

BIRD BRAINS

**A Preposterous Play
about
Chicken Little
and the
Perils of Postmodernism**

by

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Characters

Chicken Little – Can't help but to think and make sense of things, which is frowned upon by the other birds. Because he often relies on reason and common sense, he is worst student at the Cuckoo Academy for Bird Brains.

Foxy Loxy – Devious and manipulative, Foxy Loxy employs lies and theatrics to the hilt, all in the name of getting a free lunch.

Professor Turkey – Headmaster of the Cuckoo Academy for Bird Brains, Professor Turkey embraces post-modernism, insisting that knowledge is impossible, which is why he teaches the art of non-thinking.

Lucky Duck – Well-meaning, but a little dim. This role can be played by a single actor, or the lines can be divided up between any number.

Lucy Goosey – The best student at the Cuckoo Academy for Bird Brains, a know-it-all who knows nothing. As with the ducks, this role can either be played by a single performer, or the lines can be divided up between a larger gaggle of geese.

Henny Penny - Chicken Little's mother. Concerned and eager to try to understand, though often unable to do so.

Rooster Booster – Chicken Little's authoritarian father. Boastful and cock-sure.

ACT ONE

SCENE ONE

(The lights come up, but it isn't bright yet. It's the early morning hours before dawn in the barnyard. We hear the famous strains of Grieg's "Morning" from Peer Gynt. In the background we see the barn and maybe a silo. Onstage there are hay stacks, some crates, a barrel, and an oak tree. Chicken Little lies alone, sleeping and dreaming.)

CHICKEN LITTLE

(Eyes closed, vocalizing in his sleep) Chickens can't. Can't. Can't. But if I try, I just might...fly! I'm flying! I'm flying! *(He stands, eyes still closed and mimes flying)* I, Chicken Little, am the first chicken to discover flight! I flew the coop! All it took was thinking about it and...Wait, what's happening? We're going down! Everything is dropping! *(Holding an imaginary transmitter to his mouth)* Chicken Little to Earth: Come in, earth! I'm losing altitude! Houston, we have a problem! We're falling! It's not just me, it's everything! Aaaaah! The sky is falling! The sky is falling!

(He awakes with a start. The music stops.)

(to himself) It was only a dream. I thought of a way to fly! We're taught not to think, but in my dream it seemed so...good. *(Yawning, stretching, and looking around)* The sun's almost up. I should be on my way to school. *(Seeing something offstage)* Here comes someone now! But wait, that's not one of my classmates! That's not even a bird! It's...it's...a fox! Hide, Chicken Little, hide!

(Chicken Little hides behind a haystack. We hear Grieg's "In the Hall of the Mountain King" as we see the shadowy figure of Foxy Loxy enter with a flashlight. He sneaks about, making sure he is all alone. He casts his light on every nook and cranny of the barnyard, on crates and barrels and haystacks, but doesn't see Chicken Little. Content that he is alone, he begins talking to himself. The music fades as he begins to speak.)

FOXY LOXY

Here I am, all alone where the birds come to school every morning. But today they're in for a surprise! They're in for...me! Foxy-Loxy, ornithologist and bird connoisseur! After class, they always file out past this oak tree. But this morning, they'll be walking right into the mouth of...Me! Me, the lover of all things feathered! I just love contemplating the variety of birds, all the different species: there's yummy, there's delicious, and oh yes: delectable!

(Just then his flashlight shines at the audience by accident. He gasps and hides behind a barrel. After a moment he peaks out and addresses the audience.)

What are you all staring at? You've never seen a fox before? *(Tiptoeing downstage)* You didn't hear anything I said, did you? It's very important that no one knows I'm here. *(Pointing the flashlight at one particular audience member)* You won't tell anyone, will you? Good. *(Flashing*

light on another audience member) And you, this is all hush-hush, right? I know I can count on everyone here because, well, we're all mammals, right? And we mammals need to stick together! So, remember, not a word.

(We hear the sound of a cell phone)

Is that a phone!? Quick! Silence it before the birds get here!

(It keeps ringing)

If the delicious birdies hear a phone they'll know they're not alone. Whose phone is it? Yours? *(aiming his flashlight at different audience members)* Yours? Whoever has the cell phone, you should know better, you no-good, low-down, good-for-nothing... *(He realizes that it's his own phone)* Oh, wait. *(Reaching in his pocket, he gets his phone out, looks to see who it is, then speaks to the audience.)* Excuse me, I have to take this. *(Answering the phone now)* Hello? Oh, hi mother. I told you not to call me now. I'm in the middle of something. Yes, mother. Yes, I'll be a good boy. Okay, mother. *(Quietly, hoping the audience won't hear him)* I love you, too, mother. Bye!

(To the audience now) Sorry about that. It was, ahem, important business.

(We hear the sound of Rooster crowing. Foxy assumes it's his cell phone and he answers it.)

Mother, I can't talk now!! *(Rooster crows again. He hangs up his phone and addresses the audience)* That wasn't a cell phone, it was a rooster! That rooster wakes them all up every morning. He's an alarm cluck. Get it? "Alarm Cluck!" Ha, ha! Ahem, anyway, they'll be here any minute now. *(Chicken Little peaks out from behind the haystack, unseen by Foxy Loxy)* And I'll be waiting for them to join me for breakfast!! Ha-ha! Now to take my position behind the oak tree! *(Foxy looks about, Chicken Little disappears behind the haystack in the nick of time. Foxy Loxy hides behind the oak tree. After a moment he peaks his head out and addresses the audience one last time)* Remember, not a word! *(And he disappears as the birds begin entering.)*

SCENE TWO

PROFESSOR TURKEY

(From offstage) Right this way, students! Form a single line! And, march!

(The birds begin marching onstage in single file to the tune of Grieg's "Wedding Day at Troldhaugen." During the march, Chicken Little steps from behind the haystack and joins the line of marching birds, between Lucky Duck and Lucy Goosey. They march, while Foxy Loxy spies on them.)

FOXY LOXY

(peeking out from behind the tree) Now that's what I call "poultry in motion!"

(The birds continue to march, following Rooster Booster)

CHICKEN LITTLE

(tapping on Lucky Duck's) Pssst! Duck! You'll never believe what I saw!

LUCKY DUCK

Shh!

(Chicken Little turns around, facing LUCY GOOSEY, and continues marching, but backwards.)

CHICKEN LITTLE

(to Lucy Goosey) Goosey, you've gotta hear this! I...

LUCY GOOSEY

Turn around and be quiet!

(Chicken Little turns around and marches forward again. The march ends with all the birds standing at attention. If the audience applauds here, Foxy Loxy would probably poke out behind the tree and applaud as well.)

PROFESSOR TURKEY

At ease! *(The birds remain in formation, but with a more casual stance. Professor Turkey paces in front of them.)* Good morning, students!

ALL

(in unison) Good Morning, Teacher!

CHICKEN LITTLE

Professor Turkey, I gotta warn everybody! I saw...

PROFESSOR TURKEY

Don't speak out of turn! When I say "Good Morning" there is only one proper response. What is it, Chicken Little?

