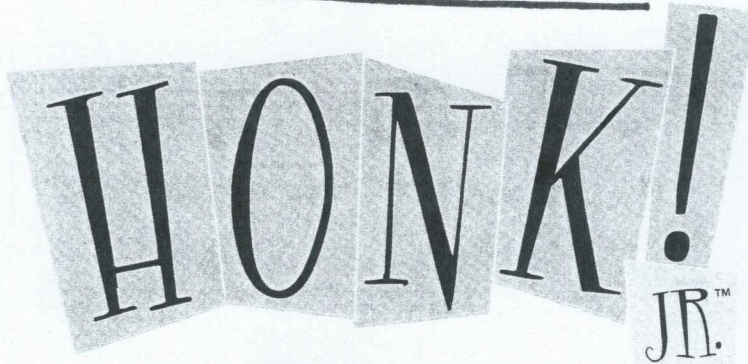


Name: _____



SCENE ONE

(#1 – A POULTRY TALE begins. It is the beginning of a glorious summer's day out in the country. The corn is golden yellow, the oats are green and the hay is stacked up in the meadows. Standing in the sunshine is an old farmhouse, and behind the farmhouse, in a slightly more disheveled part of the farm, is a lake. Thick beds of cattails surround the lake with their seedheads like giant cigars pointing skyward. The water's edge is a favorite meeting place for the MEMBERS OF THE DUCKYARD, and it is here that we discover DRAKE sitting idly beside the water.)

A POULTRY TALE

DRAKE:

In our patch behind the farmhouse
Where the pace of life is slow
There's a website where just real webs are used.
We spend days the way ducks oughta,
eating bread thrown on the water
In the way that keeps the younger kids amused.

In our land both green and pleasant
Every bantam, duck and pheasant...
...If they had them would be walking arm-in-arm
For our life is good and steady 'til we're plucked and oven-ready
It's a poultry tale
Of folk down on the farm...

(Duckyard characters enter)

There's a turkey with a gobble
Watch his legs begin to wobble,
Cause Thanksgiving gives him cause alarm.
We've got pullets, we've got chickens
We've got quails and... What the Dickens?!
It's a poultry tale of folk down on the farm!

What a gorgeous vision this is
And that's Ida, she's my missus
So forgive me if I'm laying on the smarm,
She goes in for heated quacking to point out the skills I'm lacking

ALL:

It's a poultry tale
Of folk down on the farm!

Come on down and don't be strangers
In our duckyard of free rangers
It's a poultry tale
Of folk down on the farm!

[Dance break]

IDA/MAUREEN/GRACE:

Here where waterfowl have waddled
Little chicks are mollycoddled
For The Cat
Would like to do them grievous harm
He's our only source of worry
Feathers rarely get to flurry

ALL:

It's a poultry tale
Of folk down on the farm!

CAT:

Ha!
How they flatter themselves
I've never shown much interest in this group,
I'll admit I'm quite a glutton but this feathered form of mutton
Wouldn't even make a palatable soup...
But
When those little ducklings hatch
That's a flavour you won't match
They're delicious!
And I just can't get enough,
As a fella who is feline you will see me make a beeline
For those tender little juicy balls of fluff!

MAUREEN:

Bo-ger-doc-a-der, Bo-ger-doc-a-der, Bo-ger-doc-a-der, Bo-ger-doc-a-der,

DRAKE: Wh-wa-uh! Wah
Wha! Wha! Wha! Wha!
Wha! Wha!

TURKEY: Goble Goble
Goble Goble Goble
Goble Ga

IDA: Wha Wha
Whaaaaaa

ALL: Bo-ger-doc-a-der,
Bo-ger-doc-a-der,

ALL:

In our waterfowl regatta
There's a moorhen fond of chatter

And a mandarin with ornamental charm,
You'll find every goose or gander

GRACE

Though, of course, I'm rather grander!

COMPANY:

It's a poultry tale of folk down on the farm.

Come on down and don't be strangers
In our duckyard of free rangers
It's a poultry tale
It's a poultry tale
It's a poultry tale
Of folk down on the farm!

Hah-arm. Hah-arm. B-ger-ehr

(#2 – POULTRY PLAYOUT begins. At the end of the song, everyone rushes offstage, and we are left with a cloud of feathers descending around IDA, who tidies up around her nest. Just protruding above the edge of the nest are four blue eggs and a large brown egg. IDA spots DRAKE offstage.)

