

THE DUCK WHO ATE PANTS

By Bradley Walton

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CHARACTERS

*8-12 roles: 2 males, 6-10 either. Extras encouraged
(1-15 or more extras possible).*

SIMON / SIMONE (M/F)	A teenager who's really into movies
NICK / NIKKI (M/F)	Simon's friend, also into movies
DUCK (M/F)	A duck who eats pants
BILL (M)	A teenager whose pants get eaten by the duck
JASON (M)	A guy whose pants were previously eaten by the duck
SAM DUFFY (M/F)	A lawyer
PANTS ARMY (all M/F)	
PANTS 1	
PANTS 2	
PANTS 3	
PANTS 4	
PANTS 5	
MIA/MIKE (M/F)	Works for a company that makes prune juice

DOUBLING

SAM and MIA can both be played by the same actor, who can also double as one of the PANTS. The number of PANTS can be reduced and their lines consolidated, but there should be three of them at the very least.

EXTRAS

Additional PANTS in the PANTS ARMY are strongly encouraged. Feel free to spread out the existing PANTS dialogue among any additional PANTS that you add.

There may also be additional PEDESTRIANS on the street who pause to watch or react to the events unfolding in the play.

With extras, the cast size can be adjusted to fit a large group of up to 25 or more performers.

STAGING

Staging is extremely flexible. The play is set on a city street outside of a movie theater. A bare stage is fine. Platforms and levels would also be fine. A city street set would be fine. Something bizarre and abstract would also be fine. Directors are encouraged to use their imaginations and have fun.

The PANTS in the PANTS ARMY can be performed as pants worn by actors otherwise covered in black (including their heads) or pants carried and performed like puppets, again by actors covered in black. There should be a variety of different styles and colors of pants, if possible.

PROPERTIES

Lunch Bag – BILL

Drink Container – BILL

Bottle of Prune Juice – MIA

Small Stack of Paper Cups – MIA

Wallet – PANTS 5

COSTUMES

NICK/NIKKI and SIMON/SIMONE are contemporary teenagers and dress accordingly. If female, they should be wearing pants.

The DUCK wears a duck costume with a shirt, but no pants.

BILL is a contemporary teenager and is dressed accordingly. He wears boxer shorts after his pants are eaten by the DUCK.

JASON can be a teenager, college student, or older. He is wearing a tuxedo shirt and vest, dress shoes and socks, boxer shorts, and a cape.

SAM is a lawyer and is dressed professionally.

MIA/MIKE is a salesperson and is dressed attractively and professionally.

The PANTS are pants... either worn by actors otherwise covered in black (including their heads) or carried and performed like puppets, again by actors covered in black. There should be a variety of different styles and colors of pants, if possible. One pair should have grass stains and one pair should have paint stains.

AUTHOR NOTES

I was reading a comic book with Howard the Duck on the cover. My 10-year-old daughter asked if it was Donald Duck. I explained who Howard was, and I elaborated that a key visual difference between Howard and Donald was that Howard wears pants and Donald doesn't. This somehow prompted my daughter to suggest a play about a duck who ate pants after getting drunk on prune juice. So I did. I still don't know where she got the idea for prune juice.

For Rachel

THE DUCK WHO ATE PANTS

by
Bradley Walton

AT RISE: A city street near a movie theater. This may be represented by a street set, a bare stage, or however the director sees fit. SIMON and NICK enter.

NICK: That was the dumbest movie I ever saw.

SIMON: Really? I kind of liked it.

NICK: Simon... how could you like it?

SIMON: I said I "kind of" liked it. There's a difference.

NICK: The plot was a mess. Is it too much to expect a professional screenwriter to understand a two-act or three-act plot structure?

SIMON: Maybe.

NICK: And then the ending was totally unsatisfying.

SIMON: Okay, yeah. It left something to be desired.

NICK: And on top of that, the movie was completely unrealistic.

