

*(RALPHIE and SCHWARTZ re-enter to help RANDY to his feet. FARKAS wrenches FLICK's wrist up between his shoulder blades, pushing and twisting, RALPHIE, SCHWARTZ and RANDY exit.)*

FLICK. Ouch! That's my sore arm! Hey! Hey!

RALPH. Flick's arm was always sore. There was never enough healing time between sessions with Farkas.

FLICK. Ow! Ow! Ow! Ow!

RALPH. Fortunately, Flick was left-handed.

FARKAS. Say, "I'm a dirty little chicken." *(FLICK, grimacing, shakes his head.)* Say it! Say it!

FLICK *(the pain is too much for him)*. I'm a dirty little chicken.

FARKAS. What? *(He gives an extra tug on FLICK's arm.)*

FLICK *(yelps)*. I'm a dirty little chicken!

FARKAS *(twisting even harder)*. Louder!

FLICK. I'm a dirty little chicken!

FARKAS *(hurling FLICK away)*. Fly away, chicken.

*(FLICK runs off R. FARKAS laughs a nasty laugh and shambles off L as the pool of light fades to black.)*

RALPH. See what I mean about Punjab? *(He makes a sweeping motion.)* Whoosh, bully problem solved. *(With a sigh.)* Flick had the worst luck of anybody I'd ever known. It was like he'd been cursed.

*(Lights come up DL where RALPHIE, FLICK, SCHWARTZ, HELEN and ESTHER JANE stand around a lamppost mounted on a platform. FLICK and SCHWARTZ are mid-discussion.)*

SCHWARTZ. Oh yeah?

FLICK. Yeah.