IDA

Drake! Drake! It's no good paddling away, I've seen you.

(DRAKE enters sheepishly.)

And it doesn't do for a duck to look sheepish, it confuses the other animals.

DRAKE

How's it going, Ida? You still sitting? I dunno, it's alright for some.

IDA

Well if you like the sound of it so much why shouldn't you take a turn on the nest? And wipe your webs! I just did the floor this morning.

DRAKE

Oh Ida, I'd love to have a crack at sitting on the eggs for a bit, but you look so comfortable up there it seems a shame to disturb you.

IDA

Huh, and what about that extension you promised to build on the nest? It's going to be very cramped when the little ones arrive – especially with that one big egg in the clutch, goodness knows what size that chick is going to be.

DRAKE

You know, I reckon that might be a turkey's egg.

IDA

Okay, Drake! How would a turkey egg get to be in my nest? Must be your side of the family.

DRAKE

We'll just have to wait and see who he takes after, won't we, dear.

IDA

(acidly)

Yes, dear.

DRAKE

Anyway, must fly. I promised the Rooster that I'd help him count his chickens.

(#3 – THE JOY OF MOTHERHOOD begins.)

THE JOY OF MOTHERHOOD

(DRAKE:) Shall I see you back here?

IDA: Well where else do you suppose I'm going to be?

(DRAKE exits. IDA resumes sitting on her eggs, resigned to her lot.)

IDA:

As a duck
When you're stuck
Sat sitting in the middle of your nest
Then at best
You get bored...
There goes drake
On the lake
I can see him through the rushes
All the time
Feeling i'm
Just ignored
I don't pretend that this is all his doing
I'm a sucker for the billing
And the cooing

But when you hear that pitter patter
Of tiny feet it doesn't matter
How long i've had to sit here
Minding my brood

Those little heads so soft and downy
Their baby bods all golden brown
Their beaks constantly open
Waiting for food

It's the joy of motherhood
Those little ducklings
Walking round in a line
I'll do what any other mother would
To try to do my best at bringing up mine

It's the joy of motherhood
Those little perks
That make it all seem worthwhile
I'll do what any other mother would
To get my ducks decked out
And living in style

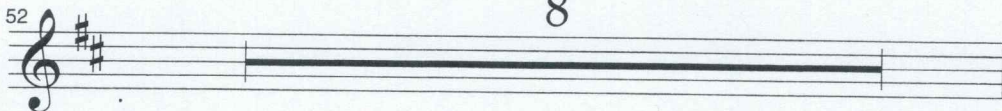
(MAUREEN, the
cheerful neighborly
Moorhen, enters breezily.)

MAUREEN: Morning Ida.

IDA: Morning Maureen.

MAUREEN: How is the mother-to-be?

IDA: She'd be better if the father-who-was was better at being the
father-who-is. I sometimes think I'd have been better off pairing with
a decoy.



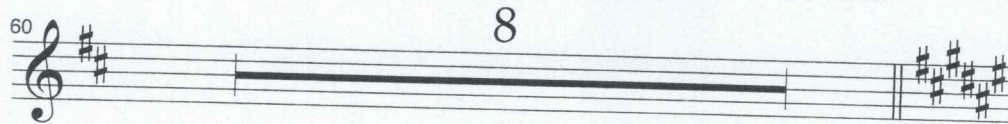
MAUREEN: I'm sure Drake will make a marvelous dad when the family arrives.

IDA: Not him. Duck by name and duck by nature – ducking out of his responsibilities.

MAUREEN: How much longer do you have to go?

IDA: Well, by my reckoning they should be out by now. I went to all of my pre-natal hatching classes, run by that self-satisfied Stork, and she said about half a month, but two weeks is up.

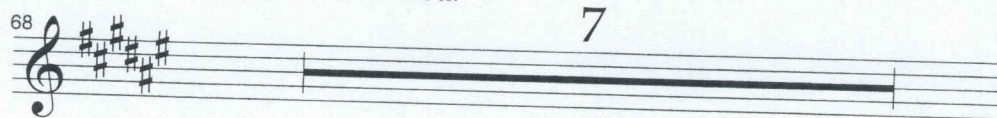
MAUREEN: Oh well, the best things come to those who wait.



IDA: I don't know. Why do we put ourselves through it? Every spring it's exactly the same...

MAUREEN: But just think of the rewards – all those lovely little ducklings.

IDA: All those beaks to feed.



MAUREEN: Waking you up at all hours.

IDA: Getting into deep water.

