

KING OF THE CHICKENS

A Ten-Minute Comedy Duet

by
David Burton



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CAST: CHICKEN and FOX

NOTE: Both characters walk and talk like humans. Characterization is set through the dialogue as well as the attitude of the actors.

CHICKEN: Oh, you startled me. I thought I was the only one that was ever out past sunset.

FOX: Are you kidding? It's just now the shank of the evening. Life begins when the moon and stars come out, little chicken.

CHICKEN: Whew! That's good to know. I was beginning to think I was an oddball. None of my family stays out late. None of my friends, either. They all go to bed with the chickens. No pun intended. That's apparently an expression.

FOX: (*Thoughtfully*) Yes, I've heard it. I just didn't realize there were exceptions. And how is it that you manage to swim against the tide?

CHICKEN: Pardon me? What's that about swimming?

FOX: I mean, why do you stay out so late?

CHICKEN: Oh, I see. You have to excuse me. I'm slow on the uptake at times. But it's really not my fault. I broke out of my egg recently. You don't learn a lot about life inside a shell. In fact, I don't quite remember what I learned in there. It all seems so distant now—like some faded dream from another life.

FOX: That's all fine, but you didn't answer my question.

CHICKEN: Which was?

FOX: Why the nocturnal habits? You chickens are usually fast asleep by this time.

CHICKEN: Wish I knew how to answer that. I just don't feel sleepy when the sun sets. We all roost, but after awhile, I get down and walk quietly around the pen. It doesn't seem to disturb anyone. They're all out like a light.

FOX: This is a new entry for my diary...a chicken who's a night owl.

CHICKEN: Yes, it is strange, I suppose.

FOX: Not for us regular animals. Take me, for example. Us foxes never go to bed early. I can stay up all night, no problem.

CHICKEN: But I don't think chickens are even supposed to like the dark.

FOX: Maybe you're just a freak of nature. I suppose that in the millions of chicks born, there are bound to be two or three who don't follow the normal rules of instinct.

CHICKEN: Does that make me a bad chick?

FOX: No. I think it makes you a rugged individualist. Foxes are all very individualistic. We're quite proud of that trait.

CHICKEN: I don't believe my fellow chickens would be too proud of a chick with its own mind. I'm only supposed to cluck and eat my mash.

FOX: Who needs all those chickens, then? I'll be your friend.

CHICKEN: And exactly who are you?

FOX: My name is Rufus the fox.

CHICKEN: Pleased to meet you, Rufus. I don't believe I've been named.

FOX: Don't worry about it. Your kind rarely are. I'll just call you Chick.

CHICKEN: Works for me. By the way, why are you on the outside of the chicken pen. I heard that danger lurks everywhere outside of our little fenced in sanctuary.

FOX: That's true, but fortunately, foxes have very few enemies. We're blessed that way.

CHICKEN: You're lucky. One of the older chickens told us that we have to always be on guard. He said most animals would love to devour us for dinner.

FOX: I'm painfully shocked! I can't imagine animals devouring one another. I would never think of eating a fellow creature myself. After all, we should stick together. When animals eat each other, there's a certain loss of trust...a dwindling of morale. As good citizens, you and I have a responsibility to take an active role in preventing these killings. If this keeps up, there's no telling where it could end.

CHICKEN: I quite agree. The whole thing sounds utterly distasteful to me. Even the mere thought of someone eating a fellow animal is downright mean-spirited – not to mention politically incorrect. Why, I've never had the slightest desire to eat other creatures. Oh, I might grab up a few bugs, but they don't count.

FOX: No, they're not important. Technically, I don't think insects count as true animals. We foxes eat a few insects ourselves, but never chickens. A fox always values life. We're just like that.

CHICKEN: You never answered me. Why are you on the outside of the wire fence?

FOX: Because the chicken pen is not my home. It's yours. Foxes don't live inside fences. We roam around the countryside seeking adventure.

CHICKEN: Wish I could be on the outside. All I can do here is walk around the perimeter of the fence...not what I call prime time exploration.

FOX: Man! That is a problem. I feel sorry for you. For a chicken, you're something really special. If I could reach my paw through that chicken wire, I'd shake your leg.

CHICKEN: What do you mean?

FOX: That's true, but fortunately, foxes have very few enemies. We're blessed that way.

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CHICKEN: What do you mean?

FOX: You're probably the first chick ever to stay awake at night.

CHICKEN: Is that a big deal?

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