POULTRY IN MOTION
By PATRICK RAINVILLE DORN

CAST OF CHARACTERS
(In Order of Appearance)

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Character</th>
<th>Description</th>
<th># of lines</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>FOXY LOXY</td>
<td>cunning canine</td>
<td>47</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>CHICKEN LITTLE</td>
<td>chicken-hearted chick</td>
<td>69</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>HENNY PENNY</td>
<td>harried hen</td>
<td>39</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>COCKY LOCKY</td>
<td>hen-pecked rooster</td>
<td>34</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>LITTLE RED HEN</td>
<td>plucky chicken; activities director for the farm</td>
<td>23</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>DUCKY LUCKY</td>
<td>quackpot duck</td>
<td>32</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>GOOSEY LUCY</td>
<td>silly goose</td>
<td>30</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MALLARD DRAKE</td>
<td>daffy duck</td>
<td>20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ZANDER GANDER</td>
<td>goofy goose</td>
<td>22</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>TORI TURKEY</td>
<td>turgid turkey</td>
<td>36</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>TINA TURKEY</td>
<td>another, stuffed</td>
<td>36</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

SYNOPSIS OF SCENES

Time: An autumn morning. The action is continuous with no scene breaks or set changes.

Place: Young MacDonald’s free-range poultry farm.

SETTING

UP RIGHT is a wheelbarrow containing a spade, a canvas tarp or drop cloth and a feed bucket. Stenciled on the side of the wheelbarrow is: “Young MacDonald’s Free-Range Poultry Farm.” UP LEFT is a stump, sturdy enough for an actor to stand on. Optional backdrop depicting a barnyard scene. EXIT RIGHT and LEFT lead to various parts of the farm. EXIT through audience leads to the farm’s fence and beyond.
POULTRY IN MOTION

AT RISE: FOXY LOXY ENTERS through the AUDIENCE. She sniffs and looks around, licks her lips and rubs her stomach. Crosses to wheelbarrow.

FOXY LOXY: (Reads.) “Young MacDonald’s Free-Range Poultry Farm.” (To AUDIENCE.) Sounds like the perfect place to pick up a bite to eat. I hope they don’t have fast food here. I’d rather not have to chase my breakfast down. I’ll use my brain instead. (Looks OFF RIGHT.) Someone’s coming. I’d better hide. (Hides behind stump UP LEFT.)

CHICKEN LITTLE: (ENTERS RIGHT and stumps UP LEFT. Sits on stump and faces AUDIENCE. Doesn’t notice FOXY LOXY right behind him, who pops up, smiles at AUDIENCE and licks her chops.) That’s it. I’ve had it. No one takes me seriously. Just because I’m the smallest chick on the farm doesn’t mean I don’t have feelings. Beneath this downy fluff beats a tender heart. Instead of Chicken Little, they should call me Chicken Tender. (Just as FOXY LOXY is about to pounce on CHICKEN LITTLE, he stands and moves CENTER.) I’ll show them. Some day everyone in the whole free-range poultry farm will listen to me. I’ll be flying high. (Sees feed bucket in the wheelbarrow.) Hmm. Young MacDonald left the feed bucket here. I wonder if there’s any food left? (Crosses UP RIGHT to wheelbarrow and sticks his head in the bucket.)

FOXY LOXY: (Shakes off frustration at missing CHICKEN LITTLE. To AUDIENCE.) Missed him. Oh, well, he’s not much more than an appetizer anyway. (Thinks.) I wonder if there’s a way I can use this small fry to get a fine, feathered feast? (Finds acorns behind the stump.) Acorns. (Bites one.) Too hard to eat. Still, they might be useful. (Throws an acorn at CHICKEN LITTLE, who reacts, looks around and puts his head back in the bucket. FOXY LOXY throws another acorn. Same response. FOXY LOXY throws a whole handful of acorns at CHICKEN LITTLE and he jumps up.)

CHICKEN LITTLE: Ouch! What was that? (Sees FOXY LOXY) Who are you?

FOXY LOXY: (Thinks fast.) Did you see that?

CHICKEN LITTLE: What?

FOXY LOXY: (Points.) The sky. I think it’s falling!

CHICKEN LITTLE: The sky is falling? Is that possible?

FOXY LOXY: Didn’t you feel it? Like little bits of sky coming down all around you?

1

For preview only
CHICKEN LITTLE: I felt something. Was that the sky?

FOXY LOXY: What else?

CHICKEN LITTLE: Hmm. That's interesting. (Registers. Panics.) The sky is falling? Cheep! The sky is falling! Cheep! Cheep! (Runs in a circle.) What should we do? What should we do? Cheep! Cheep! Cheep!

FOXY LOXY: You've got to tell someone.

CHICKEN LITTLE: Tell someone. Right. I've got to tell someone. (Thinks.) Who should I tell?

FOXY LOXY: All your friends. You've got to warn all your friends and bring them back here.

CHICKEN LITTLE: No one will believe me. No one ever takes me seriously. They'll call me a bird-brained, chicken livered, feather head.

FOXY LOXY: Nonsense.

CHICKEN LITTLE: You don't know what it's like. Chickens can be tough. The scratching, the pecking. It's a jungle out there.

FOXY LOXY: (Looks at wheelbarrow. Gets an idea.) I have an idea.

CHICKEN LITTLE: You do?