MAUREEN: Attracting unwanted admirers...

BOTH: (*in hushed tones*) ...like the Cat. Why do we put ourselves through it?

MAUREEN:

'cos when you hear that dabble dabble

You're proud to say

"hey that's my rabble"

Then watch their maiden voyage

Out from the bank

IDA: like champagne corks

You'll see the bobbing

MAUREEN: accompanied by mothers sobbing

BOTH: relieved, thanks be to nature
Nobody sank
It's the joy...

Maureen: oh, prepare yourself, ida
(they are interrupted as the eggs begin to hatch, ducklings tap)

Both: it's the joy of motherhood
Those little perks
That make it all seem worthwhile
I'll do what any other mother would

IDA: to get my ducks decked out
And living in style

MAUREEN: to get those ducks decked out and Liv-ing

IDA: To get my ducks decked out and living

BOTH: in style

(IDA turns to her nest full of DUCKLINGS.)

IDA

My babies!

(The four DUCKLINGS – BILLY, BEAKY, DOWNY and FLUFF – hop down from the nest. Initially, they look confused, not sure which of the two adult birds is 'Mom' – but MAUREEN points enthusiastically at IDA.)

Quack! Quack!

DUCKLINGS

Quack! Quack!

MAUREEN

Oh, Ida. They're the loveliest little ducklings I have ever set my eyes on. They're the image of their father.

IDA

Thanks! Speaking of Daddy, Maureen would you be a dear and try to find him for me? He's probably making waves down at the local watering hole.

MAUREEN

Alright.

(to DUCKLINGS)

Auntie Maur-Maur is off now, I'll see you later.

(MAUREEN exits.)

BEAKY

Auntie Maur-Maur? What a weird name.

FLUFF

What a big world it is.

BILLY

Yeah, far out.

DOWNY

I was getting scrambled inside that egg.

IDA

Don't go thinking that this is the whole world! It stretches far beyond the other side of the lake right into the churchyard – though I've never been that far myself.

BEAKY

Wicked – let's explore.

IDA

Wait, wait, wait, wait, wait, wait, wait. There are one or two nest rules before you paddle off. Number one, no wet webbed feet in the nest; number two, you must feather your own nest every morning; number three, no quacking after sunset; number four, no plankton between meals; number f... wait a minute, you're not all here.

BEAKY

Hey guys, there's going to be another member of the gang.

IDA

(peering into the nest)

Oh, quack! And it's the big one.

BILLY

Look at the shell on that!

FLUFF

Egg-cellent!

BILLY

How come he got such a big egg?

BEAKY

Yeah, we all got cramped into a regular shell, but that one got a queen-sized ostrich job.

DOWNY

It's not fair, Mama.

DUCKLINGS

No, Mama, it's not fair.

(A general commotion breaks out. IDA climbs back onto the big egg. DRAKE re-enters.)

DRAKE

Hi, kids. I'm your Dad.

IDA

Take a good look at him because you probably won't see him that often. Well, true to form you missed it, the pitter-patter of petite paddles.

DRAKE

Well I'm here now. Okay kids, who's for a swim?

(DRAKE issues each of the DUCKLINGS a rubber ring, each bearing a 'STUDENT DRIVER' sign.)

(DRAKE)

(to IDA)

What's the matter? All that sitting around taken it out of you?

IDA

There's still one to hatch, *[points to egg]* The big one.

DRAKE

Let me see that egg again.

(IDA moves so DRAKE can see the egg.)

It's definitely a turkey. You'll never get it to go in the water. Just leave it.

(turns to the DUCKLINGS who are messing around)

Oy, cut that out.

(back to IDA)

Come and teach the other ones to swim properly.

IDA

You teach the other ones to swim properly. I might as well sit for a bit longer. I've sat for so long a few days more won't make any difference.

DRAKE

Whatever you say, dear.

(DRAKE)

(to the DUCKLINGS)

Come on, last one to the lake's a **rotten egg**.

(The DUCKLINGS rush off.)

Hey, wait for me!

(#4 – DIFFERENT (PRE-REPRISE) begins.)

DIFFERENT (PRE-REPRISE)

Thoughtful

IDA:

(DRAKE exits. We stay with IDA on the nest.)

What a role, only good for keeping egg shells warm
On the whole, they have always been more uniform

This one's different, this one's different from the rest
I can't believe a tur-keys egg could fall into my nest
It's just a freak of nature
Just a larger grade of all the other eggs I've ever laid.