SIMON: Nick... that's kind of the point of popular entertainment. It's not supposed to be real.

NICK: There's a difference between fantasy and stupidity.

SIMON: Did it bug you that the characters flew from Earth to a planet a couple of galaxies away in like, five minutes?

NICK: No. I can suspend my disbelief for that because it's a standard convention of the science fiction genre. The part that bugged me was how the space ship was made out of aluminum cans held together with a giant magnet. Aluminum's not even magnetic!

SIMON: Maybe they were trying to work in a message about recycling.

NICK: It also bugged me that they used prune juice for rocket fuel.

SIMON: Okay. Yeah. That was kind of dumb.

NICK: Why is it that the people who make movies and TV shows think that the people who watch them will swallow that kind of stuff? Especially teenagers. Being teenagers doesn't mean we're stupid! It's not hard for us to figure out how ridiculous and far-fetched something in a piece of entertainment is—all we have to do is compare it to the real world around us!

(A DUCK wearing a shirt enters and waddles around the far side of the stage.)

SIMON: Is that a duck?

NICK: Looks like a duck.

SIMON: That's an awfully big duck.

NICK: Huh. Yeah.

SIMON: And he's wearing a shirt, but he doesn't have on any pants.

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NICK: That's sort of creepy.

SIMON: He really ought to put on some pants, otherwise he might get arrested or something.

NICK: He's a duck. Ducks don't have to wear pants. Nobody's going to arrest him.

SIMON: Somebody might try to sue him.

NICK: Why?

SIMON: I don't know. People come up with all sorts of reasons to file lawsuits.

NICK: Hey, duck!

(The DUCK looks at NICK, puzzled, perhaps trying to figure out if they know each other.)

SIMON: What are you doing?

NICK: I'm calling him over here.

SIMON: What are you doing that for?

NICK: Because I want to talk to him.

(The DUCK points to himself as if to ask "Who, me?")

SIMON: Why do you want to talk to a duck who doesn't have on any pants?

NICK: Because he doesn't have on any pants.

(NICK motions for the DUCK to walk over. The DUCK looks puzzled.)

SIMON: But he's probably some kind of weirdo!

NICK: Obviously.

(NICK motions again. The DUCK crosses to SIMON and NICK.)

DUCK: Did you yell for me?

NICK: Yeah.

DUCK: What's up?

NICK: You're not wearing any pants.

DUCK: *(kind of embarrassed)* Yeah... I know.

NICK: But you're wearing a shirt.

DUCK: I like clothes. Maybe I'm just shallow, vain and materialistic, but I like clothes.

NICK: And that's okay. Lots of people are shallow, vain and materialistic. I can relate to shallow, vain and materialistic. But if you're going to wear a shirt, don't you think you should wear something with it? That's just kind of a fashion disaster.

DUCK: Well, you see, I have this problem...

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NICK: Yeah. You're not wearing any pants.

DUCK: Besides that, I mean.

SIMON: You've got more problems than not having pants?

DUCK: Yeah.

SIMON: I'm so glad I'm not you.

DUCK: The other problem... it's the reason I have the no pants problem.

NICK: What is it?

DUCK: I have this thing for prune juice.

SIMON: We were just talking about that.

DUCK: Really?

SIMON: Yeah! We saw this movie where they used it for rocket fuel!

DUCK: That's the most unrealistic thing I've ever heard.

SIMON: That's what we were saying!

DUCK: Where do people come up with this stuff?

SIMON: I don't know.

NICK: So anyway... you were talking about prune juice...

DUCK: Yeah. I sort of... drink too much of it sometimes...

NICK: And you got sick from it and messed up your pants?

DUCK: Oh, no. Prune juice doesn't make me sick at all. Not like that, anyway.

NICK: So... it makes you sick in a different way?

DUCK: Yeah.

NICK: What way?

DUCK: It makes me act sort of loose and weird and crazy.

SIMON: You get drunk on prune juice?

