

AAAHR!!!

- a play in four scenes for children about fitting in.
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ABSTRACT:

"BIRD", colourful and exotic, arrives at a number of unfamiliar localities. Through a series of encounters with local birds (with whom he unsuccessfully tries to fit in) he finally realizes the importance of finding one's own way on one's own terms."

THE CHARACTERS:

BIRD, an exotic, outgoing type.

CHICKEN, an earthbound, exclusive type.

DUCK, an enthusiastic, aquatic type.

EAGLE, an imperious, carnivorous type.

BIRDIE, an impassioned, home-building type.

(Only TWO ACTORS however are required:

One actor to play "Bird" throughout,

one actress to play all the other parts consecutively.)

THE SET:

On the otherwise bare playing area all locations are suggested by means of the same six (wooden) BOXES arranged variously according to the needs of the action as detailed for each scene in the text. Each box (varying in size to fit into one another for convenient transport and storage) should be able to sustain the weight of two adult persons.

SCENE 1: THE HEN-HOUSE.

(BIRD enters, featuring all the colours of the rainbow in his magnificently extravagant plumage. He is wearing a big SMILE on his beak, even though, as we'll find out, he is actually quite tired. This shows in a slight droop of his long bouncy TAIL FEATHERS as well as in the feathers on top of his head.

Immediately upon arrival Bird sets to work preening himself, checking his feathers after his long flight. During this process a SINGLE FEATHER falls to the ground.)

BIRD

AAAHR!!! Isn't that a shame! I really liked that feather. Oh well, can't be helped. One mustn't cry over spilt feathers!

(Preening done Bird looks around this, for him, new locality curiously apparently expecting his own friendly predisposition to be reciprocated by whomsoever he meets. The locality in this instance consists of the boxes making up a HOUSE in the middle of the playing area, roofed over and with a movable "hatch" for an entrance.

Bird "discovers" the audience:)

AAAHR!!! There you aaahre! Hi, I'm Bird and I come from...Well, to be perfectly honest I don't remember exactly WHERE I come from! AAAHR!!! What a flight I had! Am I exhausted! I could use a place to rest up a bit, but what I'm really looking for is a place where I can fit in...

(He checks out the house.)

This looks like a nice place... There doesn't seem to be anyone at home though... Oh well, can't be helped. Anyway, all I want is to belong somewhere and to be among friends. Nobody wants to be the odd bird out! I certainly don't. No, I want to be with other birds who like me and who want to be my friends as much as I want to be their friend. Is that too much to ask? I don't think so.

(CHICKEN, all white except for a red comb, enters. She carries a SHOVEL and a BUCKET.)

Look! Here's one already! A new friend! Am I the luckiest bird in the world or what!
(Chicken seems already to have been digging in the earth for a long time, that's how expertly she uses the shovel. Whenever she digs up somethings eatable she first tastes it with her beak and then deposits it in her bucket before moving on to the next spot to dig. She takes no notice of Bird until he enthusiastically "flies" to her side.)

BIRD

Hi, I'm Bird and...!

CHICKEN *(hardly looking up)*

No, you're not!

BIRD

But I am, I promise you, I...

CHICKEN

I should think I know a bird when I see one, and you're nothing like it, so there!

BIRD

You don't understand. My NAME is...

CHICKEN

So there, I said! Move it, Strange Creature, I'm working here!

BIRD

I'm sorry, but I'm new here, so...

CHICKEN

So tell me about it!

BIRD

Really?

CHICKEN

No! I'm busy!

BIRD

So I see, very impressive. What do you do for fun?

CHICKEN

Fun? I certainly don't stand around idly asking stupid questions, that's for sure!

BIRD

So what DO you do?

CHICKEN

Do? I work of course!

(Which she has continued to do and will continue to do.)

BIRD

I see.

CHICKEN

You do? How can you see anything at all with those silly things hanging down there in front of your eyes?

BIRD

You really think they're silly?

CHICKEN

Anyone is silly who doesn't think those silly things are silly!

BIRD

I kind of like them...

CHICKEN

I'm not surprised. You're so silly you don't even have a shovel and a bucket!
 How will you get any work done?

BIRD

That's sort of what I wanted to ask you. I do so want to fit in and belong somewhere...

CHICKEN

Get your own shovel and bucket for a start and get to work! There are plenty of worms to go around if you want to make the effort!

BIRD

Actually, I prefer birdseed...

CHICKEN

Birdseed! You really aren't from around here, are you?

BIRD

No, I told you, I'm new here and...

CHICKEN

You don't LOOK like you're from around here, come to think of it.

BIRD

I'm not, I...

CHICKEN (*suspiciously*)

You're not an eagle, are you?

BIRD

An eagle? No, I don't think so. At least I don't remember anyone ever call me that. I'm just Bird...

CHICKEN

Eagles eat chickens you know.

BIRD

Only chickens?

CHICKEN

Especially chickens. We're very popular you know. Everybody wants to be friends with us.

BIRD

I can see why. You yourself are very...

CHICKEN

We're very tasty, so of course everybody wants to eat us. Are you sure you're not a chicken-eating eagle?

BIRD

You mean, you don't know what an eagle looks like?

CHICKEN

Are you crazy?! I should say not!

BIRD

But then how do you know eagles eat chickens?

CHICKEN

Every chicken knows that. Chickens know everything.

BIRD

So I'm beginning to understand.

CHICKEN

Are you just going to stand there or are you going to get to work, Strange Creature?

BIRD

My name is Bird actually...

CHICKEN

Whatever. Here, make yourself useful and hold my bucket, but keep your beak out of my worms!

BIRD

I already told you...

(Bird follows Chicken around holding her bucket while she continues to dig, taste and deposit.)

CHICKEN

And keep those silly things on your head out of my bucket too! I don't know where they have been! What do they DO anyway?

BIRD

Do? I don't know that they DO anything...

CHICKEN

So there! They don't even DO anything! I say get rid of them!

BIRD

If I get rid of them will I fit in here then?

CHICKEN

Well, it's a start I guess.

BIRD

Then I'll do it! Just a moment.

(He sets down the bucket and only slightly painfully removes the offending feathers from his head.)

AAAHR!!! There!

(He proudly presents the feathers to Chicken who just throws them on the ground.)

CHICKEN

What do I want with them? Just get back to work!

BIRD

Of course. I'm sorry. *(They resume work.)* Am I glad I already fit in somewhere!

CHICKEN

You? Fit in? Here?

