

FAT HUNGRY BIRDIE VERSUS THE SPRINKLE DONUT

by

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INT. STAGE - NIGHT

The actors in this sketch portray children's theatre actors who give 1000%. For the children!

A warm and friendly children's STORYTELLER sits comfortably on a simple chair, smiles at the audience, and holds a children's book in her lap. On the open stage behind her, a freestanding door separates the interior of a Tim Hortons from the sidewalk outside.

On a curtained table lies a plated donut; it is frosted and covered with colorful sprinkles. Hiding behind the table is a dignified Shakespearean actor, dressed all in black. He will soon deliver the portrayal of his lifetime, as he puppets, and, verily, embodies the essence of, THE SPRINKLE DONUT.

LIGHTS UP.

STORYTELLER

Let's have a story, shall we,
children?

(opens book)

Once upon a time, there was a
fat, hungry birdie.

FAT HUNGRY BIRDIE, a woman in a round and ridiculous bird costume, hop-hop-hops onto stage.

FAT HUNGRY BIRDIE

I am fat and hungry.

On the sidewalk outside the Tim Hortons, she behaves like a tiny, curious little bird.

STORYTELLER

One day, a careless customer
was leaving Tim Hortons.

Inside the Tim Hortons, the happy, CARELESS CUSTOMER carries a paper coffee cup and walks toward the door.

The apron-wearing, good-natured BARISTA follows behind him.

BARISTA

Hey! You forgot to pay.

The Careless Customer turns back.

CARELESS CUSTOMER

Oh, I'm sooo careless!

The Careless Customer hands a toonie to the Barista. The Barista pockets the toonie. They smile, and wave goodbye. The Barista sees no new customers, so, he exits offstage.

The Careless Customer walks toward Fat Hungry Birdie, who grows hopeful and excited as she watches him approach.

STORYTELLER

Oh, no! He left the door
wiiide open!

The Careless Customer opens the door and walks through. Fat Hungry Birdie swoops through the door, lands, and hops toward the donut on the table.

CARELESS CUSTOMER

(smiling and
shrugging)

Oh, well.

The Careless Customer sips coffee and happily walks offstage.

Fat Hungry Birdie hops and flaps with joy and wonder, and looks all around her.

FAT HUNGRY BIRDIE

Paaastry. Pastry everywhere!

STORYTELLER

Fat Hungry Birdie looked this
way and that, until finally,
she saw the most delicious-
looking pastry of them all:
the Sprinkle Donut.

The actor playing THE SPRINKLE DONUT reaches from behind the table, blindly picks up the donut, and hoists it aloft. A CHOIR OF ANGELS SINGS A WONDROUS CHORD, and the donut pivots this way and that, glistening in the light. The CHORD stops. Fat Hungry Birdie looks at the audience.

STORYTELLER AND FAT HUNGRY
BIRDIE

Ooo.

The Storyteller gestures to encourage the audience to join in.

STORYTELLER AND FAT HUNGRY
BIRDIE (CONT'D)

Ooooo.

STORYTELLER

With equal parts awe and
hunger, Fat Hungry Birdie
gazed upon the amazing
Sprinkle Donut.

Fat Hungry Birdie hops right up to the Sprinkle Donut, and
stares at it.

Miffed, The Sprinkle Donut leans away.

Fat Hungry Birdie leans in.

The Sprinkle Donut edges further away.

Fat Hungry Birdie follows.

THE SPRINKLE DONUT

(exasperated)

I say, Bird, avaunt! Go away!

Startled, Fat Hungry Birdie takes a small hop back.

FAT HUNGRY BIRDIE

(so sad, so
hungry)

I'm sorry. It's just that I'm
sooo hungry, and you look sooo
delicious.

THE SPRINKLE DONUT

I'm not for you. I'm not for
anyone. No one is good enough
to eat me, for I am... the
Sprinkle Donut!

STORYTELLER

And the Sprinkle Donut turned
his back to Fat Hungry Birdie.

A CHOIR OF ANGELS SINGS A WONDROUS CHORD, and the Sprinkle
Donut turns his back, frowns, and raises his chin towards the
sky. The CHORD stops.

Fat Hungry Birdie hangs her head and looks dejected. Then,
she looks at the audience with puppy dog eyes.

FAT HUNGRY BIRDIE

Aww.

Fat Hungry Birdie and the Storyteller gesture to encourage
the audience to join in.

STORYTELLER AND FAT HUNGRY
BIRDIE

Awww.

THE SPRINKLE DONUT
(to the audience
and/or
Storyteller)
Don't encourage her! My mind
is made up.