DUCK: That's about right.

NICK: That's messed up.

DUCK: I know it is. But I can't help it.

SIMON: So don't drink prune juice.

DUCK: But I love prune juice!

NICK: Okay... drink it, but don't drink so much.

DUCK: Once I get going, I can't stop. Not until it's too late.

NICK: And then you take your pants off and lose them somewhere?

DUCK: I take them off, yes. But I don't lose them.

NICK: What happens to them?

DUCK: I eat them.

NICK: You eat your pants?

DUCK: Yes.

SIMON: Well... um... I guess that's better than losing them.

NICK: What? How do you figure that?

SIMON: At least you know what happened to them. That's got to count for something, right?

NICK: What kind of pants are we talking about?

DUCK: All kinds.

NICK: Jeans?

DUCK: Yup.

NICK: Sweat pants?

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DUCK: Definitely.

SIMON: Shorts?

DUCK: Great for a quick snack.

SIMON: Boxers?

DUCK: No, I don't eat underwear. That would just be weird.

NICK: Dress pants?

DUCK: Black dress pants especially. Tuxedo pants are the best.

SIMON: I didn't know they made tuxedos for ducks.

DUCK: They don't.

SIMON: Then how do you know what tuxedo pants taste like?

DUCK: They weren't my pants.

SIMON: You stole them?

DUCK: Not exactly.

NICK: What do you mean, not exactly?

DUCK: Stealing something implies that you take it away from where it is. I didn't take the pants. I just ate them where they were.

NICK: Hanging on a rack in a store?

DUCK: No! I ate them off of some guy's legs at a party.

SIMON: You eat other people's pants?!?

NICK: Get away from me! You're dangerous!

DUCK: Only to pants. The guy at the party didn't get bite marks on him or anything. Well... not many. He wouldn't have gotten any if he hadn't been thrashing around so much. But that was his fault, not mine.

NICK: Seriously, duck. Back off. I don't want to be seen in public without pants.

DUCK: You're the one who called me over here.

NICK: That was before I realized you were a crazy, deranged, lunatic animal.

DUCK: I am not a crazy, deranged, lunatic animal. I'm a duck who gets drunk on prune juice and eats pants. There's a difference. And as long as there's no prune juice around, the pants are safe.

(BILL enters with a lunch bag. HE is wearing a pair of dirty, ratty, disgusting-looking jeans.)

SIMON: Hey, there's Bill.

NICK: Bill, you look kind of bummed. Anything wrong?

BILL: It's my mom.

SIMON: Is she sick?

BILL: *(holding up his lunch bag)* She packed prune juice in my lunch again!

DUCK: What?

BILL: My mom. She—are you a duck?

DUCK: Yeah.

BILL: Thought so.

NICK: Wow. The timing of this so incredibly coincidental that I'd never believe it if it wasn't happening to me in real life.

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BILL: My mom—she packed—

SIMON: Prune goose!

DUCK: What?

BILL: No, I said—

SIMON: You said prune goose! Trust me! Prune goose!

DUCK: Prune... goose?

SIMON: It's goose made out of prunes!

DUCK: Why would anybody...

SIMON: It's a vegetarian option for people who don't want to eat real goose!

DUCK: I find that comforting, yet oddly disturbing.

BILL: Is there something wrong with your hearing?

DUCK: But wouldn't they use textured vegetable protein for that?

SIMON: Normally, uh... yeah. But um... they were out. I was at the grocery store last night and they were all out of textured vegetable protein. So his mom, y'know... she goes to the store and there's no textured vegetable protein and she's all, "Man! There's no textured vegetable protein. I guess I'm gonna have to use prunes instead." You know how it is.

DUCK: Not really, no.

BILL: What are you talking about? My mom, she—

NICK: *(aside to BILL)* Play along if you value your pants.

BILL: I'm not gonna play along! You people are nuts! I said prune juice!

