

My Girlfriend's Stupid Talking Parrot

By Dwayne Yancey

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DEDICATION

*For Trina, Rain and Keith,
whose support made this possible.*

STORY OF THE PLAY

Erin buys a talking parrot which turns out to be under a voodoo curse. The troublesome parrot soon causes a rift between the Erin and her boyfriend, Jeremy, because she blames him for all the evil pranks the bird is pulling. The parrot is really Captain Jack, a pirate who, centuries ago, buried treasure on a Caribbean island, then cheated his shipmates out of the loot. Once in human form, Captain Jack persuades Erin and Jeremy to help him retrieve the treasure, but Jeremy winds up walking the plank instead!

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(3 m, 1 w, 3 flexible, extras)

(With doubling: 2 m, 2 w, 1 flexible, extras)

ERIN: A young woman with magical powers, loves animals.

JEREMY: Erin's boyfriend; a travel agent and baseball fan.

OLD MAN (WOMAN): Can be doubled with the first mate.

BORED CLERK: Can be doubled with the pirate cook.

CAPTAIN JACK: Pirate.

PEG LEG: Pirate's first mate.

POLLY: Pirate cook.

EXTRAS: As pirates.

SETTING

Simple settings which can be suggested through props include: pirates' ship with plank; pet store; Erin's home with window frame, swivel chair, magazine rack and blanket; Caribbean island with small fake palm tree.

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PROPS

(2) toy parrots
Parrot cage
Stuffed toy cat tied up with yarn
Package of crackers
Package of snack food
Sports Illustrated magazine
Bottle of rum
Ironing board
Digging tools (shovels, etc.)
Bag of groceries
(2) cell phones
Sword
Rope
Purse
Stalks of celery or broccoli

SOUND EFFECTS

Parrots squawking
Sound of two bodies falling from a tree

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(AT RISE: A pirate's ship. A crew of PIRATES is shouting as JEREMY, with his hands bound behind him, walks the plank. He looks down over the plank, grimly considering his fate. When he looks up, the pirates freeze, and Jeremy speaks to the audience.)

JEREMY: I suppose you're wondering at this juncture what unfortunate series of events has led to me being thrust into this rather awkward predicament.

(The PIRATES resume shouting. Then they freeze again, and JEREMY speaks to the audience.)

JEREMY: It begins, I'm afraid, the way many stories do — with a woman. More to the point, my girlfriend, Erin. Technically, I suppose, that's my ex-girlfriend Erin. That's Erin with an "E." E-R-I-N. Like "Erin," as in the Celtic name for Ireland, not "Aaron" like Hank Aaron the baseball player. Sometimes people get confused about that. So, anyway, I guess it wasn't so much Erin herself as it was her stupid talking parrot. She had this thing for animals, see, and —

(ERIN ENTERS.)

ERIN: Oh yeah, sure. Everything's my fault. Just like a man. He gets in a little bit of trouble, and what's he do? He blames it on a woman. That's his story. Well, here's my story. It all started when —

JEREMY: Wait a minute. What are you doing?

ERIN: What's it look like I'm doing? I'm telling the story ... the way it should be told.

JEREMY: But I thought I was telling the story.

ERIN: I thought you were walking the plank.

JEREMY: Yeah, well, this ... uh. You could help get me out of this.

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ERIN: Listen, buddy, you got yourself into this jam. You can get yourself out.

JEREMY: You call this a jam? I've got a band of crazed, blood-thirsty pirates making me walk the plank, and you call that a jam? Excuse me, but this seems a little bit more than a jam to me.

ERIN: Well, call it whatever you like. But whatever you call it, don't blame me for your long list of mistakes.

JEREMY: Mistakes?

ERIN: You heard me. Mistakes. That was always the problem with you, Jeremy. You never wanted to take responsibility for your actions. What did you do to insult these fellows anyway?

JEREMY: I didn't insult these ... fellows, as you call them. They just, I don't know, came after me.

ERIN: Well, you must have done something. I don't think they're inviting you to a tea party.

JEREMY: No, they seem to be inviting me to Davy Jones' locker.

ERIN: Well, I'm sure it's something you deserve.

JEREMY: Deserve?!

ERIN: You heard me. Deserve!

JEREMY: It's all your fault and that stupid talking parrot.

ERIN: It's not stupid. It's magic.

JEREMY: All right then, a magic parrot ... *(HE adds derisively.)* ...a black-magic parrot.

ERIN: I've told you before, it's not black magic. You make it sound like some kind of devil-worship thing or something.

JEREMY: Oh yeah? Then where did all these pirates come from? And why are they making me walk the plank? And how come you can just walk through this scene like nothing's the matter? That parrot's got some kind of tropical voodoo in him, if you ask me.

ERIN: Well, nobody asked you. And, besides, I thought you liked pirates.

JEREMY: The Pittsburgh Pirates!

ERIN: Well, same thing ... almost.

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JEREMY: Hardly! My Pirates are a baseball team. You know, Honus Wagner. Bill Mazerowski ... the 1960 World Series. Roberto Clemente. Oh, never mind.

ERIN: Are you quite finished?

JEREMY: I suppose so.

ERIN: Here, let me tell the story.

(ERIN snaps her fingers, and the PIRATES start to EXIT. One of them unties JEREMY'S hands and another removes the plank. They EXIT. Jeremy is amazed at this turn of events.)

JEREMY: Hey! Thanks.

ERIN: Don't thank me. Thank, I don't know, thank ... hmmm, how'd that happen? *(SHE looks at her fingers, mystified by how she was able to transform the scene.)* Well, whatever. Now, just let me tell the story, okay? *(To audience.)* So, this all began one day in the pet store.

JEREMY: Pet Metropolis.

ERIN: I said, this is my story!

JEREMY: Well, it's going to be Pet Metropolis no matter who tells the story, isn't it? I'm not going to suddenly change it to, I don't know, Pet Wonderland, am I?

ERIN: What does it matter which pet store it is?

JEREMY: Well, they say the devil's in the details, and if you ask me, there's a lot of devilry going on here.

ERIN: Look, I told you once already, I didn't ask you. Now, you just shut up and let me tell the story. You're in enough hot water as it is.

JEREMY: I was almost in the cold water there until you did that finger-snapping thing. How'd you do that again?

ERIN: Like this ... *(SHE starts to snap her fingers, then thinks better of it.)* Oh, never mind. *(To audience.)* So, anyway, this all began one day in the pet store. *(SHE pauses, then looks at JEREMY to see if he's going to interrupt. He's not.)* I was there with my boyfriend, Jeremy, and we were over in the bird section looking at birds. There was this old man *[or woman]*; he must have been the storekeeper or something.

JEREMY: He was no storekeeper.

End of Freeview

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