FOXY LOXY: If you warn the queen that the sky is falling, she will reward you. You'll be the hero of the poultry farm.

CHICKEN LITTLE: (Considers.) Do you think so?

FOXY LOXY: Just imagine. You'll be cock of the walk. All of the hens will cluck, lay an egg and faint when they see you strutting by.

CHICKEN LITTLE: (Puffs out his chest, strikes a pose and waves to imaginary fans.) Hello. Hello. (Flirts with imaginary admirer.) Hi, there.

FOXY LOXY: So, will you do it? (CHICKEN LITTLE doesn't hear FOXY LOXY.) Chicken Little. (Shouts.) Chicken Little!

CHICKEN LITTLE: (Startled back to reality.) What?

FOXY LOXY: You've got to do it. Everyone's depending on you.

CHICKEN LITTLE: To do what?

FOXY LOXY: Go and tell the queen!

CHICKEN LITTLE: Right! Tell the queen. Tell her what again?

FOXY LOXY: (Slaps her own forehead.) The sky is falling!

CHICKEN LITTLE: The sky is falling? Oh!

For preview only
FOXY LOXY: Here come some of your friends now. (Aside.) I’d better keep out of sight until the right moment. If I play this right, I’ll have a bird buffet. (EXITS back through the AUDIENCE.)

CHICKEN LITTLE: The sky is falling! Cheep! Cheep! (Runs in a circle CENTER, flapping wings in panic. HENNY PENNY and COCKY LOCKY ENTER RIGHT. CHICKEN LITTLE bumps into them, falls down.)

HENNY PENNY: Chicken Little! What’s the hurry?

COCKY LOCKY: Slow down there, little chick. What could be so important?

CHICKEN LITTLE: (Gets up.) The sky is falling! The sky is falling!

HENNY PENNY: Oh, is that all?

COCKY LOCKY: We should be so lucky.

CHICKEN LITTLE: What do you mean? Aren’t you worried?

HENNY PENNY: Who cares about the sky?

COCKY LOCKY: There are worse things in the world than having the sky fall down, you know.

CHICKEN LITTLE: There are?

HENNY PENNY: Sure. (Refers to COCKY LOCKY) Take bandy-legged fancy-pants there, for instance.

HENNY PENNY: Henny Penny, be careful what you say.

HENNY PENNY: Afraid everyone will find out your little secret?

COCKY LOCKY: No.

HENNY PENNY: Everyone’s going to hear about it sooner or later. Or rather not hear about it, if you get my drift.

COCKY LOCKY: It’s just a temporary condition.

CHICKEN LITTLE: What is?

COCKY LOCKY: (To HENNY PENNY.) Don’t say it. I’m warning you.

HENNY PENNY: Don’t you threaten me. I’ll shout it from the rooftops if I want to. At least I still can.

CHICKEN LITTLE: What is it? What’s the matter?

HENNY PENNY: What time did you wake up this morning?

HENNY PENNY: I don’t know. I can’t tell time. But the sun was way up in the sky. I guess I slept in.

HENNY PENNY: Right. And why was that, do you think?

COCKY LOCKY: Oh boy, here we go.

CHICKEN LITTLE: I’m not sure.
HENNY PENNY: It’s because Cocky Locky, here, didn’t crow at the 
crack of dawn the way he’s supposed to.

COCKY LOCKY: Now you’ve done it. Now you’ve done it!

CHICKEN LITTLE: Come to think of it, you’re right. I don’t remember 
hearing any “cock-a-doodle-doo” this morning.

HENNY PENNY: And do you know why?

CHICKEN LITTLE: Laryngitis?

HENNY PENNY: No.

CHICKEN LITTLE: Frog in your throat?

HENNY PENNY: Guess again.

CHICKEN LITTLE: Cat got your tongue?

COCKY LOCKY: No! No! No! (Hesitates, then blurts it out.) I’ve got 
stage fright. All right? There. I’ve gone and said it. (To HENNY 
PENNY.) Are you happy now?

CHICKEN LITTLE: Stage fright?

HENNY PENNY: Young MacDonald was playing some kind of music 
called opera in the henhouse to encourage our egg laying, and 
when Cocky Locky got an earful of that, his throat cramped up.

CHICKEN LITTLE: Stage fright? And your throat got a cramp?

COCKY LOCKY: I’ve never heard anything like it. It was the Three 
Tenders singing a medley of pieces from “Omelette.”

HENNY PENNY: Now every time he’s supposed to “cock-a-doodle-
doo,” he cock-a-doodle doesn’t!

COCKY LOCKY: I thought I was ruler of the roost, but after hearing 
those guys, I realize I’m nothing but a bantam weight croaker.

HENNY PENNY: You’re telling me! Why, he’s thrown the whole 
henhouse off schedule. Egg production has dropped off from 
“Double A” to single digits.

COCKY LOCKY: It’s not my fault if you dumb clucks don’t know how 
to set an alarm clock. Crowing is something that comes from the 
very gizzard. I’m an artiste. I can’t just wing it.

CHICKEN LITTLE: What are you going to do?

HENNY PENNY: We’ve scrambled our best layers to fly in and make 
up the difference, but if something doesn’t happen soon, we’re all 
going to go from the flying plan into the fryer.

COCKY LOCKY: So you’ll pardon us if we don’t flap about until we fall 
over just because the sky is falling.

