



ALFRED AND LILY  
AND THEIR  
MARVELOUS TANK  
IN THE FOREST

A TEN MINUTE PLAY

BY  
TARA MEDDAUGH

**EXCERPT**

# **Alfred and Lily**

## **And Their Marvelous Tank in the Forest**

a ten-minute play

by Tara Meddaugh

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Special thanks to Mike Bouteneff, Kevin Snipes, Gabe Davis, Nick and Olga Bouteneff, Buchanan Highhouse, Missy Flower, Nathan Flower, Donna White, Peter Andrews, Julia LaVerde, Albi Gorn, Jeffrey Whitsett, Erik Langner, Westchester Collaborative Theater, Alan Lutwin, Lawrence Harbison, Dylan B, Luke B., Arlen and Roberta Meddaugh

*Alfred and Lily and Their Marvelous Tank in the Forest* was first performed July 19, 2019 in Ossining, NY. It was produced by Westchester Collaborative Theater with the following cast:

Alfred.....Buchanan Highhouse

Lily.....Missy Flower

Directed by Nathan Flower

*Alfred and Lily and Their Marvelous Tank in the Forest*

Cast

LILY                                      A frog, married to Alfred. In human years, she could be in her early 20s to 70s.

ALFRED                                    A frog, married to Lily. In human years, he could be in his early 20s to 70s.

Setting

Outdoors, a kind of forest, on a sunny day. Within the natural surroundings, there is a large clear tank. There could be other tanks represented in the distance. The set need not be realistic.

Time

Present.

AT RISE: Outdoors, a kind of forest, a sunny day. Within the natural surroundings, there is a large clear tank. LILY and ALFRED, frogs, are in this tank. In human years, they would be anywhere from their 20s-70s. They are married.

ALFRED  
Just let me lick your thigh.

LILY  
Alfred!

ALFRED  
I can barely contain myself...Please, Lily.

LILY  
It seems rather crass.

ALFRED  
You're my wife.

LILY  
Even so.

ALFRED  
You smell so good...One lick.

LILY  
Well...

ALFRED  
Don't you want to lick me too?

LILY  
I have stronger will power than you.

ALFRED  
You've always been my better half.

LILY  
Don't bite me.

ALFRED  
I wouldn't!

LILY  
You might.

ALFRED  
I will try very hard not to.

LILY  
(pause)  
Okay.

ALFRED  
I may lick your thigh?

LILY  
You may lick my thigh.

ALFRED  
Thank you! Thank you, Lily!  
(starts to lick her thigh)  
Thank you! Mmm...plump...and meaty...so...good...

LILY  
Okay, Alfred, now come up. You're embarrassing me. Or yourself. I can't tell the difference.

ALFRED  
(comes up)  
Your skin is tasty—

LILY  
I'm glad you like it.

ALFRED  
But drier than normal. Do you notice that?

LILY  
Well, there's not much water in here.

ALFRED  
No, there's not.

LILY  
I like it. It's less work maintaining myself.

ALFRED  
But...we should have water. We should—we should be able to swim. Couldn't we swim in here yesterday?



LILY

We were still in the pond yesterday. We were only evacuated two hours ago.

ALFRED

No, it's been two days, Lily. The sun went down twice.

LILY

Call it what you like.

ALFRED

And in those two days, I think our water has been almost depleted.

LILY

Hm. I guess you're right about that.

ALFRED

Lily...frogs will die if we don't have water.

LILY

I'm sure they'll fill it up.

ALFRED

But what if they don't? The only thing they've dropped in here the last few days are those specks of...of...

LILY

The perfume sprinkling. Yes, I love those perfume sprinkling baths. Why do think my skin smells so good?

(An EAGLE squawks from overhead)

I bet this eagle will drop a pail of water for us right now.

ALFRED

What's he got in his beak?

LILY

I'm sure just a mou—

ALFRED

That's not a mouse, Lily. It's Gina!

LILY

(pause)

Gina? From—no.

ALFRED

From Tank 113. Yes. I know that's Gina. Don't you recognize the purple scarf she always wears?

LILY

I didn't know you were so into what Gina wears.

ALFRED

Do you really think this is the time to—

LILY

I just think it's odd you know she wears a purple scarf.

(EAGLE flies away.)

ALFRED

Do you think the eagle will eat her?

LILY

Maybe he's just bringing her over the mountain. A lot of them have been going in that direction today.

ALFRED

I haven't seen that.

LILY

You took an awful long nap this morning. You didn't notice I was singing "You Are My Sunshine" either. I sang it so beautifully I made myself cry! And you didn't even stir. Your head was under the water.

ALFRED

You should have told me about the eagles...Were they all carrying pond creatures?

LILY

Who can tell? I don't like to look up. Besides, it's not my business.

ALFRED

We know Gina!

LILY

If it makes you feel any better, although I'm not sure it will, she was probably just carried over to The Ostrich. I bet he has some serious questions for her.

