

## Scene 1

## SCENE ONE:

(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 Cat-Tails surround the lake with their seedheads like giant cigars pointing skyward. The water's edge is a favorite meeting place for a variety of farm animals, and it is here that we discover DRAKE sitting idly beside the water. He is soon joined by his spouse, IDA, GRACE, TURKEY, HENRIETTA, MAUREEN, and the CAT.)

#1 A POULTRY TALE

(Company)

(See p. 95 for music)

## 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 A 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  
 TILL WE'RE PLUCKED AND OVEN READY  
 IT'S A POULTRY TALE OF FOLK DOWN ON THE FARM

THERE'S A TURKEY WITH A GOBBLE

(TURKEY enters)

WATCH HIS LEGS BEGIN TO WOBBLE  
 COS THANKSGIVING GIVES HIM CAUSE FOR SOME ALARM  
 WE'VE GOT PULLETS WE'VE GOT CHICKENS

(HENRIETTA enters, doing her morning aerobics, with  
 Maureen, who brings gifts for the 'baby shower'.)

## DRAKE

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

(IDA enters)

Scene 1

---

**DRAKE (CONT'D)**

IT'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

**GROUP 1 & GROUP 2**

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

**MAUREEN & HENRIETTA**

HERE WHERE WATERFOWL HAVE WADDLED  
LITTLE CHICKS ARE MOLLY-CODDLED

**IDA**

FOR THE CAT WOULD LIKE TO DO THEM GRIEVOUS HARM  
HE'S OUR ONLY SOURCE OF WORRY  
FEATHERS RARELY GET TO FLURRY

**GROUP 1 & GROUP 2**

IT'S A POULTRY TALE OF FOLK DOWN ON THE FARM

(The CAT sticks his head up from behind a clump of cat-tails.)

**CAT**

HA! HOW THEY FLATTER THEMSELVES  
I NEVER SHOW MUCH INTEREST IN THIS GROUP  
I 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 FLAVOR YOU WON'T MATCH  
THEY'RE DELICIOUS AND I JUST CAN'T GET ENOUGH  
AS A FELON WHO IS FELINE YOU WILL SEE ME MAKE A BEELINE  
FOR THOSE TENDER LITTLE JUICY BALLS OF FLUFF!

(MAUREEN enters. The following cacophony of squawking  
prompts the CAT to exit again.)

**MAUREEN**

BO-GER-DOC-A-DER, BO-GER-DOC-E-DER  
BO-GER-DOC-A-DER, BO-GER-DOC-E-DER

Scene 1

**DRAKE**

WAH-WA-UH! WAH! WAH! WAH! WAH!

**IDA**

WAH! WAH!

**MAUREEN & HENRIETTA**

BOC-BO-GA-DER! BOC-BO-GA-DER!

**TURKEY**

GOBBLE! GOBBLE!

**ALL**

WAH, BUHR, GOBBLE (etc.) hhuh!

**GROUP 1 & GROUP 2**

IN OUR WATERFOWL REGATTA  
THERE'S A MOORHEN FOND OF CHATTER  
AND A MANDARIN WITH ORIENTAL CHARM  
YOU'LL FIND EVERY GOOSE OR GANDER

(GRACE enters.)

**GRACE**

THOUGH OF COURSE I'M RATHER GRANDER

**GROUP 1 & GROUP 2**

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-A-ARM-A-ARM...B-GAD-EHR!

**#2 POULTRY PLAYOUT**

(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.)

Scene 1

---

**IDA**

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 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.

**#3 THE JOY OF MOTHERHOOD** (Ida, Maureen)

(See p. 102 for music)

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.)

AS A DUCK

WHEN YOU'RE STUCK

SAT SITTING IN THE MIDDLE OF YOUR NEST

## Scene 1

## IDA (CONT'D)

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 PITTEPATTER  
 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 BROWNY  
 THE 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, neighbourly 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.

Scene 1

---

**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 DIBBLE 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 THEM BOBBING

**MAUREEN**

ACCOMPANIED BY MOTHER'S SOBBING

Scene 1

**BOTH**

RELIEVED, THANKS BE TO NATURE, NOBODY SANK

IT'S THE JOY...

