

PIGEON KIND

Instructions.

Select Menu Edit.. *Change People* to fill in the names of the Characters to revise them; (do not attempt to directly edit the names between the square brackets). The keystrokes shown will then start a dialogue for the named person.

Keystroke	Person	Keystroke	Person
CTRL+1	[BEAN]	CTRL+Shift +1	[ESCORT]
CTRL+2	[PEGLEG]	CTRL+Shift +2	[PERSON 12]
CTRL+3	[JACK]	CTRL+Shift +3	[PETERPECK]
CTRL+4	[JUDGE PIGEON SUPREME] [WORRAL]	CTRL+Shift +4	
CTRL+5	[OTHER PIGEON]	CTRL+Shift +5	[ALI 151]
CTRL+6	[BEAN JNR]	CTRL+Shift +6	[TAILOR]
CTRL+7	[INSPECTOR]	CTRL+Shift +7	[DORIS]
CTRL+8	[BARMAID]	CTRL+Shift +8	[BEADY]
CTRL+9	[BELLA]	CTRL+Shift +9	[PERSON 19]
CTRL+0	[GAYPIGEON]	CTRL+Shift +0	[PERSON 20]

When you have finished filling in the person names I suggest you print this page and place it above your keyboard. **This is Section 0; do not delete this page!**

Paragraph styles can be set quickly with the following keystrokes. These should be pressed just before typing such a paragraph, or later when editing paragraphs. The action will affect which ever paragraph contains the current insertion point.

Keystroke	Paragraph-Style	Details
CTRL+SHIFT+A	ACT	Insert first line of ACT N
CTRL+SHIFT+B	Page Break	Inserts (CONTINUED) etc
CTRL+SHIFT+D	Dialogue	Subsequent paragraphs of dialogue
CTRL+SHIFT+E	Scene End -	Write End of Scene n
CTRL+SHIFT+F	F/X	Sound Effects
CTRL+SHIFT+G	Grams	Sound Effects (Music)
CTRL+SHIFT+L	Location	Sometimes second line of a scene
CTRL+SHIFT+M	Normal	Misc left justified (notes?)
CTRL+SHIFT+N	Name	Name & first paragraph of a persons dialogue
CTRL+SHIFT+P	Parenthesis	(OOV), mode of speech etc.
CTRL+SHIFT+R	Reformat	Reformat as Sound Effect
CTRL+SHIFT+S	Scene	Insert new Scene Heading
CTRL+SHIFT+U	Non-Print	For non-printing notes (Unseen)
CTRL+SHIFT+V	Directions	Technical directions & sound image
CTRL+SHIFT+Y	Poetry	Poetry & Blank Verse
CTRL+SHIFT+Z	EndAct	Insert END OF ACT N

Template by Bill Williams,

Data Highways Ltd, 252 Colney Hatch Lane, London, N10 1BD

☎: 020-8444-6706 e-mail: toolkit@datahighways.co.uk

See: http://www.bbc.co.uk/writersroom/help/scriptsmart_layouts.shtml for more information

PIGEON KIND

by

Sally Anne Farmer

a drama script for radio.

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*Author:
Sally Anne Farmer
16 Fernbank Road
Redland
Bristol
BS6 6PZ*

*01179070634
Email: [sfarmer \(at\) totalise.co.uk](mailto:sfarmer@totalise.co.uk)*

PIGEON KIND

Cast List

BEAN:

PEGLEG:

JACK:

JUDGE PIGEON SUPREME:

OTHER PIGEON:

BEAN JNR:

INSPECTOR:

BARMAID:

BELLA:

GAYPIGEON:

ESCORT:

PERSON 12:

PETERPECK:

WORRAL:

ALI 151:

TAILOR:

DORIS:

BEADY:

PERSON 19:

PERSON 20:

SYNOPSIS

Type your synopsis here

START:

CLOTHES BEING MOVED ALONG CLOTHES
RACK, TAKEN OFF AND PUT BACK ON
AGAIN.NOISE OF OTHER CUSTOMERS IN THE
BACKGROUND

BEAN:

Does it suit me? Before this I was a dowdy brownish white colour, except for my blue feather. Having a blue feather is like having two heads, everywhere you go people stare. They say – get him, tut, tut, the worst kind of breeding. You can tell which side of the street he's from, but they don't see the inside now do they? I saved an old pigeon once from certain death, had to push her clean off the railway tracks or she might have ended up pigeon pie for those ghastly sea gulls we see so many of nowadays.

