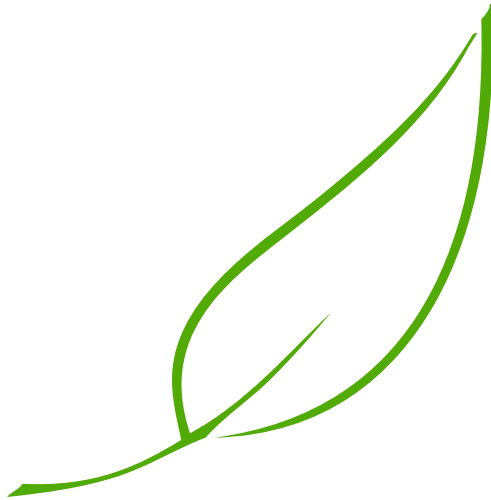


BIRD OF A DIFFERENT COLOR

by Ken Bradbury



GREEN ROOM PRESS

greenroompress.com

Copyright Notice

CAUTION: Professionals and amateurs are hereby warned that this Work is subject to a royalty. This Work is fully protected under the copyright laws of the United States of America and all countries with which the United States has reciprocal copyright relations, whether through bilateral or multilateral treaties or otherwise, and including, but not limited to, all countries covered by the Pan-American Copyright Convention, the Universal Copyright Convention and the Berne Convention.

RIGHTS RESERVED: All rights to this Work are strictly reserved, including professional and amateur stage performance rights. Also reserved are: motion picture, recitation, lecturing, public reading, radio broadcasting, television, video or sound recording, all forms of mechanical or electronic reproduction, such as CD-ROM, CD-I, DVD, information and storage retrieval systems and photocopying, and the rights of translation into non-English languages.

PERFORMANCE RIGHTS AND ROYALTY PAYMENTS: All amateur and stock performance rights to this Work are controlled exclusively by Green Room Press. No amateur or stock production groups or individuals may perform this play without securing license and royalty arrangements in advance from Green Room Press. Questions concerning other rights should be addressed to Green Room Press. Royalty fees are subject to change without notice. Professional and stock fees will be set upon application in accordance with your producing circumstances. Any licensing requests and inquiries relating to amateur and stock (professional) performance rights should be addressed to Green Room Press.

Royalty of the required amount must be paid, whether the play is presented for charity or profit and whether or not admission is charged.

AUTHOR CREDIT: All groups or individuals receiving permission to produce this Work must give the author(s) credit in any and all advertisement and publicity relating to the production of this Work. The author's billing must appear directly below the title on a separate line where no other written matter appears. The name of the author(s) must be at least 50% as large as the title of the Work. No person or entity may receive larger or more prominent credit than that which is given to the author(s).

PUBLISHER CREDIT: Whenever this Work is produced, all programs, advertisements, flyers or other printed material must include the following notice: ***Produced by special arrangement with Green Room Press.***

COPYING: Any unauthorized copying of this Work or excerpts from this Work is strictly forbidden by law. No part of this Work may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form, by any means now known or yet to be invented, including photocopying or scanning, without prior permission from Green Room Press.

BIRD OF A DIFFERENT COLOR

by Ken Bradbury

BIRD OF A DIFFERENT COLOR

by Ken Bradbury

(The copyright laws protect this selection. It is illegal to reproduce this document by any process. The only real protection for those who produce this material for your use is the good faith in your integrity. Thank you.)

[Oscar (or Polly), the loudest and most obnoxious parrot in the pet shop, is sitting on a perch.]

OSCAR [or POLLY]: *(whistles)* Hey! Babe [Hunk]! Over here! *(whistles)* Whatsa matter? Ain't you never seen a parrot before? Yoo-hoo! Beautiful! Look at the pretty parrot. *(squawks, flaps his wings)* Geesh! Whadda ya want at these prices ... Sylvester Stallone [Dolly Parton]? *(singing to self)* "Yes, you can talk to the animals...walk with the animals ... screech and scrack and squawk with the animals ... And they can talk to ..." *(Perdy is dropped in nearly knocking him/her off the perch)* Whoa! Holy Cockatoos! Whata you think you're doin'?

PERDY: *(a smaller, much shyder bird)* I'm sorry.

OSCAR: Sorry? Sorry? I'm sittin' here, King [Queen] of the pet store ... most gorgeous parrot in the Mall and you come floppin' in here like a 747 and nearly knock me off my perch and you tell me you're sorry?

PERDY: *(trying to duck head under wing)* Sorry.

OSCAR: *(yelling to offstage)* Hey, manager! Get this fruity little wimp out of my cage! Manager! What kinda bird cage you runnin' here? Manager! Manager!

PERDY: *(meekly, embarrassed by all the fuss and noise)* I really am sorry, sir. It wasn't my fault. I ... I just came in and they put me in here.