CHICKEN LITTLE

(frustrated and a little sad) Good morning, teacher.

PROFESSOR TURKEY

That's better. You always were a good egg!

LUCKY DUCK

(aside to Lucy Goosey) Just not all that he's cracked up to be!

CHICKEN LITTLE

Listen, everyone, I think...

(The birds all gasp in horror)

PROFESSOR TURKEY

Think? Did I hear you say "think"? Chicken Little, you should know better!

CHICKEN LITTLE

I'm sorry, Professor Turkey!

PROFESSOR TURKEY

Here at the Cuckoo Academy for Bird Brains students learn how *not* to think. Now, class, did you do your homework?

BIRDS

Yes, Professor!

PROFESSOR TURKEY

Then let us begin. The first question of the day is of a mathematical nature. One plus one equals what?

(Hands go up halfheartedly, but Lucy's goes up strong)

PROFESSOR TURKEY

Lucy Goosey?

LUCY GOOSEY

Three?

PROFESSOR TURKEY

That's a definite possibility. Anyone else? Ducky?

LUCKY DUCK

Well, let's see...One plus one equals...Four hundred and ninety-seven?

PROFESSOR TURKEY

Oh, I can certainly see that.

CHICKEN LITTLE

Listen, I have...

PROFESSOR TURKEY

Chicken Little, we do not speak out of turn. Raise your wing if you have something to share.

(Chicken Little raises his wing.)

PROFESSOR TURKEY

Yes, Chicken Little?

CHICKEN LITTLE

I need to warn everybody! I saw a...

PROFESSOR TURKEY

Chicken Little, you're getting off topic! Try to stay focused. One plus one equals...?

CHICKEN LITTLE

Two. The right answer is two!

PROFESSOR TURKEY

False! Can anyone remind Chicken Little why?

LUCY

(Gesturing to indicate "air quotes") Phrases like "the right answer" are always wrong because there are no "right" or "wrong" answers.

PROFESSOR TURKEY

Thank you, Lucy. Well said.

(Lucy Goosey is very pleased with herself.)

CHICKEN LITTLE

But if I have one wing here and another wing there, and I count them up, I get one, two! Two wings!

(Professor Turkey begins laughing at the absurdity of Chicken Little's answer. The other students join in.)

PROFESSOR TURKEY

I'm sorry, Chicken Little, we shouldn't laugh at your expense. (*Everyone stops laughing and is very serious*) Now then, you say that one plus one equals two? (*The class, as well as the professor, burst out in laughter once again.*) So foolish of you, Chicken Little! Ducky, can you explain why Chicken Little's answer is absurd?

LUCKY DUCK

Here at The Cuckoo Academy for Bird Brains we learn cutting edge philosophy, which has shown conclusively that reason, logic, and thinking are useless in understanding reality.

PROFESSOR TURKEY

Perfectly formulated

LUCKY DUCK

I memorized it from your textbook, Professor!

PROFESSOR TURKEY

Well done, Ducky. Lucy, can you expand on that?

LUCY GOOSEY

Of course, Professor. Thinking relies on so-called (*more air quotes*) "facts" and there are no "facts" as such.

PROFESSOR TURKEY

Brilliant, Lucy Goosey! You see, students, what we may think is "fact" is actually something we perceived with our senses. And our senses deceive! For example, when Chicken Little attempted to THINK his way to the answer of one plus one, what did he do?

LUCKY DUCK

He looked at his wings.

PROFESSOR TURKEY

Precisely! And looks can deceive, convincing us that reality exists and that we can see it, hear it, and feel it. Anyone who says reality exists is a naïve fool. The true intellectual knows that the only answer to the question "Is reality real?" is "I have no way of knowing."

CHICKEN LITTLE

(*not getting it*) But if reality isn't real, then...

PROFESSOR TURKEY

Lucy, earlier you said that there are no right or wrong answers. Can anyone explain why that is so? Chicken Little?

CHICKEN LITTLE

Um, well, let's see. *(Trying to remember the rote answer)* Nothing can be "right" or "wrong" because...um...

(He's stuck; he can't remember. He sits down dejectedly. Lucy Goosey is waving her wing super high in the air, barely able to contain herself!)

LUCY

I know! I know!

PROFESSOR

Lucy?

LUCY GOOSEY

(More air quotes) If there were such a thing as a "right" answer, it would mean that some other answers are "wrong." And because we strive for social harmony, we reject the idea of anyone being "wrong." *(looking at Chicken Little)* The idea that there is a "right" answer is elitist and harms the CGDT community.

CHICKEN LITTLE

CGDT?

OTHER BIRDS

Chicken, Goose, Duck, Turkey!

PROFESSOR TURKEY

Excellent, Lucy.

LUCKY DUCK

Teach, can I get a picture of you with the whole class?

PROFESSOR TURKEY

Oh, marvelous! What a wonderful way to learn something!

LUCKY DUCK

(To everyone now) Okay, birdies! Gather 'round real close, while I get a selfie!

(We hear a portion of Grieg's Gavotte from the Holberg Suite, as all the birds form a very tight clump and pose for the picture taken by LUCKY DUCK.)

CHICKEN LITTLE

(as they're all holding the pose) Everyone, listen! I...

LUCKY DUCK

Smile, everyone! *(Looking at the image on her phone now)* Oh, this came out great! *(Showing LUCY GOOSEY)* Isn't this great?

LUCY GOOSEY

But Chicken Little's not smiling. *(To Chicken Little)* Let's see that beautiful smile of yours.

(The birds all pose for one more picture. This time Chicken Little plasters on a very fake smile.)

LUCKY DUCK

There! *(Looking at the image)* That's fantastic! Isn't that fantastic?!

(All express general approval: "Oh, yes!" "That's terrific!" "Can you e-mail it to me?")

PROFESSOR TURKEY

Attention, class!

(All the birds snap to attention except Goosey, who continues chattering.)

LUCY GOOSEY

...and you should really get permission before you tag someone in a photo. If they don't want all of social media to...*(notices Turkey's stare)* Sorry.

CHICKEN LITTLE

Professor, it's important that...

PROFESSOR TURKEY

Chicken Little, I will give everyone a chance to express themselves at the end of class. Well, students, that was a wonderful educational experience! Here at the Cuckoo Academy we aim to educate through *doing*, and that's just what we did! And now it's time for a short quiz. Are you ready?

BIRDS

Yes, teacher!

PROFESSOR TURKEY

What does an acorn grow into?

LUCY

A giraffe!

PROFESSOR TURKEY

Good! What follows summer?

LUCKY DUCK

Tuesday!

PROFESSOR TURKEY

What brilliant students I have! What are clouds made of?

LUCY GOOSEY

Love!

(The class loves this response, which they vocalize with a sentimental “awww”!)

PROFESSOR TURKEY

And now we’ll move on to the extra credit question. Ready, class?

STUDENTS

Ready!

PROFESSOR TURKEY

Fill in the blank. Zebras have _____?

LUCKY DUCK

Ambition!

PROFESSOR TURKEY

Very good, Ducky! Any other answers? Zebras have...