Look! *(Pulls out a drink container.)* See? Liquid! Juice, not goose!

DUCK: You have prune juice.

BILL: Yeah! That's what I've been trying to say, but these two idiots—

SIMON: Are trying to do us all a favor.

BILL: *(incredulous)* Prune goose?

SIMON: Bill, why don't you just back away from the duck?

NICK: Duck, back away from Bill.

BILL: Why do I wanna back away from the duck?

SIMON: Because you have prune juice.

DUCK: May I have some of that prune juice, please?

BILL: Duck, you can have all of the prune juice. Here. Be my guest.

(BILL hands the drink container to the DUCK, who guzzles its contents.)

SIMON and NICK: No!

BILL: You two really need to chill out.

DUCK: Oh wow. Wow. That was soooo... good.

NICK: Uh-oh.

SIMON: So, Bill. We're gonna run away now. You might want to do the same.

BILL: Why would I—

NICK: Bye!

(NICK and SIMON hurriedly exit R.)

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BILL: What's with those two, anyway?

DUCK: Your mom packs excellent prune juice.

BILL: Glad you like it. Well, uh... nice meeting you. I gotta be going.
(*Begins to exit L.*)

DUCK: (*following BILL*) Tell me, are those... jeans you're wearing?

BILL: Yeah. Why?

(*BILL and DUCK exit L. BILL screams from offstage. SIMON and NICK enter from R.*)

SIMON: Do you think we should help Bill?

NICK: We tried to help Bill. It didn't work.

SIMON: Do you think we should try some more?

NICK: It's not like the duck's going to hurt him much. Just eat his pants.

SIMON: I guess you're right. I mean, the duck seems nice enough.

NICK: Yeah. Weird, but nice.

SIMON: Actually, I'm kind of worried about him.

NICK: Why?

SIMON: Those were some really nasty looking pants Bill had on.

NICK: Bill wears those pants every day.

SIMON: How often do you think he washes them?

NICK: Probably not very often.

SIMON: I hope they don't make the duck sick.

NICK: I wouldn't be surprised if they did.

SIMON: Plus, we can't just let the duck run around eating people's pants.

NICK: The duck's not our responsibility.

SIMON: Do you have anything better to do?

NICK: No. (*Sighs.*) All right.

(*BILL enters from L, looking traumatized. His jeans have been replaced by boxer shorts.*)

BILL: The duck just ate my pants!

NICK: Yup.

SIMON: Sure did.

BILL: You don't understand! The duck—

SIMON: Uh-huh.

BILL: It just ate—my pants!

NICK: Shouldn't have given him that prune juice.

BILL: Ducks don't eat pants!

SIMON: That one does if you get him loaded up on prune juice.

BILL: That duck is a menace!

SIMON: Bill, calm down.

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BILL: I'm not wearing pants! Don't you get that? I'm not wearing pants— because a duck ate them! This isn't right! It's not natural! It's a crime against humanity! It's a crime against pants!

NICK: I hate to break this to you, but crimes against humanity and crimes against pants really aren't in the same league with each other.

BILL: You'd feel different if it was your pants.

NICK: We're not the ones who gave the duck prune juice.

BILL: Nobody told me not to give prune juice to the duck.

SIMON: We tried to stop you.

BILL: Did you say to me, "Bill, if you give your prune juice to the duck, he'll eat your pants?" Did you utter those words? I did NOT hear you say those words.

NICK: Would you have taken us seriously if we had?

BILL: No.

NICK: Okay then.

BILL: You still should've tried harder. This is really embarrassing and I'm traumatized.

SIMON: Maybe you should go home and put on some pants.

BILL: I can't go home right now.

SIMON: Why?

BILL: My dad's home.

NICK: So?

BILL: My dad will think I'm a sissy for letting a duck eat my pants.

SIMON: It was a pretty big duck.

BILL: I either need to wait until my dad goes to work, or I need to avenge my pants so I can look my dad in the eye and not be ashamed.