CHICKEN LITTLE: Why don’t you come with me?
HENNY PENNY: Where?
CHICKEN LITTLE: To see the queen. I’m going to see the queen to tell her that the sky is falling. Why don’t you tell her about your crowing crisis and your egg-laying layoff? Maybe she can help.
HENNY PENNY: The queen? What can she do?
COCKY LOCKY: It’s not like she’s the Wizard of Oz or something.
CHICKEN LITTLE: Do you have a better plan?
HENNY PENNY: Well, no.
COCKY LOCKY: It couldn’t hurt, I suppose.
CHICKEN LITTLE: That’s the spirit. You’ve got to see the sunny side. Things will be looking up in no time.
HENNY PENNY: Sunny side?
COCKY LOCKY: Up?
CHICKEN LITTLE: Right! Getting help will be easy. Then your problems will be over.
HENNY PENNY: Over?
COCKY LOCKY: Easy?
CHICKEN LITTLE: Right. So are you with me?
LITTLE RED HEN: (ENTERS RIGHT, carrying a bag of grain.) Hey, guys.
CHICKEN LITTLE: Hi, Little Red.
LITTLE RED HEN: How’s it going?
COCKY LOCKY: Don’t ask.
HENNY PENNY: Things have been better.
CHICKEN LITTLE: Well, besides the sky falling, I guess okay.
LITTLE RED HEN: Great. Say, I’m going to make some bread. Do you want to help? I’m about to plant the grain of wheat.
COCKY LOCKY: Not I, said the rooster.
HENNY PENNY: Not I, said the hen.
CHICKEN LITTLE: Not I, said the chick.
LITTLE RED HEN: Then I shall do it myself. (Starts to EXIT RIGHT.) Don’t say I didn’t ask. (EXITS.)
HENNY PENNY: I’m having second thoughts about leaving the farm. I don’t like to stray too far from the nest.
COCKY LOCKY: And I’m not sure I want to stick my neck out for something like this.
CHICKEN LITTLE: Give me a chance to round up some more of our friends to come with us. There’s safety in numbers. You know what they say…
HENNY PENNY: Don't count your chickens before they're hatched?
COCKY LOCKY: Don't put all your eggs in one basket?
CHICKEN LITTLE: No! Birds of a feather flock together.
HENNY PENNY: Oh, all right. We'll come along if you can get others
to join in.
COCKY LOCKY: What have we got to lose?
CHICKEN LITTLE: I'm going to go drum up some support. We need
to stick together.
HENNY PENNY: Drum?
COCKY LOCKY: Stick?
CHICKEN LITTLE: Meet me back here in a little while, and then we'll
all go and tell the queen. (EXITS RIGHT.)
HENNY PENNY: That's quite a plan Chicken Little has hatched.
of course you could save us all a lot of trouble if you could just
stop being such a chicken and get your cock-a-doodle-doo back.
(EXITS LEFT.)
COCKY LOCKY: Henny Penny's right. I've got to overcome my
fear. (Shakes all over, stretches neck and works himself up for
a massive attempt at crowing.) I just need to loosen up my neck
a little. (Rolls head around.) Noodle neck. Don't be a chicken.
Be a noodle. Chicken... noodle. Chicken... noodle. Okay, here
goes. (Puffs up.) Cock-a... Cock-a... Cock-a-doodle... Cock-a-
doodle... Urrrk! (Deflates.) That's enough crowing for one day.
I'm fried. (EXITS LEFT. DUCKY LUCKY and GOOSEY LUCY
ENTER RIGHT. They are "wogging," a waddling hybrid of walking
and jogging which involves exaggerated side to side hip action.
They wear jogging accessories, including sneakers, headbands,
perhaps even portable radios with headphones. During this scene
they pace, stretch, do silly exercises, check their pulses, etc.)
DUCKY LUCKY: Goosey Lucy, I just don't know why Mallard and I
always manage to get talked into these things. How did you end
up here at Young MacDonald's resort?
GOOSEY LUCY: Zander and I won a free weekend visit in some kind
of drawing. How about you?
DUCKY LUCKY: My cousin Donald sent me a brochure. Said he
really liked his place in Orlando, and that it would make a good
investment.
GOOSEY LUCY: If only I'd known that the 90-minute tour would last
three hours.
DUCKY LUCKY: And that Young MacDonald's sales pitch would be
so persuasive.
GOOSEY LUCY: He’s a real go-getter, Ducky Lucky.

DUCKY LUCY: True, true. I was especially impressed by the way he described this free-range poultry resort as the future in luxury migration management.

GOOSEY LUCY: He has a point. I mean, if we’re going to fly south every single winter anyway, why shouldn’t we enjoy the benefits of a five-star lifestyle?

DUCKY LUCY: I guess, but now that we’ve invested in this timeshare plan, there’s no way to do anything else. The contract locks us in tighter than webbed feet stuck in a frozen pond.

GOOSEY LUCY: It’s not so bad. The evening entertainment is pretty good. Gander Wingtip and his Honkers flew all the way from Central Park to perform here.

DUCKY LUCY: And they’ve got a lovely wading pool for the ducklings and goslings.

GOOSEY LUCY: And the food! I get goose bumps just thinking about it.

DUCKY LUCY: Don’t remind me!

GOOSEY LUCY: It’s like Young MacDonald deliberately wants to fatten us up or something.