LUCY GOOSEY

Pajamas?

PROFESSOR TURKEY

Not sure about that. Let’s take a quick poll. Who thinks that zebras have pajamas? *(All raise their wings except Chicken Little.)* Well, clearly you were right, Ms. Goosey, zebras DO have pajamas! What else do they have?

LUCKY DUCK

Dental appointments!

PROFESSOR TURKEY

Yes, indeed. Chicken Little, we haven’t heard from you. Zebras have....

CHICKEN LITTLE

Stripes?

PROFESSOR TURKEY

(clearly bewildered at such a bizarre answer) Well, um, I'm not at all sure about that one. After all, what if the zebra chose to identify as a goldfish? Class, raise your wing if you think zebras have stripes. *(No hands go up.)* As I thought. Everyone did very well on the quiz. *(Looking at Chicken Little)* Or, um, *almost* everyone. Before we finish school for the day, we like to share jokes, which is very educational. Who has a joke to share?

CHICKEN LITTLE

I got one! What happens when a duck flies upside-down? *(beat)* He quacks up! Get it?

LUCY GOOSEY

I'm sorry, but that joke is offensive to ducks! Chicken Little, you should know better than to make such remarks.

CHICKEN LITTLE

Oh, I'm, um, sorry, Lucy Goosey. I thought it was funny. I didn't realize that you'd be offended. But wait, you're not a duck!

LUCY GOOSEY

But I *am* part of the CGDT Community, and we should aim at being more inclusive.

CHICKEN LITTLE

(To LUCKY DUCK) Lucky Duck, my apologies.

LUCKY DUCK

I'm fine. Hey, don't feel bad about that joke. I thought it was funny!

LUCY GOOSEY

But you shouldn't, Lucky! It is offensive to the Duck Community. It's a microaggression. I find it offensive, and I'm not even a duck.

PROFESSOR TURKEY

And I find it offensive, and I'm a turkey!

LUCKY DUCK

I've changed my mind. It's not funny at all. If Goosey thinks it's offensive, and Turkey thinks it's offensive, then there's only one conclusion:

ALL

It's offensive!

LUCKY DUCK

I've been traumatized! What am I to do?

PROFESSOR TURKEY

Here at Cuckoo Academy we provide a Safe Space where you can recover. But instead, since we've all been traumatized by Chicken Little's insensitive remark, let's call an end to the school day, so you can all return home to recover. Class is dismissed!

(The birds begin moving toward the oak tree to exit.)

CHICKEN LITTLE

Everyone freeze! Don't move!

(The birds all turn to look at Chicken Little)

PROFESSOR TURKEY

What's this about, Chicken Little?

CHICKEN LITTLE

Everyone, listen! This is an emergency! Our lives are at stake!

PROFESSOR TURKEY

What is wrong with you, Chicken Little?

CHICKEN LITTLE

Nothing's wrong with me! Listen! I got here early and overheard Foxy Loxy talking to himself.

LUCKY DUCK

Foxy Loxy? The Fox?

CHICKEN LITTLE

Yes, that one. He said he was going to hide behind that oak tree, and when we left school, he'd make one of us into a meal!

(The birds all laugh and shake their heads, saying things like "What a silly story!" or "That Chicken Little says the craziest things!")

PROFESSOR TURKEY

Hold on, students. Maybe Chicken Little is telling the truth. If there is such a thing as "truth," which from my relativistic philosophical stance is highly unlikely. However, there's only one thing to do, and that's to look behind the tree! For if the fox is there, we will see him. And if he's not, we won't. Of course, given that our senses deceive us and logic can't be trusted, it may be that we see him, and he is not there. Or that we don't see him, and that he is. But whatever we decide, the experience will be educational, and that's what the Cuckoo Academy for Bird Brains is all about. So let us look....together!

(To the tune of Grieg's "Anitra's Dance" the birds cautiously make their way to the SR side of the tree. As they do, we see Foxy Loxy sneak to the SL side of the tree. The music fades as Professor Turkey speaks.)

PROFESSOR TURKEY

There is no fox here!

FOXY LOXY

(unable to stifle a sneeze) Achoo!

BIRDS

(mindlessly unaware of who sneezed) Gesundheit!

PROFESSOR TURKEY

Is this where he supposedly said he was going to lie in wait?

CHICKEN LITTLE

Well, he said behind the tree.

PROFESSOR TURKEY

Well, he doesn't appear to be here. However, the concept of "behind" is all relative. From a different perspective, we could now be looking in front of the tree, which would mean that "Behind" the tree is on the other side. Let us proceed to the other side, then! And...

(Once again, we hear Grieg's "Anitra's Dance" as the birds ever-so-cautiously tip-toe their way to the SL side of the tree. Meanwhile, we see FOXY LOXY counter them to the SR side. The music fades as PROFESSOR TURKEY begins to speak.)

PROFESSOR TURKEY

Just as I thought! Not here, either. The fox was not in front of the tree; we found that to be empirically true. It's also empirically true that the fox was not *behind* the tree. Therefore, from all the data we've gathered, we could conclusively conclude that the conclusion is: the fox is not here. However, we cannot trust our own thinking on any metaphysical issue.

LUCY GOOSEY

(aside to LUCKY DUCK) Professor Turkey is so smart! Isn't he smart?

LUCKY DUCK

Definitely! I can't understand a thing he says!

PROFESSOR TURKEY

While our individual thinking should never be trusted, there *is* something we can do. What is that, students?

LUCY GOOSEY

We can put our heads together!

LUCKY DUCK

The more bird brains, the better!

PROFESSOR TURKEY

That's right! The individual mind ought never be trusted, but collectively we can arrive at the truth! So let's vote. Who believes that Chicken Little was lying about the fox? (*He raises his own wing, and all the others follow.*) Then it's settled. Chicken Little lied.

CHICKEN LITTLE

I didn't!

OTHERS

You did!

CHICKEN LITTLE

Didn't!

OTHERS

Did!

CHICKEN LITTLE

But how can you be *sure* I did? Hasn't Professor Turkey taught us that there is no such thing as "truth" and that you can't trust the so-called "facts"? It seems like you're being inconsistent.

PROFESSOR TURKEY

"Consistency is the hobgoblin of small minds."

(PROFESSOR TURKEY saunters out, followed by the other birds, except for CHICKEN LITTLE and LUCY GOOSEY. FOXY LOXY has climbed up into the tree, where he spies on them.)

CHICKEN LITTLE

Everyone's gone except you, Goosey. Do you believe me?

LUCY GOOSEY

Chicken Little, it's no use. Professor Turkey proved that you're lying. My question is WHY did you make up that lie? I think it might be because you are foxiphobic.

CHICKEN LITTLE

Foxi...phobic?

LUCY GOOSEY

It's a hatred for foxes that rises from an irrational fear of them.

CHICKEN LITTLE

But foxes *eat* birds. *Shouldn't* we be afraid of them?