NICK: When does your dad go to work?

BILL: Monday.

NICK: Today's Saturday.

SIMON: Yep.

BILL: So. Pants avenging it is. You two wanna help?

SIMON: That would make us the Pants Avengers.

BILL: I guess so.

NICK: Not wanting to rain on your parade, but the word "avengers" sounds much cooler without the word "pants" in front of it.

BILL: Yeah. But the name "Avengers" by itself is already taken.

SIMON: Bummer.

NICK: How about if we help you, but we're not the Pants Avengers? Is that okay?

BILL: How about I be the Pants Avenger and you're just Simon and Nick?

NICK: If you really want to be the Pants Avenger, I guess that's your business.

BILL: Works for me. "Pants Avenger" has a nice ring to it. Solitary... bold... and manly.

SIMON: Just don't go too hard on the duck, okay? I mean, I think he's got a problem.

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BILL: He's got a problem? Do you see me standing here with no pants? I'd call that a problem.

SIMON: Well, obviously, but the fact that the duck ate your pants isn't exactly normal either, so I think it's safe to say that he has a problem, too.

BILL: Darn right he's got a problem. He's got the Pants Avenger and his sidekicks coming to kick his tail for eating the wrong pants.

SIMON: But... the way he reacts to prune juice. It's... so unusual. I think what he may really need is our help rather than a tail-kicking.

BILL: Whoa... wait a minute. You want to help the duck... who ate my pants... to something other than pain and suffering?

SIMON: Well... yeah.

BILL: If that's the way you're gonna be, I don't want you as my sidekicks.

NICK: Okay.

BILL: Okay? Okay?! You just "okay" it off so casually? I'm hurt. I thought you were my friends.

SIMON: We are your friends. We just don't want you to overreact, that's all.

BILL: Overreact?!? The duck ate my pants!

(JASON enters. HE is wearing a tuxedo shirt and vest, a cape, and boxer shorts.)

JASON: Friend, you are not alone.

BILL: Who're you?

JASON: I... am the Pants Avenger!

BILL: No you're not. I'm the Pants Avenger.

JASON: I am the Pants Avenger. I have a cape to prove it. See?

BILL: That's just something you got off of some Halloween costume. It doesn't prove anything.

JASON: Ah, but if you look closely, you will notice that not only am I wearing a cape, but I am also wearing... no pants!

BILL: Big deal. I'm not wearing pants, either.

JASON: But you don't have a cape. The cape coupled with the lack of pants signifies beyond a shadow of a doubt that I am the Pants Avenger.

NICK: Guys... can't you just be Pants Avengers together?

BILL: No! We discussed this already between the three of us and now I have my heart set on it. I'm the Pants Avenger. Just me.

JASON: It is my intention to avenge your pants as well as my own.

NICK: The duck ate your pants, too, huh?

JASON: The duck ate my tuxedo pants.

SIMON: You're the lucky guy?

JASON: Indeed.

SIMON: Did that just happen? I got the impression that he hadn't eaten any pants today before Bill here came along.

JASON: It was Tuesday.

NICK: Tuesday?

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JASON: Tuesday.

NICK: You've been running around without pants since Tuesday?

JASON: My father took some time off from work this week, and he's been sitting in front of the TV in our living room the whole time. I must restore my honor before I can stand in his presence again. Or wait until Monday to go home, at the very least.

BILL: Look... whatever your name is...

JASON: Jason.

BILL: Jason. I'll be happy to avenge your pants while I'm avenging mine, but I'm not going to budge on this, I'm sorry.

JASON: Then we have a problem.

BILL: I'll fight you for the title of "Pants Avenger."

JASON: If that's what it takes.

NICK: Whoa... guys... hold on. Let's not get violent here. This isn't worth fighting over.

JASON: You're still wearing pants. Your opinion doesn't count.

