



**Sample Pages from
To Kill a Mocking Bird**

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TO KILL A MOCKING BIRDIE

A COMEDY IN ONE ACT BY
Clint Snyder



To Kill a Mocking Birdie

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Casting

4F, IM + 4 Either

Birdie: The hostess

Carol: A party guest, Birdie's former maid

What: A party guest

When: A party guest

Jen: A party guest

Alexa: A party guest

Scoot: Birdie's sister

Attic: Birdie's father

Momma: Birdie's mother

Set

A Family Dining Room.

Note

The goldfish and piece of toast may be played with props or actors.

A quirky family dining room covered in crafts and cheap decorations. At the table is BIRDIE, a strange pale girl wearing a party hat. Beside her is a plate with toast on it and on the other side is a goldfish. There is a knock at the door.

BIRDIE: Just a moment!

CAROL: (off) Birdie?

BIRDIE: Just a moment! I am extremely busy! *(she continues sitting doing nothing)*

CAROL: (off) Birdie?!

BIRDIE: I have many many things to do and I am doing them all right now, so you will just have to wait a moment! *(she adjusts her hat slightly)*

CAROL: (off) It's Carol, Birdie. You invited me over.

BIRDIE: I'll be done in five, four, three and a half, three point two five, three point one four one five nine two six five three...

CAROL: (off) BIRDIE!! OPEN THE DOOR!

BIRDIE: Fine! We'll just call that last number pi. *(she opens the door)*

CAROL: Pie?! You told me to bring cake! I brought chocolate cake!

BIRDIE: Why didn't you say so? *(letting her in)* If I knew you brought chocolate cake I would have let you in much faster Carol... purnia.

CAROL: You know I hate it when you call me that.

BIRDIE: Let me just get it out of my system really quick. Carol-purnia carol-purnia carol-purnia... there, besides I only ever called you that when you were my maid. I haven't called you that once since I fired you.

CAROL: Actually your parents fired me. You just set my hair on fire when I was leaving.

BIRDIE: Liar, liar, I set your *pants* on fire, not your hair and I only had my parents fire you because you wouldn't believe me when I tried to convince you my parents were actually a pair of great Danes, which really begs the question, why would you show up to my party?

CAROL: *(she takes a long pause, considering this)* I was told there would be free food.

BIRDIE: Oh, yes. You can put the cake right over here.

CAROL: Here you go. (*handing over the cake*)

BIRDIE: Here you go on and on complaining about goodness knows what. And shut the door, I might catch a draft and if I catch a draft I might catch a cold and if I catch a cold I might have to catch a doctor in a net and force her to treat me because I don't have health insurance.

CAROL: But there are two more people coming, Birdie. I saw them on the way in... I didn't recognize them.

BIRDIE: Of course you didn't recognize them. That's because I passed out my dinner party invitations to random strangers... and you.

CAROL: What? Why!

BIRDIE: I think it makes it much more interesting. A party full of people you know is boring, at a party full of strangers anything can happen! ANYTHING! For all we know the strangers could be psychopaths. Also a group of strangers is much more likely to give me an unbiased opinion on my parents, unlike some people...

WHAT and WHEN enter quietly.

WHAT: Hello!

WHEN: Hi!

CAROL: Ahhh! (*Pause. Everyone stares.*) Sorry, parties are just very... exciting to me... so are strangers. Haha...

WHAT: Hello, I'm sorry I never got your name with the invitation...

BIRDIE: Birdie.

WHAT: That sounds familiar, what's your last name?

BIRDIE: Birdie.

WHEN: Birdie Birdie?

BIRDIE: Yes.

WHAT: What's your middle name?

BIRDIE: Birdie.

WHEN: So, let me get this straight. Birdie Birdie Birdie?

BIRDIE: Yes, it was very confusing for me as a child, especially because my mother loved birds. Sorry if it seems I talk about my parents a lot it's because I do! Mother would scream BIRDIE BIRDIE BIRDIE!!!! But by the time I realized she was just shouting at birds out the window instead of calling my name I was already so confused that I ran into the sliding glass door... every day. But that's alright, I got a lot of character out of the situation... and a helmet.