TAILOR:

Did you bean? That was kind. Many a young adolescent would have let things take their gruesome course.

BEAN:

Well, does it look alright?

TAILOR:

Yes and no. It's the blue feather, shouldn't be there. We can try to do something about it if you like.

BEAN:

How much?

TAILOR:

Oh, way too much.

BEAN:

Ok, do it then.

AEROSOL CANS, BRUSHING

TAILOR:

That should do it. Very chic.

RINGING TILL

BOOKIE: Sparrow racing, place your bets. Twig high 13/8
Wallors Menace 5/1 In The River 7/1 Under a
Truck 5/2

BEAN: Anything going down today?

BOOKIE: Thought you would have learned your lesson.
Still think you can win?

BEAN: I won last week remember. Shindigs Last7/1.

BOOKIE: There's a song coming over for In The River, in
from 15/1 to sevens.

BEAN: Count me in.

CHALK ON BOARD

BOOKIE: And they're off..., all a level break, not much in
the early stages, slow pace but King Kong Bird
hits the tree, and he's out of it. Mellors Menace
leading, Twig High is with him. The pace is
quickenning. Under A Truck is under one. In The
River treading water followed closely by Twig
High, these two clear. In The River getting on
terms now but it's I Told You So that's going to
get there. The 20/1 outsider has won the Never
Bet Sparrow Stakes.

Stick to the women kid.

TRAFFIC NOISE FADES TO

BEAN: Did I ever tell you Doris how good it makes me feel that you've taken a shine to me with your shining neck and your shapely legs. Eh hum..., how are you off for credits Doris? Lend us a quick 200, pay you back next week.

DORIS: You sweet talker, course you can, anything for you. Just keep those sweet words coming.

BEAN: Uh, the time, gotta go, sorry can't stay but see you soon, very soon.

DOOR CLOSES

DORIS: Already?

SUMMER DAY SOUNDS

BEAN: Beady, my little ray of sunshine, knew I'd find you here, same old twig. The view, you can't beat this view. No need to be so nervous, keep turning round like that, you'll make yourself dizzy. Tell you what, just for you I'll do my famous aerial dance.

RUSHING AND SOARING NOISES

And then I do the loup de loop, here's the treble twist.

BEADY: Yes, yes, oh yes.

BEAN: There, you've taken affect already. Be still oh beating heart. Beady? You've fainted, actually fainted. I'm too much for you poor Beady. Oh dear.

FOOTSTEPS AND A DOOR BEING OPENED
THEN A LETTER DROPS ON TO THE MAT AND
OPENED

BEAN:

Ruddy bills, bills. How do they expect me to pay this when they don't give a poor pigeon enough to live on! Sheiks. Blah, blah, blah, yeah, blah, tell me something new. More blah. Ah, now we get to the point. You are to attend the Beakerleigh High Court on the 19th June this year. Bring 640 credits – or else!

TALKING CROWD WITH A FEW COUGHS AND
SNEEZES CRYING CHILDJUDGES HAMMER
BANGING ON TABLE

JUDGE PIGEON SUPREME: *(vo)*Order! Order! *(pause)* We are here to decide the case of Bean Lodge whose basic greed and excessive lifestyle has left him owing Pigeon state 1333 times his annual income!

BEAN:

I like that! Excessive lifestyle? One TV and five beaks of credit per day, or thereabouts.

WING SMASHES INTO BEAN CAUSING HIM TO
FALL OVER AND HE GETS BACK UP AGAIN

BEAN:

Ouch! Now let me see if I've got this right. You have all the credits, you only give me 20 credits per week to live on, yet you expect me to fork out 235 credits per week to you. Don't you think this is a little unfair? I am a pigeon just like you are, admittedly, not so fat, I know, but still a pigeon and I deserve a decent pigeon life.

GENERAL SOUND OF AGREEMENT FROM
CROWD AND JUDGES HAMMER ON TABLE TILL
SILENT

JUDGE PIGEON SUPREME: You will be taken to the work fields where you will pay off your existing debt, and when you have done that you will be grateful for a 20 credit per week allowance and incur a further debt to Pigeon State of 1676 credits. We must remain fat pigeons. Think of it as the price you pay for being young, ignorant and thin!

BEAN: Charming. Makes no sense at all

WHISTLE FOOTSTEPS PACING LINE

IN BACKGROUND

INSPECTOR: Line up you 'orrible lot, inspection time. You there, you with the scruffy coat. Where's your shift?