NICK: Stop and think, okay? You're going to beat each other up over the idea of being the Pants Avenger. This Pants Avenger deal isn't even something you can touch. It only exists in your heads. It's a concept—an idea! Who would get into a fight over something like that?

BILL: Nick, I think maybe you need to pay more attention in your history classes.

JASON: Yeah.

NICK: Okay... maybe I phrased that wrong. But there's got to be a better way to settle this.

SIMON: The two of you could go bowling. Winner takes the title.

BILL: I hate bowling.

JASON: Bowling shoes just wouldn't look right without pants.

SIMON: Lawn darts?

BILL: Okay, sure. I could go for lawn darts.

JASON: I live in an apartment. We don't have a lawn. That's not fair to me. We could try balcony darts... although... that might get dangerous. Never mind.

SIMON: How about a vicious, competitive game of "Monopoly"?

BILL: Those can go on for a really long time. It might be Monday before we're done.

SIMON: Rock, paper, scissors?

JASON: I feel like, given the circumstances here, that rock, pants, scissors would be more appropriate.

BILL: We don't have any pants, though, so that's out.

SIMON: But...

BILL: What?

SIMON: Never mind.

BILL: What?

SIMON: I'm not going to try to explain it.

NICK: We could toss a coin.

JASON: What kind of coin?

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NICK: I've got a nickel in my pocket.

JASON: No. The coin needs to be worth more than that.

NICK: What difference does it make? The type of coin doesn't matter.

You've got a 50/50 chance regardless.

JASON: I know, but this is too important to have it riding on a nickel. I mean, I'd hate to lose and know it was a lousy nickel that crushed my dreams. It's got to be at least a dime. Preferably a quarter. A dollar coin would be ideal. But I'd settle for a dime.

NICK: I only have a nickel and a couple of pennies.

SIMON: I don't have any change.

BILL: Don't look at me. The duck ate the change in my pockets when he ate my pants.

JASON: Mine, too.

SIMON: How can he digest money?

JASON: How can he digest pants?

NICK: He's a duck. Who knows?

JASON: So we don't have any change we can use.

NICK: Not if you're going to be picky.

JASON: This is to determine who holds the title of Pants Avenger. I think I have the right to be picky.

BILL: Nick's right, though. We shouldn't fight. We don't want to wear each other out so badly that the winner doesn't have enough strength to take on the duck.

JASON: Yeah. It would really stink to be the Pants Avenger and then be too weak to avenge pants.

BILL: There's got to be some way to resolve this. Come on, people, think!

NICK: Somehow, I just don't see that happening.

(The DUCK enters.)

SIMON: There he is! He's back!

BILL: I need to avenge my pants!

JASON: I need to avenge my pants!

BILL: But we still don't know who the Pants Avenger is!

JASON: I can't avenge my pants!

BILL: I can't avenge my pants!

DUCK: Oh, man. Those pants I just ate are giving me a bad stomachache. When was the last time you washed them?

BILL: Couple of months ago.

DUCK: How often to do you wear them?

BILL: Pretty much every day.

DUCK: That's disgusting.

BILL: You're the one who ate them.

DUCK: And now I'm suffering for it.

BILL and JASON: Really?

DUCK: Oh yeah. I'm totally wishing I hadn't done that.

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JASON: You mean... the pants are avenging themselves?

DUCK: I guess that's one way of looking at it.

BILL: I have self-avenging pants! Or, I guess... *had* self-avenging pants.

JASON: The pants were the true Pants Avenger all along.

BILL: And to think I wore them all that time and I never even suspected... I feel so unworthy.

JASON: We were just pretenders.

NICK: You were pretending something, all right.

DUCK: Oh boy... I really, really don't feel too good here.

BILL: Whose fault is that?

DUCK: You're the one who gave me the prune juice.

SIMON: We tried to warn you not to do it.

BILL: Yeah, but the duck is the one who drank the prune juice.