BIRD

Yes, of course.

CHICKEN

Are you crazy?!

BIRD

But you said if I only...

CHICKEN

I said it was a start! Look at you!

BIRD

What's the matter with how I look?

CHICKEN

Well, first of all there are all those, what do you call them? Oh yes, COLOURS of yours!

BIRD

What's the matter with my colours? I like colours, colours are nice.

CHICKEN

Colours are hurting my eyes! That's what colours are! Your colours are blinding me just looking at you!

BIRD

I'm terribly sorry, I had no idea, but...

CHICKEN

Why can't you just be one colour like a proper bird, like me?

BIRD

I don't know. I just can't, I guess. But I feel terrible if I accidentally hurt anybody, especially a friend. But what can I do about it? I can't help it if I'm colourful, can I?

CHICKEN

Can't you?

BIRD

I can't help who or what I am, can I?

CHICKEN

Can't you?

BIRD

I mean, I can't suddenly stop being who I am, can I?

CHICKEN

Can't you?

BIRD

I can't just become somebody else, can I?

CHICKEN

Can't you? You could if you really wanted to. Can't you even do that little thing for my sake?

BIRD

I don't see how I...

CHICKEN

You could at least try.

BIRD

I guess so, but...

CHICKEN

To show your good will.

BIRD

But I already have! I pulled out some of my most favourite feathers for your sake!

CHICKEN

I mean to really prove your good will.

BIRD

How can I do more than what I've already done?

CHICKEN

But maybe you don't really want to fit in here after all...

BIRD

I do, I do! More than anything else! This is where I want to belong!

CHICKEN

In that case, if you really REALLY mean it...

BIRD

I really REALLY mean it!

CHICKEN

If you're serious about it...

BIRD

I am, I am!

CHICKEN

Then you'll also get rid of that ridiculous tail of yours.

BIRD

My tail? But my tail is part of who I am, and...

CHICKEN

You refuse to do that little thing for me?

BIRD

Well, my tail is kind of personal to me, and...

CHICKEN

But it makes ME dizzy!

BIRD

I can't help that...

CHICKEN

Can't you? You could if you wanted to. But I see, you SAY you want to fit in but you think nothing of making your friend dizzy with that idiotic tail bouncing up and down all over the place! Thank you very much, FRIEND! Goodbye!

(She snatches her bucket back from Bird, turns away to dig, taste, deposit i.e. WORK.)

BIRD *(devastated)*

But... I didn't mean it like that at all... I only...

(He looks lovingly over his shoulder at his impressive tail feathers which do actually bounce up and down with every move he makes.)

I do so want to be your friend, I do so want to belong somewhere...

(He runs to Chicken's current digging-site.)

If you really think it'll make me fit in...

CHICKEN

Don't do me any favours...

BIRD

It's not that, but if you really think...

CHICKEN

I don't see why it shouldn't.

BIRD

Then I'll do it! If that's what it takes I'll do it!

CHICKEN

Well, then do it already, don't keep talking about it or that'll make me dizzy too!

BIRD

You're right! I'll do it and I'll do it right now! What do I need a tail for anyway? It's only in the way! This is a new place for me and that calls for new things, different things, and tailless things!

CHICKEN

But you're not doing it.

BIRD

I am, I will, I do! I'm doing it! This'll be a new experience for me!

CHICKEN

But you're still not doing it.

BIRD

Just a minute!

CHICKEN

You can take an hour, it's all the same to me, just stop talking about it! It's interfering with my work!

BIRD

I'm sorry. If you'll excuse me.

(He runs to the back of the house where he discreetly can do what a bird's gotta do to fit in. Each pulling of a tail feather is quite painful and is accompanied by a loud:)

AAAHR!!! AAAHR!!! AAAHR!!! AAAHR!!!

(While Bird is thus occupied on his side of the house Chicken suddenly runs to the side with the hatch and hurries inside. For the time being however she remains standing in the entrance, having

deposited her shovel and bucket inside. From this position she looks about nervously.

Pulling completed it takes Bird a little while to locate Chicken. He still holds the tail feathers in his hand.)

Here they are! Plucked and pulled... But where are you? Chicken? Where did she go? She didn't fly away, did she? No, of course not, chickens can't fly...

(Coming around the house he finally spots her.)

AAAHR!!! There you aaahre! But what are you doing there?

CHICKEN

If you must know, Curious Creature, this is MY house, and it's getting late and I need to go to my roost to perch, so there!

BIRD

Roost to perch, eh? That sounds SO cosy!

CHICKEN

In a minute this hatch will be closed tight so the fox can't get in and eat us chickens!

BIRD

The fox! My Goodness!

CHICKEN

I told you us chickens are very popular.

BIRD

It's a good thing I got rid of these ridiculous tail feathers then, otherwise there wouldn't have been room for me to roost on my perch too!

(He throws the feathers on the ground and tries to get in through the hatch. Chicken is in the way.)

Maybe if you just...

(Chicken comes out and looks around even more nervously than before.)

CHICKEN

Well, if you must I guess you must, but hurry up!

BIRD

Thank you.

(He tries again, but it seems he's simply too big across the shoulders however much he huffs and puffs to get inside.)

CHICKEN

Hurry up, Slow-bird, the hatch closes any second now!

BIRD

Wait, I'll try it backwards!

(Bird "backs" his diminished behind into the hatch but is again blocked from entering entirely by his sheer size.)

CHICKEN

Move over, No-tail! I have to get in before the hatch closes!

BIRD

Oh yes, of course, I'm sorry.

(He gives way, but no sooner is Chicken inside than the hatch slowly begins to close leaving Bird outside. Chicken has just time to stick her head out.)

CHICKEN

Well, goodnight then, Colour-bird.

BIRD

Goodnight? But what about me? What about the fox?

CHICKEN

Don't forget the wolf.

BIRD

The wolf too?!!! NOW you tell me about the wolf?!

CHICKEN

Of course, the wolf likes chickens too. I told you how popular we are.

BIRD

Yes, but that doesn't really help me now!

CHICKEN

Tell me about it.

(The hatch is just about to close altogether.)

BIRD

Wait! Wait for me! Let me try again! I know I can make it! It's not my fault I'm so big and the hatch is so small!

CHICKEN

I guess you should have thought of that sooner, Too-big-bird.

(She withdraws her head just as the hatch closes tight.

Bird pounds his wingtips on it to no avail.)

