

Sesame Street, Chickens In The Trees

A pig, wearing a farmer outfit and holding a banjo, is sitting under a tree. If you look carefully, you can see chickens in the trees.

Pig: (singing) Oh, there are chickens in the trees,
There are chickens in the trees.
Won't you listen to me, please?

(briefly, the chickens flutter about in the branches)

There are chickens in the trees.

Rooster: (entering from the right) Excuse me, old pig. I couldn't help but overhear you. Would you mind?

Pig: Why, not at all - ahem...
(sings) Oh there are chickens in the trees,
There are chickens in the trees.
Won't you listen to me, please?

(briefly, the chickens flutter about again)

There are chickens in the trees.

Rooster: You know, that's a very nice song, but you've got it quite, quite wrong. I happen to be a professional.

Pig: Hmmm ... is that so?

Rooster: Absolutely. The very idea is utterly ridiculous, quite ridiculous. Chickens in the trees, indeed.

(storms off)

Pig: (standing) Okay, fellas. You heard what the rooster said. Everyone out of the tree.

(The chickens all drop out of the tree, and walk away, clucking and pecking)