

TALK BACK!

1. How would you handle a situation like Andy's?
2. What do you do if other kids make fun of you?
3. What *should* you do if other kids make fun of you?
4. Do you ever feel powerless? Why?
5. What is dignity? Do you have it?
6. Which character is most like you? Why?
7. Which character is least like you? Why?

CHICKEN WARRIOR

3F, 3M

WHO

FEMALES



Emily
Marjorie
Violet

MALES

Joe
Ty
Walt

WHERE Walt's farm.

WHEN Daytime, present day.

-  Think about how you can make the action seem real. You can't use real chickens so you must act as though they are there!
-  For this play, I picked two random words out of a hat and came up with a title. Then I had to think of what I could write that would match the title. Try it!

Scene 1: Plan A

(WALT speaks offstage to his mother. We do not see or hear her.)

WALT: That's a girl's job! I don't want to do it! Mom, don't make me. Can't you do it? It's not fair! Gathering eggs—that's girl stuff. *(Beat.)* I don't know why; it just is! Guys plow fields, chop wood, and drive tractors. Girls milk cows and gather eggs and stuff. What if I don't do it? I might not. I don't want to. What will you do then? Should I go to my room now? I like my room. I don't care. So go ahead. Ground me. *(Beat.)* Fine! I'll get the stupid eggs. But if they all break, it's not my fault! I hate chickens! I hate chicken poop! I hate everything! OK, chickens, here I come!

(MARJORIE enters.)

MARJORIE: Whatcha doin', Walt? How come you're yelling?

WALT: I have to get stupid eggs from stupid chickens.

MARJORIE: Oh.

WALT: Actually, chickens aren't so bad, are they?

MARJORIE: No. Not really. They are kind of cute. Not bunny cute, but not totally ugly.

WALT: Yeah. Chickens are great. Really . . . cute. So . . . wanna gather some eggs?

MARJORIE: No.

WALT: Now, eggs—they're really cute. And useful! And delicious. Mmm . . . eggs.

MARJORIE: I don't like eggs.

WALT: Everyone likes eggs! They go into cake! You like cake, don't you?

MARJORIE: No.

WALT: No? What's wrong with you? Everyone likes cake.

MARJORIE: I'm allergic.

WALT: Oh. But you like chickens, right?

MARJORIE: They're OK.

WALT: A minute ago they were cute.

MARJORIE: A minute ago you weren't trying to get me to gather the eggs for you.

WALT: How did you know?

MARJORIE: Eggs aren't cute.

WALT: Sure they are!

MARJORIE: You're weird, Walt.

WALT: Takes one to know one.

MARJORIE: I guess so. So, are you gonna get those eggs or not?

WALT: Not.

MARJORIE: Don't you have to?

WALT: Well, yeah.

MARJORIE: So? Go ahead.

(WALT takes a deep breath and puts one hand into the chicken coop. He feels around for an egg. After a second, he pulls his hand out quickly.)

WALT: Ouch!

MARJORIE: What?

WALT: That chicken bit me!

MARJORIE: Chickens don't bite.

WALT: This one did!

MARJORIE: It pecked you.

WALT: No one told me about this!

MARJORIE: Now you know.

WALT: So how am I supposed to do this?

MARJORIE: You're supposed to be brave and just do it.

WALT: Well, duh. Of course I will.

MARJORIE: So?

WALT: So?

MARJORIE: What are you waiting for?

WALT: Nothin'.

MARJORIE: Go on then!

(WALT hesitates, then puts his hand back in the chicken coop.)

WALT: Got one! Ouch!

(WALT pulls his hand out of the chicken coop again.)

WALT: Ow, ow, ow, ow, ow! I hate stupid chickens!

MARJORIE: Don't say that. They'll hear you.

WALT: They can't understand me. They're *stupid!*

MARJORIE: Maybe they're pecking you because you're mean.

WALT: I broke an egg that time!

MARJORIE: The eggs are their babies.

WALT: No they're not.

MARJORIE: Yes, they are. Where do you think chicks come from?

WALT: Well . . . but they're not *really* chicks. At least not yet.

MARJORIE: Well, yes and no.

WALT: This calls for drastic measures. I'll be back.

MARJORIE: What are you gonna do?

WALT: You'll see.

MARJORIE: Bring me back some chocolate milk, would ya?

WALT: No way!

(WALT exits.)

MARJORIE: Sometimes I see why moms have to nag all the time. Why can't kids ever just do something just because you asked them to? Especially boys. I hope my mother never hears me say this! Then it would be nag, nag, nag all day long. But I'm a helpful person, aren't I, chickens? It's not fair that stupid boys are allowed to take your babies and scramble and eat them. It's wrong, isn't it? And I'm not just saying that because I'm allergic. I would say it anyway. *(Beat.)* You know, you are pretty cute. Cute enough. Who needs to be bunny cute? My baby sister's bunny cute and she's stupid. My mom likes her best though. She says she doesn't, but she does. You chickens are practical and sensible and smart . . . I'm not gonna let anyone take your babies away. Don't you worry!

Scene 2: Plan B

(WALT returns, wearing a helmet and oven mitts. He holds a fork and a spatula. Around the chicken coop, a crowd has gathered.)

VIOLET: What are you going to do, Walt?

WALT: Get some eggs from that chicken coop.

TY: You're a dork, Walt. Just reach in and get them.

WALT: These are not ordinary chickens.

EMILY: Sure they are.

MARJORIE: They peck.

JOE: So?

WALT: So, it hurts!

TY: I think you're the chicken, Walt.

WALT: Look at my wounds.