BIRD *(dejected)*

She's right, you know. I should have thought of that sooner, but all I ever wanted was to fit in somewhere. And just because of that here I am without a tail and with the fox AND the wolf ON my tail! This is terrible!

(He looks around nervously.)

I have to get out of here! This place isn't safe at all! Why DIDN'T I think of this sooner?! AAAHR!!!

(Beating his wings desperately he runs out opposite of where he came in.)

END OF SCENE ONE.

SCENE 2: THE LAKE.

(As soon as Bird is out of sight the "henhouse" is dissolved by "Chicken" from within. She removes her beak and comb and replaces them with a yellow BILL and footwear to indicate WEBBED FEET, becoming in this fashion "DUCK".

Duck proceeds to distribute the BOXES around the playing area to suggest the small ISLANDS of a LAKE.

"Swimming" among the islands to collect the shovel and bucket, Duck finally waddles onto the central island and begins to DIG into it with the shovel just in time for BIRD to enter this new locality opposite of where he exited at the end of scene 1.

While Duck keeps digging Bird again "discovers" the audience.)

BIRD

AAAHR!!! There you aaahre! If I was tired before, am I tired now! Apparently I don't fly very well without a tail. I guess I should have thought of that sooner too. Oh well, can't be helped now I guess. Anyway, lots of birds don't fly and think nothing of it. In fact some of my best friends wouldn't be caught dead flying! And they're absolutely right: Who needs it? In many ways it's much better to walk than to fly, you get to see everything up close instead of from high up. Much, much better. I know my friend Chicken thinks so. She's be horrified at the very thought of flying. By the way, it was very nice of her to warn me about the fox and the wolf so I could get away in time. Otherwise I would have been eaten now! I don't think fox and wolf will catch up with me here, at least I hope not...

(He looks around curiously.)

Nice place this... I'm not sure just what it is, but there's something special about it, something different. Maybe THIS is where I belong! Maybe THIS is where I will fit in...

(Walking among the islands he comes to the central one. He and Duck catch sight each other at the same time. Duck immediately stops digging.)

BIRD

Hi! I'm Bird...

DUCK

No, you're not!

BIRD

I'm not Bird? I think I know who I am...

DUCK

You're not a WATER-bird, I mean!

BIRD

Water-bird?

DUCK

But you like water, don't you? Sure you do! Everybody does!

BIRD

Water? I guess I like to drink water as much as the next bird, but apart from that I try to stay as far away from it as I can.

DUCK

That's funny, because you're standing it right up to your ankles!

BIRD

I'm WHAT?!!!

(On looking down he sees that Duck is correct.)

AAAHR!!!

(Bird quickly climbs onto the island where Duck is. Here he shakes "water" off his feet with all signs of profound disgust.)

You could have told me that sooner!

DUCK

Isn't it wonderful?!

BIRD

If it's so wonderful then what are you doing up here digging for worms just like my friend Chicken?

DUCK

I'm not digging for worms! I'm demolishing!

BIRD

You're what?

DUCK

I'm digging AWAY this island of course! What this lake needs is more WATER and less ISLANDS!

BIRD

Are you sure that's such a good idea?

DUCK

Sure I'm sure. Who needs dry land when you can have wet water!

BIRD

I kind of like dry land myself...

DUCK

That's just because you don't know any better!

BIRD

I'm not so sure...

DUCK

Sure you're sure! All you need is to get your feet wet!

BIRD

Thanks, I've tried it and...

DUCK

All your worries will be over, all your problems will be solved!

BIRD

Really?

DUCK

Sure, easy as duckweed!

BIRD

I do so want to belong somewhere, to fit in somewhere...

DUCK

Then this is the place for you! You'll take to it like a duck to water! I promise you!

BIRD

I just want to find someone who likes me and who wants to be with me...

DUCK

I like you! I want to be with you!

BIRD

You do?

DUCK

Sure I do! Stick around and I'll show you all the wonderful things you can do with water!

BIRD (*touched*)

You'll do that for me?

DUCK

Sure I will! I'll make you into the greatest water-bird ever!

BIRD

I could be that?

DUCK

Sure you could! Here, have some duckweed!

(She presents Bird with the bucket as if it contains the greatest treasure. Bird peers into it.)

BIRD

No offence, but I'm more of a birdseed-bird myself, but thanks.

DUCK

After awhile on the water duckweed is all you'll want to eat! Birdseed, yuck!

Birdseed, that's for the birds!

BIRD

Exactly, and me being Bird...

(Duck sticks her bill into the bucket and makes eating noises. That done:)

DUCK

Yummy!

(Bird looks on a little enviously.)

BIRD

Still, I do want to be a part of something...

DUCK

Sure you do, everybody does, and this is your big chance!

BIRD

But I'm really not much of a water-bird, you know...

DUCK

Sure you are! Everybody is deep down.

BIRD

They are?

DUCK

Sure they are, or they want to be.

BIRD

Really?

DUCK

I'm telling you. More birds are envious of us water-birds than you can shake your bill at!

BIRD

You don't say!

DUCK

I do say! And I'll tell you why: Not only do we walk, run and fly, we also swim, duck and dive!

BIRD

You're right, you do all that, don't you? That's wonderful!

DUCK

You're telling me. I live the dream of millions of less fortunate birds every day!

BIRD

I want to be a water-bird, too!

DUCK

Sure you do. It's the only way to be a proper bird!

BIRD

I'm in! Now, how do I do it? Is it hard?

DUCK

It's so easy I'm surprised all bird don't do it.

BIRD

What do I have to do?

DUCK

You just jump in! There's nothing quite as refreshing as a nice swim before breakfast, or AFTER breakfast for that matter!

BIRD

But won't I get wet? I mean, water is pretty wet!

DUCK

Not a bit of it! And if you should get a little wet you just shake it right off again! Easy as duckweed!

BIRD

But what if my feathers are of the wrong kind?

DUCK

There is no such thing as the wrong kind of feathers!

BIRD

Well, aaahright then!

(Bird gamely, but still cautiously dips a toe into the water. This is when Duck notices something.)

DUCK

How odd! You don't have any webbing between your toes!

BIRD

I know. Is that going to be a problem?

DUCK

Well, nobody's perfect I guess. You'll just have to move your feet a little faster when you swim or the pike will get you.

BIRD (*withdraws his toe*)

The PIKE?!

DUCK

Yes, I've have more ducklings eaten by that pike than you've eaten birdseed.

BIRD

There's a big bird-eating fish out there, and you want me to go in?

DUCK

Sure, you're not a duckling, are you?

