



Proudly Presents

RUFFLED FEATHERS

WRITTEN BY GREGORY T. BURNS

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Characters:

Narrator

Nguyen, a Peking duck

David, the little ugly duckling

Tong, another Peking duck

Mama Duck

Sally Swan, owner of Sylvia Swan's Swan Lake Salon

Bank Manager

Producer

Cat

Dr. Webb, M.D.

Narrator: Once upon a time, there was a little duckling named David. David was—well, let's just say that he didn't have the natural grace and beauty of all of the other ducks around the pond. When the other young ducks saw David approaching, they would hide and peek out through the bushes. They were, after all, *Peking* ducks. They would often taunt David, as he passed by.

Nguyen: You're ugly!

David: (*Sadly*) I know.

Tong: No! I don't think you *do* know! I don't think you realize just how ugly you are!

David: How ugly am I?

Nguyen: Let me put it this way. If ugliness were bricks, you could be the Great Wall of China!

David: Am I really that ugly?

Tong: Let me put it *another* way. If ugliness was a crime, you'd get the electric chair!

Narrator: David, the little ugly duckling, was naturally upset by the ridicule of the other young ducks. He tried to make friends.

David: Hey, would you like to be my friend? We can play peek-a-boo!

Narrator: David, the little ugly duckling, peeked. All of the other little ducks would *boo*. So he decided to talk to his mother.

David: Mama, was I always this ugly?

Mama Duck: Well, yes. I suppose so. I had a feeling from the very beginning—the way your egg looked—well, it just wasn't an

attractive shell. I think that's what made me put up tinted windows around your incubator.

David: Is that why you always told me to sneak up on my mirror?

Mama Duck: Well, yes. Sweetheart, I've never told you this, but when you were born the doctor took one look at you and slapped your father and me!

David: I'm sorry, Mama.

Mama Duck: Don't you worry about that, sweetheart. That was a long time ago. Besides, he was just a quack! *(She laughs)* Sometimes I just quack myself up! Listen, David, I suppose I should tell you a little secret.

David: What is it, Mama? *(Hopeful)* Are you giving me a make-over for my birthday?

Mama Duck: No. Your father and I are flying South for the winter.

David: Why, Mama?

Mama Duck: Well, Sweetheart, it's too far to walk!

David: But Mama, why would you leave me here by myself?

Mama Duck: Honestly, David, you won't even notice we've flown the coop. *(Feeling guilty)* Oh, all right, I'll find replacements for your father and me before we leave.

Narrator: And she did. David's mother left two decoys on the embankment of the pond. David knew there had to be a reason for his mother and father to just... fly off like that.

David: *(Sadly)* They left, because I'm ugly.

Narrator: It was time for David, the little ugly duckling, to do something about his ugliness. He tried preening himself, but got a little *down* in the *beak*. David tried to make friends, but alas, that daunting task proved to be too difficult for such an ugly duckling. David was very sad.

David: I hate being ugly.

Narrator: As time went by, David, the little ugly duckling, grew more and more depressed. His self-esteem was at an all-time low. Soon, the leaves in the trees turned vibrant orange, yellow, and red. Fall was in the air, and it was soon time for Halloween. All of the other young ducks dressed accordingly. One went as Count *Quackula*. Another young duck walked around holding an iron; his