

# NIGHT COURT

## CHICKS

Adapted for Stage by Felicia Pfluger  
*Run Time Estimate 5 minutes*

Judge Harry:	Happy, Quick witted
Bob Wheeler:	Slow Redneck
June Wheeler:	Slow Redneck
Daniel Fielding	Prosecutor Attorney, Sardonic, Letch
Markie Sullivan:	Defense Attorney, Smart & Sweet
Selma Smith:	Court Clerk, Spunky, Smart]
Understudy	Understudy -Markie
Understudy	Understudy – Daniel

*At rise, a Manhattan Court Room in the 1980's.*

Selma: Court is in session. All Rise for the honorable Judge Harry Stone.

Harry: *(Perky)* Well, What's the first case?

Selma: We have a surprise for you, Sir. Some old "favorites" making a return appearance.

Harry: Cannnnn you give me a hint

Selma: Well, let's see. The car that took them to the police station ... destroyed... by a bolt. Of. **Lightening**????

Harry: You meannnnnn....

Bob: *(Serious Hick, Happy go lucky)* Hellllllooo..... It's Usssss.

Harry: (Shocked and in awe) Bob and June Wheeler, as I live and breathe, you redneck recidivist knuckleheads! *(Partly false cheerfulness)* How the heck are you?

Bob: *(Deadpan, but earnest)* Couldn't be better. It's always a pleasure to be hauled up before you. And as always, the "accommodations" are lovely.

*(Selma and Harry have the pacing of a fun ping pong game in this area)*

Selma: They were picked up on a 509B violation...

Harry: 509?

Selma: Ah HUH.

Harry: B?

Selma: Yes.

Harry: *(Curious and entertained)* I don't believe I am quite familiar with that one.

Daniel: Well, Sir! It is not used in Manhattan that much. It involves the... illegal detonation of... poultry.

Harry: *(Takes a beat)* Excuse me, but I didn't think that "chickens" were among our more widely used explosives...

- Markie: Excuse me Sir, but I think the wheelers were merely trying their hands at “Egg Farming”. They ran into a... but of difficulty... **with...** a... propane powered... incubator.
- Harry: *(Processing)* So all the would be chicks... are now...
- Daniel: *(Slowly)* Quiche..... Yes Sir.  
It seems Darla... and Alfalfa here got an incubator... with a “Faulty” shut off valve.
- Bob: *(In horror, full bravado)* It was a **nightmare.**  
*(Shrinking nostrils)*
- June: Uh huh... *(June keeps adlibbing Over Bob in his monologue)*
- Bob: The GOD AWFUL SMELL of meringue. The BLOOD CURDLING...PEEPING.
- June: The Irony of it all is... we got into chickens... because of the failed venture... of our true dream...
- Harry: *(Car crash effect)* OK, I might regret asking this... but ... What failed venture?
- June: Our difficulties.... a runnin’ a WORM FARM.
- Daniel: *(Snidely)* There’s a picture. You both hunched over a VAT of pink, juicy, WIGGLERS!
- Bob: *(In desperation and grief, high melodrama, voice quavering)* We were SEDUCED by the GLAMOUR of it all.
- Harry: *(Curiosity kicks in... slowly)* OKAY.... What. Happened. To the WORMS?

- Bob: *(Takes a beat. Completely Dead Pan. Slowly....)*  
STAMPEDE.
- June: *(High melodrama. Car crash effect, big eyed).* It was like all the pasta you ever ate in your life... coming back to GET you.
- Selma: Stop the world... I want get off.
- Bob: I guess I just don't have the knack for...*(depressed)*  
ANIMAL HUSBANDRY
- June: *(Soothingly)* Don't be so harrrrd on yourself, Bob...  
*(stage whispers, frustrated)* He has been such downer since Granny died...
- Markie: *(Giving in to dark curiosity, setting up the joke)* Oh, Heck... Someone's gotta ask.... How did she die?
- Bob: *(Reverently)* She passed away in her sleep.
- Harry: *(Surprised given the source)* That's it? She was... just sleeping peacefully?
- June: Yes.
- Bob: ..... On the railroad tracks.
- Harry: What was she doing?
- Bob: *(Thinks about it)* .... About 80 to 85 miles per hour? She was in her wheelchair we made her... the one out of the Barca-lounger and the dolley... It was her PRIDE and JOY...
- June: *(Deadpan)* The rail company was very sympathetic though... Didn't even CHARGE her for the RIDE.

Markie: *(Struggling for anything to say)* Yes. Tragedy does brings out the best in people...

Harry: I've got a question.

Bob: Shoot!

Harry: What the Sam Hill were you two brought in for, again?

Daniel: Uh. Destruction of neighboring property, Sir, to the tune of about 85 bucks.

Harry: Ok. We will call you GUILTY. We'll SUSPEND the fine, but you've GOT to pay the damages.

*(Slamming Gavel SFX )*

Markie: *(Gently, to June)* Can you afford to pay that much?

June: *(Slowly)* Well, Granny did leave us a PRETTY substantial inheritance.

Daniel: *(Sniveling in wry disgust)* What you got in there... A dead rat and a pack of NECCO Wafers?

Bob: *(Guileless)* No.

Bob/June *(Very Slowly)* \$250,000.00.  
*(Daniel gasps loudly. All shocked are silent.)*

Bob: *(Completely straight faced like "I cannot tell a lie.)*  
We ate the NECCO Wafers.

Daniel: *(In shock)* Wait – Your CARRYING \$250,000 around in a COFFEE CAN?

Bob: No. Just half of it. (*In a stage whisper*) June's hiding the rest in her brazier...

Harry: (*Surly, Irony*) Looks like June is busting out all over...

Harry: Case Closed... (*Shocked and frustrated aside*) In all my born days.... This takes the cake!

June: Did you say your serving cake today, Judge?

Harry: Git! Git! Git!

Selma: Court is in Recess.

~ *Fine* ~