BIRD

No, but...

DUCK

There you go. All the more reason to learn to swim as quickly as possible!

BIRD

Are you sure it's safe?

DUCK

Sure I'm sure.

(Bird, encouraged by Duck who jumps in expertly herself, finally steps into the water.)

BIRD

It feels...different...wet...

DUCK

You're doing great. Now try sitting down like me.

(Bird imitates Duck as well as he can, but hesitates when it comes to sticking his head into the water like Duck demonstrates. Bird moves around a little more freely.)

Atta water-bird!

BIRD

Actually I'm beginning to feel a little bit soaked...

DUCK

Sure you are. That's only natural, you're getting used to it.

BIRD

I guess...

DUCK

What did I tell you! Is this the life or what!

BIRD

Very refreshing, only I'm not sure I'm supposed to be quite this wet. I feel like I'm already drenched to the skin...

(Duck examines Bird's plumage a little more closely.)

DUCK

You're right, you're wet through and through. How odd. I wonder how that happened. Maybe you're only a wading-bird deep down...

BIRD

A wading-bird?

DUCK

Yes, that's a bird who only walks along the edge of the water, never gets into it.

BIRD

And this you're telling me NOW?!

DUCK

Nothing to be ashamed of. Not everybody has what it takes to be a proper water-bird, a real swimmer, you know.

BIRD

No, I don't know! You said everybody could be a water-bird!

DUCK

Well, maybe I was wrong.

BIRD

Maybe!!!!

DUCK

It's like I said before, nobody's perfect.

BIRD

I don't believe this!

(With only half-hearted help from Duck Bird rescues himself onto the central island where he stands shivering while Duck expertly waddles onto the same.)

DUCK

You look terrible.

BIRD

Thank you very much!

DUCK

I'd get out of those wet feathers if I were you. Otherwise you'll catch your death of cold.

BIRD *(thick irony)*

Thank you, I never would have thought of that myself!

DUCK

I had no idea feathers could suck up so much water. How odd!

BIRD

Really?

DUCK

Who knew? So, you're not much of a water-bird, are you?

BIRD

I told you that from the start!

DUCK

You must have the wrong kind of feathers or something.

BIRD

I told you that too!

DUCK

But then why did you get into the water?

BIRD *(desperately)*

Because!!! AAAHR!!! I just wanted to fit in, I never thought...

DUCK

I guess you should have thought of that sooner.

(Meanwhile Bird has started to pluck the wettest feathers from his plumage which somehow also just happen to be the most colourful ones. As they come out he just drops them wherever despondently.)

BIRD

All my beautiful feathers...

DUCK

Anyway, I just remembered something. As well as being a water-bird I'm also a bird of passage...

BIRD *(to himself)*

All right, maybe not ALL of them, but... *(He keeps plucking.)*

DUCK *(cont'd)*

You know one of those birds who fly south for the winter and then come back north in the spring.

BIRD

How nice for you. Meanwhile I'm staying here shivering with cold plucking my own feathers!

DUCK

I also just remembered that now's the time for me to be on my way, it's that time of the season, so goodbye!

(Bird is still busy plucking so he doesn't notice how Duck, beating her wings, makes her exit. So he just keeps talking as if Duck were still there.)

BIRD

Goodbye?! What do you mean "goodbye"? AAAHR!!!

(This last outburst in connection with the removal of one particularly colourful feather.)

It's all very easy for you to say you have to be on your way because you're a bird of passage. But what about me? Maybe I could be a bird of passage too! Did you ever think of that? It's pretty obvious that I'm not a water-bird, maybe not even an wading bird, but that doesn't mean I can't be an excellent bird of passage if I set my mind to it. Maybe that's where I fit in. It's true that I would have preferred to be a more colourful bird of passage but as you can see...

(Bird looks up to notice that Duck is missing.)

Duck? Where are you, Duck? Where did she go? This way? That way? Is that south? Or is it north? What season is this anyway? Summer or winter, spring or fall? Oh, I'm so confused! I don't know what I'm doing anymore!

(He starts to hop, skip and jump from island to island in the direction in which Duck disappeared.)

Wait up, Duck! Wait for me! I want to go with you! AAAHR!!!

(Bird runs OUT leaving a trail of feathers.)

END OF SCENE TWO.

SCENE 3: THE MOUNTAIN-TOP.

(As soon as Bird has disappeared "EAGLE" enters from the opposite side. She adjusts her new HOOKED BEAK and tests a pair of BINOCULARS she has hanging around her neck in a strap. Then she begins to STACK the BOXES so that they presently together form a MOUNTAIN.

On completion she takes the bucket and proudly strides up to the very PEAK, where there's a small plateau, sets down the bucket and starts to gaze even further upwards into the sky through her binoculars.

While Eagle is thus occupied BIRD enters opposite of where he exited and begins an obviously very arduous climb up the mountain. Early on he again "discovers" the audience which he then addresses albeit with difficulty as he is even more tired now than he has even been before.)

BIRD *(out of breath)*

AAAHR!!! There you aaahre! You know, when I think about it, it was perfectly understandable that my friend Duck as a bird of passage just HAD to go and

leave me behind. She didn't really have a choice. It must be practical to be able to just fly away with your friends to somewhere warm when the weather gets cold and then come back in the spring. Personally I think it's a wonderful idea. I wish I could do it myself, but as you can see I can hardly even crawl... All I ever really wanted was to find a place where I could fit in...

(He takes a slight breather to sigh deeply.)

Maybe THIS is it although it does seem a bit steep. Oh well, can't be helped, I guess. A bird's gotta do what a bird's gotta do! Well, at least I'm dry again...

The things we do in order to belong somewhere! Whew!

(Bird finally makes it up to the plateau where Eagle is too busy with her binoculars to notice him right away. Bird doesn't notice Eagle either, that's how bone tired he is. All he has strength for is to creep along the ledge until he finds a place to sit with his feet dangling over the "precipice".)

EAGLE *(gazing through her binoculars)*

The RUDENESS of those birds!

BIRD

You think so? I think both Chicken and Duck had perfectly good reasons...

EAGLE

They can't do that to the Empress of the Air!

BIRD

They didn't. They did it to me, and I still say...

EAGLE

I won't stand for it!

BIRD

That's very nice of you, but...

EAGLE

They are going to feel the brunt of my imperial wrath!

BIRD

You really shouldn't go out of your way on my account...

EAGLE

They are going to PAY for their rudeness! Just you wait!