OSCAR: *(mimicking)* "I just came in and they put me in here." Geesh It's not enough I gotta hang out in this lousy cage! Me! A bird of splendor! A bird of majesty! The rainbow of the jungle! Stuck in a two-bit bird cage with that dippy little Border Collie across the aisle, starin' at me.

PERDY: *(looking across the aisle)* Aw. Look. I think he's saying he loves you.

OSCAR: Ha! You can call it love if you want to. To me, it looks like he's saying "Puppy Chow."

PERDY: I think he's cute.

*This perusal script is for reading purposes only.
No performance or photocopy rights are conveyed.*

OSCAR: Cute? And what would you know? You're a parakeet! A parakeet! Not a full blown, regular, All-American Technicolor parrot! A parakeet! Keet! Keet! That means "small, insignificant, puny ..." Para-keet! Para ... that means two! That means you're double puny!

PERDY: I really can't help that.

OSCAR: A parrot ... now there's a majestic bird. A noble bird. A bird of destiny. No pirate worth his salt would ever be without one! You ever see a parakeet on a pirate's shoulder? They'd laugh him off the ship. "Hardy-har-har mate ... What's that little wart you got hangin' from your shoulder?" Ha!

PERDY: But surely there's some ... some use for us.

OSCAR: Sure there is! They send you down in the coal mines to check for poison gas! Now there's a flashy occupation! "Bird's dead boys. Better stay home today!"

PERDY: Maybe ... maybe if I just sit right here and be quiet ... maybe nobody will even know I'm here.

OSCAR: Oh, sure. You sit and my image goes down the tubes. This is humiliating! I could-a made it big. Even had a shot at the Bird-a-Rama at Six Flags. The networks were after me for the Kodak commercials! I coulda been a contender! But noooooo. I'm stuck in this lousy bird cage with a Keet! Not even a real parrot! A Keet! A Keet! (*squawks in anger*) (*A silence as Oscar sits there and fumes in his plumes as Perdy pouts on his perch*)

PERDY: (*after the pause*) I'm really sorry. (*another pause as Oscar sits there, angry and humiliated*) I mean, it's not like I had a choice. One day I was flapping around in the woods, free as a bird ... The next day, here I am. (*looks around*) Besides, I don't see what the big deal is. Look over there! All kinds of birds with each other. Parrots and parakeets and cockatoos and lovebirds. I mean, they're just like us...sure, I'm the only green one but ... (*it hits*) ... I'm ... I'm the only ... (*looks at Oscar*) ... That's it, isn't it?

OSCAR: What are you talking about?

PERDY: It's not my size at all, is it?

OSCAR: Don't be stupid. Of course it's your size.

PERDY: (*looking down*) Look down there. Two yellow finches on the perch below us.

OSCAR: (*looks down, then sniffs haughtily*) I didn't even notice.

PERDY: How can you not notice two yellow finches just two inches from your red tail?

OSCAR: (*looks again, then*) I don't know. I must have overlooked them.

PERDY: Is there something else you don't like about me?

OSCAR: (*beginning to get quite uncomfortable*) I really don't know what you're talking about.

PERDY: The size of my beak?

OSCAR: Your beak is fine.

PERDY: (*looking around*) My claws? Are my claws okay to you?

OSCAR: Of course your claws are fine. What a silly question.

PERDY: Maybe it's my eyes ... something wrong with the shape of my eyes?

OSCAR: What silliness! Do you think that I am so ... so stupid as to judge a bird by his looks? What balderdash! I have never judged a ...

PERDY: (*interrupting*) How about my color?

OSCAR: (*abruptly stops*) I ... uh ...

PERDY: What about my color?

OSCAR: Your ... uh ... your color is ...

PERDY: ... is green. My color is green. I'm a green bird. Right?

OSCAR: (*looking away*) I really hadn't noticed.

PERDY: Hadn't noticed that I'm green? What are you? Blind?

OSCAR: Don't be ridiculous! Color makes no difference! It's what's inside a bird that counts.

PERDY: (*a silence, then*) How many do you have?

OSCAR: How many what?

PERDY: Green friends.

OSCAR: Natural or sickness-related?

PERDY: I'm serious. How many?

OSCAR: (*fumbling*) Well, ... there's, I mean I used to know this sort of aqua-colored cowbird who ...

PERDY: Green. I'm talkin' green, fella.

OSCAR: This is ridiculous.

PERDY: Name 'em. No aqua, no turquoise, no lime ... just green! Green as grass. Green as leaves. Green, green, green!

OSCAR: (*finally exploding*) Look, it's a well known fact that green birds are not ... are not ...

PERDY: Not what?



GREEN ROOM PRESS

Thank you for reading this free excerpt from:

BIRD OF A DIFFERENT COLOR

by Ken Bradbury.

*For performance rights and/or a complete copy of the script,
please contact us at:*

GREEN ROOM PRESS, INC.

customerservice@greenroompress.com

www.greenroompress.com