

**SITTING DUCKS ON THE SITTING DOCK**

**By**

**Dane Futrell**

# **SITTING DUCKS ON THE SITTING DOCK**

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## **SITTING DUCKS ON THE SITTING DOCK**

**SITTING DUCKS ON THE SITTING DOCK** was originally produced as a site-specific piece by Ghostbird Theatre Company in Fort Myers, Florida. The production took place on an actual loading dock in Florida Gulf Coast University's long-abandoned Buckingham campus. It premiered on November 5<sup>th</sup> of 2021, stage managed by Noelle Horltdt, produced by Jim Brock, and directed by Barry Cavin.

LOUIS.....Alec Taylor  
RICKY.....Dane Futrell  
SHIRLEY.....Lauren Tindle  
SIR.....Josh Needle

# SITTING DUCKS ON THE SITTING DOCK

CAST. 3M, 1F

LOUIS (M) A dock worker. (pronounced “LOU-ee”)  
RICKY (M) A dock worker.  
SHIRLEY (F) Transportation services.  
SIR (M) The boss

TIME: 5 PM. Friday, maybe.

PLACE: The Sitting Dock.

TEXT NOTE: All punctuation, or lack thereof, is intentional and is meant to inform the actors’ delivery.

CASTING NOTE: Cultural diversification and gender bending are encouraged.

COSTUME NOTE: Each character’s face is painted with silent film style makeup. A clownish white, dark eyeshadow and eyeliner, and bright red lips. Louis wears a perfectly fitted blue suit. Ricky wears a baggy, oversized black suit. Shirley wears a 50’s-inspired polka dot dress. Sir wears a fitted black suit with an interesting hat.

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# SITTING DUCKS ON THE SITTING DOCK

*“Subterranean Homesick Blues” by Bob Dylan is heard as the rising lights reveal an aged dock, rusted by time, but clearly well-maintained. A wooden sign marks the playing area as “The Sitting Dock”. On the dock is a bucket sloppily labeled the “soul bucket” in which ducks are piled high inside. Buckets of water fill the area surrounding the dock. The distant clamor of quacking ducks resides overhead. LOUIS and RICKY, two dock workers, struggle to push an awkward wooden chair onstage. Louis nearly falls.*

**RICKY.** Alright. Easy, Lou! Easy.

**LOUIS.** I’m easy, Ricky. I’m easy. You ready?

**RICKY.** Born ready.

**LOUIS.** Alright.

**LOUIS / RICKY TOGETHER.** One... Two...Three! (*They position the chair centerstage.*)

**RICKY.** Wow. Just like that, Louis.

**LOUIS.** Just like that! You wanna test her out, or...?

**RICKY.** I get the honors this time, huh?

**LOUIS.** Yes you do, my friend.

**RICKY.** Wow.

**LOUIS.** Go for it.

**RICKY.** Alright. (*Ricky analyzes the chair.*) Hmm. Let’s see... everything’s even, everything’s clean. Hm...

**LOUIS.** Durable? (*Ricky sits on the chair.*)

**RICKY.** Real-deal durable. (*Ricky knocks on the chair.*) Sounds good, looks good.

**LOUIS.** How’s it *feel*, though? (*Ricky slumps in the chair.*)

**RICKY.** Amazing.

**LOUIS.** Wow. Good job today, Ricky, really.

**RICKY.** Wow.

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**LOUIS.** Hopefully this is enough to please Sir.

**RICKY.** *Wow. (A moment.)*

**LOUIS.** What is it?

**RICKY.** I think... I think I just had an epiphany, Louis.

**LOUIS.** Really?

**RICKY.** Yeah. It's like I just peeled back another little layer of reality, man.

**LOUIS.** Well, it sure has been a while since the last one, hasn't it?

**RICKY.** Forget a while. Try an eternity, Louis. I forgot what this felt like, it's been so long.

**LOUIS.** Must be something about today, man.

**RICKY.** That's right.

**LOUIS.** I mean, there are *a lot* of souls falling today, Ricky, so—and, you know, when the number is real good, you start getting those little ideas.

**RICKY.** Big ideas, Louis. Big ideas!

**LOUIS.** Yeah, yeah, big ideas-- what's the epiphany, though?

**RICKY.** It dawned on me that we do *amazing* work here, Louis! (*A moment.*)

**LOUIS.** You didn't know that already?

**RICKY.** 'Course I knew, but I never thought on it, really. You know, it's just nuts. We're the best, Louis. We are the best.

**LOUIS.** Right.

**RICKY.** I don't think anyone, or any-*thing* could do half as good a job as we do here.

**LOUIS.** Well...

**RICKY.** You agree with that, or...?

**LOUIS.** Of course. Absolutely. Yes. Well, no. Well, yes. Maybe. Ahem. (*Louis splashes his face with water from a bucket as Ricky looks on, concerned.*) This water is so fresh, Ricky.

**RICKY.** What-- it's been sitting there forever.

**LOUIS.** Like bathing in the Alps, man.

**RICKY.** Not really—hey, what did you mean “maybe” back there, Louis?

**LOUIS.** Back where.

**RICKY.** Here.

**LOUIS.** Maybe?

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**RICKY.** Yes.

**LOUIS.** When did I say that.

**RICKY.** Just now.

**LOUIS.** I didn't say anything just now.

**RICKY.** You said--

**LOUIS.** *You're* saying things just now-- well, *I'm* saying things just now, now. Now—wait, what—

**RICKY.** I said “we're the best” and you said “maybe”. Sounded like you meant something by it, too, if I'm not mistaken.