BIRD

Thanks, but it's really not necessary.

EAGLE

Of course it is! It's imperative! I'm the Empress of the Air!

(Only now does Eagle become aware of Bird's presence.)

BIRD

I know you are, but I really don't think you should trouble...

(Eagle has lowered her binoculars and eyes Bird with a very stern stare indeed.)

EAGLE

Who are you?

BIRD

Oh, I'm sorry, your majesty. Hi, I'm Bird...

EAGLE

No, you're not!

BIRD *(sighs)*

Why does everybody say that? If I'm not Bird then who am I?

EAGLE

You're not one of them up there, are you? Or are you?

(She scrutinizes Bird extra suspiciously.)

BIRD

Who them?

EAGLE

Them! Up there!

(She points up into the sky. Bird gets up to stand beside Eagle and to follow her pointing wingtip.)

BIRD

Which them up there?

EAGLE

Them big birds with their shiny silvery breasts of course!

BIRD

Oh, you mean the airplanes up there?

EAGLE

Airplanes-schmairplanes! Whatever!

BIRD

Well, since I'm not an airplane I guess I'm not one of them...

EAGLE

Can you believe they absolutely refuse to return my imperial greeting from one high-flying bird to another?

BIRD

Really?

EAGLE

They just ignore me! They pretend they don't see me! That's what I get for my politeness! Rudeness! RUDENESS!

BIRD

That's terrible.

EAGLE

But I'm not going to let them get away with it.

BIRD

Of course not, you ARE the Empress of the Air after all.

EAGLE

Exactly! One of these days I'm going to catch one of them in my claws and then I'm going to give him a good talking to! I'm going to teach them ALL some manners!

BIRD

I only wish I could help you.

EAGLE *(gazing through her binoculars)*

The last time I tried all I got was deaf for three days because of the infernal noise they make into the bargain!

BIRD

All I want it to fit in somewhere...

EAGLE

And they fly so fast! I nearly got my feathers blown off!

BIRD

I know how that feels. As I was saying...

EAGLE

But the worst is the way they SMELL!

BIRD

You don't say?

EAGLE

No other bird I know makes such a STENCH! Imagine, they have the nerve to STINK up MY air! Such rudeness! But I'll get them, soon, just you wait!

*(Bird has, perhaps in his search for a place to fit in been examining his immediate surroundings and now looks curiously into the bucket, Eagle's bucket.)
However indignant Eagle may be about other things this doesn't escape her ever vigilant eye.)*

Leave my chicken-dinner alone, you!

BIRD

You chicken-din...? Do you mean...?

EAGLE

I know all about you scavengers! I turn my back for a moment and immediately you try to steal my food! I won't stand for it!

(She snatches away the bucket and places it safely behind her own person.)

BIRD *(indignant)*

I'm not a scavenger! I'm Bird! I don't eat other people's food and I don't steal! But most of all I don't eat my friends! It's not NICE to eat one's friends! Chicken was my friend!

EAGLE

She was no friend of mine, but very tasty...

BIRD

All the same...

EAGLE *(cont'd)*

Come to think of it, speaking of taste...

(She looks into the bucket.)

That's not chicken in there, that's pigeon.

BIRD

It makes no difference what...

EAGLE

I forgot. The chicken was last week. I catch and eat so many different creatures that I keep getting them mixed up.

BIRD

Chicken or pigeon, I just don't think it's nice to eat ANYBODY. I would never eat another living thing. I would never eat that pigeon for instance even if I was starving, so there!

EAGLE

So you're saying that my food's not good enough for you, eh?

BIRD

It's not that, it's just that I would never...

EAGLE

Never-schmever! I've never been so insulted in my life! Next you'll be saying that I'll NEVER be fit company for you, that you'll NEVER stoop so low as to spend time with me!

BIRD

I never said... I mean...

EAGLE

Well, let me tell you something, my fancy-feathered scavenging friend, I'm better than you'll ever be! You'd be lucky if you could be only HALF an eagle! I'm the Empress of the Air!

BIRD

I know, but...

EAGLE

No buts, no ifs, no nothings! And just to prove it I'm going to turn you into some kind of eagle! I'm going to make you fit in!

BIRD (*eagerly*)

Really? You'll do that for me? Oh, thank you so much! You know, I've always wanted to belong somewhere, to fit in...

EAGLE

Fit in-schmit in! But if you're serious about it...

BIRD

I am, I am!

EAGLE (*cont'd*)

Then the first thing you must do is to start EATING properly.

BIRD

But I already do that. I eat plenty of birdseed...

EAGLE

Birdseed-schmirdseed!

BIRD

What's wrong with...

EAGLE

Birdseed is for little scrawny birds who themselves can be gobbled up in one bite! Nothing for big strong birds like us.

BIRD

Us? You mean you and me? I like the sound of that!

EAGLE

Whatever. To become truly big and strong like me you have to eat like me. Only then can your wings get strong enough to carry you through the air and your feathers get plentiful enough to keep you warm no matter how cold the winds blow. And let me tell you, they blow powerfully cold up here!

BIRD

If I do that will I become big and strong like you?

EAGLE

Then you will become so big and so strong that MAYBE someday you can be called some kind of eagle!

BIRD (*enthusiastically*)

I want to be called some kind of eagle someday!

EAGLE

I know, everybody does deep down, but few have what it takes.

BIRD

Just tell me what I have to do! Show me the way!

EAGLE

I will show you the way to the stars, kid!

BIRD

I can't wait!

EAGLE

You may not have to wait very long. But first you must EAT!

BIRD

Eat? I can do that!

EAGLE

Good bird!

BIRD

In fact just listening to you I've worked up a powerful hunger!

EAGLE

That's good because you'll have to eat a LOT of powerful stuff if you want to become even HALF as powerful as I already am.

BIRD

I'm powerfully glad to hear it! When do I begin?

EAGLE

Right now.

BIRD

Where do I begin?

EAGLE

Right here. You can start with that.

(She points to the bucket.)

BIRD

That? But I already told you, I don't eat...

EAGLE

Do you want to be big and strong like me or don't you?

BIRD

I do, but...

EAGLE

Then you'll eat that pigeon even if I have to shove it down your gullet and into your gizzard myself!

BIRD

You may just have to do that...

(During the following that's just what Eagle does: She repeatedly takes bits of "meat" from the bucket and stuffs them down Bird's beak, which she has to keep open with her other wingtip. Bird "swallows" painfully and with all signs of the deepest disgust.)