LUCY GOOSEY

That is the foxiphobiest thing I've ever heard. Just because SOME foxes eat birds doesn't mean that *Foxy Loxy* would ever eat one of us! You need to do some serious thinking about this, Chicken Little!
(*LUCY GOOSEY storms out, leaving CHICKEN LITTLE alone.*)

SCENE THREE

CHICKEN LITTLE

Here I thought I was going to save the day. Instead, they think I'm a liar and that I'm Foxiphobic. I can't even tell a joke without offending everyone. And I'm a bad student because I keep thinking there are answers when there are none. How come I never do anything right? One day, they'll see the truth! One day, they'll see me as the true hero I am!

(FOXY LOXY, perched up in the tree, holds an acorn, which is about the size of CHICKEN LITTLE'S head.)

FOXY LOXY

(calling down to CHICKEN LITTLE) Hey! Why did the turkey cross the road?

CHICKEN LITTLE

(Looking around. Where's that voice coming from?) I don't know.

FOXY LOXY

To prove he wasn't chicken! Ha! Watch out for falling acorns!!!

(FOXY LOXY drops the acorn, which can be made of foam, on CHICKEN LITTLE'S head. We hear Grieg's "Papillon" as CHICKEN LITTLE freezes for a moment, then staggers for a bit before plopping down. During this, Foxy Loxy has climbed down from the tree.)

FOXY LOXY

(standing over Chicken Little's prone body) Out like a light! Hmm, now what should it be? Chicken Fricassee? All for me! *(to audience)* But wait! If I eat now, they'll know this chicken was telling the truth. That'll make it hard to ever catch one again. Maybe there's a better plan. Instead of just one chicken, I could have the whole coop! And not just chickens but geese and ducks and turkeys! Instead of just one meal right now, I could have a lifetime of meals, with free delivery! What I need is a plan. One thing I've learned is that they're not afraid of me. Or, they're afraid to be afraid of me. All this time, I never needed to hide and plan in secret. I can be right out in the open! I can show up at their meeting tomorrow, and evidently be warmly welcomed! I'm not sure of all the details yet, but I know this much: There's more than one meal in this. Here come some birds now. I'll wait and introduce myself to them tomorrow!

(FOXY LOXY exits in one direction, while HENNY PENNY and ROOSTER BOOSTER enter from another.)

ROOSTER BOOSTER

Look! There he is!

HENNY PENNY

What happened to our poor little chick?

(CHICKEN LITTLE starts to stir)

ROOSTER BOOSTER

He's waking up!

CHICKEN LITTLE

(still asleep, dreaming) Down, down. Everything...is...The sky is falling! The sky is falling!

(CHICKEN LITTLE wakes with a start.)

ROOSTER BOOSTER

What'd you say, Li'l Chick?

CHICKEN LITTLE

Whew. It's nothing. I just said, "the sky is falling"

HENNY PENNY

(noticing CHICKEN LITTLE's head) Oh, dear, you've got quite a bump on your head! My poor baby!

ROOSTER BOOSTER

How'd that bump get there?

CHICKEN LITTLE

I don't know. I was just standing here, when...

ROOSTER BOOSTER

"The sky is falling," that's what you said!

CHICKEN LITTLE

Yes, but that was just a nightmare.

HENNY PENNY

Oh, honey that *must've* been a nightmare. Think of that! A chunk of sky just falling down and knocking you out!

ROOSTER BOOSTER

If one piece of sky could come loose, there may be others! We should find shelter!

HENNY PENNY

(panicking) Oh, dear! Let's warn the others! The sky is falling! The sky is falling!

ROOSTER BOOSTER AND HENNY PENNY

The sky is falling!

(We hear Grieg's "March of the Gnomes" as the three of them seek shelter. They run to a spot, feel safe for an instant, then look up and see the sky, which causes them to run in terror to another location. Finally, they end up where they started, under the oak tree. The music fades as Rooster begins to speak.)

ROOSTER BOOSTER

There isn't anywhere that's safe. There's sky everywhere, just waiting to fall down on us!

CHICKEN LITTLE

But wait, the sky isn't falling! I was just...

HENNY PENNY

It's okay my little one! The sky won't fall on you again. You'll be safe under my wing!

(LUCKY DUCK enters)

LUCKY DUCK

What's all the commotion!?

HENNY PENNY

My little baby has been injured!

ROOSTER BOOSTER

Due to a natural disaster!

LUCKY DUCK

What, an earthquake? A tidal wave?

ROOSTER BOOSTER

Try not to panic, Ducky. Remain calm. Chicken Little, why don't you explain it, in your own words?

CHICKEN LITTLE

Well, I was standing under the oak tree, when...

ROOSTER BOOSTER

(interrupting) The sky is falling!

LUCKY DUCK

(looking up) Well, it seems to be in place.

HENNY PENNY

My poor baby got hit on the head by a piece of it!

LUCKY DUCK

(still looking up) It doesn't seem to be falling, but we can't know for sure until we hear everyone else's opinion. *(Shouting offstage)* Lucy Goosey, come here quick!

LUCY GOOSEY

(entering) What is it? What's all the fuss!?

ROOSTER BOOSTER

Try not to panic, Goosey. Remain calm!

LUCY GOOSEY

Panic?

HENNY PENNY

Chicken Little, dear, tell Goosey what happened.

CHICKEN LITTLE

Well, actually, I think it was just...

HENNY PENNY

The sky is falling! Run for your lives!!

(There's a quick reprise of Grieg's "March of the Gnomes" for another round of dodging the very dangerous sky. They end up right where they started, under the oak tree.)

ROOSTER BOOSTER

That was a close call! I actually saw a bit of sky falling right down on me!

HENNY PENNY

Poor dear! What did it look like?

ROOSTER BOOSTER

It looked...Spooky!

LUCKY DUCK

(shivering) This gives me the creeps! Look, I've got goose bumps!

LUCY GOOSEY

"Goose Bumps"?!?! That's offensive, especially coming from a duck. It's one thing if someone from the Goose Community uses that expression, but it's unacceptable otherwise.

LUCKY DUCK

But, look! I really *do* have goose bumps!

LUCY GOOSEY

There you go again! A duck having goose bumps is cultural appropriation!

LUCKY DUCK

Hunh?

LUCY GOOSEY

If you must use that phrase, please alert us ahead of time by saying, "Trigger Warning."

LUCKY DUCK

"Trigger Warning"?

LUCY GOOSEY

That lets those of us who may be offended prepare for the emotional trauma .

ROOSTER BOOSTER

We've no time to dither! The sky is falling!

PROFESSOR TURKEY

(entering) Did I just hear you say the sky is falling? That's ridiculous! Who started this crazy rumor?

ROOSTER BOOSTER

Well, Chicken Little here said that...

PROFESSOR TURKEY

I ought to have known. Chicken Little told a lie in class today. And now this!

CHICKEN LITTLE

Mom, Dad, listen! I think you've got it all wrong! The sky ...

HENNY PENNY

Not another word about the sky, honey! It will frighten your father!

LUCKY DUCK

And it gives me, um, Trigger Warning: Goosebumps!

(All concur, looking at their wings. "yes, me too!" "It's creepy, isn't it?" "spooky!" They are all talking at once.)