**LOUIS.** Maybe I did. (*Louis continues splashing his face with water.*)

**RICKY.** You don't think we're the best workers out here, Louis?

**LOUIS.** I didn't say that.

**RICKY.** But is it a thought?

**LOUIS.** We're the only ones out here, Ricky, so I guess, yes, by default, we're the best. But--

**RICKY.** Something wrong with being the best by default?

**LOUIS.** Again, I didn't say--

**RICKY.** Everything is by default if you really think about it, Louis.

**LOUIS.** I mean, not really at all, but sure. (*Louis checks his nonexistent watch.*)

**RICKY.** What time you got over there, buddy?

**LOUIS.** Fiiiiiiiive on the dot!

**RICKY.** Crazy how some things never change, huh?

**LOUIS.** Just crazy.

**RICKY.** But that's how we like it, right?... Right?

**LOUIS.** Right...

**RICKY.** Well, our work for the day is done.

**LOUIS.** Sure is.

**RICKY.** What should we do now?

**LOUIS.** What *can* we do now?

**RICKY.** We can, uhm... uhm.

**LOUIS.** We can get back to work.

**RICKY.** Great idea.

**LOUIS.** Let's do it.

**RICKY.** Wait. I've just had another epiphany, Louis.

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**LOUIS.** Oh no.

**RICKY.** And we're gonna play a little game with it, how does that sound?

**LOUIS.** Oh no.

**RICKY.** I'm gonna ask you a question and you're gonna be real confused about it, okay?

**LOUIS.** What.

**RICKY.** You ready?

**LOUIS.** No.

**RICKY.** What is silence, Louis?

**LOUIS.** ... I don't like this game, Ricky.

**RICKY.** Silence speaks volumes, Louis.

**LOUIS.** Not rea—what?

**RICKY.** Doesn't that just make sense?

**LOUIS.** No. No. Silence doesn't speak at all, Ricky. It's actually pretty quiet.

**RICKY.** Silence is a straight line. Words and everything else, a bunch of circles, man. (*Ricky waves his arms around in circles.*)

**LOUIS.** What.

**RICKY.** We talk ourselves in circles, never make any progress. Wonder what would happen if we just let the silence speak a bit.

**LOUIS.** What, and not talk?

**RICKY.** Yes!

**LOUIS.** Everything would be meaningless, Ricky!

**RICKY.** Exactly! Meaningless is great, and silence is even better, don't you agree with that?

**LOUIS.** No!

**RICKY.** Let's give it a try! (*Silence. Ricky erupts into a scream and runs around in a circle.*)

**LOUIS.** I *really* don't like this game, Ricky.

**RICKY.** I've just had another epiphany!

**LOUIS.** Slow down, man. You're gonna erupt or something. (*Ricky stops running and hears the silence.*)

**RICKY.** You hear that silence?

**LOUIS.** Does anyone really hear silence?

**RICKY.** It's just another word, Louis.

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**LOUIS.** Silence is *between* the words, though.

**RICKY.** But the *word* silence.

**LOUIS.** There's a word for everything!

**RICKY.** But is there a word *for* everything?

**LOUIS.** Yes. "Everything". Everything is the word for everything, and there's also a word for everything. It's how we get our point across.

**RICKY.** Our point?

**LOUIS.** Yes.

**RICKY.** I don't think I have one of those.

**LOUIS.** What? Yes, you do.

**RICKY.** What is it.

**LOUIS.** I don't know. I can't even tell you what mine is.

**RICKY.** So you don't have one either, huh?

**LOUIS.** No, no, I'm sure I have one, I just don't know what it is. I'm not an expert on all things point and purpose, Ricky.

**RICKY.** Good! Experts are useless. Imagine dedicating your life to one thing, and one thing only! Couldn't be me. (*Ricky splashes his face with water. Louis looks to the dock, and then to Ricky.*) What? (*A duck suddenly plummets from the sky and splats on the ground, dead.*) What's that, six-fifty-three?

**LOUIS.** I believe so.

**RICKY.** Six-fifty-three! (*Louis takes out a pad of paper, then marks it with a pen.*)

**LOUIS.** Six-fifty-three. Got it.

**RICKY.** Good. (*Louis puts the duck in the soul bucket. Ricky produces a piece of stale bread, takes a single bite of it, and throws it offstage.*)

**LOUIS.** Hey, maybe that's your point.

**RICKY.** (*Full mouth.*) What?

**LOUIS.** Taking a bite and tossing the rest!

**RICKY.** Some point that is, Louis. And I guess I'm pointless now!

**LOUIS.** How do you figure that.

**RICKY.** I'm stuffed. My point is gone!

**LOUIS.** You bit it once, Ricky.

**RICKY.** All this, points... It's more trouble than it's worth, you know that?

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**LOUIS.** Ricky.

**RICKY.** Forget it. I'll just starve to death. (*Ricky splashes his face with water.*)

**LOUIS.** Hey, maybe that's it!

**RICKY.** What.

**LOUIS.** You don't want to starve, right?

**RICKY.** I just said quite the opposite, but--

**LOUIS.** You don't want to die, Ricky. You're avoiding death all the time just by living. Maybe-- That's it! Avoiding death, Ricky, that's gotta be the point, right?

**RICKY.** We're already dead, Louis.

**LOUIS.** ... Oh, yeah.

**RICKY.** Been that way, too, for way longer than we were alive. If there is a "point" or whatever, Louis, it's probably to just keep on going. Continue on.

