

~~(IDA:) WALKING ROUND IN A LINE
I'LL DO WHAT ANY OTHER MOTHER WOULD
TO TRY TO DO MY BEST AT BRINGING UP MINE
IT'S THE JOY OF MOTHERHOOD
THOSE LITTLE PERKS
THAT MAKE IT ALL SEEM WORTHWHILE
I'LL DO WHAT ANY OTHER MOTHER WOULD
TO GET MY DUCKS DECKED OUT
AND LIVING IN STYLE~~

MAUREEN, the cheerful, neighborly moorhen, enters breezily.

BEGIN
MAUREEN: Morning, Ida.

IDA: Morning, Maureen.

MAUREEN: How is the mother-to-be?

IDA: She'd be better if the father-who-was was better at being the father-who-is. I sometimes think I'd have been better off pairing with a decoy.

MAUREEN: I'm sure Drake will make a marvelous dad when the family arrives.

IDA: Not him. Duck by name and duck by nature - ducking out of his responsibilities. *(She shifts position)* Ooh. I say if butts were meant for sitting on eggs all day, then they should have been designed with big old dimples in them.

MAUREEN: Ooh, Ida, the very thought. How much longer do you have to go?

IDA: Well, by my reckoning they should be out by now. I went to all of my pre-natal hatching classes, run by that self-satisfied Stork, and she said about half a month, but two weeks is up.

MAUREEN: Oh well, the best things come to those who wait.

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IDA: I don't know. Why do we put ourselves through it? Every spring it's exactly the same.

MAUREEN: But just think of the rewards - all those lovely little ducklings.

IDA: All those beaks to feed.

MAUREEN: Waking you up at all hours.

IDA: Getting into deep water.

MAUREEN: Attracting unwanted admirers . . .

BOTH: *(in hushed tones)* . . . like the cat. Why do we put ourselves through it?

END.

~~MAUREEN: 'COS WHEN YOU HEAR THAT DIBBLE DABBLE
YOU'RE PROUD TO SAY
'HEY, THAT'S MY RABBLE"
THEN WATCH THEIR MAIDEN VOYAGE
OUT FROM THE BANK~~

~~IDA: LIKE CHAMPAGNE CORKS
YOU'LL SEE THEM BOBBING~~

~~MAUREEN: ACCOMPANIED BY MOTHERS SOBBING~~

~~BOTH: RELIEVED, THANKS BE TO NATURE,
NOBODY SANK~~

~~IT'S THE JOY . . .~~

~~MAUREEN: Oh, prepare yourself, Ida.~~

They are interrupted by a chipping sound as the eggs start to hatch in the nest. IDA does her breathing exercises in preparation for the birth. Four pairs of legs appear above the edge of the nest and wave around in time to the music like synchronized swimmers.