WHEN: Helmets are just wonderful.

BIRDIE: Hmmm. (to WHAT) What's your name?

WHAT: That's right.

BIRDIE: What's your name?

WHAT: I said that is right.

BIRDIE: I SAID WHAT IS YOUR NAME!!!

WHAT: I TOLD YOU THAT IS RIGHT!!!

BIRDIE: (pause) Oh... your name is what.

WHAT: Right.

BIRDIE: What's her name?

WHAT: No, what's not her name. Her name is Wendy.

BIRDIE: Well, at least she has a normal name.

WHAT: We call her When for short.

WHEN: I thought the invitation was personalized with my name on the inside, because it said "When: 5:30!" I thought you were yelling at me 5:30! Which is sort of confusing, especially since we've never met before.

WHAT: You're always confused. Sorry she's a little slow sometimes.

WHEN: I was not slow, we got here right on time.

WHAT: Like I said...

CAROL: You know, you might just be right, Birdie does love to confuse and play tricks on people.

BIRDIE: That's not true, I come from a very noble well-bred line of people. Why my parents learned from the University of Munich

and the University of Paris and they also learned by watching an untreated plank of wood gradually decompose for ten years.

WHAT: Really?

BIRDIE: Maybe... WOULDN'T IT BE NICE TO HAVE NOBLE WELL-EDUCATED PARENTS!? (*shouting towards the bathroom door*)

CAROL: You know, this isn't really that great of a party Birdie, there isn't even any confetti...

WHAT: That is an excellent point! What kind of a party does not even have any confetti?

WHEN: Well, a very strict office party or... a cat's birthday party... or a funeral—

BIRDIE: You want confetti? (*picking up a stack of napkins and throwing them in the air*) There...

WHEN: Or the birthday party of a very very very sad little girl, me! I will never forgive my family for that party! THE FIFTH YEAR OF MY LIFE WAS NOT ADEQUETLY CELEBRATED!!!

BIRDIE: (*pause*) Ummm... I need to know that you are calm before this dinner party starts because my parents are very gentle people and also people tend to eat much much more when they are stressed and I just want to let you all know now that A SUBSTANTIAL PORTION OF THAT CHOCOLATE CAKE IS MINE!!!

CAROL: I brought that chocolate cake.

BIRDIE: Let's see if I have anything in my purse that I can snack on... (*she peeks in a very large purse*) Tin foil, two pennies, two pieces of gum, a tire and some creepy looking voodoo dolls of my parents.

WHEN: How did you fit all that in there?

BIRDIE: That's nothing. I used to be able to fit a lot more before I filled half my purse with cement.

WHAT: Why?

BIRDIE: I thought there was a bird living in it, but back to the cake.

WHAT: That's the only reason I even showed up to this "MEET MY PARENTS PARTY," which I must admit I still don't entirely get the concept of.

BIRDIE: Look, if I don't get my full portion, it does not sit well with me, so in protest I will not sit for several years if I have to.

WHEN: But... what if you have to use the bathroom?

BIRDIE: If seagulls can manage it then so can I.

WHEN: But... seagulls can fly.

BIRDIE: And I can't? I went to little mister helicopter school.

WHAT: Little mister?

CAROL: I can tell you, it was a very confusing time in Birdie's life.

BIRDIE: Very confusing. (*shouting to the bathroom*) AND I WILL NOT LET MY PARENTS FORGET THE DARK AGES OF MY LIFE!!! I WILL HAVE MY REVENGE!!!

WHEN: I'm confused right now.

BIRDIE: Why?

WHAT: Because she's thick in the head.

WHEN: Oh, that's our cousin.

BIRDIE: What?

WHEN: No, she's What, Why is our cousin.

BIRDIE: Let's meet my parents! IT IS A "LET'S MEET MY PARENTS PARTY" after all!

