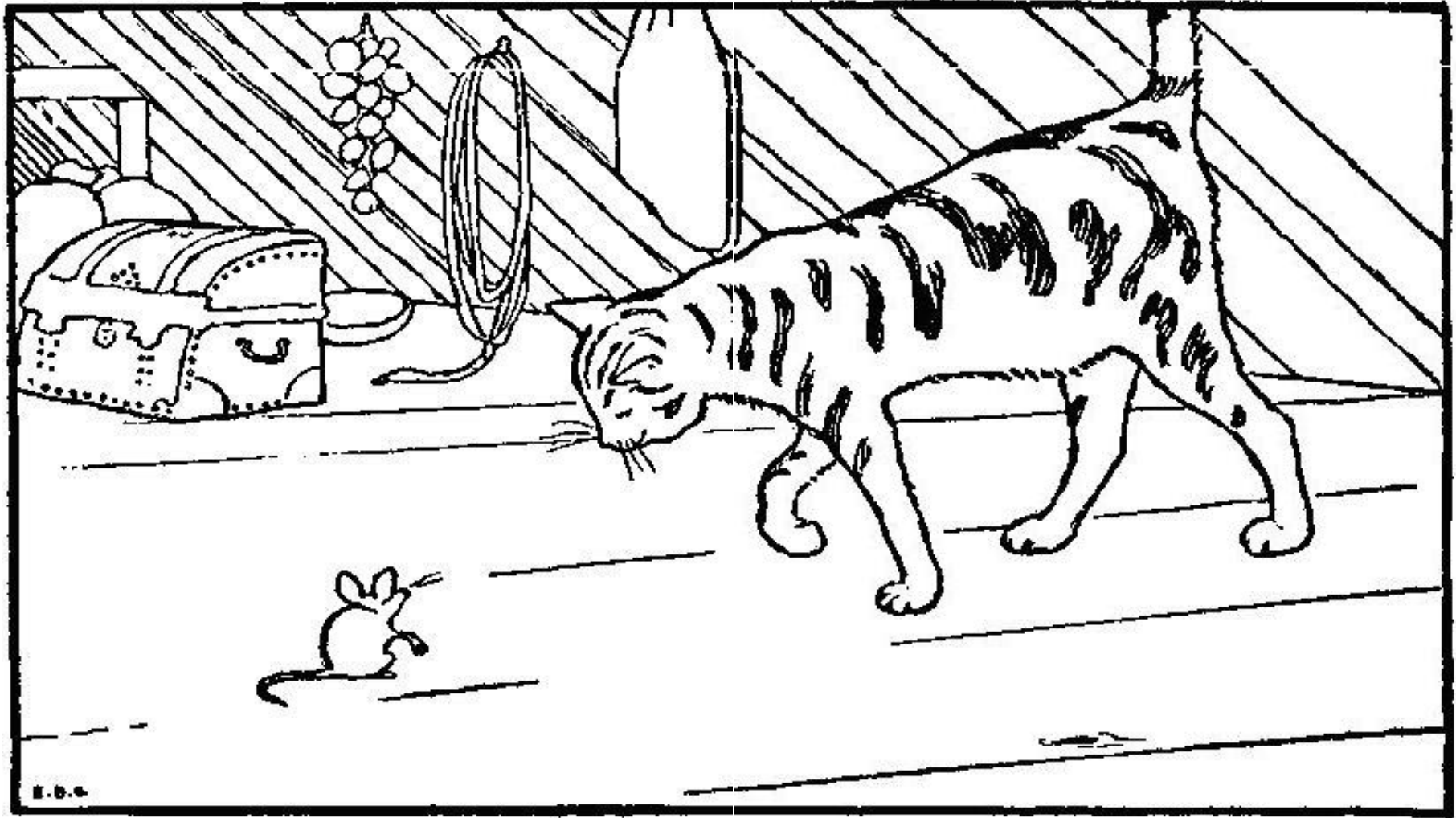
MISS MOUSE (*as before*). But mother said—

CAT (*interrupting*). I wish your advice—you are so clever!

MISS MOUSE (*She is pleased and goes toward the window*). Oh, do you truly think so?

CAT (*nodding*). Every one thinks so!

MISS MOUSE (*She is even more pleased*). Oh, do they, truly?



CAT. Oh, truly they do!

MISS MOUSE (*she blushes and opens the window*). What other nice things do they say?

CAT (*jumping in*). That I'll tell you by and by.

(*Sniffing about.*)

There must be a grease-pot about! Am I not right?