**LOUIS.** Continue on?

**RICKY.** Yes, continue on, until...

**LOUIS.** Until what?

**RICKY.** Until you can't. Until it's done.

**LOUIS.** Until what's done.

**RICKY.** This.

**LOUIS.** And this is...?

**RICKY.** Think of it this way, okay?

**LOUIS.** Uh-huh.

**RICKY.** Every day we're here.

**LOUIS.** Right.

**RICKY.** And it's the same old, same old, right?

**LOUIS.** It's our job.

**RICKY.** Same thing every day.

**LOUIS.** It's our *job*, Ricky.

**RICKY.** No. It's our *passion*.

**LOUIS.** I don't know about that.

**RICKY.** And all we can do is continue on. You know why? Because *We Are The Dock*. You hear that?

**LOUIS.** We are the dock.

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**RICKY.** No, no. *We Are The Dock*, you see? That's the point, Louis! We will continue to be the dock until it is a dock no more.

**LOUIS.** Then what happens. (*A moment.*)

**RICKY.** Hey, wait a minute.

**LOUIS.** What.

**RICKY.** Are we keeping points here?

**LOUIS.** What.

**RICKY.** Are we keeping track of our points? How many points have we scored so far?

**LOUIS.** None! Oh... we're not talking about those kinda points, Ricky!

**RICKY.** What kinda points are we talking about?

**LOUIS.** Not the scoreboard kinda-- Listen. Okay? (*Louis points to Ricky.*)  
*You said you didn't have a point.*

**RICKY.** Don't point at me. (*Louis points to himself.*)

**LOUIS.** *I'm* trying to help you find it. That's all.

**RICKY.** Hey, don't point at me, mister! With your pointy little finger.

**LOUIS.** I'm trying to prove a point, Ricky! Point you in the right direction. It's proving to be pointless at this point in time, but--

**RICKY.** What's your point, Louis?

**LOUIS.** I don't know! (*A duck plummets to the ground.*)

**RICKY.** Six-fifty-four! (*Louis marks the pad.*)

**LOUIS.** Six-fifty-four. Got it. (*Ricky puts the duck in the soul bucket.*)

**RICKY.** Louis.

**LOUIS.** Ricky.

**RICKY.** What else have you ever done with your life?

**LOUIS.** That's a loaded question... What else have I done with my life? Uhh... Well, I, uh... fell from the sky. That's definitely something I did... I landed here... I, uh... I made a name for myself!

**RICKY.** No.

**LOUIS.** What.

**RICKY.** Sir gave you that name.

**LOUIS.** But I made it mean something.

**RICKY.** What's it mean.

**LOUIS.** Well-- hold on a second, Ricky, how do *you* know what *my* life's work is?

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**RICKY.** Because I've been by your side the whole time, dummy. How many years have we been working on this dock? Me and you.

**LOUIS.** We still going by years here?

**RICKY.** For continuity's sake, yes.

**LOUIS.** Well, a bunch, man. A bunch of years.

**RICKY.** Give me a number.

**LOUIS.** I can't. Can you? (*A moment.*)

**RICKY.** A bunch, then.

**LOUIS.** Oh, god!

**RICKY.** What.

**LOUIS.** I don't remember how long we've been doing this.

**RICKY.** Don't be a nervous wreck. It's a good thing! What's a couple years mean?

**LOUIS.** Years? It hasn't been just years. It's been lifetimes, Ricky, eternities!

**RICKY.** Well, you know it's your life's work when you can't remember anything else, right?... Right?... (*Louis submerges his head in one of the water buckets.*)

Oh, what? Why are you so worried? What's there to be worried about?

**LOUIS.** I have no idea! That's why I'm worried.

**RICKY.** Oh, please! You're a funny case, you know that? When I was alive, every nervous wreck I knew was so scared of death. And now that I'm dead, my only friend is scared to *death of life*... Don't get caught up, Louis. You have the rest of forever to worry!

**LOUIS.** This isn't helping at all.

**RICKY.** What's the matter, Louis? You can talk to me.

**LOUIS.** All this worrying and talking about points... got me thinking back to the whole astral projection thing.

**RICKY.** Astral projection thing?

**LOUIS.** Yes. In between life and death... zipping past galaxies... stars bursting and reassembling... the lifespan of the universe captured into both one small millisecond and the longest eternity... The essence of life abiding by no constructs...

**RICKY.** Louis!

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**LOUIS.** Every color you could ever imagine... Experience expanding beyond an emotional spectrum... It was real, I experienced it.

**RICKY.** Louis!

**LOUIS.** But it seemed so... *next* to real. Not fake, but not all the way real either... Maybe that's what forever really means.

**RICKY.** That was like nine epiphanies!

**LOUIS.** That was just common sense, Ricky.

**RICKY.** Whatever. Mine, my "astral projection" thing-- mine was blackness, man. Pure blackness. Only thing I remember afterward is falling from the sky, screaming my lungs out, looking back and forth between the ground and you, who I recognized instantly for some reason, and then I lost all my stuff! I mean, look at what I'm wearing!