EAGLE *(pleased with herself)*

Good, isn't it?

BIRD

I'm not sure that's exactly the word I would use...

EAGLE

Good. Now have some more!

(Same procedure as the last time. Eagle slaps Birds on the back to help with the swallowing. Instead Bird almost chokes, coughs violently.)

BIRD *(recovering)*

I think maybe I've had enough...

EAGLE

Never!

BIRD *(cont'd)*

For the time being...

EAGLE *(cont'd)*

Here you go!

(Same procedure, but this time Birds gets violently sick, throws up bits of "meat" and immediately after that some FEATHERS START TO FALL OFF his plumage.)

BIRD

Oh no! Look at my beautiful feathers!

EAGLE

Yes, very nice if you like that sort of thing.

BIRD

Is that what's supposed to happen so my new and stronger feathers can have that much more room to grow?

EAGLE

I'm sure that's exactly what it means. It's all about adjusting and getting used to new things!

(She examines the bits that Birds threw up.)

As far as I can tell much more meat has stayed down than has come up again. That's a very good sign!

BIRD

It is? I don't feel so good...

EAGLE

Pull yourself together! Be a bird about it! Show them what a big strong bird you are! Here, have another chunk!

BIRD

I think maybe it's a little too soon to...

EAGLE

Nonsense! You can take it!

BIRD

You think? I tell you, I don't feel good at all...

EAGLE

That's only natural! All part of the process of becoming really big and strong like me. Do you think I feel good all the time? I do not. I feel absolutely TERRIBLE a lot of the time especially after I've eaten, but do I complain? I do not. And am I not as big and as strong as can be? You know I am!

BIRD

Well, in that case...

EAGLE

That's my bird!

(The same procedure as the last time, including the getting sick, the throwing up and the shedding of still more feathers. When Bird "comes up for air":)

BIRD

How much stayed down this time?

EAGLE

A lot! I'm proud of you, kid! You'll be some kind of eagle yet!

BIRD

I do feel a little better...

EAGLE

That's my bird!

BIRD

Maybe eating one's friends isn't such a bad idea after all...

EAGLE

You know it isn't! And when you're through with your friends there's a whole world out there just waiting to be eaten!

BIRD

That's something to look forward to, I guess...

EAGLE

Today this mountain-top, tomorrow the world!

BIRD

I think you were right before: It IS all about getting used to new things, new ways of thinking, new foods...

EAGLE

Soon you'll be able to take on those rude shiny birds up there with me!

BIRD

The airplanes?

EAGLE

Whatever.

BIRD (*getting really enthused again*)

I should say I'm going with you. If they were rude to you, then they were rude to me too! It's the least I can do to prove that I'm serious about fitting in here!

(There are almost no coloured feathers left to shed, but this doesn't seem to affect Bird, who works himself up to still further heights of grotesque self-aggrandizement:)

That's right! In order to get something you have to GIVE something! What's shedding a few feathers? Nothing! What's getting a little wet and almost dying from the cold? Nothing! What's eating your friends? Nothing at all!

(Eagle is meanwhile gazing through her binoculars.)

EAGLE

Here comes one now. I even recognize him. He always comes at this time. He's the rudest, noisiest and stinkiest of them all!

BIRD

Don't worry, I'm ready for him!

EAGLE

No, I think we'd better wait...

BIRD

Why wait? He needs to be taught some manners NOW!

EAGLE

Yes, but...

BIRD

No buts, no ifs, no nothings! I can see him now too. He doesn't look so big and tough from here!

(Eagle keeps gazing through her binoculars.)

EAGLE

That's right, but once you get up there...

BIRD

I want to be up there! I'm big, I'm strong, I'm some kind of eagle! No, I'm more than that! I'm the Emperor of the Air! Here I come! Look out, rude birds, wherever you are! AAAHR!!!

(Eagle, still concentrated on her binoculars, doesn't notice how Bird after a short preliminary run and with desperate flapping of his wings, suddenly THROWS himself recklessly off the precipice apparently hallucinating that he has magically regained his ability to fly despite his massive loss of feathers. Needless to say instead of taking off Bird takes a seemingly terrible TUMBLE down the side of the mountain opposite the side he climbed earlier. In the fall he loses the last of his colourful feathers and eventually comes to rest at the foot of the mountain, where he lies inert, if not dead

*then certainly unconscious.
Not until then does Eagle lower her binoculars.)*

EAGLE

No, I think we'd better wait...

(She looks around the plateau.)

Where are you, fancy-feather-savenger-bird? That's strange, he was here a minute ago. Where did he go? I know, of course! He chickened out when the going got rough! He couldn't take the pressure of being even some kind of eagle. Sad really, but not surprising either: It takes birds of sterner stuff than that. I should have known he'd run away at the last minute, the coward, the SCARECROW! Oh well, that's the way it goes.

(She takes the bucket and goes for a leisurely stroll the same way Bird tumbled. She doesn't even seem to notice Bird's body when she gracefully jumps over it on her way OUT.)

END OF SCENE THREE.

SCENE 4: THE NEST.

(While Bird remains inert "Eagle" runs around the playing area to the opposite side of where she exited. On the run she changes into "BIRDIE", whose plumage is predominantly yellow and whose shape and beak are not unlike those of Bird. When Birdie enters she immediately goes to work, which is her way of channelling nervous energy: Ceaseless activity!

First she picks up Bird's discarded tail feathers where he dropped them and ties them together into a BROOM, which she hereafter uses to sweep together the other discarded colourful feathers around the playing area.

Successively she shovels them into the bucket.

Very early in the process she just "happens" to sweep the area where Bird lies in a heap, and in connection with this she just "happens" to bump into him - i.e. she kicks him with her foot and knocks him with the broom - so we at last are reassured that there is in fact life in him still by his reaction to this blatant abuse.)

BIRD (stirring)

AAAHR!!!

(He sits up slowly and once again "discovers" the audience.)

There you aahre! Which is more than can be said for me almost... Am I tired, but most of all am I SORE all over! That was some tumble I took! Oh, what a failure I am, what a LOSER!

(This apparently offends Birdie for some reason. She looks angrily at Bird, and with a fiery temper she sets down the broom, shovel and bucket in order to start demolishing the mountain instead. This she does very noisily.)

Yes, I've made a fine mess of everything, haven't I? Some high-flying bird I turned out to be! I'm more of a TUMBLE-DOWN-bird! Talk about a stinker!

(He holds his beak as humans hold their noses.)