CAROL: (*she begins inching towards the door to escape*) Oh, maybe dinner just isn't worth the headache right now, you know I've seen this play out way too many times to be comfortable and I'm feeling the urge to dust, but I've developed an allergy to dust since my time here... (*She fakes a cough. JEN enters stepping on her feet.*) cough cough... see? And there's someone's boot on my foot. AHHHHH! THERE'S A BOOT ON MY FOOT!

JEN: Hello! HELLO! HELLO!

CAROL: YOUR FEET ARE LIKE A SEMI TRUCK!!! GAHH!

JEN: Well then... Beep beep! (*she pushes her way into the house, stepping on CAROL's feet again, imitating a truck*)

CAROL: Why did you step on my foot?! My poor tootsies. Now if anyone wants to play the game where the little piggies go to the market with me I'll just have to say "NO! The piggies have left

the market and gone to the slaughterhouse because someone pummeled my foot with big monster elephant boots!”

JEN: Wow, you have a lot of anger stored up in there don't you?

CAROL: You have no idea, just wait till her “parents” get here.

BIRDIE: You'll all agree they've raised me badly, or else.

CAROL: But seriously... don't touch my feet.

JEN: I have no intention of touching your feet before I eat.

BIRDIE: *(to bathroom)* DO YOU HEAR THAT MOM AND DAD SHE LEARNED PROPER TABLE MANNERS!

WHAT: Oh, you made a rhythm! Feet and eat! You're like Dr. Seuss... except you used real words.

WHEN: Did you know that he's not even a real doctor?! I tried calling him because I know the importance of calling a doctor in legal matters, but I just got someone who tried to sell me books.
(pause) That sort of mix-up could happen to anyone.

CAROL: Did you know Doctor Pepper isn't a real doctor either?

BIRDIE: Neither is my psychiatrist, but hey, we all have to start somewhere, right? *(again shouting to the bathroom)* WE ALL START WITH A FAMILY!!! AND MINE WAS JUST ONE SCREW SHORT OF A FRANKENSTEIN MONSTER!!!

WHAT: I will be starting on the cake, finally.

BIRDIE: *(as if she is introducing a fabulous prize on a game show)* Before you eat, I would like to MEET MY PARENTS. Tada!

JEN: Well, where are they?

BIRDIE: *(Pause. Smiling.)* C'mon guys?! Don't be rude, say hello.

JEN: To what?

WHAT: Oh, no everyone already said hello to me.

JEN: When?

WHEN: What?

WHAT: When I first got here.

BIRDIE: What, When, Carol...purnia, ummm...

JEN: Jen.

BIRDIE: Jim, I was just going to say that you should all be polite and introduce yourselves to my wonderful parents. They've just been sitting here staring at us talking the whole time quietly.

WHEN: Where? Are they in the floorboards? Oh, my gosh, they're in the floorboards aren't they? I knew it, this whole time I felt like I was being watched.

CAROL: (*to herself*) I feel like we might all end up in the floorboards eventually...

BIRDIE: Don't be ridiculous. They're right here.

WHAT: Where?

BIRDIE: RIGHT HERE.

WHAT: There's just a goldfish and a piece of bread. (*she picks up the bread*) Eww! It's moldy! (*she drops it*)

BIRDIE: DON'T PICK MY MOTHER UP! ARE YOU CRAZY?!

WHAT: You read my mind.

CAROL: Here we go again, if anyone needs me I'll be wearing a strait jacket (*she gets up to leave and BIRDIE sits her back down*)

BIRDIE: There, there, now I'm sure Mommy and Daddy would love to get reacquainted with you Carol.

CAROL: Please don't pull out the—

BIRDIE pulls out a piece of paper with a clipboard.

BIRDIE: I have a questionnaire, of sorts, for you all about my parents. Number one... Do you think that a piece of toast and goldfish are suitable parents?

WHAT: No.