**MAUREEN**

Oh, prepare yourself, Ida

(They are interrupted by a chipping sound as the eggs start to hatch in the nest. IDA does her breathing exercises in preparation for the birth. Four pairs of legs appear above the edge of the nest and wave around in time to the music like synchronized swimmers.)

**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 LIVING

**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.)

**IDA**

Quack! Quack!

**DUCKLINGS**

Quack! Quack!

actly

Scene 1

---

**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!



Scene 1

**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.

(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 petit paddles.

**DRAKE**

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

(DRAKE issues each of the DUCKLINGS a rubber ring, each bearing an '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, Dumb-cluck. The big one.

**DRAKE**

Let me see that egg again.

(IDA raises a buttock.)

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.

Scene 1

---

**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.

(To the DUCKLINGS.)

Come on, last one to the lake's a Coot!

(The DUCKLINGS rush off.)

Hey, wait for me!

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

**~i DIFFERENT (Pre-Reprise)**

**(Ida)**

(See p. 107 for music)

**IDA**

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 TURKEY'S 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 DIFFERENT

(There is a chipping sound.)

BUT THERE'S DIFFERENT

(There is a cracking sound.)

AND THERE'S DIFFERENT...

(IDA is lifted up on the shoulders of UGLY as he emerges from the egg.)

**UGLY**

Honk!

**IDA**

Oh my word!

Scene 1

UGLY

Honk!

IDA

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

(Hugging 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 (Ida, Ugly)

(See p. 108 for music)

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

Like this?

IDA

That's the way!  
BEND YOUR KNEES  
NO SPLASHING PLEASE

UGLY

Sorry.

IDA

AND STEADY WATCH THAT EDDY TO YOUR RIGHT  
DANGER SIGN

UGLY

Danger sign?

IDA

THAT'S FISHING LINE

UGLY

Fishing line?

IDA

WHICH STRANGLES IF IT TANGLES YOU UP TIGHT  
(Aside)  
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

Scene 1

**BOTH**

HOLD YOUR HEAD UP HIGH

**IDA**

AS IF FREE FROM ALL TROUBLES  
YOUR BACK STAYS NICE AND DRY

**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  
(They dive underwater.)

**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  
(At the end of the song, 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?

Scene 1

---

**DRAKE**

It's a 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.

**IDA**

He is not a Turkey. He loves the water.

(DRAKE turns to UGLY and taunts him.)

**DRAKE**

Cranberry sauce!

## Scene 1

**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

(Ducklings, Ida, Drake, Ugly, Cat, Company)

(See p. 111 for music)

owards me

**DUCKLINGS**

LOOK AT HIM!

**IDA**

NOW THEN CHILDREN LET'S NOT MAKE A FUSS

**DUCKLINGS & DRAKE**

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

1 duck,

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!

(They waddle off in procession to 'school'.)

**DUCKLINGS**

LOOK AT HIM

LEGS ARE BANDY AND THE KNEES ARE KNOCKED

LOOK AT HIM

**BILLY**

DAD WAS OBVIOUSLY EGG-SHELL-SHOCKED

**DUCKLINGS**

BET THE NEIGHBOURS SCREAM AND HOWL

WHEN THEY SEE OUR BROOD

HE'S THE FOULEST WATERFOWL

**UGLY**

WHY ARE YOU SO RUDE?

Scene 1

---

**DOWNY**

Oooh, touchy.

**UGLY**

LOOK AT YOU, LOOK AT ME, WHAT'S IT MATTER?

**DOWNY**

Isn't it obvious?

**UGLY**

WHY DO I MAKE YOU ALL LAUGH AND SCOFF?

**BEAKY**

Have you see your reflection?

**UGLY**

WHY DON'T WE PLAY WITH THE FISHES?

**DUCKLINGS**

BECAUSE YOU'D SCARE THEM OFF

(Laughing quack)

WAH, WAH, WAH, WAH, WAH, WAH

WAH, WAH, WAH, WAH, WAH

(The CAT suddenly appears.)

**CAT**

Now that's what I call a snack.

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

**TURKEY**

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.



Scene 1

**IDA**

(To her brood.)

Now, don't turn your toes in, just bow your head politely and say 'Quack!'

(The DUCKLINGS parade past GRACE in turn, each bowing and 'quacking'.)