ROOSTER BOOSTER

So, it's clear to you all now, I hope, that the sky is falling.

LUCKY DUCK

Well, I'm not sure. Are you, Goosey?

LUCY GOOSEY

Oh, I'm sure of it! I know because when I heard it my heart started pounding. Why would I have that kind of emotional reaction if it wasn't true? And look how scared Rooster Booster is. Would he be scared if it weren't true? We gotta trust our feelings!

PROFESSOR TURKEY

I think it's nonsense. Who ever heard of the sky falling!?

CHICKEN LITTLE

Ducky, you don't think the sky is falling, do you?

LUCKY DUCK

How am I supposed to know? Some say it is and others say it isn't.

HENNY PENNY

Turkey, if the sky *isn't* falling, how do you explain this?

(She grabs CHICKEN LITTLE and shows the top of his head to PROFESSOR TURKEY)

PROFESSOR TURKEY

Looks to me like a chicken.

HENNY PENNY

But what about the, um...Trigger Warning: bump?

(PROFESSOR TURKEY examines the bump while LUCY GOOSEY corrects HENNY PENNY)

LUCY GOOSEY

Oh, Henny, you don't need to use a trigger warning for a mere "bump." It's only when it might refer to the plight of a given subset of the bird community that you would need a trigger warning. Make sense?

(Henny is confused.)

PROFESSOR TURKEY

Well, that is indeed a bump on the head. And, as a point of fact, we cannot determine that it was NOT caused by the sky falling on him. It *could* have been caused by the sky falling. That is within the realm of possibility, as is anything. Therefore, given the empirical data as well as the impossibility for a subjective consciousness to know objective reality, I'd have to conclude that...this will be settled by a vote. All those who believe the sky is falling, say "Aye".

ALL

Aye!

PROFESSOR TURKEY

And all those who don't believe the sky is falling, say, "Nay!"

ALL

Nay!

PROFESSOR TURKEY

I declare a tie, which indicates a philosophical dilemma. Alert the media!

(LUCKY DUCK gets out a cell phone)

LUCKY DUCK

Hello, Five O'Cluck News? I'd like to report the possibility of the sky falling! *(Listens)* Tell you everything we know? Okay, um...well, Chicken Little has a bump on his head.

HENNY PENNY

It knocked him out!

LUCKY DUCK

(into cell phone) It knocked him out!

ROOSTER BOOSTER

He woke up saying, "The sky is falling."

LUCKY DUCK

(Into cell phone) He woke up saying, "The sky is falling." *(listens)* No, I think that's all we know. Thank you! *(LUCKY DUCK puts phone away and speaks to everyone.)* We're going to be on the news, everyone!

LUCY GOOSEY

I'll go get a paper! *(Exits)*

HENNY PENNY

(looking at a device) There's something already on my Facebeak feed: It says, "There are reports of the sky falling!"

ROOSTER BOOSTER

(who has put earbuds in) The radio is running the story. *(listens)* It says, "Though unconfirmed, a strong consensus is forming that confirm the sky is falling!"

LUCKY DUCK

(looking at phone) On Twitter, one bird writes, “Though there are some deniers, most believe this is no hoax; the sky *is* falling!”

LUCY GOOSEY

(rushing on with newspaper) Listen, everyone! I have the full story right here! *(reads)* “At 12:47 this afternoon, one Chicken Little..”

CHICKEN LITTLE

That’s me!

LUCY GOOSEY

(continuing to read) “one Chicken Little heard an ominous clanging in the sky, as if something was breaking apart.”

CHICKEN LITTLE

But I didn’t hear that!

LUCY GOOSEY

(continuing to read) “Several passersby noticed the same sound, stopped, and looked up at the sky. It was then that a piece of sky, weighing approximately 14 ounces, dropped atop Chicken Little’s head, severing the left wing, and leaving Chicken Little in a coma.

CHICKEN LITTLE

But I’m not in a coma!

LUCY GOOSEY

(continuing to read) “Though unconfirmed, it is believed that the molecular composition of the sky is degrading at an alarming rate. Though not reported as of yet, it is believed other pieces of sky will begin falling rapidly in the days to come. One trustworthy source, Lucky Duck...”

LUCKY DUCK

That’s me!

LUCY GOOSEY

(continuing to read) verified that several hundred birds witnessed the event.”

LUCKY DUCK

Wow! They got all that from what I told them on the phone!

PROFESSOR TURKEY

That’s the art of good journalism! It takes a few words and spins them into many!

LUCKY DUCK

This story is really something. Isn't it something?

PROFESSOR TURKEY

But we must remain skeptical! The media can be wrong.

HENNY PENNY

(Looking at her device) Listen to this! They've taken a poll! 1% of those interviewed did not believe the sky was falling. And 99% of those interviewed believed it was. Which means...

PROFESSOR TURKEY

The sky is falling!

ALL

The sky is falling!

CHICKEN LITTLE

But...

ALL THE OTHERS

The sky is falling!!!

(With all of them "sold" that the sky is falling, there is a reprise of "March of the Gnomes" in which they all run around like "Trigger Warning: Chickens with their Heads Cut Off" trying to get home without being under the sky. Lights fade to black during this pandemonium.)

ACT TWO

SCENE ONE

(It is dawn the next day. We again hear Grieg's "Morning" as the lights come up. But this time, it's Foxy Loxy who we see sleeping alone onstage. He's dreaming, and talking in his sleep.)

FOXY LOXY

Mmmm, so much on the menu here at Chez Poulet! Waiter, I think I'll have the Spring Chicken, and for dessert I'll try the Lame Duck. What?! You're all out of both? What DO you have? Asparagus?!? No, no, no! *(He's tossing and turning)* I don't want plant food, I want bird food! *(suddenly happy upon hearing something)* What's that you say? You *have* bird food!? What flavor? Goose? Turkey? Don't tell me, waiter, just surprise me! Mmm, what mouth-watering poultry will it be? Here it comes now. It's...it's...WORMS!!? Ew! They're terrifying! Get me out of here! This is a nightmare! *(He wakes with a start.)* Oh, it was a nightmare. When I ordered bird food, I meant food *made* of bird, not stuff birds eat! *(To audience)* Oh! Good morning, fellow mammals! *(walks downstage to address the audience more intimately)* Aren't worms the ickiest? *(He shivers at the thought)* Ewwww, they give me the creepy-crawlies, how about you? Change the subject! Well...today's the day I meet my birdie friends. *(Cell phone rings)* Excuse me, I have to take this. *(Answering now)* Good morning, mother! No, I'm not getting in any trouble! *(As he listens to his mother yammer on, he indicates to us that she's doing so)* Uh-huh. Yes, mother. Yes, I'll leave the birds alone. *(Silently to us, he mouths the words, "No I won't!")* Okay, mother dear.

(We hear the sound of a rooster crowing.)

FOXY LOXY

(looking offstage, he speaks rapidly) Mother, something's come up. Gotta go. *(Puts cell phone away)* Here they come! Do I hide? Do I stand here nonchalantly and greet them when they arrive? No, I'll spy on them, learn what their concerns are, then make a grand entrance and have the answer to their problems! See ya later!

