

Audition Sides - Ugly, Greylag, Dot

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

START **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?

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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?")*

END

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 GOOSE SQUADRON arrives. BARNACLES,
PINK FOOT and SNOWY literally fall on to the stage.*

They wear old-fashioned aviator goggles.)

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.