**DUCKLINGS**

(Individually)

Wah. Wah. Wah. Wah.

( It's now UGLY's turn.)

**UGLY**

Honk!

(GRACE reacts with horror UGLY is now clearly upset.)

**DRAKE**

LOOK AT HIM

COME ON IDA TELL ME WHAT WENT WRONG?

LOOK AT HIM

DID YOU LEAVE HIM IN THE EGG TOO LONG?

**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

(There is much disagreement with this last remark, accompanied by clucks, quacks and gobbles.)

**HEN, MAUREEN, GRACE, TURKEY & DRAKE [GROUP A]**

LOOK AT HIM

**DUCKLINGS**

LOOK AT HIM

**GROUP A**

AND BE THANKFUL THAT HE'S NOT YOUR KID

**DUCKLINGS**

BUT WE'VE GOT HIM AS A BROTHER

**GROUP A**

LOOK AT HIM

**DUCKLINGS**

LOOK AT HIM

**GROUP A**

BOUND TO GO THE WAY THE DODO DID

Scene 1

---

**DUCKLINGS**  
AND HE'S WORSE THAN ANY OTHER

(The DUCKLINGS are shot a filthy look from IDA, and 'act innocent'.)

**GROUP A**  
BODYWORK DESIGNED TO SHOCK

**DUCKLINGS**  
LA LA LA LA LA

**GROUP A**  
PROSPECTS PRETTY DIM

**DUCKLINGS**  
LA LA LA LA LA

**GROUP A**  
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 LITTLE THING  
HIS NECK JUST MADE TO WRING

(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.

## Scene 1

**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.

(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 birds 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 except UGLY exits in the direction of the croissants.)

**BEAKY**

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

(The DUCKLINGS pushes UGLY back, leaving him alone on stage.)

Scene 1

UGLY

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

(UGLY stands aside, quite separate from the group. In a private moment he tries to practice his 'Quack'.)

Qu..onk!...Qu..onk!

(Failing miserably, he gives up trying.)

=7 DIFFERENT

(Ugly)

(See p. 116 for music)

UGLY

IF THEY KNEW JUST HOW DEARLY I WOULD LOVE TO QU...ONK  
BUT IT'S TRUE I'M 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

## Scene 1

(The DUCKLINGS run in and taunt UGLY - as if pretending they are going to play with him. They then run away laughing at him.)

## UGLY (CONT'D)

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!

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.

Scene 1

---

**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 and HENRIETTA, and TURKEY as the rest of the poultry return from the croissant expedition.)

**MAUREEN**

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

**HENRIETTA**

Makes my eyes water just thinking about it.

**TURKEY**

Gobble, gobble...

(Pointing at UGLY.)

I wouldn't use that to stuff a duvet with!

**IDA**

(Overhearing)

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

## Scene 1

**TURKEY**

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****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 Henrietta check around the Henhouse. Ida, we'll take the Ducklings down to the lake.

**GRACE**

And I'll coordinate operations from the grainstore.

Scene 2

(Amid various cries of 'Ugly', and with much fluffing of feathers and scratching 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...

(He 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?

(During the following number the CAT starts to nonchalantly prepare ingredients for the Duck a l'Orange. UGLY is oblivious of the CAT's intentions throughout.)

#10 PLAY WITH YOUR FOOD

(Cat, Ugly)

(See p. 118 for music)

CAT

YOU CAN SCRATCH THE ANTIQUE FURNITURE  
TO SHARPEN UP YOUR CLAWS  
YOU CAN LACERATE THE CUSHIONS



## Scene 2

## CAT (CONT'D)

IF YOU'RE EVER SHUT INDOORS  
YOU CAN DIG UP ALL THE FLOWERS  
FROM THE FRESHLY PLANTED BEDS

AND WITH ARTICLES OF CLOTHING  
IT'S OK 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

So tell me, Ducky, what would you like to play? It can be anything. I won't tell your Mother.

## UGLY

Anything?...Well...