DUCKY LUCY: All the high class resorts do that. (MALLARD DRAKE and ZANDER GANDER ENTER RIGHT, carrying golf putters.)

MALLARD DRAKE: Hey girls!

ZANDER GANDER: There you are.

MALLARD DRAKE: We’ve been looking all over for you.

DUCKY LUCY: We didn’t think you cared.

GOOSEY LUCY: All you ever want to do is play your silly games.

MALLARD DRAKE: Golf is the sport of kings.

DUCKY LUCY: I thought that was chess.

ZANDER GANDER: Well, then, golf is the sport of executives.

GOOSEY LUCY: What kind of executives play putt-putt golf?

ZANDER GANDER: Laugh all you like, but I’ll have you know that I scored a birdie on the fifth hole today.

DUCKY LUCY: Is that good?

MALLARD DRAKE: It wasn’t good for the birdie. Bounced a golf ball right off his beak. Knocked him out. Gave him a bump on the head the size of a goose egg.

GOOSEY LUCY: Ouch.
ZANDER GANDER: It wasn't my fault. When I saw the ball was going to hit him, I yelled "duck."
MALLARD DRAKE: But he wasn't, so he didn't. Duck, I mean.
ZANDER GANDER: So what should I have done? Yelled "chicken"?
MALLARD DRAKE: That's what he was. Some little chick named Chicken Little.
GOOSEY LUCY: Was he upset?
MALLARD DRAKE: A little, but for some reason he wasn't angry with me.
ZANDER GANDER: He kept going on and on about how the sky is falling, the sky is falling.
DUCKY LUCKY: Well, I hope we don't get sued.
MALLARD DRAKE: I don't think he wants to sue us, but he did say something about taking us to see the queen.
DUCKY LUCKY: What queen?
ZANDER GANDER: How should I know? But to calm Chicken Little down, we promised we'd go with him.
GOOSEY LUCY: Let me guess. Now you want us to come along with you?
DUCKY LUCKY: Don't be daffy.
MALLARD DRAKE: Would you? You could be character witnesses.
GOOSEY LUCY: Actually, going to see the queen might not be such a bad idea.
DUCKY LUCKY: What? Do you think the queen can help us find a way out of this time share contract?
GOOSEY LUCY: It's worth a try.
DUCKY LUCKY: Well, all right.
ZANDER GANDER: Thanks, Goosey Lucy. You're a good egg. (Flirts with her.) Honk!
DUCKY LUCKY: Honk! Honk!
ZANDER GANDER: Why? For preview only. She's got the worst ideas for games I've ever seen. That wheat harvesting excursion really laid an egg.
Little Red Hen: (Enters right, carrying a sheaf of wheat.) Hello, ladies.

Ducky Lucky/Goosey Lucy: Hey there, Little Red.

Little Red Hen: Gentlemen.


Little Red Hen: Looks like you've been exercising today.

Goosey Lucy: You know us. Always keeping an eye on our figures.

Little Red Hen: Glad to hear it. By the way, I'm going to be baking some bread today. I already planted the grain, which grew into wheat. I harvested the wheat, and now I need someone to help me grind it into flour. Any takers?

Ducky Lucky/Mallard Drake: Not I, said the ducks.

Goosey Lucy/Zander Gander: Not I, said the geese.

Little Red Hen: Then I shall do it myself. See ya! (Exits right.)

Ducky Lucky: Whew. That was a close call.

Goosey Lucy: Make bread indeed. This is supposed to be a vacation.

Zander Gander: Let's get out of here before she comes up with some other cuckoo idea.

Mallard Drake: I'm with you.

Zander Gander: What do you say we go to the lake and swim some laps?

Mallard Drake: Hey, Zander, how about a round of badminton? We can knock a birdie back and forth over the net.

Zander Gander: Sure. I'll scoop up some chicks from the henhouse. (They exit left.)

Ducky Lucky: Men. Isn't it just like them to fly the coop and leave us stranded? So what do you have planned for the afternoon, Goosey Lucy?

Goosey Lucy: I have an appointment to have my wings clipped. How about you, Ducky Lucky?

Ducky Lucky: I thought I'd try out the new convection tanning booth Young MacDonald was talking about.

Goosey Lucy: We might as well take advantage of all the amenities while we're here.

Ducky Lucky: Then we'll get the men together and meet up with Chicken Little.
GOOSEY LUCY: We’ll make a “vee-line” over to the castle and see the queen about our timeshare contracts. (They EXIT LEFT. CHICKEN LITTLE ENTERS RIGHT, looking up at the sky.)

FOXY LOXY: (ENTERS through AUDIENCE.) Chicken Little! How are you doing so far?

CHICKEN LITTLE: Well, Henny Penny and Cocky Locky are coming with me to see the queen, also Mallard Drake and Zander Gander, and I think they’re going to bring Ducky Lucky and Goosey Lucy with them.

FOXY LOXY: Outstanding! That’s one chick, two chickens, two ducks and two geese. Throw in a couple of turkeys, and I’ll have a nine-course meal!

CHICKEN LITTLE: Meal? How can you think about food at a time like this? The sky is falling, in case you hadn’t noticed.

FOXY LOXY: Oh, right. How inconsiderate of me. I do apologize.

CHICKEN LITTLE: (Massages head.) The sky is coming down especially hard over by the Putt-Putt golf course. Pieces of sky the size of golf balls!