WORRAL: Bus station sir.

INSPECTOR: Well, for god's sake preen yourself properly, you look like a crow!

WORRAL: But I can't sir, it won't come off.

INSPECTOR: No such word as can't!

WORRAL: Cannot then.

INSPECTOR: Don't you get clever with me sunshine.
Turn out your pockets.

PETERPECK: Me?

INSPECTOR: Well, who else, or am I talking to a ghost?

PETERPECK: No (*low*) quick, pass it down.

BEAN: What me?

INSPECTOR: Ahh, you're the new one aren't you? Your shift?

BEAN: cen.. central park

INSPECTOR: Uhm, a park? Well aren't you the lucky one. Just remember, any non surrender of credits will incur the severest penalty. Got it?

BEAN: yes sir

INSPECTOR: Right, off you go. You lot over there, get to the sorting rooms straight away. Now I said now.

PARK SOUNDS, CHILDREN PLAYING BALL,
BICYCLES

BEAN: The suns so hot. I don't feel like doing anything, can't do anything, no, cannot...tch won't. I wish I was fat, then they'd leave me alone. Oh, leave me alone.

PETERPECK: Bean, Is that you?

BEAN: No, it's not me. I don't want to be me.

PETERPECK: You'd better get on with it, we've only got two hours. Come on, there's some chips over there. Get your bag open.

BEAN: Where?

BICYCLE

PETERPECK: Here silly, woo hoo watch out, those little aliens are lousy drivers, it's like they don't have any eyes, expect the whole world to evolve around them. You have to stay wary around these parts. A pigeon should always be wary; an unwary pigeon is a dead pigeon. That's what my dad used to say. I miss him so much, he was so wise. I really loved him.

BEAN: So why did you leave then?

PETERPECK: No idea, just did, and now I can't remember where they are.

BEAN: Mine pushed me out, several times, the third time they did it I got fed up with the effort of trying to get back in and left for good. No love lost between us, they didn't like my blue feather, used to say I belonged to a passing gypsy. I didn't even know what a gypsy was then.

PETERPECK: Well I think it's a fine feather Bean. Up there Bean, a big fat sentry. Look busy.

BEAN: I thought that feather had gone, groomed away at great cost. Typical rip off.

PETERPECK: Yesterday I was on sorting duty. You'll never guess what I saw.

BEAN: No, but I'm sure you're going to tell me.

PETERPECK: Loads of pig ugly fat pigeons through a hole in the wall, reclining on their benches, smoking equally fat cigars, with sentries running round them staggering under the weight of goody laden trays, and it's all at our expense. Makes me want to spit.

BEAN: Ah, well it might, but it seems they have us by the proverbials... at least for the moment.

FACTORY SOUNDS. GRAIN BEING POURED

PEGLEG: Help, somebody help me. I'm trapped, someone get me out of here, any minute now I'm history. It's getting closer. Oh ah...

BEAN: Hang on honey, I'll be right there.

CLODKING THEN FLYING

PEGLEG: Phew, close call, nearly (gulp) lost my other leg too.

BEAN: Shouldn't be allowed. Aren't there rules and regulations against that sort of thing. Economic Safety Standards Regulations I think they call it. I wish to make a complaint.

INSPECTOR: All complaints will be ignored.

BEAN: Ignored?

INSPECTOR: Yes, You can make a complaint, that you can, but it will be ignored.

BEAN: Ok. Well I'll make a complaint then. How many complaints am I allowed to make?

INSPECTOR: As many as you like, so long as it doesn't interfere with the process.

WRITING

BEAN (ovr) Name? Bean Lodge address? anywhere but here. Complaint? faulty equipment, near fatal accident occurred : To post complaint, please open window and drop.

WINDOW OPENS TO HOWLING GALE AND COMPLAINT DROPS

What happened to your other leg?

PEGLEG: Dunno, it just went a funny colour and then dropped off one day, all I've got left is this stump but I do ok , and theres no pain or anything? This your first time here?

BEAN: Yes.

PEGLEG: Debt eh? Same as all of us.

BEAN: I just couldn't collect enough credit. It was just so much easier to eat it or spend it right there and then. You city or country bred? Brick or stone as they say?

PEGLEG: Stone, prefer the open country.

