FOX:

No. (*Pause.*) My life, you know…it’s, well, it’s… I hunt chickens. Men hunt me. All the chickens are alike. All the men are alike. It’s—very monotonous. Well, see, I search me out a chicken—hey, a fella’s got to eat. But then, the hunters, they chase me through the woods and down the hills until I have to dive into a hole to hide from them until they give up. Ev’ry day it’s pretty much the same old thing (*Yawn.*) Search, run, hide. Sometimes I sit down in that hole for hours just thinking. About—what it might be like if it was—different. If someday, someone came along—someone without a gun, someone whose footsteps would make me excited instead of sending me scurrying away. Someone who would—tame me.