**LOUIS.** I didn't lose my stuff.

**RICKY.** I know. You look great.

**LOUIS.** And then the ducks?

**RICKY.** Oh, the ducks!

**LOUIS.** A massive flock, man. Never seen anything like it.

**RICKY.** They were covering the whole sky! Couldn't even see the ground when we looked down, there were so many.

**LOUIS.** Definitely took a couple with us by accident.

**RICKY.** Oh, for sure.

**LOUIS.** And then when we crash-landed and looked up, the sky wasn't even blue. It was just duck-white, or duck-gray.

**RICKY.** And then *Sir*. The man in the hat showed up instantly.

**LOUIS.** For the greater good, he did, yes.

**RICKY.** He was waiting for us. Waiting for--

**LOUIS.** He gave us the job. It was beautiful!

**RICKY.** *We* made it beautiful. Sir practically did nothing. Don't forget that. *(A duck plummets to the ground.)* Six-fifty-five! *(Louis marks the pad.)*

**LOUIS.** Six-fifty-five. Got it.

**RICKY.** We might just break the record today after all!

**LOUIS.** You, you think so? Really?

**RICKY.** I mean, we're right on track. Shirley won't be able to contain herself.

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**LOUIS.** I don't know, Ricky. Whenever we break a record, we just add more weight to her wheelbarrow, you know?

**RICKY.** Isn't it great?

**LOUIS.** No. I feel bad. She doesn't have anybody like you and I have each other.

**RICKY.** She is a lone gun, Louis-boy. Always has been, always will be. *(Louis chuckles.)* What.

**LOUIS.** Not always.

**RICKY.** *(Sarcastic.)* Ha Ha.

**LOUIS.** Sorry, sorry, I had to.

**RICKY.** No, no. You're right. *(Ricky enters storyteller mode.)* Oh, there was a time when--

**LOUIS.** You don't have to talk about it.

**RICKY.** I'm clearly okay with talking about it.

**LOUIS.** Is that why she ended things with you, Ricky? She was a lone gun, wanted to work alone?

**RICKY.** Way to cut to the end of the story, Louis.

**LOUIS.** I've heard it a million times. I practically know it word for word.

**RICKY.** You tell it, then.

**LOUIS.** Okay... there was a time when you wanted her in your life, and she didn't want you. I'm pretty sure that's it.

**RICKY.** Your rendition sucks.

**LOUIS.** Your rendition is sad and long!

**RICKY.** Life is sad and long! The people want to know the details!

**LOUIS.** What people?

**RICKY.** The, the—

**LOUIS.** And what details?

**RICKY.** The sad and long ones!

**LOUIS.** You need to tell a new story, Ricky. You also need to ask her that question of yours that's been brewing in your head for a while now.

**RICKY.** What I need to do is none of your concern.

**LOUIS.** She's due to come around soon, man. You better ask her before she loses interest.

**RICKY.** You think she's still interested?

**LOUIS.** Only one way to find out, yeah?

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**RICKY.** I will... consider it-- Anyway, you can go back to worrying about forever, mister, instead of worrying about me forever. (*The ducks quack overhead. Ricky looks to the sky.*) You think they're talking smack?

**LOUIS.** Who, the ducks?

**RICKY.** Yes, the ducks.

**LOUIS.** Why would they talk smack, Ricky?

**RICKY.** They heard my little story and think they're more man than I am.

**LOUIS.** You think they can talk?

**RICKY.** In their little language, yeah, sure.

**LOUIS.** They quack, Ricky.

**RICKY.** To us they quack, but those quacks could mean anything to them.

**LOUIS.** They're probably just having a little chat. (*The quacking intensifies.*)

**RICKY.** They're talking smack, Louis!

**LOUIS.** They're quacking smack, if anything!

**RICKY.** You're a quack.

**LOUIS.** You're *on* quack. What are you gonna do about it, if they are talking smack?

**RICKY.** I'm gonna stand here and be real mad about it.

**LOUIS.** Well, you're doing fantastic.

**RICKY.** What was that story Sir used to tell, Louis?

**LOUIS.** Which one? He's got plenty.

**RICKY.** The one with the ducks and the souls.

**LOUIS.** I believe it was called "The Ducks and the Souls."

**RICKY.** Mhm.

**LOUIS.** The story goes... the ducks, the ducks that fly way overhead...

**RICKY.** The ducks that talk smack!

**LOUIS.** Sure. Their bodies are connected to the living souls on Earth. So, when someone on Earth dies, or-- I forget the phrase that Sir used.

**RICKY.** Gives in.

**LOUIS.** Yes! When a human gives in, a duck takes a fatal dive. (*Louis puts the duck in the soul bucket.*)

**RICKY.** A swan dive, if you will. (*They chuckle.*)

**LOUIS.** Yes. And they never come back. We collect 'em and Shirley sends 'em away. The life cycle in action-- or death cycle, I guess.

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**RICKY.** You think all that's true?

**LOUIS.** Of course. It's self-evident. Ducks fall, people give in. It's nature! Can't deny nature... Will you stop looking up to the ducks already? They'll stop falling if they know you're giving them attention.

**RICKY.** I'm gonna talk so much smack to the next duck that falls, Louis.

**LOUIS.** I'm sure that'll accomplish so much.

**RICKY.** They'll learn to stop messing with me!

**LOUIS.** They'll stop messing with you as soon as they fall, 'cause they're dead. *(A duck plummets to the ground.)*

**RICKY.** Six-fifty-six! *(Louis marks the pad.)*

**LOUIS.** Six-fifty-six. Got it. Hey, please don't— *(Ricky picks up the duck and talks smack.)*

**RICKY.** Hey there, mister duck man. You need to tell your friends up there to stop—

**LOUIS.** Ricky!

**RICKY.** What? I'm letting 'em know!

**LOUIS.** How are you gonna let 'em know anything? It's dead! Very dead! And it definitely can't let the other ducks know--

**RICKY.** I'm gonna throw it back where it came from.

**LOUIS.** What?!

**RICKY.** For all the ducks to see.

**LOUIS.** You can't mess up the count, Ricky!

**RICKY.** The only thing messed up is how much smack they were talking just now!

**LOUIS.** What about Shirley?! She needs the right numbers!

**RICKY.** I surely don't care! Sayonara, you quack! *(Ricky throws the duck way off stage. A moment as Ricky catches his breath and Louis splashes his face.)* Well that went well, huh?