This one's diff-rent
But there's diff-rent
And there's Diff'-rent.

UGLY: Honk!

IDA

Oh my word!

UGLY

Honk!

IDA

What's wrong with your quack? You're not like your brothers and sisters, they're...

(gesture)

...

(gesture)

... different.

UGLY

Honk!

IDA

If I say "Butterball" does that bother you at all? No? What about "water"? How would you like to go for a swim?

UGLY

I'd love to... Mama.

IDA

Thank heavens for that!

(as IDA hugs him)

I knew you were one of mine. Now, your father has taken the others off for their first swimming lesson. So how about you and me doing the same, right here at the water's edge. Nothing too fancy mind you, just the basics to get you started.

(IDA dips a web into the water.)

Ooooh... it's a bit nippy, but we'll soon warm up. The important thing is not to be afraid of the water.

UGLY

I'm not afraid, Mama. Can we swim out to that island?

IDA

Good gracious, no. It's further than you think. Why, I haven't been out there since your father and I were courting... and I didn't mean to go that far then! Now, are you ready?

UGLY

I'm ready.

IDA

Just do as I do and you should take to it like a d...

(looks at him)

You should take to it.

(#5 - HOLD YOUR HEAD UP HIGH begins.)

HOLD YOUR HEAD UP HIGH:

Ida:

Hold your head up high
Like the most happy fella
While down below each thigh
Apropos a propeller
Must keep paddling like the clappers
You keep paddling with your flappers
While seeming to be dreaming and calm

UGLY(spoken):

Like this?

IDA (spoken):

That's the way!
(Sung) Bend your knees
No splashing please

UGLY (spoken):

Sorry

IDA:

And steady watch that eddy to your right
Danger sign

UGLY(spoken):

Danger sign?

IDA:

That's fishing line

UGLY(spoken):

Fishing line?

IDA:

Which strangles if it tangles you up tight
He's a natural in a class of his own

UGLY:

This is wonderful, I am feeling full grown

IDA:

Look at you
You have every reason to

BOTH:

Hold your head up high

IDA:

As if free from all troubles
Your back stays nice and straight

UGLY:

But my bottom's in bubbles

BOTH:

You keep paddling like the clappers
just keep paddling with your flappers
while seeming to be dreaming and calm

IDA:

Just beneath the surface
You may struggle to get by

UGLY:

But nothing can deter you

BOTH: If you hold your head up high

*(IDA and UGLY get out of the water, and she tries to
make him look more presentable.)*

IDA

There, dear. That looks much better...

UGLY

What did you mean when you said I'm not like my brothers
and sisters? What is "different"?

IDA

Well, dear... for one thing I'm sure you can swim much better
than they can.

UGLY

Do you really think so? And what else?

IDA

You must try to remember, it's what's inside that matters, not
what we look like.

(DRAKE and the DUCKLINGS return from their swim.)

BEAKY

What's Mama laid?

DRAKE

It's sort of orange preserve often found on toast.

BEAKY

(pointing at UGLY)

No... what's Mama laid?

DRAKE

Oh my... Ida... now listen very carefully, love. I want you to walk towards me very slowly. No sudden moves.

IDA

What are you quacking about?

DRAKE

There's something behind you. Something... not very nice.

IDA

This is your son, dear.

DRAKE

Aaargh... I've created a monster.

IDA

Don't be ridiculous. He's just not your normal run-of-the-millpond duck, that's all.

DRAKE

That's all? Ida, I have a reputation.

IDA

I know, dear, and I wouldn't brag about it if I were you.

FLUFF

I'm scared.

DRAKE

(through gritted bill)

I tell you he's a turkey.

(DRAKE turns to UGLY and taunts him.)

Cranberry sauce!

IDA

See, he didn't even flinch! Now. I want you all to get spruced up. It is time to meet the other members of the duckyard and be educated in the ways of the world. Drake! Don't stare at him!

(#6 - LOOK AT HIM begins.)

LOOK AT HIM

DUCKLINGS: look at him!

IDA: now then, children, let's not make a fuss

DUCKLINGS: look at him!

DRAKE: are you sure he's really one of us?

IDA:
Family likeness isn't strong,
Still you won't poke fun.
All of you must get along— he's a special son.

(IDA, *spoken*):
Come along, all of you now, follow me. But stay close to me at all times or you may get trodden on...and beware of the cat!