FOXY LOXY: Really? The situation must be worse than I thought. You’d better hurry and get a couple of turkeys to join you in your quest to see the queen.

CHICKEN LITTLE: Turkeys? Why do I need turkeys? Shouldn’t we just go see the queen right away?

FOXY LOXY: You need representatives from all the fowl at the free range poultry farm. If you present a united front, the queen will have to act.

CHICKEN LITTLE: I guess you’re right. It’s just that turkeys aren’t very cooperative.

FOXY LOXY: Trust me. Turkeys carry a lot of weight.

CHICKEN LITTLE: If you say so.

FOXY LOXY: So hurry up. The sky could start coming down again any minute.

CHICKEN LITTLE: (Looks up and ducks his head.) Right. (EXITS RIGHT.)

FOXY LOXY: It won’t be long now. Soon I’ll be feasting like I’ve never feasted before. A nine-course meal! No fox has ever been able to pull off a scam like this one! (EXITS through the AUDIENCE. TORI and TINA TURKEY ENTER LEFT. They are padded out to be ridiculously large, yet they look glamorous, with peacock-like tail feathers and tacky jewelry.)

TORI TURKEY: It looks like no one is around.
TINA TURKEY: Good. I don’t want anyone seeing me like this.
TORI TURKEY: So what’s up?
TINA TURKEY: Oh, Tori! I have never been so humiliated in all my life.
TORI TURKEY: What happened? One second we were at the buffet line, loading our plates with cranberries and dressing, and then you just took off running.
TINA TURKEY: I didn’t run. I departed with all the dignity a lady of my stature could muster.
TORI TURKEY: You ran away because you got mustard on a statue?
TINA TURKEY: I didn’t run!
TORI TURKEY: Are you kidding? You waddled out of there so fast I thought your tail feathers were on fire.
TINA TURKEY: My cheeks were blazing with shame and embarrassment.
TORI TURKEY: And your feet were doing the turkey trot. What happened?
TINA TURKEY: I can’t believe he said that!
TORI TURKEY: Who? What? What did who say?
TINA TURKEY: Turkey Lurkey! That good for nothing, pigeon-faced, gravel scratcher!
TORI TURKEY: I thought you liked him. (Makes a sweeping gesture from the bridge of her nose to under her chin, then wiggles her fingers.) You admired his handsome wattle.
TINA TURKEY: Not any more!
TORI TURKEY: What did Turkey Lurkey say?
TINA TURKEY: It’s so insulting. It doesn’t bear repeating.
TORI TURKEY: The only thing I can think of that would insult you this badly would be if he mentioned your… if he called attention to your… (Realizes.) …No!
TINA TURKEY: Yes! Waaaahh!
TORI TURKEY: Oh, Tina. I’m so, so sorry!
TINA TURKEY: He said it behind my back!
TORI TURKEY: Oh, dear. Oh, my goodness.
TINA TURKEY: As if he thought I wouldn’t be able to hear it!
TORI TURKEY: There, there.
TINA TURKEY: How dare he?
TORI TURKEY: It doesn’t bear repeating.
TINA TURKEY: To insinuate that I...
TORI TURKEY: Don’t say it!
TINA TURKEY: Turkey Lurkey had the gall to say that... that I looked
like... like I’d lost weight!
TORI TURKEY: (Covers ears.) I didn’t hear that! (Removes hands
from ears.)
TINA TURKEY: Waaahhh!
TORI TURKEY: (Covers ears again.) I heard that!
TINA TURKEY: And the awful truth... the unbearable, painful fact is
that he’s right! I have lost a pound or two.
TORI TURKEY: How can that be?
TINA TURKEY: I don’t know! There’s something wrong with my
metabolism. I gobble up everything in sight. I never exercise.
(Whispers.) I’ve even been going to Young MacDonald for
hormone injections!
TORI TURKEY: Good gravy! And you’re still losing weight?
TINA TURKEY: If this keeps up, I’m going to end up as puny as a
Cornish game hen.
TORI TURKEY: Uh-oh. I think someone’s coming.
TINA TURKEY: Quick! Hide me. I can’t let anyone see me like this!
(Tries to hide behind the stump. TORI sits on stump.)
LITTLE RED HEN: (ENTERS RIGHT, carrying a bag of flour.) Oh,
there you are. Hello, Tori. Hi, Tina.
TORI TURKEY: Hello, Little Red Hen.
LITTLE RED HEN: As you wish. By the way, I have finished grinding
the grain into flour, and now I’m going to bake it into bread. How
would you like to give me a hand?
TORI TURKEY: Not I, said the turkey.
LITTLE RED HEN: Tina? You could fatten up a little on the extra
dough.
TINA TURKEY: Not I, said the lean white meat.
LITTLE RED HEN: Then I shall do it myself. (Starts to EXIT RIGHT.
Stops.) By the way, if you’re so worried about your weight,
why don’t you talk to Chicken Little? He’s leading some kind of delegation to go and see the queen.

TORI TURKEY: What do you say, Tina? It sounds like a good idea.

TINA TURKEY: *(Stands, gathers her dignity.)* I am a turkey! I shall not degrade myself by being seen with inferior birds.

LITTLE RED HEN: You’d be the fattest one there.

TINA TURKEY: Oh, well in that case, count me in!

TORI TURKEY: Little Red Hen, if you see Chicken Little, tell him we’ll be there.