Fat Hungry Birdie hops closer to the Sprinkle Donut.

FAT HUNGRY BIRDIE
(so sadly)
But... what if I only eat half
of you?

THE SPRINKLE DONUT
No.

FAT HUNGRY BIRDIE
Just... one bite? A tiny
little nibble?

THE SPRINKLE DONUT
No!

FAT HUNGRY BIRDIE
Just one... tiny... itty bitty
eensy weensy little sprinkle?

The Sprinkle Donut considers this.

THE SPRINKLE DONUT
(sighs)
Fine. But just one. And make
haste, will you?

The Sprinkle Donut turns to face Fat Hungry Birdie.

Fat Hungry Birdie licks her beak. Her head bobs as she
considers which sprinkle to eat.

FAT HUNGRY BIRDIE
Which one should I pick?
There's pink... and blue...
and white--

THE SPRINKLE DONUT
(irritated)
Just pick one! They all taste
the same!

Fat Hungry Birdie hops from foot to foot. She can't decide.

FAT HUNGRY BIRDIE
I can't decide!

STORYTELLER
Just then, an old lady
appeared.

The LITTLE OLD LADY, hunched and walking with a cane, toddles on stage, and walks through the door and into Tim Hortons. She stops when she sees the Sprinkle Donut.

They make eye contact. The Little Old Lady smacks her lips. The Sprinkle Donut jerks back in alarm.

LITTLE OLD LADY
Ooo. Sprinkles.

THE SPRINKLE DONUT
Oh, wretched Fate!

The smiling Barista steps back onto the stage.

BARISTA
May I help you?

LITTLE OLD LADY
I'll have the Sprinkle Donut,
please.

The Little Old Lady tosses the Barista a toonie. The Barista bows to the Little Old Lady, and happily leaves the stage.

The Little Old Lady grabs the Sprinkle Donut, and slowly pulls him towards the door. He has no choice but to follow.

THE SPRINKLE DONUT
Oh, help! Will no kind soul
intercede to rescue me?

The Little Old Lady arrives at the door. Fat Hungry Birdie hops forward and gapes. She's so sad, and so hungry!

FAT HUNGRY BIRDIE
Peep?

The Little Old Lady turns and notices Fat Hungry Birdie.

LITTLE OLD LADY
Aww. Are you hungry, Birdie?

FAT HUNGRY BIRDIE
(nods in the
affirmative)

Peep.

LITTLE OLD LADY
You want to share my delicious
donut?

FAT HUNGRY BIRDIE
(hopeful)

Peep!

The Little Old Lady leans in.

LITTLE OLD LADY
Get your own, Fatty!

The Little Old Lady bites the Sprinkle Donut.

THE SPRINKLE DONUT
Ow! Fuck off! "Help, help," I
say.

Fat Hungry Birdie gets mad! She hops over, and pecks the
Little Old Lady's foot.

LITTLE OLD LADY
Ow!

The Little Old Lady releases the Sprinkle Donut and falls
over. A breaking bone makes a sickening CRUNCH.

LITTLE OLD LADY (CONT'D)
My hip!

The Little Old Lady flounders, but she can't get up. The
Barista rushes over to help.

Fat Hungry Birdie seizes the Sprinkle Donut with one wing,
and with the other wing, she flies out the open door.

FAT HUNGRY BIRDIE
Woo hoo!

Fat Hungry Birdie and The Sprinkle Donut land safely on the
sidewalk.

THE SPRINKLE DONUT
Oh, thank you for saving me,
Fat Hungry Birdie!

FAT HUNGRY BIRDIE
 "Saving" you? I just didn't
 want to share.

Fat Hungry Birdie violently rends the donut. Bits fly everywhere as The Sprinkle Donut shrieks in mortal agony.

THE SPRINKLE DONUT
 Aaaagh, no, stop, aaaaaaaaagh!

The Barista and the Little Old Lady cringe in horror. The Storyteller smiles.

The donut is torn to crumbs. The Sprinkle Donut himself expires... loudly, dramatically, and tragically.

Fat Hungry Birdie rubs her fat belly, smiles, and looks at the audience.

FAT HUNGRY BIRDIE
 Mmmmm!

Perhaps the audience will also say "Mmmmm." The Little Old Lady and the Barista look at Fat Hungry Birdie, and clutch each other in fear.

The Storyteller smiles at the audience.

STORYTELLER
 Well. The moral of the story
 is, Fat Hungry Birdie is fat,
 because Fat Hungry Birdie is a
 stone-cold, motherfuckin'
 killer.
 (closes book)
 The End.

GO TO BLACKOUT.