DUCKLINGS: Look at him— legs are bandy
and the knees are knocked.
Look at him

FLUFF: Dad was obviously egg-shell-shocked

DUCKLINGS: bet the neighbors scream and howl
When they see our brood.
He's the foulest waterfowl

UGLY: why are you so rude?
DOWNY (*Spoken*): Ooh, touchy!

UGLY: Look at you, look at me what's it matter?
BILLY (*spoken*): Isn't it obvious?

UGLY: Why do I make you all laugh and scoff?
BEAKY (*spoken*): have you seen your reflection?

UGLY: Why don't we play with the fishes?

DUCKLINGS: Because you'd scare them off! (laughter) Wah, wah, wah, wah, wah! Wah, wah, wah, wah, wah, wah!

CAT (*Suddenly appears, spoken*): Now, that's what I'd call a snack.

CAT:

Look at him! Still a duckling but there's so much more...
Look at him! Finest cat food that I ever saw
Better still he won't be missed--
they think he's a flop
Maybe they'll let me assist
Giving him the chop!

MAUREEN (*spoken*):

Now in a moment you will be presented to Her Grace...the most distinguished duck on the lake.
She was once paired with a Mandarin. And you will notice she has a red band of cloth round her
leg....(*GRACE enters as school principal,*) That is the greatest distinction a duck can enjoy. It
means that she is looked up to by both men and animals.

IDA (*spoken*):

Now, don't turn your toes in, just bow your head politely and say "Quack"
(*Ducklings parade past Grace, in turn, in bowing and "quacking."*)

DUCKLINGS (*individually*)

quack! quack! quack! quack!

UGLY: Honk!

DUCKLINGS: Look at him, Come on Ida tell me what went wrong?
Look at him did you leave him in the egg too long?

IDA:

just imagine how he's feeling

GRACE:

look at him
mother nature must have had a laugh

IDA:

in a way he's quite appealing

GRACE/DRAKE/MAUREEN:

look at him

IDA:

He's my son and I love him
Do you see what you've done?
You're to blame
This duckyard would be so boring
If we all looked the same

GRACE/DRAKE//MAUREEN/

Look at him...and be thankful that he's not your kid

DUCKLINGS: look at him

DUCKLINGS: but we've got him as a brother

GRACE/DRAKE/MAUREEN:

look at him... bound to go the way the dodo did

DUCKLINGS: look at him

DUCKLINGS: and he's worse than any other

GRACE/DRAKE/MAUREEN:

bodywork designed to shock, prospects pretty dim

DUCKLINGS: la la la la laaa la la la la laaa

GRACE/DRAKE/MAUREEN/:

he should form a solo flock

ALL:

look at him,

look at me,

look at you,

you'll agree

anywhere you look will be less grim

than a glimpse of this wimp of wimps...

look at him!!!

CAT:

Look

At

him Lit-

tle

thing- His neck just made to wring

look at him.

(The CAT exits as GRACE pushes her way forward to talk with IDA.)

GRACE

Congratulations, Ida, they're delightful.

IDA

Thank you, your Grace.

GRACE

(confidentially)

Tell me, that big fellow at the back, whatever happened there? He's not exactly your classic Beatrix Potter is he?

IDA

I wish the others wouldn't pick on him so. He'll turn out alright as he gets older.

GRACE

Well the others are a triumph, my dear. I only wish I could have produced a brood of my own this year.

IDA

I was so sorry to hear about that, your Grace, you must miss him terribly.

GRACE

He was a fine duck, the Mandarin, but alas he became crispy and aromatic before his time. Still, life goes on.

(GRACE)

(looking around)
Now, I understand Maureen saw the children from the
farmhouse throwing French bread into the water.

*(MAUREEN re-enters triumphantly wielding a large piece
of French bread.)*

MAUREEN

Ta-rah! You have to try it – it's much better than the usual stuff
– even the crusts are nice.

IDA

Oh yes, Maureen, it's delicious. Come along children, try this.

*(All the MEMBERS OF THE DUCKYARD gather around
the bread. UGLY tries to get near the bread but he keeps
getting knocked back. He is pecked and bullied.)*

GRACE

Make way for the Red-Banded Duck.

UGLY

Honk!

GRACE

Ida, you really are going to have to do something about that
honk.

MAUREEN

(pointing offstage)
Ooh, look! Croissants!

(Everyone begins to exit in the direction of the croissants.)

BEAKY

Get back. You're too big for your age already.

