

to remember a name like that, so I'm just going to call you Melvin. We dedicate the show to our BFF, Melvin, here, because I like the color of his/her shirt, and he/she doesn't stink, very much. Good job, Melvin. Okay, here we go. A long time ago, people used to tell magical stories of wonder and enchantment. Seriously. And those stories were called Fairy Tales. But we're not going to tell you those stories. Instead, we'll be—

*(The COW PATTY BOY suddenly runs in and cries:)*

COW PATTY BOY. Cow patty!!!

*(JACK does a pratfall in response to the warning. As he gets up and dusts himself off, he sees that there is no cow patty there.)*

JACK. What are you talking about?! There's no—

*(But COW PATTY BOY just walks away, chuckling. JACK turns back to audience.)*

What's his problem? Anyway, as I was beginning to explain, the stories in this show are *almost* Fairy Tales. But not quite. They're—

*(The SURGEON GENERAL enters, briskly and efficiently.)*

SURGEON GENERAL. Stop.

JACK. Who are you?

SURGEON GENERAL. *(Isn't it obvious?)* I'm the surgeon general.

JACK. What are you doing here? Nobody's smoking.

SURGEON GENERAL. I've come to warn your audience that the show they're about to see consists of a bunch of fairly stupid tales and is therefore probably dangerous to their health, so I'm afraid I'm going to have to shut the whole thing down. *(To audience:)* Go on. Go home before somebody gets hurt.

JACK. Wait a minute, it isn't dangerous, it's just stupid, and I was about to tell them that myself.

SURGEON GENERAL. *(Checking his clipboard:)* Not dangerous?

JACK. Not the least bit dangerous.

SURGEON GENERAL. You're sure about that?

JACK. Absolutely.

*(CHICKEN LICKEN enters like a tornado and tramples JACK.)*

CHICKEN LICKEN. The sky is falling!

SURGEON GENERAL. *(Leaving:)* I warned you.

CHICKEN LICKEN. The sky is falling! The sky is falling!

JACK. What is it with the chickens in this show? None of you can wait for your cue? Now get out of here until I'm ready for you.

(CHICKEN LICKEN *exits huffily.*)

As I was saying, you are about to see some fairly stupid tales. I mean, what else would you call a story like "Goldilocks and the Three Elephants?" This girl walks through the woods, smells peanut porridge, decides to break into the elephants' house so she can eat the porridge, sit in the chairs, sleep in the beds, but when she gets inside she finds out the chairs are too big to climb up on, so she goes home. The end. And if you don't think that's fairly stupid, wait'll you see "The Stinky Cheese Man." So. That's my introduction. Now it's time for the first story of the show... "Chicken Licken."

(*He waits, but nothing happens.*)

I said, now for the first story, "Chicken Licken."

(*Again, nothing.*)

Oh, for—

(*He starts off, but is once again trampled by the on-rushing CHICKEN LICKEN. SURGEON GENERAL has stuck his head in just in time to see this: he clucks, makes a mark on his clipboard, and disappears.*)

CHICKEN LICKEN. The sky is falling! The sky is falling! We must tell the President!

JACK. (*Gathering himself up:*) Once upon a time, Chicken Licken was standing around when a piece of something fell on her head.

(CHICKEN LICKEN *holds out the offending piece of "sky." It looks like the number "12" fashioned in three dimensions out of Styrofoam.*)

Lemme see that. This is what fell on you?

(CHICKEN LICKEN *nods energetically.*)

This is the number "12."

CHICKEN LICKEN. The sky is falling! The sky is falling!

JACK. Hey Melvin, what is this? (*Shows "Melvin" the Styrofoam "12" but doesn't really wait for his response:*) That's right, it's the number "12."

CHICKEN LICKEN. The sky is falling! The sky is falling!

JACK. Unh hunh. Well, as you can see, Chicken Licken was not the brightest thing on two drumsticks, so she started running around in circles like a chicken with its head cut off.

*(CHICKEN LICKEN, who had been running around frantically, stops and glares at JACK.)*

What?

CHICKEN LICKEN. That's a vicious stereotype.

JACK. What is?

CHICKEN LICKEN. Chickens do not run around with their heads cut off.

JACK. No, it's just a figure of—

CHICKEN LICKEN. You're prejudiced!

JACK. I'm not prej—

CHICKEN LICKEN. Why do you hate chickens?

JACK. I don't, I just, I'm trying to tell a story here, trying to—

CHICKEN LICKEN. You hairless monkey.

JACK. What I meant to say was, Chicken Licken started running around like a, like a very frantic chicken.

*(CHICKEN LICKEN continues her slow burn, staring daggers at JACK.)*

Aaaaand, she ran right away to her friend—hey Duck, get in here—to her friend, Ducky Lucky, and clucked:

*(DUCKY LUCKY appears. CHICKEN LICKEN ignores her, still trying to burn a hole in JACK's head with her eyes.)*

JACK. *(Stage whisper:)* You have to say your line! *(To DUCKY LUCKY:)* Do something!

DUCKY LUCKY. Uh...so...I hear the sky might be falling? ...Don't you think we should tell—

CHICKEN LICKEN. *(Getting back into it:)* Ducky Lucky! Ducky Lucky! The sky is falling! The sky is falling! We must tell the President!

DUCKY LUCKY. *(Quacking seriously:)* Let's go.

JACK. Then Chicken Licken and Ducky Lucky ran to their friend Goosey Loosey and yelled:

CHICKEN and DUCKY. Goosey Loosey! Goosey Loosey! The sky is falling! The sky is falling! We must tell the President!