I'D LIKE TO PADDLE IN THE PUDDLES  
DABBLE IN THE MUD  
TICKLE STICKLEBACKS IN THE SHALLOWS

THEN MAYBE IF THERE'S TIME  
GO SLIDING IN THE SLIME  
TO THE MARSH WHERE YOU FIND MARSHMALLOWS  
I'LL GO AND SLAY A DRAGONFLY  
WATCH WATERBOATMEN RACE  
TO SAY THAT CATS ARE DANGEROUS  
IS CLEARLY NOT THE CASE

## CAT

I'D RATHER PLAY A GAME THAT'S SHARP AND WITTY  
AND PREFERABLY WITH SOMETHING IN THE KITTY

(UGLY, still oblivious of the CAT's intentions, hides as if playing hide-and-seek. The Cat indulges him.)

Oh, you want to play hide-and-seek do you? Where are you? Am I getting warmer?

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

Scene 2

**CAT (CONT'D)**

SO DUCKY 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**

Do you like oranges?

**UGLY**

I don't know, I've never tried one.

**CAT**

Well suck on this.

(The CAT slaps a slice of orange into UGLY's mouth.)

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 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.

Scene 2

Y DUCKY

**BOY'S VOICE**

Duck!

**CAT**

Yes I know it's a ruddy 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

(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.)

**UGLY**

Oh, no...

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

...Now, was it right at the Cow Shed and turn left to the Hen House or...oh no, I'm sure it was left past the Cow Shed.

(With a sense of purpose, UGLY sets off. The sound of a barking dog scares UGLY back on stage. 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.

elf lucky,  
them.  
th a

### SCENE THREE

(Lights cross fade to 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 rumours 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...

(JAY BIRD goes over to the assembled CROWD with DRAKE.  
IDA composes herself then sings into the camera.)

## Scene 3

#12 EVERY TEAR A MOTHER CRIES (Ida)

(See p. 122 for music)

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 GREY  
 EVERY TEAR A MOTHER CRIES IS A DREAM THAT'S WASHED AWAY  
 (To the CAMERAMAN.)

Get away from me.

(To the ONLOOKERS.)

Go on, all of you!

(Everyone else exits.)

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 GREY  
 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.)

IDA

EVERY MOMENT SEEMS AN HOUR  
 EVERY HOUR LASTS A DAY  
 EVERY TEAR A MOTHER CRIES IS A DREAM THAT'S WASHED AWAY

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

**IDA (CONT'D)**

EVERY TEAR A MOTHER CRIES IS A DREAM THAT'S WASHED AWAY

(Cross fade to the marsh lands.)

## SCENE FOUR

### #13 GOOSE MARCH

(UGLY has hidden in a ditch of cat-tails. 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**

Poppycrack. 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?

Scene 4

**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?

Scene 4

**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.)

#14 THE WILD GOOSE CHASE

(Greylag, Dot, Ugly, Geese)

(See p. 125 for music)

**GREYLAG**

WE'RE OFF ON A WILD GOOSE CHASE  
WE WILL BE NO STRANGER TO DANGER  
THE SQUADRON WILL SHOW NO FEAR



Scene 4

**DOT**

WE'RE OFF AND NO MATTER WHERE WE ROAM  
ALTHOUGH THE MIND BOGGLES  
THIS GAGGLE IN GOGGLES IS SURE TO FIND YOUR HOME

**GREYLAG**

RUNWAY'S CLEAR  
PREPARE FOR TAKE-OFF DEAR  
WE MUST PLAY OUR PART

**DOT**

HARK AT HIM  
I FEAR HIS CABIN LIGHTS ARE RATHER DIM

**GREYLAG**

CHOCKS AWAY  
OUR AIR DISPLAY MUST START

**ALL GEESE**

WE'RE OFF ON A WILD GOOSE CHASE  
AND OUR SIMPLE MISSION  
POSITION THE WHEREABOUTS OF YOUR FARM  
WE'RE OFF AND UNLESS WE'RE BLOWN INTO KINGDOM COME  
WE WON'T BE BACK UNTIL WE'VE FOUND YOUR MUM

(A 'Cat-Tail' starts to edge it's way across the marsh. We see the CAT tiptoeing along behind the fake 'Cat-Tail'.)

**BARNACLES**

Excuse me, sir. Cat Tails advancing from the rear.

**GREYLAG**

What? Cat Tails do not advance, Barnacles. One of the things they are most famous for is being rooted to the spot.