*(The DUCKLINGS push UGLY back and exit, leaving him
alone onstage. Everyone else is gone.)*

UGLY

It's not fair. I'm hungry too. Why are you picking on me?

(In a private moment he tries to practice his "Quack.")
Qu..onk! ... Qu..onk!

*(#7 – DIFFERENT begins. Failing miserably, he gives up
trying.)*

DIFFERENT

UGLY: If they knew, just how dearly I would love to qu- HONK!
But it's true, I'm just a bird who seems to lack the knack

I'm just different
I'm just different from the rest
And who can blame them wanting me to find another nest?
But different isn't naughty
Different isn't bad
So why should being different make me sad?

I'm just different
They're like peas from the same pod
No wonder they make fun of me
Life's harder when you're odd.
But, different isn't scary
Different is no threat,
And though I'm still their brother,
They forget

I didn't choose to look this way
I didn't want to be unique
I don't like these grubby feathers
And I hate my stubby beak!
There's a runt in every litter,
One black sheep in every flock,
But when you know it's you, somehow your ego takes a knock.

I'm just different,
But I have a sense of pride.
My looks may well be funny
But I hurt the same inside.
Different isn't spiteful,
Different isn't wrong!
So, why is it so hard to get along?
I only want to get along!

Different isn't hateful,
Different could be swell.
Different, is just...
Well... Different

(At the end of the song, the CAT appears and sidles up next to UGLY.)

CAT

Hello, Ducky!

UGLY

Who are you?

CAT

I'm your friend.

UGLY

I haven't got any friends. Everyone hates me because I'm ugly.

CAT

Oh they are too, too, too-too cruel. I think you look delicious.

UGLY

What did you say?

CAT

I said poultry can be so malicious. Look at them guzzling all that bread.

UGLY

It's supposed to be really nice, it's French.

(#8 – FRENCH TING! begins.)

21

CAT

Mmm. *A l'orange*. Do you mean to say that they didn't let you have any?

UGLY

Not a crumb.

CAT

Well that settles it then. Lunch is in... on me.

UGLY

Do you mean it? You really are a friend.

CAT

Of course I am. Now, just follow me.

UGLY

I'd better tell my mother.

CAT

Oh no, you mustn't.

UGLY

I really think I should.

CAT

Listen. We won't be gone for long. What harm can it do? And you're hungry aren't you?

UGLY

Yes, I am.

CAT

Well that makes two of us.

UGLY

Well... if you're sure.

CAT

I'm quite sure.

(The CAT leads UGLY away. We pick up on a conversation between MAUREEN, HENRIETTA, TURKEY and the rest of the poultry as they return from the croissant expedition.)

Cherry Chicken // **Heidi Hen**

It's Ida I feel sorry for // How she managed to lay the egg I'll never know.

Harriet Hen

Makes my eyes water just thinking about it.

22

HONK! JR.

Music T

Tori TURKEY

Gobble, gobble...

Pharrah Pheasant

I wouldn't use that to stuff a **pillow** with!

IDA

(overhearing)

Talking of stuffing, I don't suppose you will be quite so full of yourself come Thanksgiving!

Quinn Quail

Ooh, I hate that word.

(IDA turns to the MEMBERS OF THE DUCKYARD in general.)

IDA

There is nothing wrong with my son. He just looks a bit different, that's all. I think that makes him someone rather special.

GRACE

Well said, Ida. I agree with you. And if I agree then everybody agrees. I think an apology is in order from you two.

(#9 - DO TELL MAMA begins.)

IDA

Wait a minute, where's he gone?

DRAKE

I thought he was with you.

IDA

He was, just a moment ago.

DRAKE

Well, if he's got any sense he'll have gone to find a bag to put over his head.

IDA

Drake! That's enough!

DRAKE

Calm down, love, he's probably just wandered back to the lake, you know how he loves swimming.

IDA

Not without telling me he wouldn't.

(panic)

Where's he gone?

DRAKE

Oh, for goodness sake. Alright, Turkey you go that way and look along by the milking shed; Maureen and Heidi check around the henhouse. Ida, we'll take the ducklings down to the lake.

GRACE

And I'll coordinate operations from the grainstore.

(Amid various cries of "Ugly," and with much fluffing of feathers and screaming of feet, everyone searches in vain for UGLY.)

SCENE TWO

(Lights come up to reveal the CAT, with UGLY, in his lair. The lair includes various utensils and cooking ingredients.)

CAT

Welcome to the kitty-cat snack shack. Fast food for famished felines. Now... let me see...