BIRDIE: Good. Number two, do you think they would be more suitable parents than really REALLY HORRIBLE PARENTS THAT NEVER EVEN TAKE YOU TO THE BAHAMAS OR BUY YOU A PONY?!

JEN: Is that a loaded question?

CAROL: Yes, trust me, I've been through this too many times.

BIRDIE: Loaded only in the sense that there is food in the kitchen loaded with delicious bacon.

JEN: Then, yes...

BIRDIE: *(to bathroom)* DO YOU HEAR THAT MOM! A GOLDFISH IS A BETTER PARENT! A GOLDFISH AND MOLDY TOAST! HA! HA!

WHAT: Who is she talking to?

WHEN: *(trying to join in with BIRDIE)* Ha! Ha!

BIRDIE: AH! *(BIRDIE hits WHEN with her cement filled purse and knocks her down)* Oh, my! I'm sorry!

Pause. Everyone stares at her on the ground.

WHEN: Uggghh!

BIRDIE: Sorry... I thought she was a ghost laughing at me... they do that sometimes...

WHEN: *(slowly getting up)* Oh, my head. I'm so sorry for laughing. I... I thought someone told a joke.

WHAT: I'm just glad you're alright... I hope there's going to be guacamole dip, I'm getting hungry because I'm stressed.

BIRDIE: See? What did I say?

WHEN: See, I was just very confused because there was a plate in front of the goldfish, so I thought that we were going to have to eat the goldfish. I had a moral dilemma because I just don't think I could ever eat a goldfish because I once had a pet goldfish.

CAROL: Thank you for sharing.

WHEN: *(to goldfish)* Hello Mister, ummm, BIRDIE. Aren't you just the cutest goldfish around and you have a very lovely house. *(talking directly at the plate with bread on it)* I LOVE YOUR CURTAINS THEY REMIND ME OF A MEXICAN SOAP OPERA!

WHAT: Maybe you should hit her with the purse again...

BIRDIE: Oh, you don't have to yell, my mother has excellent hearing. She once heard my father drowning in the bathtub from seventeen miles away.

CAROL: That doesn't even make any sense! Why am I getting into this argument again?

BIRDIE: Are you calling my mother a liar Carol-purnia? You've been my friend for years now and you're calling my sweet mother a liar.

CAROL: I'm not calling that anything, you know why?

BIRDIE: Because you're a cruel predator that has been following me around for years now just to make a nasty comment when I am at my most vulnerable.

CAROL: No, no, no Birdie. The only thing that I am going to call it is A MOLDY PIECE OF BREAD BECAUSE THE THING YOU ARE POINTING AT AND CALLING YOUR MOTHER IS NOT YOUR MOTHER IT NEVER EMPLOYED ME AND I WISH YOUR REAL MOTHER NEVER DID, IT IS, JUST, SURPRISE, A MOLDY PIECE OF BREAD!!!!

BIRDIE: Uhhhh! How could you say something like that!? Mom, put in these ear plugs. *(she puts some earplugs on the plate next to the bread)* I don't want you to hear any more insults.

CAROL: Birdie stop whatever sort of sick lesson you are trying to teach your parents right now... MOLDY BREAD DOES NOT HAVE EARS!!! I DON'T KNOW WHY YOUR PARENTS PUT UP WITH THIS INSANE BEHAVIOR!!

BIRDIE: And neither do I, with your constant attacks and insults!

CAROL: When your real parents get here, tell them you were the one stain in this house I could never get clean!

BIRDIE: *(gasps)* I never liked your cooking!

CAROL: Fine! Then I'm taking my cake with me on my way out the door!

JEN: NOT THE CAKE! *(standing dramatically)*

BIRDIE: FINE! And just for the record Miss Carol, the only reason I haven't invited you back here in a while is because I happen to not like cleaning my house and my house usually needs to be cleaned up because *someone* got rid of the maid.