(The CAT pops out from behind the 'Cat-Tail' next to UGLY.)

**CAT**

Hello, Ducky - thought I'd lost you.

**GREYLAG**

Stand back or I'll peck.

**CAT**

Ooh, be still my quaking legs - I'm going to be goosed.

**UGLY**

What are you doing here?

Scene 4

**CAT**

What are friends for? I've come to take you home, your Mother is carrying on something fearful.

**UGLY**

My Mother?...you've seen my Mother?

**CAT**

Of course. She sent me to fetch you.

**GREYLAG**

Listen here, Cat. I'm in command around here and my squadron has taken personal charge of the Duckling's safe return to his Mother.

**CAT**

Well I wouldn't try flying at the moment. Haven't you heard the guns?

**GREYLAG**

We will commence maneuvers as soon as the shooting party is over.

**SNOWY**

It's their party but we'll fly if we want to, ha, ha, ha.

**GREYLAG**

Silence in the ranks.

**SNOWY**

Little joke, sir.

**CAT**

Maybe I could be of assistance. I'll go over to the shoot, then I will let you know when they are packing up for the day.

**GREYLAG**

Very well, but no funny business. I know several ways to skin your type.

**CAT**

(Aside)

It's like taking candy from a baby.

(The CAT exits in the direction of the guns. The squad sing "Bom" under the following speech.)

**DOT**

Good afternoon Ladies and gentlemen. My name is Dot. I am your senior flight attendant and on behalf of captain Greylag, I would like to welcome you to this afternoon's flight from Boggy Marshland to some far flung farm. We will be cruising at an altitude of several feet and flying in a rather attractive V-formation. In the unlikely event of an emergency landing, we ask that you observe the safety procedures that we've been through so many, many times before. We hope you have a pleasant journey, and thank you for choosing Goose Air...the Fluffy skies."

**ALL**

WE'RE OFF TO ENSURE THIS DUCKLING IS NOT SO GLUM  
WE WON'T BE BACK UNTIL WE'VE FOUND YOUR...

(The CAT runs back in.)

**CAT**

The coast is clear. They are putting away their guns.

Scene 4

**GREYLAG**

Are you sure?

**CAT**

(Deliberately false.)

On one of my lives.

**GREYLAG**

Good. Alright men. Final check. Oh, and here's a parachute for you.

**CAT**

E..For me?

**GREYLAG**

You don't think I'm going to leave you here with the Duckling do you? Oh no, Puss, you're coming with us.

**CAT**

Oh, cat litter!

(During the final section of the song the Goose SQUADRON 'form' an airplane with GREYLAG at the front, twirling a propeller; and other members of the SQUAD making wings - with flashing red lights and fusilage. The 'plane' starts to taxi on the runway guided by UGLY who holds guide torches.)

**ALL**

OURS WINGS ARE SPREAD

**UGLY**

SO DON'T DELAY

**SQUAD & DOT & GREYLAG**

OUR EXCESS BAGS ARE STOWED AWAY

**ALL**

IT'S TIME TO FLY

WE'RE OFF ON A WILD GOOSE CHASE

WITH A HAPPY ENDING IMPENDING

IF WE CAN LOCATE HIS NEST

WE'RE OFF CHEERIO GOODBYE TOODLEPIP OLD CHUM

**UGLY**

THEY'RE OFF TO TRY AND FIND THE FARM

AND WHEN THEY'VE FOUND THE FARM

THEY'LL FIND MY MUM

AND WE WILL BE TOGETHER EVERYDAY

I'LL BE WAITING COME WHAT MAY

SO I'LL SAY GOODBYE TOODLEPIP OLD CHUM

Scene 4

---

**WOMEN**

WE WON'T BE BACK UNTIL

**MEN**

WE WON'T BE BACK UNTIL

**CAT**

WE WON'T BE BACK

**ALL GEESE**

WE WON'T BE BACK UNTIL WE'VE FOUND

**UGLY**

MY MUM

**ALL**

YOUR MUM

(With a final salute to UGLY the Goose SQUADRON take to the air.)

**UGLY**

Goodbye...Good luck...thank you. Thank you.

(A thundering volley of gunshots rings out. The sky darkens with gunsmoke. UGLY watches in horror as the Goose SQUADRON is shot out of the air. The sky turns to red. A single white feather drops from the rafters.)