**LOUIS.** You're a monster.

**RICKY.** I did what I had to do.

**LOUIS.** We're set back by one now. Shirley might have to recount everything because of you.

**RICKY.** It's one duck. Just act like it never happened. We'll be okay!

**LOUIS.** You know, maybe records aren't meant to be broken anymore, Ricky.

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**RICKY.** What.

**LOUIS.** When records are broken they, they, they're not records anymore. They're just statistics. Maybe we should, I don't know, *preserve* them, and be happy with the fact that--

**RICKY.** Preserving what's broken leaves you with pieces. You want pieces?

**LOUIS.** Peace of mind.

**RICKY.** No! We want the whole, man! Listen to me. Every year there is a book dedicated to people breaking records. People want to see the death of the old and the birth of the new. So what if we're one down, Louis? I guarantee we'll have a broken record by the end of the day.

**LOUIS.** You *sound* like a broken record, you know that? (*A duck darts in from offstage and narrowly misses Ricky.*)

**RICKY.** Jesus! (*Louis laughs.*)

I told you they were talking smack, Louis! I told you!

**LOUIS.** Looks like I'm not the only one trying to knock some sense into you, man!

**RICKY.** Whatever. Six-fifty-six. Mark it in your stupid little pad. (*Louis marks the pad.*)

**LOUIS.** Six-fifty-six. Got it. Oh man, that was-- (*Another duck darts from offstage and hits Ricky in the chest.*)

**RICKY.** Agh! What, why, man?! (*Louis laughs.*) It's not funny, Louis! Man... Six-fifty-seven, I guess. Quacks... You know something?

**LOUIS.** Hm?

**RICKY.** Dead things still weigh *a lot*, man. You'd think they'd lose a few pounds on the way down, but--

**LOUIS.** The human condition sure is a heavy load! Hey, you could've ducked... Get it? 'Cause--

**RICKY.** I get it.

**LOUIS.** 'Cause they're ducks.

**RICKY.** I get it. Mark the pad.

**LOUIS.** Okay, okay. (*Louis marks the pad. Ricky puts the ducks in the soul bucket.*) Six-fifty-seven. Got it. (*SHIRLEY enters with her wheelbarrow.*)

**SHIRLEY.** Hey guys!

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**LOUIS / RICKY TOGETHER.** Shirley!

**SHIRLEY.** How goes it, how goes it?

**RICKY.** It goes!

**SHIRLEY.** It does!

**RICKY.** Great to see you.

**SHIRLEY.** Surely. Been a little while, huh? How are the duckies doing?

**RICKY.** Oh, you know, alive and well!

**LOUIS.** Dead.

**RICKY.** Louis.

**SHIRLEY.** What's the count today, huh? Anything crazy?

**RICKY.** I don't know, was it, uh, nine-hundred-something, Louis?

**SHIRLEY.** Wow. That record is no more, huh?

**LOUIS.** We're at six-fifty-seven, actually.

**RICKY.** Louis!

**LOUIS.** It's the truth!

**RICKY.** I must have miscounted. Apologies.

**SHIRLEY.** Six-fifty-seven isn't bad!

**LOUIS.** Could be six-fifty-eight, but Ricky here decided--

**RICKY.** Stop.

**SHIRLEY.** Sir is gonna be real proud of you guys, that's for sure.

**LOUIS.** You think so?

**SHIRLEY.** Oh yeah. Nobody can do it like you guys!

**RICKY.** Awh, thanks, Shirley.

**SHIRLEY.** No problem. Can you help me out real quick, Louis?

**LOUIS.** Yeah, of course. (*Louis transfers the ducks from the soul bucket into Shirley's wheelbarrow.*)

**RICKY.** How's the, uh, wheelbarrow holding up, Shirley?

**SHIRLEY.** Tugging along, or at least she's trying to. Slower by the day, though, I swear. Might have to ditch it here soon and start walking! And, jeez, if you guys keep breaking these records, my back will be breaking, too.