CAROL: YOU GOT RID OF THE MAID YOU DOLT! I WAS THE MAID!!! *(she grabs the cake)* Goodbye Birdie! I hope these poor people do meet your real parents sometime so they can apologize for you! *(to JEN)* Outta my way Bigfoot! *(she slams the door)*

BIRDIE: You can take your earplugs out now Mom... I just want to be the first to say I'm sorry.

JEN: Oh, that's alright.

BIRDIE: I was apologizing to my parents not to you. If anyone should be apologizing it should be you for stepping on What's foot with your giant boot.

JEN: Actually, I stepped on Carol's foot.

BIRDIE: Oh... Well good then. Maybe if you're lucky you caused enough damage that she will get gangrene on the way home and I will never have to see her or her disgusting mangled foot again.

WHEN: Well, I for one, think your parents are just lovely.

WHAT: (*looking utterly confused*) Uhhh... Carol already said those weren't her parents.

BIRDIE: Well, thank you When... and What, of course they are my parents, because if they weren't then that would mean I would be crazy for never (*to bathroom*) HAVING A PROPER PSYCHOLOGICAL UPBRINGING!!! I SHOULD HAVE HAD A PONY!!!

WHEN: (*excited*) Oh! Your father just blew some bubbles at me! What does that mean?!

BIRDIE: That means he likes you! Or he's gassy, but either way he is not uncomfortable. When he gets uncomfortable he goes into his treasure chest.

WHEN: What's in there?

WHAT: I'm not in there!

WHEN: You know, because of your name, sometimes it's very difficult to say *anything* around you.

WHAT: That's just because you're not very smart.

BIRDIE: He keeps all kinds of things in there, but he doesn't let anyone in, even if they're cleaning. Mom thinks he keeps a sports car in there, but I don't want to open that can of worms.

JEN: Is that what he eats? Because I'm very hungry and I can't handle eating worms if that is what you guys usually serve.

BIRDIE: Lucky for you, I'm going to let that comment slide this once, just because you horribly mangled Carol's foot.

WHAT: Wait! WHERE IS THE CHOCOLATE CAKE!!!!???

BIRDIE: Carol, THE SNAKE, took it with her when she slithered out of here in a hurry.

ALEXA: (off) Oh!

JEN: Did you hear that noise?

BIRDIE: It was probably an evil spirit. Carolpurnia left a lot of negative energy when she left.

WHAT: Great! First the chocolate cake is gone and now there's a demon.

JEN: I don't deserve this! I celebrate Halloween every year, so no evil dead spirits should be able to attack me!

WHEN: I dressed up like a duck last year, so I should be safe, at least from any evil undead ducks.

JEN: DON'T TALK ABOUT DUCKS! I TOLD YOU I HATE THEM! I WILL VOMIT EVERYWHERE!!!

ALEXA: (off) Oh!

BIRDIE: There it is again! Mom thinks she heard it coming from the bathroom.

WHAT: (sarcastic) She has earplugs in her ears how would she know?

BIRDIE: Don't be ridiculous... she took those earplugs out minutes ago.

WHAT: Well, as long as we're not being ridiculous, I think I heard the noise coming from the bathroom too.

JEN: That's it! I'm going to fix this! (*she grabs a frying pan and exits to the bathroom*)

WHEN: (pause) I wonder what she is going to cook in the bathroom. I hope it's something delicious, I'm starving.

WHAT: Really?

WHEN: I hope it's Chinese food.

WHAT: Really?!

WHEN: What? You don't like Chinese food? I thought you liked egg rolls.

WHAT: (sarcastic) Yes, you're right... she's going to come out of the bathroom with egg rolls and a pu pu platter and I will be very happy.

A scream comes from the bathroom and JEN drags ALEXA out.

WHEN: That doesn't look like egg rolls.

JEN: I caught the burglar! I'm a national hero! Rest assured Birdie no one is going to steal your soaps or hand towels today!

BIRDIE: Oh...

JEN: (*sarcastic*) Oh, what does oh mean? Oh, thank you for protecting my hand towels and bubble bath from nasty thieves.