LITTLE RED HEN: Will do. In the meantime, I’ve got some bread to bake. *(EXITS RIGHT.)*

TINA TURKEY: Tori! This could be my chance. I’ve always wanted to be invited to a queen’s table. Maybe when she sees me, I’ll be given a place of honor.

TORI TURKEY: *(Pulls her LEFT.)* Come with me.

TINA TURKEY: *(Pulls her LEFT.)* Where are we going?

TORI TURKEY: We’re going to get fattened up to see the queen.

TINA TURKEY: But we could never eat enough to make a difference in just a few minutes.

TORI TURKEY: *(Pulls her LEFT.)* It’s time to use my secret weapon!

TINA TURKEY: *(Pulls her LEFT.)* Stuffing! Now shake a drumstick and let’s go! *(They EXIT LEFT.)*

CHICKEN LITTLE: *(ENTERS RIGHT, followed by COCKY LOCKY, HENNY PENNY, DUCKY LUCKY, MALLARD DRAKE, GOOSEY LUCY and ZANDER GANDER.)* Okay, this is the place my friend told us to meet. Now, do you all understand why we are here?

HENNY PENNY: *(Gestures to COCKY LOCKY.)* We’re here to find a loophole in our timeshare contracts.

HENNY PENNY: *(Gestures to COCKY LOCKY.)* Sorry about that golf ball, by the way.

COCKY LOCKY: We’re here to find a loophole in our timeshare contracts.

HENNY PENNY: *(Gestures to COCKY LOCKY.)* Which problem came first, smarty pants? The chicken or the eggs?

DUCKY LUCKY: *(Gestures to COCKY LOCKY.)* We’re here to find a loophole in our timeshare contracts.

ZANDER GANDER: *(Gestures to COCKY LOCKY.)* And to avoid a lawsuit. Sorry about that golf ball, by the way.
What queen? I didn’t know we had a queen.

Nobody ever told me the sky was falling.

I’m not sure. But she can’t do anything if she doesn’t know about it, can she? Besides, if I warn her, I’ll become a hero!

That little chick is certainly starting to come out of his shell.

He could rule the roost someday.

So where’s this friend of yours?

(ENTERS through AUDIENCE.) Right here!

(A fox! A fox! Watch out. Run for your life! We’re dead meat! Cluck, cluck! Quack, quack! Honk, honk! Etc.

It’s not like that! Calm down!

(ALL begin to calm down, but keep their distance.)

Chicken Little, I want you to slowly, carefully, step away from the fox.

Do what Henry Penny says, Chicken Little. You are in danger.

(To FOXY LOXY) You never told me you were a fox.

You never asked. (Bows.) Foxy Loxy, at your service.

(To OTHERS) Don’t you see? The dire situation we are in affects Foxy Loxy, too! The sky is falling on everyone. All she wants to do is help us. (To FOXY LOXY) Right?

Right.

Don’t ever trust a fox, Chicken Little.

You won’t live to regret it.

I don’t believe all you faint-hearted fowl. If Foxy Loxy wanted to eat me, could I do this? (Opens FOXY LOXY’S mouth, puts his arm in it. FOXY LOXY rolls her eyes in restraint.

OTHERS gasp.) Or this? (Puts his neck in FOXY LOXY’S mouth. FOXY LOXY begins to shake with the effort of self-control.) See? You’re just a bunch of chickens.

Well, maybe she has a reason for not eating you.

But we’re all staying well clear of that fox.
FOXY LOXY: I'll tell you what. I'll stand way over here by the wheelbarrow. (She does, and tries to appear disinterested in the poultry.)

CHICKEN LITTLE: Fine. Is that all right with everyone? (OTHERS nod warily.) Okay, Foxy Loxy. Everybody's here. Where can we find the queen?

FOXY LOXY: What about the turkeys? Weren't you able to drum up any turkeys? (TORI TURKEY and TINA TURKEY ENTER LEFT. TINA’S gown is padded to extreme proportions, with bits and pieces of padding sticking out here and there.)

TORI TURKEY: Here we are! TINA TURKEY: Don't leave without us! TORI TURKEY: We're not too late, are we? TINA TURKEY: We wouldn't want to miss the feast.

FOXY LOXY: You're just in time.

TORI TURKEY: Say, aren't you a fox?

FOXY LOXY: Yes, yes, but we've been through all that already. You came to see the queen, and I can tell you where she is.

HENNY PENNY: I'm not going anywhere with you.

COCKY LOCKY: You can scratch that plan.

MALLARD DRAKE: Just shake that idea like water off a duck's back.

DUCKY LUCKY: You must think we're a bunch of quackpots.

FOXY LOXY: No! No! You misunderstand. I'm not coming with you. I will simply give you directions to where the queen is holding court.

The rest is up to you.

GOOSEY LUCY: Well, then, goose out the information.

ZANDER GANDER: Open your bill and spill it.

TORI TURKEY: It's time to start talking turkey.

FOXY LOXY: Patience, my fine feathered friends. It just so happens that the queen is very close by. (Points LEFT.) All you need to do is go that way, turn left, cross the road, then turn left, then turn left again.

CHICKEN LITTLE: That's it?

FOXY LOXY: That's all there is to it. The next non-poultry-type person you see will be the queen.

COCKY LOCKY: Why do we cross the road?