**UGLY**

No! No! What's happening?...The Cat! He said he was my friend. He said the People had put away their guns. He lied! Oh, Mama, what should I do now?

**SCENE FIVE**

(Cross fade to JAY BIRD on location in the duckyard - he is clearly in the middle of a live outside broadcast.)

**JAY BIRD**

...Six months on and still no sign of the Duckling, who, as you will remember from the photograph released at the time, has what can best be described as a rather unforgettable appearance. Now, our experts believe that he may already have undergone certain changes and they have put together a composite of what they believe he might look like today. Some viewers may find this image disturbing.

(DRAKE muscles into the shot.)

## Scene 5

**DRAKE**

Ida, if you see this, love, come home - the kids need you. They're not coping so well without you...

**JAY BIRD**

In a sinister new development it would appear that Ida has now also gone missing. So, once again viewers, we are appealing to you if you have any information. The number is coming up on your screen.

(JAY BIRD exits. DRAKE paces up and down waiting for the other DUCKLINGS to come home from their evening out. He wears an apron.)

=15 THE JOY OF MOTHERHOOD (Reprise) (Drake)

(See p. 131 for music)

**DRAKE**

AS A DRAKE  
MY MISTAKE  
WAS LETTING HER GO SEARCHING  
FOR MY SON  
YEAH, THAT ONE!  
IT AIN'T RIGHT  
I'VE SPENT WEEKS  
FILLING BEAKS  
HEARING 'DADDY, DADDY, DADDY'  
I'M DEPRESSED  
ROUND THE NEST  
DAY AND NIGHT

(The more adolescent DUCKLINGS return.)

**DRAKE**

And what sort of time do you call this?

**FLUFF**

We sort of lost track of the time

**BEAKY**

The Owl didn't give a hoot.

**DRAKE**

Well your father does.

**DOWNY**

Mom would've let us stay out.

Scene 5

---

**DRAKE**

Mom's not here - you're grounded.

**FLUFF**

When's Mom coming back?

**DRAKE**

I dunno, honey.

**FLUFF**

But she is coming back?

**DRAKE**

I dunno, honey.

**FLUFF**

Will she find Ugly?

**DRAKE**

(Snapping)

I dunno, honey. I...I dunno. Alright kids, it's time to roost.

Make sure you brush your beaks, and don't take all the water, my bill's big enough!

(The DUCKLINGS all exit.)

**DRAKE**

WHEN IDA SAID SHE'D GO I HAD TO LET 'ER  
A SHAME BECAUSE THIS APRON SUITS HER BETTER

WHERE'S THE JOY IN MOTHERHOOD?  
AN ENDLESS ROUND OF CHORES THAT HAVE TO BE DONE  
THEN WHEN YOU THINK YOU'VE SEEN THE BACK OF THEM  
YOU FIND IN ACTUAL FACT YOU'RE BACK AT SQUARE ONE  
THERE'S NO JOY IN MOTHERHOOD  
OR IF THERE IS IT'S SOMETHING I JUST CAN'T SEE  
YET IDA SOMEHOW COPE WITH ALL OF THIS  
AND THEN ON TOP OF THAT SHE PUTS UP WITH ME

**BEAKY**

(Offstage)

Daddy?

**DRAKE**

Now what?

## Scene 6

## SCENE SIX

## #16 SCENE CHANGE

(We catch up with UGLY who is back in the open fields. He has started to moult and he hurries along looking nervously over his shoulder to check that the CAT is not pursuing him. He stops short when he hears a plaintive cry. UGLY turns to where the sound is coming from and discovers a beautiful young female swan, PENNY, tangled in fishing line in a ditch.)

**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?

Scene 6

---

**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.

(Pause)

Where's your flock?

**UGLY**

I don't know. I'm lost. I was separated from my family and the more I look for them the further it seems I wander away.



Scene 6

**PENNY**

That's dreadful, when did you last see them?

**UGLY**

In the Spring.

**PENNY**

In the Spring! You've been lost since the Spring? You poor thing, you can't stay here for the Winter, you'll freeze.

**UGLY**

No, I'll be alright.

**MOTHER SWAN**

(Offstage)

Penny!