(He hides as the birds come on. We hear, once again, Grieg's "Wedding Day at Troidhaugen." as all the students march on following their teacher. The music fades once Professor Turkey begins talking.)

PROFESSOR TURKEY

Quick! Under the tree!

(The birds all cluster under the oak tree, looking up at the sky)

LUCKY DUCK

Will the tree protect us from falling bits of sky?

PROFESSOR TURKEY

It may, or it may not. As a follower of the philosopher Immanuel Kant, I know that bird brains are capable of reason, but reason relies on our senses, and our senses can't tell us whether or not the oak

tree actually exists, let alone if it will be a fortress. We may *believe* we see a tree, but our senses fool us. Nevertheless, I'd say that we are safe here, since it cannot be proven that we aren't.

LUCKY DUCK

(to LUCY GOOSEY) That Professor Turkey is so smart! *(to the others)* Isn't he smart?

CHICKEN LITTLE

(under his breath) He seems full of stuffing, if you ask me!

LUCY GOOSEY

We shouldn't judge others. *(Highly judgmental)* Those who do are a disgrace to the bird community!

(HENNY PENNY and ROOSTER BOOSTER run on and join the others under the tree)

ROOSTER BOOSTER

(running under the tree) This way! It's the only safe place!!

CHICKEN LITTLE

Mom! Dad! What are you doing here?

HENNY PENNY

Chicken Little, your father and I have decided to join you for school today. I hope you don't mind, Professor?

PROFESSOR TURKEY

It's perfectly understandable. What with the sky falling and all.

LUCKY DUCK

Ew just hearing that gives me the chills. Look! I'm getting ... Trigger Warning: Goosebumps!

(Everyone begins talking at once, as Foxy Loxy looks at them, and at the sky, and gets an idea)

CHICKEN LITTLE

Quiet!!! *(They stop talking)* Would everyone please listen! There's no need to be afraid! Look, I'm going to walk out from under the tree! *(Chicken Little begins to move away from the others.)*

ROOSTER BOOSTER

(pulling CHICKEN LITTLE back) Oh, no you don't! It's dangerous out there!

HENNY PENNY

Your father's right, dear. Have you forgotten that the sky is falling?

(Foxy Loxy pulls out hanky and begins weeping...loudly)

FOXY LOXY

Poor me, poor me, poor me!

CHICKEN LITTLE

(pointing to Foxy Loxy) There's the fox! I told you! Run before he tries to eat us!

LUCY GOOSEY

There you go, being foxiphobic again! *(To Foxy)* It's okay, Foxy, no one will judge you here. We're all very accepting and inclusive.

LUCKY DUCK

Why is he crying?

PROFESSOR TURKEY

Hard to say, but studies have shown that crying is often the result of sadness.

LUCKY DUCK

Professor Turkey is so insightful. Isn't he insightful?

HENNY PENNY

Are you sad, Foxy?

CHICKEN LITTLE

Mom! It's a fox! Don't talk to it! Run!

FOXY LOXY

Poor me!

ROOSTER BOOSTER

What seems to be your problem, Foxy?

FOXY LOXY

(trying to speak while holding back tears) I am...so...LONELY. *(He sobs)*

(All the birds gather around Foxy to comfort him. CHICKEN LITTLE watches from a distance, appalled.)

HENNY PENNY

There, there, Foxy!

LUCKY DUCK

We'll be your friends.

LUCY GOOSEY

Did someone hurt your feelings?

FOXY LOXY

Y-y-y-YES! Everyone looks down on me just because I'm a...fox! *(sobs)*

(LUCKY DUCK, HENNY PENNY and LUCY GOOSEY huddle in even closer to Foxy Loxy)

CHICKEN LITTLE

Don't get so close! It's a trap! He wants to eat you!

(Foxy sobs.)

ROOSTER BOOSTER

Chicken Little, look what you've done! You've hurt the fox's feelings!

HENNY PENNY

(taking Foxy under her wing) Don't you listen to meanies, Foxy. My child is just a bully!

(CHICKEN LITTLE sits down, defeated, and sulks.)

LUCY GOOSEY

Sometimes I'm ashamed to be a bird; the intolerant way we treat other species!

PROFESSOR TURKEY

(to Foxy Loxy) As a fan of Sigmund Freud, I suggest that your emotional trauma will best be resolved by talking endlessly about your childhood. Tell us, Foxy, when these feelings of yours began.

FOXY LOXY

It's been my whole life really. I was a disappointment to my mother. There isn't anything I could ever do right, you know?

(The birds all nod in agreement: "Oh, I know what that's like"; "Poor baby!"; "Been there!")

ROOSTER BOOSTER

Well, a parent *should* set high standards for their children. There must be something you could do that would make her proud?

FOXY LOXY

Nope. The only skill I ever had...no one cared about.

LUCY GOOSEY

We care!

LUCKY DUCK

What skill?

FOXY LOXY

No, you don't want to hear about it. It's just a little talent. It's nothing.

HENNY PENNY

I always say that everyone has something special to offer.

LUCY GOOSEY

There's a wonderful kind of magic in each of us!

LUCKY DUCK

That includes you, Foxy!

FOXY LOXY

No, really, it's nothing.

(Goosey, Ducky and Henny talk at once, begging him to share his secret talent: "You can trust us!" "Let your inner light shine!" "Share your magic with the whole world!")

ROOSTER BOOSTER

Listen up! If Foxy Loxy doesn't want to share with us, that should be respected. Now then, shall we move on to the matter of...

FOXY LOXY

(blurting it out) I keep the sky from falling!!!

ROOSTER BOOSTER

You what?

FOXY LOXY

That's my one special skill. But don't tell anyone, please! They always laugh at me for it!

HENNY PENNY

You might be able to help us Foxy Loxy! A piece of sky fell just yesterday and we don't know what to do!

ROOSTER BOOSTER

Tell us, Foxy, how to keep the sky from falling!

LUCKY DUCK

Yeah, tell us!

FOXY LOXY

Well...okay, if you insist. You say a piece of sky fell yesterday. How do you know this?

PROFESSOR TURKEY

The empirical data empirically prove it. Chicken Little was hit by a piece of it. (*Showing everyone the top of CHICKEN LITTLE's head*) See the bump?

(*Foxy Loxy laughs, then to disguise his laughing he turns it into fake crying.*)

FOXY LOXY

Poor little bird! All because I didn't do my job! This happened yesterday you say?

BIRDS

Yes!

FOXY LOXY

It's all my fault! I'm a bad, bad fox!

ROOSTER BOOSTER

How is it your fault?

FOXY LOXY

See, to keep the sky from falling, I have to concentrate on it. Yesterday something made me ...lose my concentration! (*he weeps*)

PROFESSOR TURKEY

I always wondered what keeps the sky up. Now at last I know!

HENNY PENNY

Foxy, don't be so hard on yourself.

LUCY GOOSEY

Yeah, it probably wasn't your fault really. No one is really at fault for anything they do, because everything is caused by something else. What made you lose concentration, Foxy?