**LOUIS.** Hey, maybe Ricky can start helping you carry the souls to the office, Shirley.

**RICKY.** Hey, that's a great idea right there.

**SHIRLEY.** Ha! Ricky can't even hold himself together.

## SITTING DUCKS ON THE SITTING DOCK

**RICKY.** Huh.

**SHIRLEY.** I'd love to see him hold one of these when it's full of souls.

**RICKY.** I could do it!

**LOUIS.** Okay, Ricky...

**SHIRLEY.** Yeah, okay, Ricky...

**RICKY.** I totally could! I just prefer buckets, is all.

**SHIRLEY.** Is that right?

**RICKY.** Yes. I deal with buckets all day, Shirley! I don't know how I'd fare with a wheelbarrow.

**LOUIS.** He's a real bucket-head, Shirley.

**SHIRLEY.** Ha!

**RICKY.** (*Forcefully.*) Ha Ha Ha! You're hilarious, Louis. Ha Ha-- Hey, Shirley--

**SHIRLEY.** Always a good time with you two.

**RICKY.** Always! Hey, uh—

**SHIRLEY.** You guys hear about that increasing office space?

**LOUIS.** Yes, ma'am!

**RICKY.** What.

**SHIRLEY.** Exciting stuff, right? Could mean big things for us in the future!

**RICKY.** Office space?

**SHIRLEY.** That's right. They're expanding! Isn't that great?

**RICKY.** How'd you find that out?

**SHIRLEY.** Sir told me. Lou knows about it, too.

**RICKY.** He does?

**LOUIS.** Eh, through the grapevine I mighta heard something like that...

**RICKY.** Wonder why he didn't tell me.

**SHIRLEY.** Maybe he forgot.

**LOUIS.** Yeah.

**SHIRLEY.** Or he doesn't want you to know! (*Shirley chuckles. Louis splashes his face with water.*) Just kidding.

**RICKY.** That's really odd.

**SHIRLEY.** Life's really odd, Ricky. Chin up.

**LOUIS.** Yeah, chin up, Ricky.

**RICKY.** It'd just be nice to know when things are happening, guys.

## SITTING DUCKS ON THE SITTING DOCK

**SHIRLEY.** Things are happening all the time.

**LOUIS.** Sure are!

**RICKY.** But, that's not-- I just want--

**SHIRLEY.** Alright, that's that. I gotta get outta here. Hasta la vista, guys. Best of luck. I'll be back soon.

**RICKY.** Wait, Shirley.

**SHIRLEY.** Rack up them duckies!

**LOUIS.** Au revoir!

**RICKY.** Shirley.

**SHIRLEY.** And hey, you know what they say... (*Shirley exits with her wheelbarrow.*)

**RICKY.** (*Ashamed.*) Jesus...

**LOUIS.** So ambiguous, that one, huh?

**RICKY.** I blew it, Louis.

**LOUIS.** Operates in mystery.

**RICKY.** She hates me.

**LOUIS.** She tolerates you. You didn't ask her your question, either.

**RICKY.** I know. I will.

**LOUIS.** When.

**RICKY.** Eventually...

**LOUIS.** Today, Ricky. You can never be sure about tomorrow!

**RICKY.** Pretty sure tomorrow is gonna be more of this, Louis. And if I just come out and bombard her with my question—

**LOUIS.** (*Optimism.*) She'll think you're *desperate*, Ricky!

**RICKY.** Exactly!

**LOUIS.** It's great!

**RICKY.** What?!

**LOUIS.** Everybody's desperate! That's the only way to get what you want. Want it so desperately, and I mean so *desperately*, that people are willing to give it to you just to shut you up.

**RICKY.** I don't want to ruin what I had with her, though.

**LOUIS.** You can't even remember what you had, Ricky.

**RICKY.** I remember it vividly, Louis. It was like a dance that lasted forever.

**LOUIS.** It was two weeks.

## SITTING DUCKS ON THE SITTING DOCK

**RICKY.** Doesn't matter how long it lasted. What matters is what I felt during that time. All I know is what I feel, Lou, same as you.

**LOUIS.** I know more than that, man.

**RICKY.** Yeah?

**LOUIS.** Yeah. I know family, values, and family values.

**RICKY.** You don't have a family.

**LOUIS.** Not yet.

**RICKY.** And you don't want one, trust me. What's a family ever done for anybody anyway?

**LOUIS.** Gave people like us something to live for, Ricky, gave us life!

**RICKY.** Gave us life?

**LOUIS.** Yes! And I have more than what I feel beyond family, too. I have you, I have the dock, I have Sir, I have Shirley.

**RICKY.** I have Shirley.

**LOUIS.** Apparently not! You can't even ask her a question.

**RICKY.** I can, I just haven't yet. And I think Sir has you, not the other way around!

**LOUIS.** It's not ownership. It's mutual. I serve my ends, and he rewards me.

**RICKY.** He throws a bone, and you fetch. And you're glad to do so because you only care about the money anyway, don't you? (*Louis follows Ricky around in circles.*)

**LOUIS.** Why wouldn't I care about the money, Ricky? It's what we work for, isn't it?

**RICKY.** Be proud of the work, Louis, not the reward. We do great work here!

**LOUIS.** Maybe pride isn't in my blood, Ricky.

**RICKY.** It's in the heart.

**LOUIS.** There's blood in your heart.

**RICKY.** Then it's in your head!

**LOUIS.** My head hurts, Ricky! And I don't need pride to make it worse.

**RICKY.** Louis... do you know, do you have any idea, how many workers didn't have what it takes to work here with us? Huh?

**LOUIS.** A whole lot, a whole lot.

## SITTING DUCKS ON THE SITTING DOCK

**RICKY.** A whole lot. That's right. You and me, Louis, we have what it takes, so forget everything else. Forget your family and forget Sir while you're at it.

**LOUIS.** You wanted a family too, Ricky. Don't forget that you weren't always a lone gun, either.

**RICKY.** Don't even start with all that.

**LOUIS.** All those years ago, you were Mr. Family Man. You were *fiending* for a family!

**RICKY.** What did I say?

**LOUIS.** With Shirley, need I remind you of that?

**RICKY.** That was an eternity ago!

**LOUIS.** You wanted a wheelbarrow of your own just to match hers, man.

**RICKY.** It would've been adorable, too.

**LOUIS.** And you wanted to have little Rickies running around with little wheelbarrows so you could teach them your ways. Your weird ways! And you wanted to know so many things. You wanted to know *love*, Ricky. I remember. Now you just want to know the dock, and nothing else! (*Ricky collapses.*)

**RICKY.** The dock is all we have!

**LOUIS.** Your little Rickies could've been star crafters, man.

**RICKY.** Louis.

**LOUIS.** Mountain movers! (*A duck plummets to the ground.*)

**RICKY.** Six-fifty-eight! Thank god. (*Louis marks the pad.*)

**LOUIS.** Six-fifty-eight. Got it... Listen, Ricky, I don't mean to-- (*A duck plummets to the ground.*)

**RICKY.** Six-fifty-nine! (*Louis marks the pad.*)

**LOUIS.** Six-fifty-nine. Got it. Listen, Ricky, I'm just saying, think of the possibilities! Star crafters, mountain movers, construction guys, boat handlers!