(Suddenly PENNY has an idea.)

**PENNY**

Come with me! The others won't mind and then next Spring we'll return together and I'll help you find your family.

**UGLY**

Oh, I couldn't possibly...

**PENNY**

Of course you could. Come on or we'll never catch up.

**UGLY**

Oh Penny, I'd love to, I'd really love to, but I can't...I can't fly, at least not well enough to go with you.

**PENNY**

It doesn't matter if you're not as strong as the others, I'll stay back with you and fly at your pace.

**UGLY**

It sounds wonderful, but I must keep going, I have to find my Mother. I'm sure she can't be far away. Maybe when you come back in the Spring we can meet up again.

**PENNY**

I'd like that. Are you sure you will be alright.

**UGLY**

I'm sure.

Scene 6

(MOTHER SWAN and BEWICK enter majestically.)

**MOTHER SWAN**

Penny, come along darling, we'll be late.

**PENNY**

I don't like to leave you here like this but I really have to go now. Goodbye and thank you again, I won't forget you.

(PENNY hugs UGLY in her wings then leaves in the direction of the other Swans. As she leaves, UGLY hears her 'Honk'.)

Honk!

(UGLY double-takes and looks confused.)

**UGLY**

Honk?

(UGLY becomes despondent as the thought dawns on him that someone as beautiful as PENNY will not want to have anything to do with someone as ugly as him.)

She won't remember me. I bet she doesn't even come back. Why would she want to have anything to do with me?

(At that moment a large BULLFROG hops up beside UGLY carrying a rolled up lily-pad under his arm. He places the lily on the ground and hops onto it. UGLY starts and cowers, assuming it to be someone else to taunt him.)

**BULLFROG**

Ribbit, ribbit, whoops, pardon me.

**UGLY**

Leave me alone.

**BULLFROG**

Sorry, Feathers, I didn't mean to make you jump. Not that there's anything wrong with jumping of course - it sort of runs in the family or jumps in the family depending on which way you...

**UGLY**

What do you want?

**BULLFROG**

Want?

**UGLY**

Well go on, you might as well get it off your chest - tell me how ugly I am.

**BULLFROG**

Ugly?

## Scene 6

**UGLY**

There. I hope you feel better now.

**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?

\* "Snog" is British slang for 'kiss.'

**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'.

#17 WARTS AND ALL

(Bullfrog, Ugly, Froglets, Company)

(See p. 133 for music)

**BULLFROG**

IF YOU JUST SIT TIGHT ON YOUR LILYPAD  
EACH SILLY FAD WILL PASS  
THEN THOSE WHO SPORT THIS SEASON'S LOOK  
WILL FALL FLAT ON THEIR ASK-YOUR-MOTHER-WHAT-IT'S-CALLED  
FOR FASHION IS A FICKLE THING  
BUT JUST YOU WAIT AND SEE  
THE DAY WILL COME WHEN WE'RE IN STYLE  
AND THEN I GUARANTEE...

OUT THERE  
SOMEONE'S GONNA LOVE YA  
SOMEONE'S GONNA LOVE YA  
WARTS AND ALL  
OUT THERE  
JUST AROUND THE CORNER  
IN AMONGST THE FAUNA  
SOMEONE'S GONNA FALL FOR YOU

THOUGH I MAY LOOK A BIT JURASSIC  
TRUST ME, I'M A CLASSIC IN MY POND  
IF THIS OLD FROG CAN GO A-WOOING  
TIME YOU HAD A WAKE-UP CALL

**BOTH**

COS OUT THERE SOMEWHERE SOMEONE'S GONNA LOVE YA  
WARTS AND ALL

(The younger members of the company, dressed as FROGLETs,  
are revealed.)

**BULLFROG**

Tell him, kids!