And what a BELLY-FLOP I made as a water-bird! Pathetic! What was I thinking? I don't even have webbed feet!

(Birdie pushes over one of the BOXES with a BANG.)

And I must have been crazy to think I could make it as a bird of passage! Look at me! Soon I'll be "Bird-without-a-feather"!

(Another BOX falls over.)

Excuse me, but could you do that a little less noisily, please?

BIRDIE

Did you say something?

BIRD

Yes, I'm trying to talk here, so if you don't mind...

(One more BOX falls deafeningly.)

BIRDIE

I'm sorry, I couldn't hear you.

BIRD

Oh, never mind.

BIRDIE

What was that?

(At the end of the banging and bumping it turns out that Birdie has built a SHALLOW PLATFORM in the centre of the playing area.

Meanwhile the noise level does come down a bit.)

BIRD

What was I saying? Oh yes. And I never did find my place in the pecking order at the henhouse either! I never even found my roost to perch on! Let's face it, I just couldn't HACK it!

(He gets up wearily so that maybe he'll be more easily heard over Birdie's continued noise.)

Another miserable failure! And now? Yes, what now? I tumbled down the mountain and ended up here in a pile of dust, that's what now! Maybe that's where I belong. That's right, that's probably where I fit in best, in the dustbin!

(Birdie finished with the boxes, resumes sweeping and shovelling feathers.)

That's me, swept up and dumped like a piece of garbage... What is this place anyway? Doesn't look too bad for a dump...

(He looks around and notices Birdie as if for the first time.)

Hi, I'm Bird...

BIRDIE

I know.

BIRD

You know? That's new...

BIRDIE

Of course I know. Everybody here knows Bird.

BIRD

They do? That must be because they've all heard what a complete miserable failure I am!

BIRDIE *(angry)*

Well, you're a miserable SOMETHING all right!

BIRD

That's what I'm saying. I wish somebody would come along and just sweep me up and put me out of my misery!

BIRDIE

I'm sorry, but I'm already busy sweeping. Somebody shed a lot of feathers here and couldn't be bothered to do his own sweeping!

BIRD

Yes, I'm sorry about that, but it seems that every time I fail at something I lose more feathers. It's very odd...

BIRDIE

It just makes me so MAD!

BIRD

I can understand that because then you have to sweep up more feathers, but at least they're not YOUR feathers...

BIRDIE

That's not what I'm mad about!

BIRD

Well, I guess we all have our troubles. You don't like your job, and I just can't seem to fit in anywhere no matter how hard I try. In fact it seems the harder I try the less I fit in and the more miserably I fail and the more feathers I shed!

BIRDIE

That's what makes me so MAD!

BIRD

I don't see why it should. I mean, if anyone should be mad it should be me, shouldn't it?

BIRDIE (*meaningfully*)

YES!

BIRD

But I'm not mad, I'm just sad...

BIRDIE

And THAT makes me so MAD!

BIRD

That's very sweet of you, but instead you should do like I do and just be sad about the time I've wasted...

BIRDIE

Waste is right! I can't stand waste! That's what makes me MADDEST of all! I'm almost on fire, that's how MAD I am!

BIRD

Just take it easy, will you...

BIRDIE

Take it easy! I'd like to TAKE this broom and beat somebody on the head with it!

(She raises the broom over her head for emphasis.)

BIRD

Careful with that thing, Sweeping-bird, you'll hurt somebody.

BIRDIE

My name is BIRDIE!

BIRD

Birdie? Why, that's almost the same as my name!

BIRDIE

Well, don't you get any ideas!

BIRD

Oh no, I wouldn't, I couldn't anyway being a miserable loser...

BIRDIE

You keep saying that and it makes me so MAD!

BIRD

You really don't have to be on my account.

BIRDIE

I can't help it, so there!

(Birdie has finished with her sweeping and

shovelling and now begins circling Bird, who most of the time is oblivious to her actions due to his defeatist resignation to what he sees as his "fate". In one hand Birdie holds her bucket from which she with the other surreptitiously RE-ATTACHES feather by colourful feather to Bird's depleted plumage.)

BIRD

That's sweet, but Birdie, what do you do, I mean when you're not mad or sweeping or making loud noises?

BIRDIE

I'm looking for a mate of course.

BIRD

Of course. I mean, really? In this dump? I mean, in this place?

BIRDIE

What's wrong with this place?

BIRD

Nothing, I guess. Well, good luck.

BIRDIE

Thank you.

BIRD

You're welcome, but maybe if you don't use your broom to beat people on the head you'll have even better luck.

BIRDIE

Actually, I don't believe in luck.

BIRD

Really?

BIRDIE

I believe in making my own luck.

BIRD

Maybe I should try that sometime myself. Or maybe that's just what I've been doing without knowing it.

BIRDIE

If you make your own luck, believe me, you know about it.

BIRD

I know, the trouble is that all the luck I made was BAD luck!

BIRDIE

Now you're making me MAD again!

BIRD

I'm sorry. I didn't mean to. It's just that I'm...

BIRDIE

Feeling sorry for yourself? Wallowing in self-pity?

BIRD

I guess...

BIRDIE

THAT'S what makes me so MAD!

(The re-attachment process is already so advanced that Bird is beginning to look quite colourful again, and perhaps even his good humour is starting to return, because suddenly he of all things GIGGLES!)

BIRD (giggling)

Stop it! What are you doing back there?

BIRDIE

Me? Nothing.

BIRD

Well, whatever it is it's TICKLING me!

BIRDIE

I don't know what you're talking about.

(However she continues her re-attaching undeterred.)

BIRD

How odd, but I'm beginning to feel a little better.

BIRDIE

Yes, that IS odd, for you.

BIRD

I know. Something very strange seems to be happening to me.

BIRDIE

Really? I can't imagine what that could be.

BIRD

Me neither. Oh well, can't be helped I guess. So, Birdie, about that mate of yours....

BIRDIE

I won't settle for just anybody, you know.

BIRD

Of course not. A pretty bird like you, deserves the best.

BIRDIE

I think so too. My mate has to be big and strong...

BIRD

Goes without saying.

BIRDIE *(cont'd)*

And then he's got to have all the colours of the rainbow in his magnificently extravagant plumage...

BIRD

I should say that was a given.

BIRDIE *(cont'd)*

But above all he's got to have long bouncing tail feathers!

BIRD

You won't believe me, but I used to know someone just like that.

BIRDIE

I believe you. Tell me about him.