DUCK: It was there! What was I supposed to do? Ow! My stomach hurts!

JASON: Are you like, gonna barf, or just die?

DUCK: Maybe both.

SIMON: We can't let him die.

BILL: We can't let him barf.

NICK: We're outside. What difference does it make?

BILL: I've made peace with my pants being gone. If he barfs them back up and they're all chewed up and partly digested, I'll have to confront a whole new set of feelings that I'd rather not have to deal with.

SIMON: Thank you for painting such a lovely picture in my mind.

DUCK: (*collapsing and rolling around on the ground*) It hurrrrrrts!

JASON: Wow, those pants are really serious about avenging themselves. I honestly don't think I could've done a better job, myself.

SIMON: We've gotta do something for him! He's really hurting!

BILL: Well, I did have some antacid tablets with me earlier...

DUCK: Antacids... that would be so great...

SIMON: Where are they?

BILL: I don't have them anymore.

DUCK: I need them!

BILL: They were in my pants pocket.

SIMON: Your pants...

BILL: Which the duck ate.

DUCK: You mean I ate the antacids already?

BILL: Yup.

DUCK: Oh. Okay. (*Stands.*) Wow. I feel a lot better. Thanks. I really needed those.

BILL: Don't mention it.

DUCK: I appreciate it. Seriously. I mean, I ate your pants.

BILL: You don't have to remind me.

NICK: So, duck... now that you're feeling better and all, we need to talk about something.

DUCK: What?

NICK: You can't go around eating people's pants.

DUCK: I know.

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NICK: I mean, even if you can't help yourself because of the prune juice... it's just not right.

DUCK: Yeah, I get that. But I don't think it's going to be a problem anymore.

NICK: You don't?

DUCK: No. Listen, I was feeling pretty awful there. It was so bad that I think probably even if I do get sauced up on prune juice and feel the urge to eat strange pants, I'm gonna remember how excruciating this was and I'm going to be able to stop myself.

NICK: So what you're saying is, you're cured of the urge to eat pants.

DUCK: Other people's pants, anyway. Pants that I don't know where they've been.

NICK: Okay. I guess if you're only eating your own pants from now on, that's your business.

DUCK: Yeah. It's mildly embarrassing, but I'm a duck, so I guess it's socially acceptable.

BILL: So that's it? You got sick and you learned your lesson and we're all done here?

DUCK: I think so.

JASON: That's sort of a letdown. I was all pumped up for some kind of big confrontation.

BILL: Me too.

JASON: It's very unsatisfying.

NICK: Guys, it's not like this is a movie or a story or something. Events that happen in real life don't have a neat, tidy structure to them like works of fiction do.

BILL: I know, but still, it just seems like there should be something more.

(SAM enters.)

SAM: Excuse me. You appear to be a duck who is wearing a shirt, but no pants.

DUCK: Your powers of observation are spot on.

SAM: My name is Sam Duffy. I'm a lawyer representing an incredibly large multinational entertainment company.

DUCK: Congratulations.

SAM: My employer publishes stories and airs a cartoon featuring a character who is a duck.

DUCK: Are you looking for someone to play him in a live action version?

SAM: This duck does not wear pants.

DUCK: Hey, if you need a duck who doesn't wear pants to play a duck who doesn't wear pants, I'm your duck.

BILL: Okay, now this is how you wrap up a story. The duck gets offered a movie contract and becomes famous.

SIMON: It's a satisfying ending, I guess, but it's a cheap sort of satisfaction. The duck didn't do anything to earn it.

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NICK: If this was something somebody wrote, it wouldn't be a very good ending.

SAM: Due to the fact that you are a duck who is not wearing pants, I must inform you that you are in violation of my employer's copyright. You need to wear pants or we'll sue you. Have a nice day. *(SAM exits.)*

DUCK: But... but...

BILL: Wow. Didn't see that coming.

SIMON: Guess we weren't at the end of the story after all.

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