HENNY PENNY: Don't ask me. I never know why chickens cross the road.
FOXY LOXY: To get to the other side, of course.
CHICKEN LITTLE: Oh, I always wondered about that.
MALLARD DRAKE: Can we please get started?
DUCKY LUCKY: Our ducklings will be hatching before long, and I don’t want them mistaking anyone else for their mother.
FOXY LOXY: You’re all set. Take off any time you like.
GOOSEY LUCY: Before we go, there’s something we have to work out.
ZANDER GANDER: That’s right. We need to establish the pecking order.
TORI TURKEY: As turkeys, the largest and grandest of all poultry, we should go first.
TINA TURKEY: And as the largest and grandest turkey of them all, I should lead the parade.
DUCKY LUCKY: I think the ducks should go first. We can form up in a “V” shape, and you can follow behind.
MALLARD DRAKE: Sounds good to me.
GOOSEY LUCY: But geese know how to make a “V” as well as any duck.
ZANDER GANDER: Better.
COCKY LOCKY: But we’re walking, not flying, and chickens are better on the ground.
HENNY PENNY: Right.
FOXY LOXY: May I ask a question? (ALL turn to FOXY LOXY.) Do any of you actually remember the directions I gave you? (They look at each other, confused, shrugging, trying to work it out.)
CHICKEN LITTLE: I do.
FOXY LOXY: Then maybe Chicken Little should lead the way. Any objections? (Gives the OTHERS a toothy smile. Intimidated, they relent.)
ALL: (Ad-lib.) No, no objections. Chicken Little is the best choice. Let the little one lead the way. Etc.
CHICKEN LITTLE: Then I say let’s get going! This way! (EXITS LEFT. COCKY LOCKY and HENNY PENNY scramble to get in place behind him. MALLARD DRAKE and DUCKY LUCKY are next, followed by GOOSEY LUCY, ZANDER GANDER, and TORI TURKEY. TINA TURKEY brings up the rear. ALL EXIT, leaving FOXY LOXY alone.)
FOXY LOXY: I haven’t a moment to spare. (Turns to UP RIGHT wheelbarrow.) One queen, coming up! (Takes canvas drop cloth
and wraps it around her neck and shoulders like a cape. She puts the feed bucket on top of her head like a crown, and picks up the spade, holding it like a scepter. Now all I need is a throne. (Sees stump.) That'll do nicely. (Moves UP LEFT. Sits on stump.) The birdbrains didn't realize that three left turns would bring them right back where they started! They're going to walk right into my trap. At last, my patience will be rewarded. The largest feast a fox ever had. And after this, I'll be more famous than the fox that caught the gingerbread man. (The POULTRY PROCESSION arrives, ENTERING RIGHT.)

CHICKEN LITTLE: (Points LEFT to FOXY LOXY!) Look! There she is! (ALL trample CHICKEN LITTLE in their eagerness to meet the “queen.” They leave him in a crumpled heap, RIGHT.)

COCKY LOCKY: Your majesty. I am the noted operatic tender Cocky Locky. And this is my wife, the most prolific layer of eggs on the farm, Henny Penny. (Bows with a flourish.)

HENNY PENNY: It's an honor, your ladyship. (Bows. FOXY LOXY leans forward, as if to pounce on them.)

MALLARD DRAKE: (Sweeps them out of the way.) Your queenliness, I am Mallard Drake, and this is my wife, Ducky Lucky. (They bow.)

DUCKY LUCKY: Pleased to meet you. Quack! Quack! (Again, FOXY LOXY begins to pounce, but is thwarted.)

GOOSEY LUCY: (Shoves them out of the way.) Your honking holiness, I’m Goosey Lucy, and this is my mate, Zander Gander.

ZANDER GANDER: May I say, your graceful gloriousness, that you look very lovely today. (GOOSEY LUCY smacks him.) Honk! (Just before FOXY LOXY can pounce, TORI TURKEY sweeps them away with a gesture.)

TOM TURKEY: And now, your majesty, for the “coup de gras.” Presenting the prize turkey of the entire free range poultry farm, none other than that delectable debutante, Tina Turkey herself!

TINA TURKEY: (Makes a grand display of her girth.) Your servant, mum. (FOXY LOXY is about to attack TINA TURKEY when CHICKEN LITTLE stands and shouts.)

CHICKEN LITTLE: Queen lady, did you know that the sky is falling? (FOXY LOXY looks up.) Hey, you're not a queen. You're Foxy Loxy with a bucket on your head.

FOXY LOXY: And you're all going to be my lunch! Woof! (CHASE SCENE. FOXY LOXY chases ALL COMBINATIONS OF CHARACTERS.)
LL: Cheep, cheep! Cluck, cluck! Quack, quack! Honk, honk! Gobble, gobble!

LITTLE RED HEN: (ENTERS RIGHT, carrying a basket of long, French bread baguettes. Blows her whistle. ALL freeze.) I planted the grain, I harvested the wheat, I ground the wheat into flour, and I baked the bread myself. Now who will help me eat this bread?

ALL: (Whisper.) Thanks for the offer, but we’re about to be eaten by a fox!

LITTLE RED HEN: I’m sorry, could you please repeat that?

ALL: (Louder.) We’re about to be eaten by a fox!

LITTLE RED HEN: Oh, no, I don’t think so. That’s not on the list of scheduled activities for today.

