

**AMBITION:  
AGES 12 &  
UNDER**

DUCKLINGS: Quack! Quack!

MAUREEN: Oh, Ida. They're the loveliest little ducklings I have ever set my eyes on. They're the image of their father.

IDA: Thanks! Speaking of Daddy, Maureen would you be a dear and try to find him for me? He's probably making waves down at the local watering hole.

MAUREEN: All right. *(To DUCKLINGS)* Auntie Maur-Maur is off now, I'll see you later.

*MAUREEN exits.*

BEAKY: Auntie Maur-Maur? What a weird name.

FLUFF: What a big world it is.

BILLY: Yeah, far out.

DOWNY: I was getting well-cramped inside that egg.

IDA: Don't go thinking that this is the whole world! It stretches far beyond the other side of the lake right into the churchyard - though I've never been that far myself.

BEAKY: Wicked - let's explore.

IDA: Wait, wait, wait, wait, wait, wait, wait. There are one or two nest rules before you paddle off. Number one, no wet webbed-feet in the nest; Number two, you must feather your own nest every morning; Number three, no quacking after sunset; Number four, no plankton between meals; Number f . . . wait a minute, you're not all here.

FLUFF: Hey guys, there's going to be another member of the gang.

IDA: *(peering into the nest)* Oh, quack! And it's the big one.

BILLY: Look at the shell on that!

**BEGIN**  
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FLUFF: Egg-cellent!

BEAKY: How come he got such a big egg?

BILLY: Yeah, we all got cramped into a regular shell, but that one got a queen-sized ostrich job.

DOWNY: It's not fair, Mama.

BEAKY: No, Mama, it's not fair.

**END.**

*A general commotion breaks out. IDA climbs back onto the big egg. DRAKE re-enters.*

DRAKE: Hi, kids. I'm your Dad.

IDA: Take a good look at him because you probably won't see him that often. Well, true to form you missed it, the pitter-patter of petite paddles.

DRAKE: Well I'm here now. OK, kids, who's for a swim?

*DRAKE issues each of the DUCKLINGS with a rubber ring, each bearing an 'L' plate.*

*(to IDA)* What's the matter? All that sitting around taken it out of you?

IDA: There's still one to hatch, Dumb-Cluck. The Big One.

DRAKE: Let me see that egg again.

*IDA raises a buttock.*

It's definitely a turkey. You'll never get it to go in the water. Just leave it. *(Turns to the DUCKLINGS who are messing about)* Oy, cut that out. *(Back to IDA)* Come and teach the other ones to swim properly.