



## LINES AND SONGS

### AUDITION SIDES:

#### UGLY/CAT

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.

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.

## **DRAKE/IDA**

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 don'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: Oh, 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. Shall I see you back here?

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

## **THE DUCKLINGS (BEAKY, FLUFF, BILLY, DOWNY)**

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.

ALL: No, Mama, it's not fair.

## **MAUREEN/IDA**

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?

### **GREYLAG/DOT/UGLY**

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.

*(Their way is suddenly blocked by the emergence of UGLY from his hiding place in the ditch.)*

UGLY: Excuse me. I wonder if you could help.

GREYLAG: Keep walking, dear. Eyes front. U.F.O. at four o'clock.

UGLY: You see I'm lost.

*(The GEESE continue to walk past.)*

GREYLAG: No excuse for bad navigation. A bird who gets off his flight path doesn't deserve his wings, that's what I always say isn't it, dear?

DOT: *(With feeling.)* Always, dear.

UGLY: But I can't even fly yet, I've got lost on foot.

GREYLAG: Bah! Infantry eh? Messy business.

DOT: He's only a youngster. Maybe we should direct him. *(Remembering.)*  
Give him his marching orders.

GREYLAG: Bah! Very well. We're Geese, migrants, you know, birds of passage. Run a tight fleet. Wouldn't do for us to lose our way, what?

DOT: Where were you trying to get to?

UGLY: Back to my Mother, on the lake. I think it must be in that direction. I saw some ducks flying over a few minutes ago.

GREYLAG: Well if you did it was probably their last flying mission, what?

UGLY: What do you mean?

DOT: There's a shoot on the marsh, dear. It's very dangerous.

UGLY: What is a shoot?

DOT: Well, it's a people sport. One group of men move through the marsh scaring ducks into the air, while a second group, with guns, shoot them back out of the air again.

*(All three look at one another and shrug as if to say 'What's the point of that')*

UGLY: The Cat warned me about people.

GREYLAG: The Cat?

UGLY: Yes, you see I went off with this Cat.

DOT: Didn't your Mother tell you how dangerous a Cat is?

UGLY: Well yes she did but the Cat said he was my friend.

DOT: You don't want friends like that, dear. Your Mother was right to warn you.

UGLY: She was? *(Gun Dogs bark nearby. UGLY is frightened.)*

GREYLAG: Gun Dogs .They must be starting the shoot again. Time for maneuvers. I had hoped it wouldn't come to this, but I have no option. Alright, at ease.

*(DOT and UGLY sit to one side.)*

Company fall in!

*(The motley SQUADRON OF GEESE arrive. BARNACLES, PINK FOOT and SNOWY literally fall on to the stage. They wear old-fashioned aviator goggles.)*

GREYLAG: I didn't mean literally. Alright, eyes front. Now, we are about to take part in an exercise, the likes of which we have not faced before. Our task is one of reconnaissance and reunification.

DOT: *(Explaining to the confused SQUADRON.)* This duckling's lost him Mom, bless him, and we're going to find her.

GREYLAG: You are a fine body of Geese and I know you will give of your best. Good luck, men. *(He salutes them.)*

## **THE BULLFROG/UGLY**

BULLFROG: Woah, woah, woah. Hang on a minute. Do you mind if I hop off and come back on again? I mean, have a word with yourself, Feathers. Who am I to call you ugly? Look at me.

*(UGLY looks at the BULLFROG for the first time.)*

...there, see. I mean connect the dots, if we're talking 'ugly' they don't come much more aesthetically challenged than me. I know what your trouble is. You've been preening yourself too much.

UGLY: What do you mean?

BULLFROG: You've got down in the mouth .Woo ha, ha, ha. *(To audience.)* Oh I'm getting nothing here, nothing. Come on give us a smile.

UGLY: I want to be left on my own.

BULLFROG: Now that's just downright antisocial. Hang on...*(He clears his throat.)* I've got a human in my throat. *(Again the BULLFROG goes into hysterics but soon realizes that he is laughing alone.)* Oh well, I know how you feel, but you mustn't let it depress you. I started out as a blob of jelly and it's been downhill ever since.

*(For the first time UGLY actually looks as though he is warming to the BULLFROG.)*

I say to myself, "I'm just a handsome Prince in Frog's clothing and one day someone's going to come along and kiss me and release my inner beauty." *(Pause)* And then I say to myself, "Nah, get real, who wants to snog\* a Frog!?" *(This finally gets through to UGLY who laughs with the BULLFROG this time.)* You know what our trouble is?

UGLY: No.

BULLFROG: Our 'image' isn't in vogue. That's all. It's a question of taste. But you mark my words, one day 'ugly' will be 'in'.

### **PENNY/UGLY**

PENNY: Help me! Please, help me! I'm caught.

UGLY: Who...who are you?

PENNY: I'm Penny. Please, do you think you can untangle me?

UGLY: *(Self-conscious)* I'll, I'll try. *(UGLY bashfully tries to find an end to the fishing line. He is still mesmerized.)* Wh...what are you?

PENNY: *(Surprised at the question)* A Swan. Ooh, mind you don't hurt yourself on that hook. No point in us both getting damaged.

UGLY: *(Entranced)* A Swan.

PENNY: Typical me, my first migration and what happens...?

UGLY: Your first what?

PENNY: Migration. The cold weather is setting in and we are leaving today for the warm lands.

UGLY: Leaving?

PENNY: You're a funny one, all these questions.

UGLY: Sorry.

PENNY: What's your name?

UGLY: Everyone calls me Ugly.

PENNY: Oh, don't listen to them, it's a stage we all go through. You should hear some of the things they called me before the moult.

UGLY: How could anyone call you names?

PENNY: Well...like I say it's just a stage we all have to go through.

UGLY: *(Bashfully resuming his task.)* Excuse me...*(He circles her waist.)*...Could you lift your wing up?

PENNY: My Mother always warned me to avoid the fishing line the People leave behind.

UGLY: *(Suddenly enthusiastic)* So did mine. She used to tell me when we were out swimming. *(Completing his task.)* There...just one more loop around your leg.

PENNY: *(Hugging UGLY.)* Oh thank you. I thought I was going to be left behind and this is no place to spend the Winter alone.

## **JAY BIRD/IDA**

*(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. Alright, Ida, it's all yours...

## **AUDITION SONGS:**

**There are three audition songs: "Different," "Every Tear a Mother Cries," and "Warts and All." The lyrics are printed below and there are tracks to each of these songs online. The song without the vocal guide is first, and the song with the vocal guide is second on the same track. Anyone can sing any of these songs, but only girls should sing "Every Tear."**

### **"Different"**

UGLY: I'm just different, but I have a sense of pride  
My looks may be, well, 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!

### **"Ev'ry Tear a Mother Cries"**

IDA: Ev'ry moment seems an hour,

ev'ry hour lasts a day.  
Ev'ry tear a mother cries  
is a tear that's washed away.  
Ev'ry tear a mother cries  
is a tear that's washed away.

## **"Warts and All"**

BULLFROG:        Out there, someone's gonna love yer,  
                          Someone's gonna love yer,  
                          Warts and all.  
  
                          Out there, just around the corner,  
                          in among the fauna,  
                          Someone's gonna fall.  
  
                          Cause out there somewhere  
                          someone's gonna love you,  
                          warts and all.