

MAN 1: (QUIETLY) Are you recording?

MAN 2: (ALSO QUIETLY) Yeah. I'm hiding my mobile under my jacket. We won't be able to film, but we CAN record sound...

MAN 1: Great. This person's a fruitcake.

FRUITCAKE: (HEARD FROM A FEW METERS AWAY) Yeah, you heard. What have you done with YOUR life? All you do is peck and tweet the same thing over and over, whereas people can drive, fly, even go into space!

MAN 1: (NORMAL VOLUME) Now, now, that's enough. What has that poor pigeon done to you?

FRUITCAKE: What's it done to me? It's a damn joke!

MAN 1: Just let it eat bread in peace.

FRUITCAKE: It's not even grateful! You've heard how many times I asked it to say thank you, right?

MAN 1: It can't say thank you!

FRUITCAKE: Right, because it's a damn idiot!

MAN 2: Again, live and let live...

FRUITCAKE: What's nine divided by three... Go on...

...

FRUITCAKE: Ha! Nothing! Not a word!

(COO)

FRUITCAKE: That doesn't count.

MAN 2: Please!

FRUITCAKE: I bet you don't even know what one plus one is!

MAN 2: You try flying then! Without a plane, I mean!

FRUITCAKE: I could use a helicopter...

MAN 2: Try flapping your arms.

FRUITCAKE: You try.

MAN 2: What I'm trying to say is NO man can fly by flapping their arms.

MAN 1: And you can't... Errr...

FRUITCAKE: Ha! That's all you could think of!

MAN 1: Why are you acting like this?

FRUITCAKE: You see how the birds go strutting around like they own the place.

MAN 1: You're paranoid.

FRUITCAKE: Am I? Look...

MAN 2: I don't see it.

FRUITCAKE: Come on.

MAN 2: Do you know what I think you should do?

FRUITCAKE: What?

MAN 2: Take a deep breath and get on with your day.

FRUITCAKE: Say that to the pigeons! All they do is take, take, take! How is THAT living?

MAN 2: They provide us with beautiful songs.

FRUITCAKE: Are you serious?? Cooing isn't beautiful, you're thinking songbirds. I'll show them a beautiful song! Let me just get my phone...

MAN 1: Oh God.

FRUITCAKE: Ok, I'll play it some Bach. Here you go...

(BACH PLAYS)

MAN 1: What are you doing?

FRUITCAKE: THAT'S music. You do understand how complex it is? You know what counterpoint is, right? You understand modulation or at very least harmony? And THEN there's the matter of how the music gets performed!

(BACH STOPS)

MAN 1: You're insane.

FRUITCAKE: Hey, you there. Build me a piano so you can play me a fugue you've composed!

MAN 1: I'm really getting angry with you...

FRUITCAKE: Here, take my pen! Draw a masterpiece!

MAN 2: I get the point.

FRUITCAKE: No you don't. You don't get it at all. Take my pen.

MAN 2: He's actually trying to give a pigeon a pen...

MAN 1: (QUIETLY) You have to film this.

MAN 2: (QUIETLY AGAIN) No, it's too risky.

MAN 1: (BACK TO NORMAL) Ok, You've proved your point. Pigeons can't draw. You win.

FRUITCAKE: I just need to get the pen under its wing, somehow. It keeps trying to get away.

(COOING)

MAN 1: It's trying to get away for a reason.

FRUITCAKE: What?

MAN 1: As I said, I think you're mad.

FRUITCAKE: I'll show you mad! Tweet tweet! Give me bread!

POLICEMAN: What in God's name is going on, here?

MAN 1: He keeps going on about how stupid pigeons are, and how they can't draw or write fugues.

MAN 2: He tried to make a pigeon draw... He tried to give it his pen...

FRUITCAKE: Now I know this looks bad...

POLICEMAN: Yes?

FRUITCAKE: But I'm only doing what any reasonable man would.

POLICEMAN: And that is?

FRUITCAKE: Trying to establish law and order. You love that stuff!

POLICEMAN: Seems like a classic case of pigeon abuse, to me.

FRUITCAKE: Yeah? Well, where's the evidence?

MAN 2: On my phone, I've been recording the whole thing...

FRUITCAKE: Oh. Am... I going to jail?

POLICEMAN: Is this your first offence?

FRUITCAKE: I admit I may have a bit of a reputation, but nothing that's proven...

POLICEMAN: In that case, I suggest community service. You will do 48 hours labour in a zoo.

MAN 1: Who's really winning, here? The animals certainly won't be...

POLICEMAN: Oh, this lunatic WILL change. Unless he wants to go to jail for full-blown pigeon hatred?

FRUITCAKE: I'll be good!

POLICEMAN: Theeeeere we go.

MAN 1: If you say so...

FRUITCAKE: But before I go to the station with you, there's just one thing I want to do...

POLICEMAN: What?

...

MAN 2: He's eating all the bread on the pavement!

FRUITCAKE: How's that make you feel, pigeons?? Huh?? I'M eating stolen food, too!

POLICEMAN: Come on. Don't make things worse.

MAN 2: I can't believe what I'm seeing!

FRUITCAKE: Mmm! So good!

POLICEMAN: I won't enjoy doing this, you know?

FRUITCAKE: What?

POLICEMAN: This.

FRUITCAKE: Ow!