

Captain Chihuahua
and
His Flamingo Brigade

A Play

Cast

One dog (a Chihuahua). Thirteen Flamingos (designated in speaking number with other nonspeaking members).

Scenery

A trench in a war. Background shows miles of other trenches. All are dressed in basic military fatigues, some with rifles and backpacks.

Abbreviations of names are made when applicable.

Act I

Captain Chihuahua and his Flamingo Brigade are leaning against the side of the trench facing the audience. In the background shell fire is heard, along with random machine-gun noises. Curtain opens.

Captain Chihuabua
Awright, yer grangey mutts! When I give da order, wer take da next trench.

Flamingo Number 1
Are you kidding? Hey, listen, I think you're out of your mind if you think a bunch like us can get through all that gunfire without getting hurt.

Chihuabua
Dangblastit! Are you grangey mutts cowards or something?

Flamingo Number 2
No, of course not. . . we just don't want to die.

Flamingo Number 3
Oh, yes, quite so. And besides, we're Flamingos, not 'grangey mutts' or some other canine perversion.

Chihuabua
Awww, what the hell is dis fuggin bullshit you're throwing at me?!?

Flamingo Number 1
We're just being realistic, y'know.

Flamingo Number 3
Quite true. It would be absolutely ridiculous for us to get ourselves blasted into smithereens.

Chihuabua
Cut da crap, ya mangey mutt.

Flamingo Number 2
FLAMINGO!!

Chihuabua
Awwwwwww, who gives a fuggin shit?

Flamingo Number 1
Come onnnnn, now. You don't really think that we could get across to the other side, do you?

Flamingo Number 2
Yes, that's a job for stupid chickens.

Flamingo Number 4
You're absolutely correct. In fact, I was just reading Webster's *Book of Existential Revelation* and found a chapter concerned with the philosophy of the existential chicken and--

Chihuabua
Awwwww, shut the bloody hell up!!

Flamingo Number 3
Please, Captain, let the bird speak!

Flamingo Number 4
Thank you. Anyway, in the catechism of the existential chicken there's this part. . . hmmm(he tinks). Yes! (He begins to recite). . . and then the chicken saw the road, and it was there--

Flamingo Number 2
(Interjects) I recognize that! (he recites) --and it was there. And the chicken wondered what to do next--

Flamingo Number 5
(Interjects) --so he pecked around the side of the road, not knowing what to do--

Flamingo Number 4
--then he came upon the notion to cross the road--

Flamingo Number 2
--he crossed the road because--

Flamingo Number 4
--because it was there and the chicken had nothing else better to do--

Flamingo Number 5
--so he stepped on the hot asphalt and began to scamper across to the other side--

Flamingo Number 6
--but he failed to notice the gigantic Mack Truck speeding towards him--

Flamingo Number 7
--so he flapped his wings--

Flamingo Number 8
'gave one final "cluck"--

Flamingo Number 4
--and BAM! was splattered all over the road!

(General recognition of the parable.)

Chihuabua
What the freggin' hell does dat have to do with dis?

Flamingo Number 1
It's obviously suicide to try to take the next trench.

Flamingo Number 2
Foolish.

Flamingo Number 3
Ridiculous.

Flamingo Number 4
Insane.

Flamingo Number 5
Rather stupid to think about in the first place.

Chihuabua
Don't you damn birds have no respect for yer country?

Flamingo Number 2
What country?

Flamingo Number 3
Yes, what do you mean by that?

Chihuabua
You freggin' ignoramouses! What da hell're ya doing in da army if you ain't got no country?!?!?

Flamingo Number 2
Oh, I guess it was something to do.

Flamingo Number 3, 4, 5, 6, and 1
all agree
Yes, yes, yes. . .

Chihuabua
Don't you got no patriotism?!?
Don't you go no ideal to fight for?!?

Flamingo Number 1
Ideals?!? My dear Captain, ideals have very little to do with trying to kill as many people as you can before you yourself get blown up.