

Extract from Script – The Lonely Flower

By Ann Dalton.
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Narrator

You are listening to the story of the lonely flower. Do you dare to dream?

Are you sitting comfortably? Then I'll begin.

Once upon a time, in a meadow far away, there lived a lonely flower. Each morning she woke to the familiar sounds of the meadow, the birds singing, the great yawn of the old oak tree but her heart was heavy.

Birds

Tweet, Tweet, It's breakfast time

Let's search for some food.

And see what we'll find.

Berries and seeds

On branches so tall,

But worms would be the juiciest of all!

Oak tree

Yawn.....you sure like to wake us up early little birds! My leaves are already starting to dance. Ha, ha!

Breezy Bill

Yeh, Yeh. That's *me* sending your leaves all a flutter! Not even the spider who has 8 left feet would dance along to that lot!

Birds

Breezy Bill, he thinks he's King Kong,
Blowing raspberries all day long.
When he huffs and puffs around rooftops and rafters
Even the three little pigs howl with laughter!

Breezy Bill

I'll blow you lot off to the Sahara desert!

Narrator

Little flower awakened to the familiar sounds of the meadow, but the sweet bird song did not lighten her heart this morning. Even Breezy Bill's antics could not force a smile from her blossoms. She felt so alone. She longed for the company of other flowers, even just one other flower that she

could call her friend. For 3 years now she had lived on this vast lonely meadow, always hoping that other flowers would soon grow up around her

Sun

Do not droop your petals so, little flower. Let my warm rays lift you up on this Summer morning.

Flower

Thank you Golden sun, I do not know what I would do without you.

Breezy Bill

You'll give the Sun a big head gushing over her like that! By afternoon, you'll be begging Breezy Bill to cool off some of her sweltering heat. Look at her taking over the whole sky like she owns it!

Flower

Good morning Breezy Bill.

Breezy Bill

Good morning Flower. I'll be heading off on my morning rounds. Going to catch up with my hoity toity cousin, you know the one who thinks she's the coolest breeze around. None of these country meadows for her.

Flower

Is she the one who blows close to the city?

Breezy Bill

Only the grandest city parks are good enough for her. No getting down and dirty with the wild grass. It has to be rows of cherry blossom trees or pedigree flowers lined up like the Queen's guards.

Birds

Meet Breezy Bill, Blah, blah, blah
And his cousin Miss La – dee dah

Of all the meadows in all the land, You blow into this one Wild Breezy Bill
Ha,ha, ha

Breezy Bill

Birds have their funny beaks on this morning, have they?

Flower

Do take care Bill, won't you?

Breezy Bill

Care! That's just for fluffy young birds who preen their feathers all day long. I am the wreckless, the invincible...the.....