FOXY LOXY

Well, it was...

HENNY PENNY

What was it? What was it? What made you lose your concentration?

LUCKY DUCK

What made the sky fall?

FOXY LOXY

Yesterday I was minding my own business, concentrating on keeping the sky up, when suddenly I got distracted by a loud noise. It was my stomach growling. I couldn't help it...I was hungry. That's when a piece of the sky fell down. And look what happened! That poor little fella got a nasty bump on the head! (*crying now*) And it's all my fault!

LUCKY DUCK

(*crying at the sad story*) He couldn't help it!

LUCY GOOSEY

(*crying as well*) It's a tragedy!

HENNY PENNY

(*wiping away a tear*) He tried his hardest!

ROOSTER BOOSTER

If it's his job to keep the sky up, then this is his fault!

PROFESSOR TURKEY

He can't be held accountable. This is an issue for government!

FOXY LOXY

YES! You should write your representative!

HENNY PENNY

Representative?

PROFESSOR TURKEY

Oh, we have no elected representatives.

ROOSTER BOOSTER

At least, none that we voted for.

FOXY LOXY

Then write your congressman!

LUCKY DUCK

We don't have a congressman.

LUCY GOOSEY

What about a congress*bird*?

(All birds are excited. Yeah! A congressbird!)

FOXY LOXY

You have a bird in congress?

LUCY GOOSEY

No.

HENNY PENNY

We don't even have a congress. *(To Rooster)* Do we have a congress?

ROOSTER BOOSTER

No, of course not.

FOXY LOXY

Then you'll need to go directly to the President himself. *(Birds are silent.)* You mean you don't even have a president? *(Birds shake their heads.)* Then there's only one thing to do: Go the the KING!

PROFESSOR TURKEY

King? I don't believe we have one. We may have one. But I don't believe we do. There's no way of knowing for sure.

FOXY

You need to elect a King.

ROOSTER BOOSTER

I will be happy to serve! *(To Henny)* You always said I should rule the roost, didn't you, dear?

PROFESSOR TURKEY

The King should be the one of us with the greatest intellect. That would be me, wouldn't it?

FOXY

What's really important is that the King have the ability to keep the sky from falling.

(Birds all chatter in agreement.)

HENNY PENNY

Can you keep the sky from falling, dear?

ROOSTER

Why, no. Who can?

FOXY

(sighs) Okay. I'll be your King. It's an awful job, but I will be of service.

PROFESSOR TURKEY

All hail Foxy as the King of the Birds!

BIRDS

Hip-hip-hooray, hip-hip-hooray, hip-hip-hooray!

(We hear Grieg's Triumphant March, as all the birds kneel before their new King)

FOXY

As your King, I do promise and sincerely vow to protect all birds from the dangers that loom above us. The sky, which has become our Great Enemy, will no longer threaten us. As King, I will keep the sky from falling, so that each and every one of us can live a life of peace, hope, and love. Thank you.

(Birds applaud him.)

FOXY

I also promise to keep taxes down.

CHICKEN LITTLE

Taxes?

FOXY

Why, yes. It's really a great honor to pay taxes.

CHICKEN LITTLE

What do we have to pay?

FOXY

Just enough to enable me to concentrate on keeping the sky from falling. All I need is....breakfast.

BIRDS

Breakfast!?

FOXY

All that's needed is a little something to keep my energy up. Just a plate of, um.... asparagus, yes, that's it. Asparagus, my favorite! Delivered to me every morning. The highest honor of all the land is to be the Bringer of the Breakfast. Now, as King, I simply ask that you don't fight over who gets to do this. Now, who is worthy of this great honor?

(All the birds raise their wings, except Chicken Little)

ROOSTER BOOSTER

I should be the Bringer of the Breakfast! (to HENNY PENNY) Shouldn't I, dear?

HENNY PENNY

Well, having served you your breakfast all these years, I was thinking that I'm the one for the job.

TURKEY LURKEY

The honor should go to the most educated! Me!

LUCY GOOSEY

No, me, me, me! I can do it!

LUCKY DUCK

But I could do it better.

(We hear the Rigaudon from Grieg's Holberg Suite, as we see the birds, except Chicken Little engage in a comic stage fight.)

FOXY

Stop! *(the music stops and the birds freeze mid-fight)* No need to get your feathers ruffled. You'll ALL get a chance to be the bringer of the breakfast!

BIRDS

Yay!

FOXY

Yes. One of you will bring it tomorrow, then another one the day after that. Then the next day another one will be my breakfast. I mean, uh, will be the *bringer* of the breakfast!

CHICKEN LITTLE

(Who's been to the side, observing) And after we've all had a turn, then we'll start again?

FOXY

Oh, no...none of you will be left! I mean, uh....after bringing the breakfast, you are promoted to a very high and respected office! A place where you'll never be heard from again. I mean, you'll be highly honored, and will never again have to bring the breakfast!

CHICKEN LITTLE

(To the other birds) Don't you see? It's a trap! The Bringer of the Breakfast will BE breakfast! HIS breakfast!

ROOSTER BOOSTER

(ignoring Chicken Little) I've always wanted to attain high office. I'll be the first Bringer of the Breakfast!

CHICKEN LITTLE

No, father, you can't!!!!

HENNY PENNY

(to ROOSTER) He's right, dear. Ladies first! I'll do it!

CHICKEN LITTLE

No, mother, don't!

FOXY LOXY

Who will it be?

ROOSTER BOOSTER

Me!

HENNY PENNY

Me!

LUCKY DUCK

Me!

LUCY GOOSEY

Me!

PROFESSOR TURKEY

Me!

CHICKEN LITTLE

No! You mustn't! Don't you see....he's trying to get you alone so that*(getting an idea)* I'll do it! I'll be the Bringer of the Breakfast!

BIRDS

You?

LUCY GOOSEY

But you said it was trap!

LUCKY DUCK

Why would he say that?

PROFESSOR TURKEY

To scare us out of doing it so he could steal all the glory!

HENNY PENNY

Using a trick to try to get ahead?

ROOSTER BOOSTER

Chicken Little, you ought to be ashamed!

FOXY LOXY

Then it's settled. Chicken Little here shall be the first breakfast, I mean, uh, Bringer of the Breakfast! You are to report first thing in the morning.....alone. *(to the others)* You should say your good-byes to this honorable bird, for tomorrow he shall be, um, exalted!

LUCY GOOSEY

Good-bye, Chicken Little. I'll never forget how you tricked us all. *(exits)*

LUCKY DUCK

And cheated us out of the honor! *(exits)*

PROFESSOR TURKEY

School won't be the same without you: It'll be better! *(exits)*

ROOSTER BOOSTER

(whispering in Chicken Little's ear) Put in a good word for me so that I can be the Second Bringer of the Breakfast!

