

ALLIGATOR. I'm getting wet.

KATHY. Big deal.

JOHNNY. Oh, go soak your head.

PIERRE. (*Gives the Bronx Cheer.*)

ALLIGATOR. Stop showing.

KATHY. I think I'm getting pneumonia.

JOHNNY. Good.

PIERRE. I don't care.

ALLIGATOR. Stop pulling me.

KATHY. You dumb alligator.

JOHNNY. This is just like a horror book I read. This is spooky.

PIERRE. So are you.

ALLIGATOR. (*Crawling into the cellar. There is general screaming and melee.*) Anybody here? Anybody dead here?

KATHY. Ech. I hate it here. You could catch cold and drop dead here and no one would find you ever.

PIERRE. So who cares?

ROSIE. Isn't it terrific down here? The light is perfect.

ALLIGATOR. Where's Chicken Soup?

KATHY. Poor kid, lost in all that rain.

ALLIGATOR. Will he be OK? Won't somebody find him?

PIERRE. Yeah, kidnappers.

JOHNNY. I read in this book how if strangers offer you a bowl of chicken soup from a car you should say no.

KATHY. You shouldn't go with them.

JOHNNY. I know.

PIERRE. I don't care.

KATHY. I betcha he did.

ALLIGATOR. What? What?

KATHY. Chicken Soup went with them and got kidnapped.

JOHNNY. He just couldn't turn it down.

KATHY. Oh my God, I'm sure they got him and they're holding him for ransom. Oh my God, they'll bury him somewhere.

PIERRE. Alive, I hope.

ALLIGATOR. Maybe something worse even happened. This is a true story. A kid I know got caught in a storm, and the rain was like a river, and it sucked him down the sewer where the alligators

from Florida ate him up. And his parents never even found a piece of his hair. (*beginning to cry*) Where's Chicken Soup? Why doesn't he come down here?

PIERRE. Maybe he is here. Hey Rosie, your brother isn't buried alive here...

ROSIE. Nope. That's not what happened.

PIERRE. You know everything, I suppose.

ROSIE. I was there, dummy, I reported it to the police.

OTHERS. What Ro, what?

ROSIE. (*Preens before unseen cameras.*) OK guys, roll 'em. (*Music Cue 13 — THE BALLAD OF CHICKEN SOUP*) It was in the dawn, and the mist was hanging over the city. It was horrible. I tried everything, but it was too late. They wrapped him in a garbage bag and took him to the mayor's house and put him in the freezer.

PIERRE. I suppose they're gonna make chicken soup out of him.

ROSIE. They hung a ticket on his toe and it says how he died.

ALLIGATOR. Please Ro, please tell us what the ticket says.

ROSIE. OK, my pretties, you asked for it. Lights, camera, action. (*She sings THE BALLAD OF CHICKEN SOUP.*)

TODAY OUR DEAR FRIEND CHICKEN SOUP

THIS VERY ORDINARY DAY

BOILED UP A POT OF CHICKEN SOUP

AND SWALLOWED IT AWAY.

A-LACK, A-DAY.

O-WOE, OYE-VAY

HE SWALLOWED IT AWAY.

NOW LISTEN TO WHAT I'M GONNA SAY.

A LITTLE BONE, A BITTY THING

NO BIGGER THAN MY PINKY

HE SWALLOWED HOT

FROM OUT THAT POT

IN QUICKER THAN A WINKY

HE GULPED THAT SOUP

AND LET OUT A WHOOP

AND FELL DOWN CROAKING ON THE STOOP