BIRDIE: More like oh, that's just Alexa, she came by before everyone else and ate some egg rolls I made and then was in the bathroom ever since.

WHEN: So there WERE EGG ROLLS!

JEN: Great! So we just hit an innocent person over the head!?

WHAT: We?

JEN: We probably just killed her!

WHAT: We?

BIRDIE: Sadly, due to my poor upbringing, my involvement in a murder case has come as no shock.

WHEN: OH!!!! (*pause*) For a minute I thought you meant Weeeeeee! As in, "Weeeeeee! We're having so much fun," but in reality we probably just killed someone and have no egg rolls, so that really is not that fun.

BIRDIE: Dad says we should wake her up.

JEN: Thank you for pointing out the obvious, does he have any bright ideas on how we could do that?

WHEN: Is anyone else concerned that she was in that bathroom for a really really long time?

BIRDIE: (*staring intently at the fish bowl*) Of course Daddy, you have the best ideas. (*she gets a cup of water from the fish bowl*)

WHEN: That was a seriously long time, maybe she was trying to pass a kidney stone.

BIRDIE: WAKE UP NOW PLEASE! (*she dumps the water on ALEXA's face*)

ALEXA: Ahhh!

BIRDIE: She's awake!

JEN: She's alive! (*clapping*)

WHEN: Were you trying to pass a kidney stone?

ALEXA: Well, thank you, a frying pan to the head was exactly what I needed!

JEN: Really?

ALEXA: No! Not really you idiots!? How incredibly rude! You all have no manners! You ANIMALS! Why would you do that?!

JEN: (*Pause. Softly.*) We thought you were trying to steal her hand soaps.

ALEXA: (*sarcastic*) Oh, well, as long as there was a rational explanation.

BIRDIE: My dad just wanted to apologize to you Alexa.

ALEXA: For what? She was the clown that hit me upside the head. She should be shipped off to a school where they teach seals how to act like people.

BIRDIE: Well, my dad used the bathroom in the water that I threw on your face. Also my mother doubts your potential in life.

ALEXA: AHHHHHHHHH!!!!

BIRDIE: (*to bathroom*) Do you hear that parents?! RANDOM STRANGERS THINK YOU ARE FAR TOO JUDGEMENTAL AND HAVE COMPLETE LACK OF FAITH IN YOUR ABILITY TO RAISE CHILDREN!!!

JEN: Why are you yelling? Your parents are right here.

BIRDIE: Right... I guess I just wanted to get my point across.

WHEN: Are you sure you're not yelling because you're trying to pass a kidney stone? My aunt did it once and she made the same exact noises.

BIRDIE: Speaking of my dad, now that you're all here I will just reintroduce everyone to my parents again. And ask your opinions on their ability to raise me effectively, because frankly they did a terrible job.

JEN: Frankly...

WHAT: Here we go again, I'm never going to get to eat.

BIRDIE: Mom, Dad, these are some random strangers I invited for dinner.

ALEXA: Is this a joke?

BIRDIE: Yes, it's true, I would say that my childhood was something of a joke.

ALEXA: A goldfish and a plate of green ravioli?

WHEN: Actually that's moldy bread... and when the fish blows bubbles it means he like you!

ALEXA: What?

WHAT: What?

ALEXA: What?

WHAT: What?

ALEXA: What?

WHAT: What?

ALEXA: What?

They begin repeating it back and forth faster and faster as if they are dueling until they run out of breath. A long pause.

WHAT: What?

ALEXA: No! I've had it! I've watched way too many horror movies to know that frying pan to the head plus moldy bread parents is putting me on the fast train to Crazytown. Plus, I think I heard someone else in the bathroom...

WHEN: Crazytown? Ha! Who would want to live in a place called Crazytown?

WHAT: Birdie. Birdie's parents. Me at this point...

BIRDIE: You don't have to talk about them as though they're not in the room.

JEN: Something tells me somebody else isn't entirely in the room either.

BIRDIE: Is it When? When?! Where did you go! You're not that stupid!



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