FOXY LOXY: (Stalks LITTLE RED HEN.) They are on my schedule today. I worked very hard to get you all here together, and now it’s time for the banquet to begin. I think I’ll begin my feast with you.

LITTLE RED HEN: You think so?

FOXY LOXY: I know so. None of the bird brains here is going to save you!

LITTLE RED HEN: Then I shall do it myself. (FOXY LOXY attacks LITTLE RED HEN, who pulls a baguette out of her basket and bops FOXY LOXY on the head.)

FOXY LOXY: Oww! (LITTLE RED HEN fends FOXY LOXY off with the baguette, wielding it like a sword.) Fine! I’ll just eat someone else instead!

LITTLE RED HEN: Chicken Little! Quick, take a baguette! (Tosses a baguette to CHICKEN LITTLE.)

CHICKEN LITTLE: I don’t know if the sky is falling or not, but you’re goin’ down! (Bops FOXY LOXY on the head.)

FOXY LOXY: Oww!

LITTLE RED HEN: Birds of a feather fight together! Defend yourselves! (OTHERS take baguettes from basket, circle FOXY LOXY, bopping her.)

FOXY LOXY: Oww! Oww! Ootchie! Ow! (They drive FOXY LOXY through the AUDIENCE.) It looks like I tried to bite off more than I could chew. My greed has been my undoing. (To OTHERS.) You’d never get away with this if I wasn’t so weak with hunger.

COCKY LOCKY: Well, when you’re ready for a re-match, you know where to find us! Cock-a-doodle-doo! (FOXY LOXY limps away, through the AUDIENCE and OUT.)

HENNY PENNY: Cocky Locky, you got your cock-a-doodle-doo back! I’m so happy I could lay an egg.
DUCKY LUCKY: And with adventures like this, I’m looking forward to coming back every year.

MALLARD DRAKE: So I guess we’ll keep the timeshare.

ZANDER GANDER: [To CHICKEN LITTLE:] No hard feelings about the golf ball, little guy?

GOOSEY LUCY: Oh, Zander. Chicken Little is a hero! He saved us all. He would never sue us. Would you?

CHICKEN LITTLE: [Puffs himself up.] Heroes don’t go around fleecing geese.

ZANDER GANDER: Whew.

TORI TURKEY: Well, Tina, I guess you didn’t get to see the queen after all.

TINA TURKEY: Who cares? For once, I got to really throw my weight around.

LITTLE RED HEN: Look at all these bread crumbs on the ground. Who will help me eat them up?

COCKY LOCKY/HENNY PENNY: I will, said the chickens.

MALLARD DRAKE/DUCKY LUCKY: I will, said the ducks.

ZANDER GANDER/GOOSEY LUCY: I will, said the geese.

TORI TURKEY/TINA TURKEY: I will, said the turkeys.

CHICKEN LITTLE: [To AUDIENCE:] And we did! [ALL stoop over and begin “pecking” at the ground. CURTAIN or LIGHTS OUT.]

END OF PLAY
PRODUCTION NOTES

PROPERTIES
ONSTAGE: Wheelbarrow UP RIGHT containing a spade, a canvas tarp or drop cloth and a feed bucket. Stenciled on the side of the wheelbarrow is: “Young MacDonald’s Free-Range Poultry Farm.” Sturdy stump UP LEFT. Handful of acorns (or hazelnuts) preset behind stump. Optional barnyard backdrop.

BROUGHT ON:
Golf putters (MALLARD DRAKE, ZANDER GANDER)
Bag of grain, sheaf of wheat, bag of flour, basket of bread, whistle on string (LITTLE RED HEN) [Bread may be actual long loaves of French bread or foam rubber, taped and painted to look like bread. Must be soft.]

COSTUMES
All the characters in this play are animals, and all but FOXY LOXY are birds. Full costumes would be fun, but suggested costumes can also work. For example, characters may wear basic colored tee-shirts or sweat shirts and tights to indicate species (yellow for CHICKEN LITTLE, white for CHICKENS, green for DUCKS, gray for GEESE, brown for TURKEYS and FOXY LOXY), and then accessorize with decorated ball caps festooned with felt “feathers.” You can also make a basic shawl out of a triangular piece of fabric that attaches at the wrists with elastic and is pinned at the nape of the neck, creating the effect of “wings.” Attach felt “feathers” with hot glue. The turkeys should be padded to enormous proportions.

FOXY LOXY could wear a basic hooded sweatshirt with pointy felt ears attached, a rubber canine nose, sweat pants with a bushy tail attached and perhaps a vest.

TINA TURKEY is super-stuffed for her reappearance halfway through the play.

MOVEMENT
Much of the humor in “Poultry in Motion” comes from the physical movements of the characters. Work with the actors as they develop characteristic movements and gestures: rocking forward motion for chickens, high-stepping ducks, waddling geese and lumbering turkeys. FOXY LOXY can have quick, canine movements.

FLEXIBLE CASTING
FOXY LOXY and CHICKEN LITTLE can be male or female roles. While the other animal characters have specific genders, any could be played by males or females for a more tongue-in-cheek production!

For preview only
Poultry in Motion - Set Design

Stage Right
- Wheelbarrow
- To other parts of the farm

Stage Left
- Shump
- To other parts of the farm

Optional barnyard backdrop

Upstage

Downstage
- To fence and beyond

Forestage
- Audience
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