ALFRED

You think Gina deserves to be taken from her tank?

LILY

I'm no judge, Alfred. But—I wouldn't be wearing a purple scarf and complaining about the tank like she was. Very ungrateful. She couldn't see the beauty in a butterfly if it landed on her nose.

ALFRED

But Lily, she was right. This tank is—it's not what we thought it would be. We were evacuated because they said the pond was green, right?

LILY

(starts to arrange fallen pieces of grass into a little bed for herself)

Contaminated, yes. It was thoughtful of the birds to give us a better home.

ALFRED

But aren't ponds supposed to be green?

LILY

Oh, I'm no ecologist, Alfred. And neither are you.

ALFRED

I think—I think they are. They're green because, because, there is life in them. Protection, camouflage in the color. And, food—I mean, vegetation is green!

LILY

You were quite happy to be upgraded to the tank when we left the pond. You didn't say anything then.

ALFRED

Frogs weren't being snatched from their tanks then!

LILY

It was one frog. And only Gina.

(curls up on the floor to take a nap)

ALFRED

You said this morning there were—

LILY

I don't know what was in their beaks this morning. They may have been carrying party decorations for all we know. In fact, they probably were. Birds do like a good party.

ALFRED

I'm going to jump out. Look for some water. Find out some answers. Then I'm coming back for you, and you're going to jump out too. I don't like this tank. We shouldn't be here. Poor Gina...poor Gina...

LILY

I'm taking a nap, Alfred.

(ALFRED squats down then jumps. He does not make it to the top of the tank. He tries again.)

ALFRED

No...

LILY

You sound like a thunderstorm.

ALFRED

(he tries to jump again, but can't make it to the top)

Lily, I can't jump out.

LILY

What?

(EAGLE squawks from overhead. ALFRED looks up to the eagle.)

ALFRED

Look!

LILY

The sun is in my eyes.

ALFRED

Lily...it's Thomson. In his beak.

LILY

The salamander spreading all those rumors?

(ALFRED nods. LILY gets up to look)

No, it's not. It's just a party balloon.

ALFRED

It's Thomson. I can see his tail. Dangling out of the beak.

LILY

That's the ribbon from the balloon. I told you birds like to party.

(Something drops from the sky and lands on Lily.)

Ahhh! Get it off of me!

ALFRED

It's his tail!

LILY

Oh, don't be—

ALFRED

He dropped his tail!

LILY

Alfred, please! Don't say such...it's...it's...maybe you need glasses—

ALFRED

Don't say that's a balloon ribbon! That is not a balloon ribbon! —

## **END OF EXCERPT**

To read the complete play, *Alfred and Lily and Their Marvelous Tank in the Forest*, visit:

<https://www.tameddaugh.com/alfred-and-lily-and-their-marvelous-tank-in-the-forest-a-10-minute-play>

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### ABOUT THE PLAYWRIGHT



Tara is a graduate of Carnegie Mellon University's MFA program in Dramatic Writing. Her work has been presented by Fusion Theatre, The Directors Company, Le Petit Theatre de Terrebonne, Theatre One, Westchester Collaborative Theater, One Armed Man, Oracle Theatre, Inc, the Bobik Theatre Ensemble, The Acme Theatre Company, The Harlequin Players, *Woman Seeking...*, and numerous schools, universities and colleges including Gardner-Webb, Prince Williams, and Colgate. Her work has also showcased at the Artists of Tomorrow Festival in NYC, The Bangkok Community Theatre Fringe Festival, the Pittsburgh New Works Series and the Last Frontier Theatre Conference in Alaska. Students, teachers and actors world-wide have utilized her plays and monologues for competitions, Directing, Acting and Dramatic Literature courses and workshops in schools, colleges and theatres. Serial monologues she wrote were performed for two years by the internationally recognized receptionist-robot, Valerie. She has taught Playwriting and Screenwriting at Carnegie Mellon, the Pittsburgh Public Theatre, and for The Westport Country Playhouse, and she has led Creative Dramatics Workshops for children in underserved areas throughout New York and New Jersey. Additionally, she toured in a Children's Theatre Troupe, which she wrote for, co-directed, and performed in. Tara's work has been published by YouthPLAYS, Oxford Press South Africa, the London Academy of Music and Dramatic Arts (LAMDA), The Hunger Journal, Meriweather Publishing and Applause Theatre & Cinema. She is a two-time recipient of the Shubert Fellowship in Dramatic Writing, the Sloan Screenwriting Fellowship, the New Works for Young Women [Actors] Award and is a member of the Dramatist's Guild. Tara has written children's books, short stories, a novel, and writes and records music in the chick-core rap band, [Girl Crusade](#). She lives in Westchester County with her husband and two dramatic children.

For more information about Tara Meddaugh or her work,  
visit her website at [www.tameddaugh.com](http://www.tameddaugh.com).