

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

The Girl Who Could Talk to Birds

Written by

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CAST OF CHARACTERS

PATRICK: Somewhere between the age of 14 and 19. Any ethnicity. Male.

NORA: Somewhere between the age of 13 and 18. Any ethnicity. Female.

SETTING:

In and around the pond.

TIME:

Morning.

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The Girl Who Could Talk to Birds, Daniel Prillaman, 1.

A pond.

The water is still.

*But after a moment, the top of
PATRICK emerges from the
surface.*

*He bathes himself, perhaps
whistling a jaunty tune or
humming a ditty as he does.
Maybe he's even singing.*

*He is perfectly content. No
one in the world could
possibly disrupt or disturb
him.*

*From behind a tree or well-
sized bush, NORA watches
PATRICK bathe.*

*With her, on her shoulder or
the greenery, a bird, RALPHIO.*

Look at that.

NORA

RALPHIO tweets.

He is perfection.

NORA

RALPHIO tweets.

Those muscles.

NORA

RALPHIO tweets.

The jawline.

NORA

RALPHIO tweets.

What?

NORA

RALPHIO tweets.

It's the line of his jaw. You don't have one.

NORA

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RALPHIO tweets.

NORA
Of course you're still pretty!

RALPHIO tweets.

NORA
You're very handsome, Ralphio. You know you are. Stop fishing for compliments.

RALPHIO tweets.

NORA
Don't give me that. You get your head in the game. The moment is upon us. I need you focused. I need you present.

RALPHIO tweets.

NORA
Good.
You swear this is going to work?

RALPHIO tweets.

NORA
You say this to everyone? You've got a 100% success rate?

RALPHIO tweets.

NORA
Of course I trust you.
We've just only got one chance at this.

RALPHIO tweets.

NORA
One wrong move...and it's goodbye future husband. Goodbye love. Goodbye happiness. I'll have to throw myself off the Great Cliff.

RALPHIO tweets.

NORA
No, I don't have wings. I would fall, that's the point.

RALPHIO tweets.

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NORA

We're wasting time.

Are you ready?

RALPHIO tweets.

NORA

Okay.

Let's make a move.

NORA and RALPHIO psych themselves up, then cross nonchalantly towards the bathing PATRICK.

As they come upon the bathing PATRICK, the actors ad-lib sounds of surprise and discovery.

NORA

I am so sorry!

PATRICK

Forgive me. My lady, I am not decent.

NORA

(Totally lying)

I did not suspect anyone would be using the Bathing Pond at this hour.

PATRICK

It is upon the hour I do traditionally bathe, my lady. Please forgive the undignified sight I have brought before you.

NORA

No! Please. I should...

(Devolving into gibberish because of her infatuation)

[Gibberish]. Pleasant. Quite. Quite you.

PATRICK

I'm sorry?

NORA

You...big pleasant man boy.

PATRICK

I am sorry, my lady. What do you say?

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[Gibberish].

NORA

...

PATRICK

[Gibberish].

NORA

...

PATRICK

...

NORA

...

PATRICK

[Gibberish].

NORA

Truly. I am sorry. I do not understand.

PATRICK

NORA
(Hushed)

Ralphio.

PATRICK

Ralphio?

NORA

Ralphio!

RALPHIO tweets.

NORA

Fuck me, I'm horny!

Beat.

PATRICK

What?

NORA

Oh my god. Oh my god what the fuck? Ralphio, you son of a bitch! THAT'S your line! THAT'S your 100% success rate?! You bird-brained dickless dimwit, that's not how you romance a boy! What on earth were you thinking?! How is he supposed to respond to that? How? "Fuck me, I'm horny." You're a goddamn fucking moron, Ralphio! You're a fucking walnut! Useless and fat! You have fucked me. You have fucked me in every hole that I have! Every single one! Your stupidity has poked new

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NORA (cont'd)

holes in me and proceeded to fuck those. I will fucking shove you into a butter churner and cream you to death. Fucking smother you in butter and fry you up you goddamn bastard motherfucking motherfucker. I hate your fucking guts. You're a piece of shit. Fuck you.

Beat.

RALPHIO tweets.

NORA

Yeah. I got it out of my system.

Let's go.

NORA and RALPHIO turn to go.

PATRICK

Wait a moment! Please.

NORA and RALPHIO stop and turn back.

PATRICK

I do not know what is happening. In any way.

But are you all right? Are you well?

NORA

...

[Gibberish].

PATRICK

Oh, not again.

RALPHIO tweets.

NORA looks at RALPHIO.

NORA

Um.

Yes.

I'm well.

RALPHIO tweets.

NORA

Sorry about that.

I was--

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RALPHIO tweets.

NORA

I was trying to ask you if you had any interest...

In accompanying me to Supper? Tomorrow evening.

PATRICK

To sup?

NORA

Yes.

RALPHIO tweets.

NORA

I just mistakenly happened to do so a bit...

RALPHIO tweets.

NORA

Excitedly.

My name's Nora, by the way.

PATRICK

I know who you are, good lady.

NORA

You do?

PATRICK

Yes, Nora. I...

I should very much like to accompany you. To sup tomorrow evening.

NORA

[Gibberish]?

PATRICK

(Going with it)

[Gibberish].

NORA

What?

PATRICK

Never mind. I shall see you anon.

If I might finish my, um...my bathing.

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NORA

Right.

Oh! Right! Bye! Thanks! See you, Patrick!

PATRICK

Goodbye, Lady Nora!

NORA and RALPHIO exit.

PATRICK sighs.

Beat.

PATRICK

You saw that, right?

*A snapping turtle, TOBY,
emerges from the water.*

PATRICK

She likes me.

I can't believe she likes me.

TOBY makes no audible sound.

PATRICK

A whole Supper.

TOBY makes no audible sound.

PATRICK

A whole Supper!

What am I going to say?

TOBY makes no audible sound.

PATRICK

What do you mean, "It's what happens after that counts?"

TOBY makes no audible sound.

PATRICK

Oh my!

Oh my!

TOBY makes no audible sound.

PATRICK

The whole thing?

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TOBY makes no audible sound.

PATRICK

How am I supposed to do that?

TOBY makes a sex noise.

PATRICK

Mount her from behind and just go to market?

TOBY makes no audible sound.

PATRICK

Are you sure you know what you speak of?

TOBY makes a sex noise.

PATRICK

But what about conversation?

TOBY makes a sex noise.

PATRICK

All right, but walk me through this from the beginning.

TOBY makes no audible sound.

PATRICK, as the lights fade:

PATRICK

Uh huh.

Uh huh.

In half?!

Truly?

Oh, my.

Uh huh.

END OF PLAY.

A NOTE ON THE ANIMALS:

With regard to the two animals, Ralphio and Toby, they may be achieved through any means desired by the producing team, be that additional actors, puppets, sound design, or any combination of all or none of these.