(The CAT produces a recipe book and starts to thumb through the pages.)

...Casserole of Duck. Duck with Cherries. Peking Duck, ah, here we are, *Duck a l'Orange*.

UGLY

What are we having?

CAT

I'm having you for lunch.

UGLY

Yes, I know you are. I mean what are we going to eat?

CAT

Oh, I'll whip something up. A surprise.

UGLY

My mother must have been thinking of someone else. She told me to beware of the cat.

CAT

Ah, ha, ha... bless her. Mothers are all the same, for some reason they seem to think it's part of their job description to stop us from having fun. Not my mother though, oh no, she was different. Do you know what she used to say to me?

(#10 - PLAY WITH YOUR FOOD begins.)

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PLAY WITH YOUT FOOD

CAT:

You can scratch the antique furniture,
To sharpen up your claws,
You can lacerate the cushions if your ever stuck indoors,
You can dig up all the flowers from the freshly planted beds,
And with articles of clothing it's O.K. to pull some threads,
But I remember as a kindergarten kitten
One phrase that left me singularly smitten

You can play with your food before you eat it
You can chivvy your chow before you chew
You can play with your food you can't beat it
So ducky let me play with you

You can play with your food before you bite it
You can toy with your tuck before the crunch
You can play with your food why fight it,
It's a crazy little game called lunch.

CAT (*spoken.*)

So tell me ducky, what would you like to play?
It can be anything, I wont tell your mother...

UGLY: (*Spoken*) Anything!... Well....

UGLY: I'd like to paddle in the puddles,
Dabble in the mud],
Tickle stickle backs in the shallows,
Then maybe if theres time go sliding in the slime
To the marsh where you find marshmallows,
I'll go and slay a dragonfly
Watch water boatmen race
To say that cats are dangerous is clearly not the case.

CAT: I'd rather play a game thats sharp and witty
And preferably with something in the kitty.

CAT: (*Spoken*) (*Ugly still oblivious to the cats inteNtions, hides as if playing hide and seek. The CAT indulges him.*) Oh, you wanna play hide'n'seek do you? Where are you?
Am I getting warmer?

(very fast) You can play with your food before you eat it,

You can chivvy your chow before you chew,
You can play with your food you can't beat it,
So ducky ducky ducky ducky ducky ducky ducky
Ducky let me play with you.

You can play with your food before you bite it
You can toy with your tuck before the crunch
You can play with your food why fight it
It's a crazy little game...

CAT(*Spoken*) Do you like oranges?

UGLY: (*Spoken*) I dunno, I've never tried one.

CAT: (*spoken*) Well suck on this!

CAT: It's a crazy little game called lunch.

(Offstage, we hear the sound of children playing.)

UGLY

What's that noise?

CAT

Salivating.

UGLY

It's coming from the outside.

CAT

Oh that, it's just those wretched people from the farm playing ball.

UGLY

What are people?

CAT

What are people? Bad news that's what people are. Just think yourself lucky, Ducky, that I am going to spare you from ever having to encounter them.

(The CAT makes as if to sever one of UGLY's wings with a cleaver.)

BOY'S VOICE

Duck!

CAT

Yes correct, it's a duck.

BOY'S VOICE

Duck!

CAT

Yes I know it's a duck!

UGLY

Actually, I think I'm a mallard.

BOY'S VOICE

Duck!

(There is the sound of a shattering window as a baseball whizzes on and strikes the CAT on the back of the head.)

CAT

Goose! Struck out by a fowl ball.

(The CAT collapses and falls, unconscious, into his own bowl. UGLY doesn't know what to do.)

BOY'S VOICE

You broke the window!

GIRL'S VOICE

The ball's gone inside.

UGLY

Oh no, they're coming in.

(#11 – LOST begins. UGLY sees the CAT inside the bowl.)

That's a good idea, you hide in there until the heat is off. I'll try to find my own way back to the duckyard. Perhaps we can have lunch some other time. Goodbye.

(The barn door rattles violently.)

Oh, no...

(UGLY, looking scared, runs in the opposite direction as the Cat's lair disappears.)

Now, was it right at the cowshed and turn left to the henhouse or... oh no, I'm sure it was left past the cowshed.

(With a sense of purpose, UGLY sets off. The sound of a barking dog scares UGLY back onstage. He is now rather concerned as he does not recognize any familiar landmarks, and darkness is beginning to fall.)

Oh dear, I think I'm lost.