BEAN: City me. I was in the city centre, still learning to dodge the traffic when a huge alien lurched up at me, throwing what I thought were huge white missiles. I have to tell you I thought my number was up right there and then but when I calmed down I could see the alien getting smaller and smaller in the distance so I took my chance and ate the lot, wasn't missiles at all. Should have saved some as credits I know, but there we go.

PEGLEG: Alien? What's an alien?

BEAN: They're everywhere in the city, always dropping food. I don't think they can see that well or they're stupid, sometimes they throw it at you, scares the hell out of me.

PEGLEG: Are they dangerous?

BEAN: They can be, best to keep your distance just in case.

INSPECTOR: Come on, what do you think this is – a sleepover! Get to work .

CRACKING WHIP

You lazy, scraggy sorry excuses for birds.

PEGLEG: *(low)*Join me at the roost tonight, 3rd spot on the right.

GENERAL SNORING AND HEAVY SLEEPER

NOISE SCUFFLING NOISES

BEAN: Make way, Make way, let me in.

OTHER PIGEON: Tch! Can't you see I'm settled in for the night? Some birds have no manners.

BEAN: Budge, or I'll bite.

OTHER PIGEON: Well, when you put it like that.

ALL MOVE ALONG UNDER PROTEST

PEGLEG: Ah, my hero. Thanks for doing what you did for me back there. You were really brave, so I've got you a little something just to say thank you. Here, managed to keep it back – it's part of a discarded beef roll I found in one of our work forays, with mustard.

BEAN: Ohm lovely (*coughing*) it's a bit hot though. I've been thinking, all day in fact, about how we can escape this outrageous domination by pigeons fatter than us. All pigeons worth their sort must revolt and attack the pompous elite by pulling out their feathers as they fly and refusing to work. It's the only way we can win back our dignity and escape the system.

MURMERED AGREEMENT

OTHER PIGEON: You first then

LAUGHTER

BEAN: Only the dedicated to freedom and fair play will find Pigeon peace in this world. We must peck and bite them in the subways, in the parks, along the rooftops, amidst branches and on top of walls, in the trees, along the footpaths and....
What the hell was that?

FIREWOKS ABSOLUTE CHAOS AS STARTLED
PIGEONS TAKE OFF SQUAWKING AS THEY
GO

BEAN: Pegleg, where are you?

PEGLEG: Over here

BEAN: I'm gonna do it, so help me I'm gonna do it

PEGLEG: No Bean, you mustn't, they'll kill you
Oh no Bean no

FEATHER BEING PULLED OUT AND LOUD
LOWER SQUEEL

Fly, Bean for all you're worth.

SEQUENCE OF FLYING WITH LEAVES BEING
BRUSHED ASIDE AND BRANCHES TWANGED
THEN SLOWING DOWN

BEAN: Hey, look down there

THEY DESCEND PANTING SHORT OF BREATH

You ok?

PEGLEG: Just out of breath that's all. Looks like some kind of food dump. Curious smell. It's overwhelming, ham, chicken, half empty cans and beer bottles, tantalising smells coming from all directions, not sure which way to turn first.

BEAN: Not unless you move, like now. I see two emerald green eyes fixed on you, he's got his ears flat which means he's about to pounce. He's still, very still. He don't look friendly, not at all.

PEGLEG: Oh ah

CAT SQUEALS IN DISAPPOINTMENT TIN
CANS,BOTTLES FALLING AND KNOCKING
INTO ONE ANOTHER

ALI 151: Alsalam Alekum

BEAN: Alley cat called Salem? You know that cat?

ALI 151: No, no. Peace be upon you.

BEAN: Oh, very big of you, thanks. Hope you don't mind if I ask but what's that ring on your leg?

ALI 151: Ah, you are very observant, very observant. Ali 151, finest racing pigeon from Arabia, of course having to pray five times a day does slow me down a bit, but God gives me great speed. As long as I pray to him faithfully every day I know he will be the wind beneath my wings. I also very observant and I see very much breast; I never see so much lovely breast before. Very beautiful. You never see our lady's breasts in our fine country; in fact you hardly see anything of them at all till you are proper couple. Now, I must go pray for forgiveness at seeing lady's breast, and then I have a race to win. Enshalla.

ALI 151 FLYS OFF

BEAN: Strange little chap. One layed every minute.

PEGLEG: You don't think I look like a loose pigeon do you Bean? Is that what he meant? I thought I just looked, well, normal.

BEAN:

I love the way you look, no one would call you loose, no one in their right mind that is! He's a foreigner, don't take any notice.