HENNY PENNY

Now Chicken Little, you be good and do as your told! Don't mess it up. Remember your mommy will always love you, even if no one else does. *(she exits along with Rooster Booster)*

FOXY LOXY

So, Chicken Little, I will see you in the morning, just as the sun starts to rise! It'll still be dark, so I'll leave this flashlight right here so I can see you. I want to see every single morsel of...um, asparagus! *(FOXY LOXY exits)*

SCENE TWO

CHICKEN LITTLE

(talking to himself while dialing on cell phone) This plan might work. And if it doesn't, I'm a dead duck. Or chicken, I should say. *(hears a voice)* Oh, speaking of the duck! Listen, Lucky Duck, this is important. I need you to call all the birds. Tell them to sneak into barnyard at sunrise. Why? Well, because I want them all to have the chance to observe me bringing the breakfast. After all, when it's your turn you're going to want to see how it's done, right? Great. Tell them all to stay quiet and watch. Thanks, Ducky. Over and out. *(puts phone away)* Now. How do I pull this off? I'm going to need help. *(grabs flashlight)* Ah, this is what I need! *(Shines it on audience)* Can you help me with my plan? Good. I've seen Foxy talking to you. So maybe you know something about him I don't. Is there anything that Foxy really, really, doesn't like? Something he thinks is icky, disgusting, and gross? Did someone say "worms?" Let me ask you again, and you can give me a clear answer: What does Foxy Loxy think is really disgusting? *(Audience shouts "Worms!")* Worms it is. Now, I'll leave this right where he left it, and get busy with my plan!

(Puts flashlight down and exits. The other birds enter in the darkness. Perhaps they are onstage, or maybe entering into the audience area, seating themselves in the very front. The sun begins to rise and we hear Grieg's "Morning" once again.)

LUCKY DUCK

Now, follow me. Walk this way!

(The other birds imitate the duck's walk.)

LUCY GOOSEY

This should give us a good view!

LUCKY DUCK

But remember, we have to be absolutely quiet! Not so much as a chirp or a gobble!

HENNY PENNY

I can't wait to see my little chick!

LUCKY DUCK

Shhh!

HENNY PENNY

(to Rooster Booster) Think of it, dear, our little one playing such an important role!

ROOSTER BOOSTER

Hopefully it won't bring any shame to our family!

PROFESSOR TURKEY

Have no fear, Rooster! If Chicken Little behaves as he did in school, you can be *sure* he'll bring you shame. He's bound to mess up everything. He tends to think. That's his whole problem And thinking always gets you into trouble, right students?

LUCKY DUCKY and LUCY GOOSEY

Yes, Professor Turkey!

(FOXY LOXY enters)

BIRDS

Shhh!

FOXY

(Discovering his flashlight and turning it on) Ah! Here I am. All alone. *(Shine the flashlight on audience)* Except for you. And you. *(NOTE: He doesn't shine it on any birds if they are in the audience)* Have you been there all along? Have you seen my brilliant plan unfold? Those little birdies are so easily fooled! They fell for my whole act! And now, I await my breakfast: Chicken pot pie! Hahahaha! *(Birds gasp and FOXY LOXY shines flashlight out on audience, but doesn't see the birds.)* Oh, you're shocked? That a fox would eat a chicken? Nothing surprising about that. And tomorrow what will it be? Duck, maybe? Or Goose? Or....here he comes!

(Chicken Little enters with a covered tray.)

CHICKEN LITTLE

I've come with your breakfast!

FOXY LOXY

You mean to say, "I've come with your breakfast, dear King Foxy!"

CHICKEN LITTLE

I've come with your breakfast, dear King Foxy!

FOXY LOXY

What's that? I couldn't quite hear you! Come closer!

CHICKEN LITTLE

(takes a couple steps towards Foxy Loxy) I've come with your breakfast, King Foxy!

FOXY LOXY

(hand to ear, indicating deafness) Ehhh? Come closer still.

(Chicken Little steps very close to Foxy now. As he does, the birds, unseen by Foxy, react with silent horror.)

FOXY LOXY

Come....whisper it in my ear!

CHICKEN LITTLE

(loud stage whisper in Foxy's ear) I've come with your breakfast, dear King Foxy!

FOXY LOXY

Now you're right where I want you! What will my breakfast be? Chicken Stew, perhaps?

CHICKEN LITTLE

Well, I was thinking....*(pulls lid off of tray, which is full of worms, probably of the gummy variety)*...WORMS!!!

FOXY LOXY

Worms!?!?! *(Foxy screams upon seeing all the worms, and runs away from them in a panic.)*
Ewwwww! Disgusting! Get those creepy-crawlies away from me!!!!

CHICKEN LITTLE

Come enjoy this delicious meal, birds!

(The birds enter and rush to Chicken Little.)

HENNY PENNY

My little baby! You were almost eaten!

CHICKEN LITTLE

Here, Mom, take a worm! *(to the others)* Come on, early birds, get a worm! *(The birds all take some worms.)* But remember to share! Share 'em with Foxy!

LUCKY DUCK

(approaching Foxy, waving a worm) Here ya go, Foxy!

(FOXY LOXY runs away from LUCKY DUCK, only to confront LUCY GOOSEY, who is also waving a worm.)

LUCY GOOSEY

Come and get it!

FOXY LOXY

Ahhhhh!

(All the birds approach FOXY LOXY, waving the worms as they do.)

BIRDS

Come and get it!

FOXY LOXY

Get....me....outta....here! *(He runs offstage in a panic.)*

PROFESSOR TURKEY

Whew! That was a close call!

HENNY PENNY

My Chicken Little was nearly eaten by that foxy fox!

PROFESSOR TURKEY

His plan was to devour *all* of us, one by one!

LUCKY DUCK

But he won't show up around here anymore, will he?

LUCY GOOSEY

Not after we gave him such a scare.

ROOSTER BOOSTER

We all owe it to Chicken Little! I'm proud of you!

PROFESSOR TURKEY

Three cheers for Chicken Little!

BIRDS

Hip, hip, hooray! Hip, hip, hooray! Hip, hip....

PROFESSOR TURKEY

But wait! How'd you do it, Chicken Little? How did you manage to save us all?

CHICKEN LITTLE

It's a little thing that's gotten me in a lot of trouble. It's called "thinking"....

LUCY GOOSEY

And "thinking" saved the day!

LUCKY DUCK

If thinking can do this, just think of what else it can do!

PROFESSOR TURKEY

From here on forward, or shall I say, “forthwith” the Cuckoo Academy for Bird Brains will dedicate itself to the art of Thinking. *(He removes the mortarboard from his head.)* Will YOU teach us, Professor Little?

CHICKEN LITTLE

Gladly!

(Professor Turkey puts mortar board on Chicken Little's head, who immediately begins teaching.)

CHICKEN LITTLE

Class, we will begin with the study of Aristotle's metaphysics and the first principle of all rational thought, that being the law of identity, which states that a thing cannot both “be” and “not be” at the same time and in the same fashion. We will find in the course of our study that contradictions are therefore impossible. But before we begin to study the art of thinking. I think we need a good breakfast! Using your best thinking ability, what would be a good thing for us to eat?

BIRDS

Worms!

(The BIRDS all feast on the platter of delicious worms as we hear the opening strains of Grieg's Holgberg Suite. The lights fade to black.)