BIRD

As a matter of fact, I used to BE someone just like that!

BIRDIE

But you're not anymore?

BIRD

Are you crazy? Look at me! Oh no, those days are long gone.

BIRDIE

That's too bad.

BIRD

Yes, it is a bit. Still, as I've said before, it's no use crying over spilt feathers...

BIRDIE

I know, I heard you the first time.

(Behind Bird's back Birdie picks up the broom and unties its components. She then takes one of the tail feathers and approaches Bird stealthily.)

BIRD

Yes, it's just one more thing one has to get used to...

(Birdie re-attaches the first tail feather to Bird's behind, apparently quite painfully:)

AAAHR!!! Watch what you're doing, will you? What ARE you doing back there anyway?

BIRDIE

Me? Why, nothing.

BIRD

It didn't feel like nothing.

BIRDIE

I'm sorry.

BIRD

I happen to be very sore back there, you know.

BIRDIE

I know.

BIRD

So I can't have people poking my behind like that.

BIRDIE

I'll try to be more careful.

(She forcefully re-attaches tail feather no. 2.)

BIRD

AAAHR!!! That hurt! Is that your idea of being careful?

BIRDIE

Sometimes it has to hurt a little before it can begin to feel really good again.

BIRD

I see. Is that something you know from your own experience or is it something you heard somewhere?

BIRDIE

I don't remember.

BIRD

"I don't remember" she says and pokes my poor behind!

(Birdie re-attaches tail feather no. 3, but obscures this by pushing Bird at the same time.)

Hey! Quit pushing me, you!

BIRDIE

Oh, I'm so sorry, it was an accident...

(She immediately pushes him again while she re-attaches the final tail feather.)

BIRD

Hey!

BIRDIE

Sorry, sorry, sorry. I don't know what's the matter with me. I'm so clumsy...

BIRD

Clumsy is right! What IS the matter with you?

BIRDIE

I told you, I don't know.

BIRD

Well, try to be more careful, will you?

BIRDIE

I will.

BIRD

Anyway, as I was saying, I used to have a tail exactly like the one you described for your mate.

BIRDIE

It's hard to imagine you, Bird, ever having had a tail like that.

BIRD

I know. AAAHR yes!!! Those were the days!

BIRDIE

Come to think of it, now that I look at you: What do you mean "those were the days"? What's wrong with the tail you have now?

BIRD

I don't have one! That's what's wrong with it!

BIRDIE

Oh, but you do.

BIRD

Aaahr-las I don't. But you should've seen it, it was really something to see. You have to believe me, it was...

BIRDIE

It's still pretty good-looking to me.

BIRD

What's the matter with you? I HAVE to tail, so there!

BIRDIE

That's odd, because I'm looking at it right now.

BIRD

What ARE you talking about?

BIRDIE

Look for yourself, Silly-bird!

(She finally succeeds in making Bird look over his shoulder where he notices the long tail feathers spilling out of his behind in a veritable cascading SHOWER of colours.)

BIRD

What is this?

BIRDIE

It's your tail, silly!

BIRD

I know, but where did it come from?

BIRDIE

I can't imagine.

BIRD

It's a miracle!

BIRDIE

That's right, a miracle or something like that.

(Bird shakes his behind so the tail feathers bounce up and down to make sure they're well-fastened.)

BIRD *(stops short, an inspiration)*

I know! YOU did it!

BIRDIE

Did I really? You think so?

BIRD

Of course you did it! The question is, WHY did you do it?

BIRDIE

Well, as I said my MATE has to have long bouncing tail feathers...

BIRD

Wait a minute. Did you say "my mate"?

BIRDIE

Yes, and as I also said, my mate has to be very colourful. That's the way it has to be in my family.

BIRD

Wait a minute. Are you saying that you and I are the same kind?

BIRDIE

Well, close enough. I tell, you, our chicks are going to be SO beautiful!

BIRD

OUR chicks?! Now, wait a minute...

BIRDIE

I can wait even longer than that, but not THAT much longer.

BIRD

Are you sure you're not mistaking me for some other bird?

BIRDIE

In my family we don't make mistakes about things like that.

BIRD

But you could find lots of birds much better than me...

BIRDIE

Maybe I could, but it's you that I want for my mate!

BIRD

But why? I mean, why me?

BIRDIE

Because it's you that I like, silly!

BIRD (*stunned, then understanding*)

Oh. OH!!! I mean, AAAHR like you too!!!

BIRDIE

You'd better!

BIRD

About our chicks...

BIRDIE

We'll have lots and lots and lots of them!

BIRD

Well, AAAHRright! You know, I don't feel a bit tired anymore!

BIRDIE

That's good, because raising chicks takes all the strength a bird can muster.

Come here, I want to show you something.

(She takes Bird by one wingtip and with the bucket in the other together they climb up on the platform. Here Birdie empties the remainder of Bird's old feathers out in the middle of the platform.)

BIRD

What's that for?

BIRDIE

That's for our NEST, silly! You want our eggs to stay good and warm, don't you?

BIRD

I guess so...

BIRDIE

You KNOW so! One last thing.

(She carefully picks 3 or 4 semi-long feathers out of the pile and quickly and apparently reasonably

painlessly re-attaches Bird's head-feathers in their original places. Nevertheless:)

BIRD

AAAHR!!!

BIRDIE

Shut up, Bird.

BIRD

Yes, Birdie.

(Together they begin to get their nest ready for use when Bird happens to look up into the sky.)

Look, Birdie! There's my friend Duck and her friends going south for the winter or north for the summer, I forget which! Hey, why don't you and I go with them, huh?!

(Birdie gives Bird a stern look.)

No? Not a good idea? I guess you're right...

(He waves in resignation looking up one last time.)

Hey, look! There's my friend Eagle too!

BIRDIE

Bird!

BIRD

Yes, Birdie.

(They settle down on the nest while the lights slowly dim.)

I wonder if my friend Chicken made it home to roost on her perch before the hatch closed tonight...

BIRDIE

Goodnight, Bird!

BIRD

Goodnight, Birdie. AAAHR!!!

BIRDIE

Shut up, Bird.

BIRD

Yes, Birdie.

(Having checked that Birdie's eyes are closed Bird ventures a final defiant if whispered:)

AAAHR!!!

(The lights go out into BLACKOUT.)

END OF SCENE FOUR.

END OF PLAY.

THE END.

AAAHR!!! Is written by Vladimir Oravsky & Kurt Peter Larsen

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