

EXCERPT

PIGEON 2

What are we doing here?

PIGEON 1

Well, I THOUGHT we were going to the fountain, but...

PIGEON 2

No, I mean what are we DOING here?

PIGEON 1

What, like, life and shit? (Thinking) We're... doing our thing. Living that pigeon life. Flying around in big clusters. We're up there, then we're down here. One of us takes off, the rest follow. One of us lands, we all land. Eating free Cheetos. (Pause) Having babies nobody ever sees. It's a short to-do list but, we're pigeons. We're doing us.

PIGEON 2

(Despondent) "Us."

PIGEON 1

What we're meant to do.

PIGEON 2

What we're MEANT to do.

PIGEON 1

(Sensing despondency) Seriously, what's up?

PIGEON 2 hesitates, then forges
ahead.

PIGEON 2

I was talking with this seagull the other day...

PIGEON 1

They're assholes.

PIGEON 2

Whatever. We were talking and in the middle of our conversation, the seagull just... took off.

PIGEON 1

See? Assholes.

PIGEON 2

That's not the poin... anyway, it was the WAY they took off. Not because everybody else was doing it, but just... because they wanted to.

PIGEON 1

Still sounds rude.

PIGEON 2

It wasn't rude, it was... liberating. Just taking off like that, on a whim. Going where their heart leads them...

PIGEON 1

Still rude. Taking off in the middle of a conversation. And we at least WAIT for a pretzel to drop on the ground. They'll snatch food right out of somebody's hand like a... common criminal. The dickheads of the sky. Fuck seagulls.

PIGEON 2

They do more than snatch pretzels.

PIGEON 1

Hardly.

PIGEON 2

They go to sea. It's in their name.

PIGEON 1

They go to "lake." This is Chicago. They should be called lakegulls. Besides, what's out "there?"

PIGEON 2

Doesn't matter. They go. They don't wait around for Cheetos.

PIGEON 1

No, they steal 'em from you like a flapping, squawking thief.

PIGEON 2

That's... ambition. Drive. They have a dream, they go for it. They don't wait until everybody else agrees to do it.

PIGEON 1

(Frustrated) Look, I just wanted to know if we're going to the fountain together later and hang out with the crew.

PIGEON 2

That's my point! "Us." "We." "The crew."

PIGEON 2 grabs PIGEON 1 by the collar... wing? He's intense

What about YOU?

PIGEON 1

Me?

PIGEON 2

You. And me. As individuals. The swooping, the pretzels, the shitting on statues, the Cheetos... That's "us." All of us. But what about just... you?

PIGEON 1 thinking.

PIGEON 1

Just me...? (Thinking)

PIGEON 2

Just you.

PIGEON 1

On a statue?

PIGEON 2

Yes, fine. On a statue. You. No one else. You alone.

PIGEON 1

Alone? (Thinking) Like, everybody else is on one side of the statue and I'm on...?

PIGEON 2

No, I mean NO ONE else around. Nowhere. Not on other side of statue. Nowhere around. Just you.

PIGEON 1

Just me. On a statue.

PIGEON 2

Yes. Just you on a statue. Alone.

PIGEON 1

(Thinking) Shitting?

PIGEON 2

Yes, fine, shitting. But just you shitting on a statue by yourself. You ever wanna just shit on a statue by yourself?

PIGEON 1

Well, I... (Thinking) It'd be a lot of work.

PIGEON 2

You don't have to shit on the WHOLE statue. But yeah, just you. Shitting. Alone.

PIGEON 1

Ok, but... Who shits alone?

PIGEON 2

Well... (Points to "people.") They do.

PIGEON 1

The pretzel droppers?

PIGEON 2

The pretzel droppers, yes. They do a lot of things alone. They sit alone. They eat alone.

PIGEON 1

True. Don't see them fighting each other over a pretzel.

PIGEON 2

And they don't seem to mind. They're together, but... not. That doesn't fascinate you?

PIGEON 1

Only when they're eating pretzels. (Laughs, holds out a "wing" for wing bump) C'mon, up top...

PIGEON 2

I'm serious.

PIGEON 1

(Miffed) Oh, what's "fascinating" about them? They spend most their time trying to avoid each other anyway, going around with their head down, not making a sound.

They can be sitting right next to each other and... nothing.
That's seagull-level rude.

PIGEON 2

OK, but...

PIGEON 1

And when you DO get a sound out of them, ho boy, watch out.
They'll go for HOURS! Just - gagagagagagagagagagaga. Even
when they're holding up those little boxes to their ears,
just gagagagagagagagaga..

PIGEON 2

It's probably something important.

PIGEON 1

And the the smaller ones? Fucking horrible. Laughing like
idiots while they chase us to do who-knows-what to us. And
the bigger ones just smile and cheer them on. "Ooh! You
almost got it, baby! But don't touch! Don't touch! Germs!"
Germs? Fuck you! Fascinating? Hell no.

PIGEON 2

Fine, not everything they do is worth envy but... it's still
different.

PIGEON 1

Meh.

PIGEON 2

They have... variety. We're just this... flickering jumble of
feathers darting back and forth with no... distinction, no
real purpose. THEY have moments of inspiration. Serendipity.
WHIMS! They have whims.

PIGEON 1

Whims?

PIGEON 2

Fucking whims! It's like they'll just think of something and
- boom! - they're off doing it.

PIGEON 1

Right. Like us.

PIGEON 2

NOT like us. We march in lockstep.

PIGEON 1

(Trying to be positive) FLY in lockstep...

PIGEON 2

First of all, mixed metaphor. And second, that makes it worse. We fucking FLY and we use that ability for... what? Chasing down Cheetos. Avoiding getting stepped on.

PIGEON 1

Two very important skills.

PIGEON 2

Well, I want whims. I want randomness. Aspirations. I want the possibility that tomorrow will be different than the day before. I want a purpose bigger than Cheetos.