TIPPER TRUCKS TIPPING RUBBISH BEAN
BEGINS TAP DANCING AND SINGS IRVING
BERLINS

BEAN:

Heaven, I'm in heaven
And my heart beats so that I can hardly speak
And I seem to find the happiness I seek
When we're out together munching beak to beak
Heaven, I'm in heaven
And the cares that hung around me through the week
Seem to vanish like a gambler's lucky streak
When we're out together munching beak to beak
Oh I love to climb a mountain
And reach the highest peak
But it doesn't thrill me half as much
As munching beak to beak.

Here.... catch

PEGLEG:

Olah

FADE MUNCHING EATING ENJOYMENT
NOISES

I so love eating. Give me the sin of gluttony any day. Yum.

OWLS HOOTING,CRICKETS,BREEZE THROUGH
THE LEAVES EVENING ROMANTIC MUSIC
GROSVENOR WASHINGTON JNR

PEGLEG: *(low)* Life is so good here Bean. You know when I first met you and our eyes locked together across that crowded room.

I felt as if my whole world was changing.

Everything felt like new. Colours seemed brighter and I...I felt a surge of Roy fill my entire being, as if I were flying way above the tallest mountains, and I just wanted the whole world to stop so that I could rest in your eyes forever and ever, just to freeze frame that moment and for that feeling to be all I ever knew.

BEAN: *(close)* Oh Pegleg, that's so wonderful...but

PEGLEG: Yes bean?

BEAN: Well, when ever I've started to get serious and think about settling down. I've always ended up being half pecked to death, and then there's Roy... ha ha.

PEGLEG: Roy, I don't know anyone called Roy... I promise you Bean I will never peck you, I won't criticise you, ridicule you, put you down in front of your friends, or refuse you anything, and you know you have my utmost respect.*(close)*. This music is very, well you know...in the mood isn't it? It's just you've really filled out since we've been here. You look every inch a proper pigeon, you look so handsome.. so... desirable.

BEAN *(close)* Oh, Pegleg come here my little femme fatale.

ROMANTIC MUSIC FADE

PUB SOUNDS

BEAN: I'm not complaining or anything, but it's just since the kids arrived she doesn't seem to bother about me anymore. She doesn't even bother to make her feathers look nice for me and I'm rushed off my feet, back and forth to the nest house all day, and all night. It's driving me nuts! I don't get that special time, the time everyone needs to sit back and mull over the meaning of life, to tune in to the ever present beneficial force, the universal chorus. Every pigeon should....

JACK: Presents, that's what you need, otherwise known as intentional manipulation of mood. You have to make the fairer sex feel special. Flowers, maybe some jewellery. Take er on 'oliday, Norfolk broads or something.

BEAN: Huh, she won't leave the nest. Just sits there brooding.

JACK: Drink mate? Sound like you could do with it, take your mind off things. Blow away the cobwebs. Two over here please mam. There you go.

DRINKS DOWN ON PUB TABLE

BEAN: Another thing, I 've promised to stop drinking.

JACK LAUGHS THEN THEY BOTH SING

BEAN and JACK: (SING) And when I was young I went right round
the bend and married a tattooed pigeon. Her
feathers so long that they trailed on the ground.
She didn't have any religion. Her views they had
lapsed from a murkier past. She saw no objection
to playing around so I kissed her most ...

BARMAID: Eh, you two, time for you to fly away home.
Respectable neighbourhood you know. Can't be
doing with any of that raucous nonsense.

DOORS CLOSING DRUNKEN LAUGHTER CARS
DRIVING, HOOTING HORNS

GAYPIGEON: Hello, it's a lovely night don't you think?. Let me
help you get home. My, you're a pretty boy aren't
you? Such a princely shape, a divine plumage.

PUSHING AWAY

BEAN: Stop doin that. What you doin?

GAYPIGEON: Oh, nothing dear, nothing at all, just helping you
home in a good neighbourly spirit that's all.

STUMBLE

BEAN: Yeah, well just stop touching me. I'm not used to
it.

GAYPIGEON: But you could get used to it couldn't you. They all
like it really. Love, I am pure love and I love
everybody, and everybody loves me. Just admit
it.

MUSIC BOX PLAYS THEN STOPS

Now, didn't that make you feel better?

BEAN: Look, I may be a bit drunk and slurring my words but I'm warning you. Don't touch me.