SCENE THREE

(Lights up on IDA and DRAKE in the duckyard. A CAMERA CREW enters, led by TV presenter JAY BIRD.)

JAY BIRD

And rolling. So tell me, Ida, it has been a week now since your son went missing. How are you bearing up? Can you manage a tear for the camera?

IDA

Wh... what?

(DRAKE rushes forward, clearly having called the TV unit.)

DRAKE

This, dear, is Jay Bird from "America's Most Feathered." They're doing a feature. Now, which do you think is my best side?

(JAY BIRD ignores DRAKE and goes in for the kill with IDA.)

JAY BIRD

Ida, there have been rumors of farmyard bullying – do you believe your son was abducted, or is it possible that he ran away to escape his persecutors?

IDA

What are you saying?

JAY BIRD

That's good. I'll buy that. Defensive yet emotional. Just a hint of anger. I'm filling up here.

DRAKE

What about me? Does no one care about what I think?

JAY BIRD

Sorry, sir, coming to the end of transmission.

(into the camera)

I'm going to leave the final word with Ida, just in case her son is out there watching, but for now this is Jay Bird for "America's Most Feathered" saying that if you see anything suspicious – from thieving magpies to lost ducklings – the chicks on the switchboard are waiting to take your call.

(#12 – EVERY TEAR A MOTHER CRIES begins.)

EVERY TEAR A MOTHER CRIES

JAYBIRD: *(Spoken)* Alright Ida, it's all yours....*(Jaybird goes over to the assembled MEMBERS OF THE DUCKYARD. IDA composes herself and sings to the camera)*

IDA:

Every time I turn around
I expect you to appear,
Everyone may call my name
But it's your voice that I hear.

Every moment that you're gone
Is a moment dark and gray,
Every tear a Mother cries is a dream that's washed away.

IDA: *(spoken, To the Camera crew)* Get away from me. *(To the onlookers)* Go on, all of you!

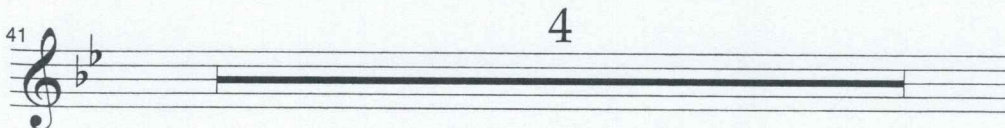
Every day will seem to be
More empty than the last,
Everywhere the sun once shone
A shadow has been cast

Every moment that you're gone
Is a moment dark and gray,
Every tear a Mother cries is a dream that's washed away.

(MAUREEN enters carrying a packed suitcase for IDA, they embrace. DRAKE hurries on)

DRAKE: But Ida, you can't just leave me with the other four.

IDA: You'll manage, Drake. My mind is made up.

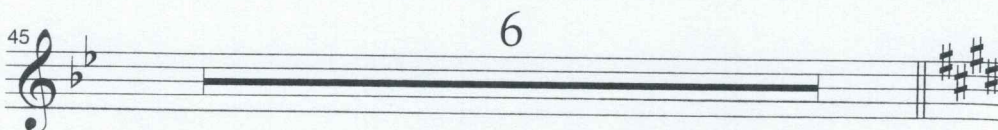


DRAKE: But you're wasting your time, love, you know you are. Apart from which it's dangerous to go wandering off beyond the churchyard at this time of year.

IDA: I won't be satisfied until I find the truth. Try to understand, dear. A mother knows.

DRAKE: Well here, you'd better take the cell phone.

(DRAKE hands her a cell phone and exits.)



*(The four DUCKLINGS run
in to hug IDA as she departs.)*

Every moment seems an hour,
Every hour lasts a day,
Every tear a Mother cries is a dream that's washed away...

Every tear a Mother cries is a dream that's washed away...

*(#13 – GOOSE MARCH begins. Lights up on the
marshlands.)*

SCENE FOUR

*(UGLY has hidden in a ditch of cattails. Two GEESE
enter. GREYLAG has obviously had a glorious military
career. DOT, who is rather gentler, humors him sweetly.
They walk with a military "goose step.")*

GREYLAG

Now where have they got to? Shabby flock. I do wish they
would keep up. No discipline, that's the trouble with the
goslings of today.

DOT

They're probably tired, dear. We have been marching for an
awfully long time.

GREYLAG

Poppycock. Would you prefer that we fly? With a shoot on the
marsh? I think not my sweet. This way.