**RICKY.** Boat handlers...

**LOUIS.** Yeah!

**RICKY.** Boat handlers...

**LOUIS.** What.

**RICKY.** Haven't heard about them in forever. Wonder what they're up to...

## SITTING DUCKS ON THE SITTING DOCK

**LOUIS.** If I had to guess, probably handling boats. (*Louis puts the ducks in the soul bucket. Ricky rises, thinking.*)

**RICKY.** Louis.

**LOUIS.** What?

**RICKY.** I've just had an epiphany.

**LOUIS.** Oh no.

**RICKY.** I don't think I've ever seen a boat handler, Louis.

**LOUIS.** What makes you say that.

**RICKY.** The fact that I've never seen a boat handler, Louis.

**LOUIS.** It's just been a long time, Ricky. I'm sure they're alright.

**RICKY.** It's not their wellbeing I'm concerned about, Louis! I'm concerned about the reality of it all.

**LOUIS.** The reality.

**RICKY.** Yes.

**LOUIS.** The reality is they have their life and we have ours, Ricky. Some worlds don't collide. That's just how it is.

**RICKY.** All worlds do is collide, Louis. That's what puts things in conversation. (*Ricky paces back and forth, thinking hard.*) No mountain movers, either. No. No memory of them.

**LOUIS.** Well...

**RICKY.** Or star crafters, Louis.

**LOUIS.** Ricky.

**RICKY.** None!

**LOUIS.** We're the dock guys, Ricky. They're the mountain guys and the star guys. Different walks of life.

**RICKY.** Born to be enemies, huh?

**LOUIS.** Well...

**RICKY.** Just like me and Sir!

**LOUIS.** You are not enemies. You work together!

**RICKY.** Even worse. Think about it, Louis. Why have we only seen one doofus from the office in the past eternity, and nobody else besides Shirley?

**LOUIS.** You like seeing Shirley.

**RICKY.** I *love* seeing Shirley! That's not the point.

**LOUIS.** And the office guys are not doofuses, Ricky. Sir is not a doofus.

## SITTING DUCKS ON THE SITTING DOCK

**RICKY.** He's a big ol' doofus!

**LOUIS.** Stop that. You are getting real skeptical over there, Ricky. What happened to all that pride you were harping on earlier?

**RICKY.** Pride isn't my concern anymore.

**LOUIS.** What is.

**RICKY.** Everything else.

**LOUIS.** That's an awful lot to be concerned about.

**RICKY.** What about the construction guys?

**LOUIS.** What about 'em.

**RICKY.** All the buildings around here are falling apart. How can they even be considered construction guys when nothing's even being constructed?

**LOUIS.** They might be expanding the office.

**RICKY.** Have you seen the office yet?

**LOUIS.** Only in my dreams.

**RICKY.** Where is it?

**LOUIS.** Uh... Stop conspiring, Ricky. Sir says it's bad for your brain, okay?

**RICKY.** It's addicting.

**LOUIS.** (*Warning.*) Ricky...

**RICKY.** I feel *strong*, Louis-boy. For the first time things are starting to make sense, I'm making progress!

**LOUIS.** Stop making sense, Ricky. It'll kill ya!

**RICKY.** What should I think about?

**LOUIS.** Think about the dock! It makes no sense!

**RICKY.** I gotta know what these "construction guys" really do.

**LOUIS.** They construct. Sir said they build underwater or something.

**RICKY.** Underwater?

**LOUIS.** Yes.

**RICKY.** How can you build underwater, Louis? It's underwater!

**LOUIS.** They build submarines, don't they?

**RICKY.** Above water they do!

**LOUIS.** Okay! Jeez. I wouldn't know what goes on underwater, Ricky. I work strictly above it.

## SITTING DUCKS ON THE SITTING DOCK

**RICKY.** There is no water around here. There is no *under*-water around here.

**LOUIS.** There's water all around us. We work on a dock. (*Ricky kicks a bucket.*)

**RICKY.** All I see are buckets.

**LOUIS.** There's water in the buckets.

**RICKY.** But--

**LOUIS.** And if there's water, there's underwater.

**RICKY.** Okay, but what's under the underwater? (*Louis splashes the water around.*)

**LOUIS.** Water.

**RICKY.** No. (*Louis splashes the water around.*)

**LOUIS.** Buckets.

**RICKY.** No! I mean the underwater underneath the underwater in the underwater water buckets. (*Louis can't respond.*) I'm gonna check.

**LOUIS.** I don't think that's a good idea, Ricky!

**RICKY.** This might be the first good idea I've ever had.

**LOUIS.** Sir said moving the buckets can get you killed. I thought you didn't want to die!

**RICKY.** Wouldn't be the first time. (*Ricky lifts up one of the buckets. A moment.*) I'm dying, Louis... (*Ricky runs around the stage in a desperate fright. Water splashes from the bucket as Louis chases Ricky around.*)

**LOUIS.** Ricky! Ricky! No! (*Ricky outcries as he continues to run.*) Stop that! Stop! (*Ricky throws the water from the bucket into the audience. A moment. Louis splashes his face with water from one of the other buckets. Ricky looks beneath the lifted bucket and laughs maniacally.*)

**RICKY.** Louis...

**LOUIS.** Ricky...

**RICKY.** All that's here is concrete. Dry concrete.

**LOUIS.** What? There's gotta be a couple drops of water under there.

**RICKY.** Dry as a gosh darn desert! You know what this means, Louis?

**LOUIS.** Not in the slightest.

**RICKY.** It means there might not be construction guys around here, and there might not be any boat handlers out there either, Louis.

