

# THE UGLY DUCKLING (except)

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- MOTHER: Come on you...I can't sit here for you forever!
- OLD GOOSE: Yoo hoo, Matilda! Oh..there you are. Oh! Still on the nest? But I thought you were done with your eggs?
- MOTHER: This one just refuses to crack. I've given it another 5 days, but still it won't open.
- OLD GOOSE: Hm, well, let me take a look at it. *(she does)* Oh!!! Well no WONDER it won't hatch – that's not a duck egg at all! I think some one slipped a turkey egg into your nest. The farmer will do that once in awhile when he can't find his glasses.
- MOTHER: What?! Oh no!!!.... What should I do?
- OLD GOOSE: Dear, it's no fault of your own. The best thing to do is to leave it be. I'm sure the hedgehogs will be happy to eat it. Leave it be, and focus on your two beautiful hatchlings.
- MOTHER: But what if it needs me?
- OLD GOOSE: Your hatchlings need you more. I know you want to be a good mother, but it's time to get off that egg!
- MOTHER: Are you sure?
- OLD GOOSE: Abaabaabasolutely sure! Come on!
- NARRATOR: But just then, the mother duck felt a shock!
- SOUND: RUMBLE**
- MOTHER: *(screams from being startled)* Oh! What was that?
- OLD GOOSE: Oh, I'm sorry, you know how I am after lunch...
- MOTHER: No, not you! It felt like an earthquake!
- OLD GOOSE: Oh, good heavens – that big egg – it's finally cracking!
- NARRATOR: And sure enough...the last big egg rumbled...and then it jumbled, and then it tapped...and then it rapped...and then....it cracked!

**SOUND: CRACKING EGG**

And low and behold, from out of that shell the two of them saw the biggest, gangliest....UGLIEST duckling anyone in the barnyard had ever seen!

*From out of the shell comes a disheveled (use a wig?), ungainly feathered beast, with mottled clothing and an awkward gait. She stands up slowly, trying to balance on her two legs, unsteadily.*

- OLD GOOSE: *(long pause)* Oh my dear. I'm so sorry.
- UG DUCK: *(to goose)* Are you my mother?
- OLD GOOSE: Certainly not!
- UG DUCK: *(to Mother)* Oh. Then are you my mother?
- MOTHER: *(speechless)* I....Um....I....
- OLD GOOSE: Oh, just get it over with! Yes, this one is your mother. Poor unfortunate thing.
- MOTHER: Oh, well she's not *that* bad.
- OLD GOOSE: *(blank stare)* No, I meant YOU. To think, all that time and effort, and all you have to show for it is the ugliest duckling on the farm. Oh well, I have to be off. *(sympathetically)* Stay strong, dear. We can't produce a beauty every time. Ta ta. *(and she leaves)*.
- MOTHER: Ta ta....oh. Well....Hello. I'm your mother.
- UG DUCK: Then I love you!
- MOTHER: Oh, let's not rush things. First things first. We need to give you a name. Hm...well you're not very beautiful....*(then a thought)* but maybe you can have a beautiful name. How about....Ariel!? (*"air-ee-EL"*).
- UG DUCK: Ariel? I love it! It sounds like the name for a queen!
- MOTHER: I'm not sure about a queen. But at least you'll have a nice name. Come dear, we need to teach you how to be a duck. Come along, let's find your sisters at the river, and get you caught up with your swimming and quacking.