(WALT takes off his oven mitts and shows them his hands. VIOLET, TY, EMILY, and JOE gather around him. MARJORIE stands off to the side, bored.)

EMILY: Ew!

JOE: Man, those chickens are evil!

MARJORIE: No, they're not.

TY: Shut up, Marjorie.

EMILY: You shut up!

TY: Are you her mother?

EMILY: Maybe I am.

JOE: You're young.

EMILY: So?

VIOLET: Don't fight, you guys!

MARJORIE: Those chickens are trying to save their babies.

WALT: No, they're not, Marjorie.

VIOLET: What do you mean?

MARJORIE: Eggs are where chicken babies come from. When you take and eat those eggs, you're eating a chicken baby. It's wrong. I hope that the chickens peck your hands off, Walt.

JOE: How come chicken babies are so gooey then?

MARJORIE: So were you when you were just starting to grow, too.

VIOLET: Marjorie, are you serious? That is so sad.

MARJORIE: It is sad. You shouldn't eat eggs. No one thinks about what they really are. Don't do it, Walt. Don't get those eggs. Your mom won't be mad if you

explain it to her. It's not fair. Think about the little chick that might hatch from that egg.

WALT: You never said that before. Why are you all of a sudden so concerned?

MARJORIE: I got to thinking about it. And I decided it's wrong.

WALT: You're just allergic.

TY: You're allergic? That's cheating.

EMILY: That doesn't make sense.

JOE: Sure it does. It would be one thing to give up eggs; it's another thing to not eat them in the first place.

TY: Right.

VIOLET: Boys! They just don't understand. This is a tiny, helpless chick we're talking about.

WALT: If this gets me out of gathering eggs, I'm all for it.

EMILY: Aren't eggs in a lot of things, though?

MARJORIE: Yes.

WALT: Oh, yeah. Cake.

JOE: I like cake.

TY: You'd have to give it up.

VIOLET: I don't know if I could do that.

MARJORIE: That's because you're weak.

TY: No, I'm not!

JOE: Speaking of weak, you gonna get those eggs or not, Waltie?

WALT: Don't call me Waltie!

TY: Get the eggs!

JOE: GET THE EGGS! GET THE EGGS!

VIOLET, EMILY, TY, JOE: GET THE EGGS! GET THE EGGS!

WALT: OK! OK! Here I go!

(MARJORIE throws herself in front of the chicken coop.)

MARJORIE: Noooooo! Stay away from the defenseless chicken babies! You leave them alone, you monsters! They are just trying to stay warm and alive. It's not fair. What if someone did that to you when you were a baby! Took you away from your mother, scrambled you, and ate you!

(VIOLET, EMILY, TY, JOE, and WALT are disgusted.)

MARJORIE: That's right! It's gross. And not nice. And what if someone poked your mother with a fork for trying to protect you? Wouldn't you be mad? And there you are, ready to attack the mother chickens for doing their job. You're a terrible person, Walt. You should be ashamed of yourself. Plus,

you're greedy. All you care about is getting eggs so you can have cake. Would you *die* if you couldn't have cake? No! No, you wouldn't. You're a greedy, bad person. I'm ashamed to know you.

(WALT lowers his fork.)

MARJORIE: That's right, Walt. Step away from the chicken coop. Let these chickens live in peace and harmony! Let these chickens live!

WALT: Are you done now?

MARJORIE: Yes. My job is done here.

EMILY: I love chicks. They're all yellow and fluffy.

VIOLET: So cute! You're so right, Marjorie.

EMILY: Let's get out of here.

(MARJORIE, VIOLET, and EMILY exit. Beat.)

JOE: So. Are you gonna get those eggs or are *you* the chicken?

WALT: Those chickens can't defeat me. I'm a warrior. Plus, my mom will kill me if I don't do this.

TY: Chicken! You're scared of your mom!

WALT: So I'm a chicken if I do this, and I'm a chicken if I don't.

TY: Yeah!

WALT: Everyone's scared of his mom. Don't pretend you're not. You have to be; otherwise the universe would be nuts. What if no one listened to his mother? We'd all be eating with our hands and burping at dinner and never taking baths. We'd be a completely disgusting society of slobs. Imagine the world if Ty told everyone what to do. Our tongues would be stuck to flagpoles, and we'd be throwing water balloons day and night. Let's face it; that would be pretty sick. I hate to say it, I really do, but a world without mothers would be a dark, scary place. Don't pretend like you don't believe me. You know it, too. I have to listen to my mother to keep the world from going crazy. So I guess I have to get eggs from the chicken coop after all.

JOE: Do it. I wanna see those chickens peck your hands off.

(WALT hands the fork and spatula to TY and JOE. With the oven mitts on, he sticks his hands in the chicken coop again.)

WALT: Ow! Ow! Ow! Ow!

JOE: Look at those chickens go!

TY: Come on, Walt! Get those eggs!

WALT: Ow! Ow! Ow! Ow!

(WALT finally pulls his hands out. He has four eggs.)

WALT: *(Yelling.)* Hey, Mom! I've got a bunch of eggs! Do

you think you could make a cake with them? *(Beat.)* Spinach quiche? Are you kidding?

JOE: Oh, man. You've been had.

TY: I like spinach. I'm like Popeye.

JOE: It didn't work.

TY: What?

JOE: The spinach.

TY: I'm stronger than you.

JOE: Are not!

TY: Prove it!

JOE: Let's go!

(JOE and TY exit, dropping the fork and spatula.)

WALT: Mom? Do I have to eat the quiche? *(Beat.)* Aw, man! I've got four. That's good enough, right? *(Long beat.)* Six more? Um, Mom? I think it's wrong to eat eggs. Did you know they're chicken babies?