**LOUIS.** But Sir said, eternities ago, that--

## SITTING DUCKS ON THE SITTING DOCK

**RICKY.** Sir has said a lot of things, Louis, and I'm starting to sniff out what's what. "Boat handlers". Why are they called boat handlers?

Shouldn't they be called sailors, or captains, or somethin'?

**LOUIS.** I guess he wanted to take the business approach.

**RICKY.** I think he's lying to us. You think he's lying to us?

**LOUIS.** Sir?

**RICKY.** No, Billy McGee down by the river-- Yes, Sir!

**LOUIS.** Oh. No.

**RICKY.** There's nothing underneath the buckets, Louis!

**LOUIS.** Okay?

**RICKY.** This isn't even a lake! We're in a plot of concrete surrounded by abandoned buildings. The only water I see is way over there. Why did we build here, and not over there?

**LOUIS.** Sir told us to.

**RICKY.** Of course he did.

**LOUIS.** But Ricky, the construction guys could be anywhere. They could be across the country.

**RICKY.** Across the country?

**LOUIS.** Yes.

**RICKY.** What country, Lou.

**LOUIS.** The, the... country.

**RICKY.** The "wherever we are" country, huh?

**LOUIS.** Yes, that.

**RICKY.** Yeah, well, we're *nowhere*, Lou. You get that? We're in *nowhere* country.

**LOUIS.** What makes you say that?

**RICKY.** What makes me-- Where are we, Louis? Can you tell me?

**LOUIS.** On the dock!

**RICKY.** And where is the dock?

**LOUIS.** Right here.

**RICKY.** And where is right here?

**LOUIS.** Right here.

**RICKY.** Right here?

**LOUIS.** Well, it definitely isn't over there!

## SITTING DUCKS ON THE SITTING DOCK

**RICKY.** Have you ever seen another worker, with any job, around here ever?

**LOUIS.** Why are you questioning all this now, Ricky?

**RICKY.** It's... It's the epiphanies, Louis... It's awoken something inside me.

**LOUIS.** Enough. I choose to listen to Sir, okay?

**RICKY.** Yeah, so much so you're starting to look like him.

**LOUIS.** Wha-- Don't say that!

**RICKY.** Look at your back. You're growing his hunch!

**LOUIS.** No... (*Louis tries to look at his back.*)

**RICKY.** Soon you'll win limbo games with your eyes closed. And you're tense, Louis! (*Louis tenses up as he performs imaginary limbo.*)

**LOUIS.** Tense?

**RICKY.** Real-deal tense. You're like a rubber statue.

**LOUIS.** What?!

**RICKY.** You're too tense *and* too loose at the same time. (*Louis loosens up.*) You're becoming him!

**LOUIS.** I'm only human, Ricky.

**RICKY.** Ha!

**LOUIS.** Sorry, sorry. More than human. More. But we were all humans at one point, right?... Right?

**RICKY.** Louis, we coulda been anything, man. We coulda been trees, we coulda been clouds, we coulda been--

**LOUIS.** Gods.

**RICKY.** I was gonna say ducks, but sure.

**LOUIS.** We could've been *gods*, Ricky. *Gods.* (*A moment. Ricky laughs.*) What?

**RICKY.** You're a funny guy, Lou. I give you hell all day, but you always know how to put a smile on my face.

**LOUIS.** I wasn't joking. We went from gods to dead dock guys, Ricky.

**RICKY.** A good thing, too! This is probably way easier. (*A duck plummets to the ground.*) Six-sixty! (*Louis marks the pad.*)

**LOUIS.** Six-sixty. Got it. What is the record again, Ricky?

**RICKY.** Six-sixty-six. And don't you forget it. (*Ricky puts the duck in the soul bucket.*)

## **SITTING DUCKS ON THE SITTING DOCK**

**LOUIS.** Six-sixty-six. Got it. We're right there, Ricky.

**RICKY.** We're right there, Louis.

**LOUIS.** ... Is it really *us* that are right there, though?

**RICKY.** What do you mean.

**LOUIS.** Are we the ones even breaking this record? In technical terms, I mean, we do very little. If you think about it, the ducks are the ones that break the record.

**RICKY.** All they do is fall, Louis.

**LOUIS.** All we do is pick 'em up.

**RICKY.** The record wouldn't exist without us, Louis. You and your technical terms can technically swan dive off a cliff, okay? It's an achievement, regardless of--

**LOUIS.** It's a day's work.

**RICKY.** Exactly. Thank you.

**LOUIS.** That's not what I meant.

**RICKY.** And it's not even about the record.

**LOUIS.** What?!

**RICKY.** It's not, really.

**LOUIS.** The record's all you've been talking about all day!

**RICKY.** I'm a changed man.

**LOUIS.** What changed?

**RICKY.** I had a revelation, Lou.

**LOUIS.** A revelation?

**RICKY.** Yes.

**LOUIS.** When.

**RICKY.** Just now.

**LOUIS.** Wha-- What, not an *epiphany* this time?

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