## Scene 6

**FROGLETS**

SOMEWHERE OUT THERE  
 WE DON'T KNOW WHERE  
 SOMEONE WILL CARE  
 THEY'RE GONNA LOVE YA WARTS AND ALL  
 SOMEWHERE OUT THERE  
 WE CAN'T SAY WHERE  
 BUT SOMEONE IS GONNA FALL FOR YOU

**BULLFROG**

JUST THINK WHENEVER YOU NEED BOOSTING  
 ONE DAY YOU'LL BE ROOSTING WITH A MATE

**FROGLETS**

SOON YOU'LL BE ROOSTING

**BULLFROG & UGLY**

THOUGH IT MAY TAKE SOME TIME TO FIND 'EM  
 WHEN YOU DO YOU'LL HAVE A BALL

**FROGLETS**

WE KNOW YOU'RE GONNA HAVE A BALL

**ALL**

COS OUT THERE SOMEWHERE SOMEONE'S GONNA LOVE YA

(The rest of the COMPANY, also dressed as FROGLETS, enter.)

**ALL**

SOMEONE'S GONNA LOVE YA

**BULLFROG & UGLY & GROUP 1**

OUT THERE  
 SOMEONE'S GONNA LOVE YA  
 SOMEONE'S GONNA LOVE YA  
 WARTS AND ALL  
 OUT THERE  
 IN A MUDDY PUDDLE  
 SOMEONE NEEDS A CUDDLE  
 THOUGH THE CHANCE IS SMALL IT'S TRUE

**FROGLETS & GROUP 2**

SOMEWHERE OUT THERE  
 WE DON'T KNOW WHERE  
 SOMEONE WILL CARE  
 THEY'RE GONNA LOVE YA WARTS AND ALL  
 SOMEWHERE OUT THERE  
 WE CAN'T SAY WHERE OR WHEN  
 THOUGH THE CHANCE IS SMALL IT'S TRUE

Scene 6

---

**BULLFROG**

JUST THINK WHENEVER YOU NEED BOOSTING  
ONE DAY YOU'LL BE ROOSTING WITH A MATE

**UGLY**

SOON I'LL BE ROOSTING WITH A MATE

**FROGLETS & GROUP 2**

SOON YOU'LL BE ROOSTING

**BULLFROG & UGLY & GROUP 1**

THOUGH IT MAY TAKE SOME TIME TO FIND 'EM  
WHEN YOU DO YOU'LL HAVE A BALL

**FROGLETS & GROUP 2**

WE KNOW YOU'RE GONNA HAVE A BALL  
BALL, BALL, BALL, BALL

**ALL**

COS OUT THERE SOMEWHERE SOMEONE'S GONNA LOVE YA

**SOLO FROGLET**

OUT THERE SOMEWHERE SOMEONE'S GONNA LOVE YA

**ALL**

OUT THERE SOMEWHERE SOMEONE'S GONNA LOVE YA  
WARTS AND ALL  
WARTS AND ALL  
WARTS AND ALL

#18 WARTS OFF

(The FROGLETS disperse.)

**BULLFROG**

Must hop, I'll be seeing ya, Feathers. And remember, one day it will be us  
who are the flavor of the month - oops, what am I saying?

**UGLY**

Goodbye, and if you ever find yourself near the Duckyard do call in, I'd love  
you to meet my family.

**BULLFROG**

Well I hope you find 'em alright. Stay warm, stay cheerful. See ya. Ribbit,  
ribbit.

## Scene 6

## #19 POST WARTS

(The BULLFROG hops off again. UGLY looks about him, not sure which way to turn. It is getting dark. Suddenly a bright torch beam shines onto him. He stares transfixed in it's beam.)

**FARMER'S VOICE**

Well what have we here? A nice plump little Duckling.

(A net drops over UGLY.)

**FARMER'S VOICE**

Gotcha, my beauty.

**UGLY**

Honk, honk, honk.

**FARMER'S VOICE**

It's no good you struggling and honking. I've got a family to feed and you'll make a fine Sunday roast.

**UGLY**

Honk! Honk!

**FARMER'S VOICE**

Now, where's my knife? Phew, it's colder than a penguin's picnic out here tonight. Darn, I must've left it in my car.

(We hear the FARMER's footsteps retreating in the mud. The CAT suddenly pops up from nowhere and sees UGLY in the net.)

**CAT**

Hello, Ducky. I see the macrame classes paid off.

**UGLY**

You again. How did you find me?

**CAT**

Oh, a little bird told me.

**UGLY**

Well you're too late. I'm going to be eaten by the people.

**CAT**

Tsk. Such a waste.

**UGLY**

Even if you helped me to escape you'd only eat me yourself.