GAYPIGEON: Oh, we are a little cross pigeon aren't we? Well so long, you, who would spurn my love.

GATE OPENED ,CLOSED UNSTEADY WALKING

PEGLEG: Bean, what's that smell? I can smell something. Please don't tell me you've been drinking again, after all your promises. What kind of role model is that for our son? You know that all pigeons copy their fathers. I don't want my son to turn out to be a meaningless drunk like you are.

BEAN: Like I am? It's you, you drive me to it.

PEGLEG: Don't you go blaming it all on me, I'm the one that stays at home with the kids. Why can't you take responsibility? I've got two kids

BEAN FALLS OUT OF NEST

I don't need another one, and anyhow if you get a headache do I take the tablet? I don't think so. The wall needs fixing, like last year, it's so droughty all the time, pretty soon we'll be learning to swim, but do you bother? Do you care? No, you'd rather be down the pub having a good time! Do you know if you get any more moronic I'll be watering you twice a week. Bean?..... Oh.

SNORING FROM BEAN ON GROUND

MILKMAN DELIVERING MILK,

BEAN: Where am I? How did I get down here? My head feels like fifty kids been playing football with it.

BEAN JNR: Daddy, daddy, look at me, I can do this and I can do... ohh...er

BEAN JNR FALLS FROM NEST

BEAN: Blimey son, you pick your moments, hop on, and I'll take you back up.

SON CLIMBING ON BACK, FLYING UP AND GENTLE LAND

PEGLEG: Jnr where have you been? I've been beside myself with worry. Come here, let me check your feathers.

BRUSHING AND PATTING

BEAN JNR: Aw mum, don't fuss. I'm ok, look I can do this. I'm flying again, flying look

FLYING AND LANDING ON BRANCH THEN FLYING.

PEGLEG: Come back here at once!

BEAN: Leave him, it's his time.

SOFTLY PLAY MUSIC (NOT INCLUDING THE WORDS) IN BACKGROUND FROM FIDDLER ON THE ROOF BJ THOMAS SUNRISE SUNSET

Ah, when I remember my youth. Seeing the beautiful shimmering lake for the first time. Chasing the young birds with their feathers glistening in the midday sun. Used to entrance them with my aerial skills. I could do a full swoop, followed by a triple twist, then loup de loop and an upward glide all in the space of three minutes. Couldn't do it now though. Beedy used to faint, clean fell off the branch, poor fragile thing she was, used to get so overcome with my prowess. Most embarrassing at times. Wonder if she made it through the winter? Heartless we were, loved em and left em, and then you came along Pegleg, and there we go.

PEGLEG: I was going to be a ballerina, practised every day at the Daisy Ray school for privileged pigeons, but the others always outshone me, never could get the hang of the back in one.

BEAN: One?

PEGLEG: Uhm, maybe it was because of my leg, the fact that I only had one. That jade star, her of the turquoise feathers, always made sure I didn't get a look in. She kept tripping me up, deliberately sticking out her leg when we were in sequence, but Daisy Ray would never hear or see anything bad about her, a strange relationship they had, something very odd that you couldn't put your foot on. They always arrived together and they always left together even though there was such a difference in their ages.

BEAN: Maybe they were related.

PEGLEG: No, I don't think so, you could tell, no family resemblance there at all. Maybe aunt and niece, distant niece.

LOUDER WITH WORDS SUNRISE, SUNSET,
SWIFTLY FLOW THE YEARS, ONE SEASON
FOLLOWING ANOTHER LADEN WITH
HAPPINESS AND TEARS

FOOTSTEPS GETTING LOUDER

BEAN: Hush, there's someone coming, let me check it out. It's jack
You're all spruced up jack, looking like the dogs dinner. I trust those flowers are not for me.

JACK: No, these are for your good lady.

FLOWERS BEING HANDED OVER

PEGLEG: Oh, they're beautiful. I'll just put them in some water.

WATER GOING INTO VASE

JACK: Yes, I was just... ruckitt, ruckitt... er passing so I thought I'd pop in... ruckit.

BEAN: I thought I was supposed to be the one to get the flowers, Uh, by the way, Pegleg doesn't like too much swearing.

PEGLEG: You bring me flowers, this I have to see! Anyway I don't really care who gives me flowers, they really cheer the place up don't they?

JACK: Ruckitt... ruckitt It, well it just ruckit.. 'appens

PEGLEG: clearing throat

BEAN: happens?

JACK: yeah ruckitt... can't stop it. Truets syndrome, never appens.. ruckit..in the pub.

BELLA: What does ruckitt mean daddy?

BEAN: What?

BELLA: Ruckitt, what does it mean?

BEAN: It's not a word that you should be saying dear. Polite society does not say it.

BELLA: You and mummy are not very polite

BEAN: Aren't we dear? Isn't there a book you should be reading?

JACK: Sorry, I think ruc....

HAND CLAPS MOUTH, MUTTERING

BEAN: Yes, Jack is leaving now. He has to go and mow his lawn.

KNOCKING AT DOOR

Oh God, what now?

OPEN DOOR

ESCORT: Just bear with me a minute sir. (cough) er right.

(Loud Announcement) “In accordance with the statutes laid down by Pigeon State in a time which none of us can recall. The Great Admiral Pigeon requires that you attend the annual Pigeon State Society Ball where you are to receive your honour of “Judge Bean Lodge.”

BEAN: Good grief.

JACK: Ruckit.

ESCORT: Eh hum.

BEAN: When?

ESCORT: Now, if you please Mr Lodge

TRUMPETS, FANFARE

BELLA: Daddy, look at the white doves making an arch with their wings, feels like the gateway to heaven, with all the angels standing by. Look at all the blossoms falling through the arch, the colours reflecting in the sunlight, there's pink and green, orange, so iridescent. Beautiful.

ESCORT: Walk through the arch, if you will sir.

PEGLEG: Cor! I've never seen anything like it.

GAYPIGEON: Mr Bean Lodge.

BEAN: Don't tell me he's the Great Admiral Pigeon.

ESCORT: Indeed he is sir, and, a word of warning, don't upset him, at least not today.

GAYPIGEON: It gives me the greatest pleasure to bestow upon you a great honour. Bend your head forward. No, you need to come closer. I can't reach from there.

BEAN: I just can't believe it.

PEGLEG: What's up?

BEAN: Oh, nothing.

GAYPIGEON: There, you see, that didn't hurt a bit now did it? You now have a most beautiful black band stretching all the way round your perfect head which means you are now to be known as Judge Bean Lodge which means you will never ever go hungry again plus you will live in Bristol Palace with quarters reserved only for the fattest and most magnificent of Pigeon Kind. This fine neck piece ensures that all other pigeons will defer to you and make you feel very very special.

CHEERS AND WHOOPS FROM ALL

GAYPIGEON: And now for your education. Please follow your escort. He'll look after you, you, you handsome judge you.

WALKING

PEGLEG: I think he likes you.

BEAN: Yes, that's what I'm afraid of.

PEGLEG: It can't be a bad thing to be liked.

BEAN: Oh, believe me it can, sometimes.

DISTANT FACTORY SOUNDS

ESCORT: Behold, the work fields... I'm sure you remember the work fields Sir?

BEAN: Yes I do, and as long as I am a judge, I will not be sending anyone there. They should be abolished, discontinued, closed down. When I think of those dirty stinking corridors. The tears wept by all those who went hungry. Our legs knocked together as we tried to stave off the cold. The cockroaches everywhere, It makes me want to vomit. I intend to bring about some changes now that I'm supposed to be a judge.

ESCORT: Change is not possible Sir

PEGLEG: Bean jnr, my son, hello jnr... he's over there humping that big sack, it's almost double his size. Oh, you shouldn't let him do that, he might develop a permanent stoop . My poor baby.

BEAN: I want my son brought to me at once, do you hear, at once!

ESCORT: Not possible sir

BEAN: Then kindly tell to me why not?

ESCORT: Think back to your own time in the work field's sir. Do you think that you would have developed into the pigeon you have now sir, without the pressures you endured in work field conditions that caused you to conquer your fear and break free? It might even be one of your own feathers that your son targets in his own bid for freedom that ends up displayed in our great trophy room.

BEAN: So, it was all an effort to toughen me up then?. Cruelty reigns ok.

ESCORT: It's not so much that it's an effort, more of a "what takes place". Part of the rites of passage. The maturing process of every pigeon. That's why it cannot be changed. It's inherent, like the morning that creates the night.

PEGLEG: Yes, but why is it all as it is?

ESCORT: Not a question that's worth asking, I'm afraid as any answers you find just lead to more diversion.

BEAN: So, we're stuck with it then.

ESCORT: Aye, and with each generation so it must be.

SUITABLE MUSIC

THE END
