

KARATE CHICKENS

Written by

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Animation Feature

Genre: action/adventure

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FADE IN:

EXT. WILEY CHICKEN FARM - NEVADA - DAY - ESTABLISHING

Establishing shot of the impressive poultry building complex that situates around the outskirts of Clark County. The massive, modern poultry house is a beauty to behold.

Two LIVERIED GUARDS; BILL, six feet, bulky with plump features; and PESKY, five feet, skinny; they literary STRUGGLE to control the Rottweilers each is holding.

The Rottweilers; BRUTE and KNIGHT, stodgy and mean-looking; SNARL their tongues to reveal ruthless canines while patrolling along the perimeter barb wire fence with spikes.

Camera PANS to the poultry house built in 'Y' shape, a massive building with state-of-the-art architectures. It's huge, exit steel doors is automated.

INT. WILEY CHICKEN FARM - LAYERS NESTS - CONTINUOUS

The seven-floor high layers' cage stretches to about a hundred meters into the building towards a junction that branches off to other two sections of the poultry house.

At the second floor of a section of the cage, CHILI, a pretty young layer hen, bright red feathers with white feathers lining her crown down to her neck sides, YELLS wide-eye drawing attention to herself as she is about to lay her first egg, PANTING.

CHILI

Oh no! Ou! Ou! Ou! Ou it's coming...!

Many Hens turn to her; some with looks of CONCERN and others simply make a 'sorry' face at her and looks away. A layer He frowns at her from atop.

LAYER HEN1

What's it again, Chili? Can't you just like... relax?

LAYER HEN2

(understanding smile)  
You know it's her first time.

LAYER HEN1

Yeah we all know that but...

CHILI

(gasps)

I think it's coming out! Somebody help me... hold my hands! Somebody please! O no! Somebody...! Woo, woo, woo...!

BUFFY (O.C.)

Relax! You'll soon get use to it!  
Ugh! First timers...

P.O.V - BUFFY; huge, old cock and leader, from the down floor WAVES off Chili still GASPING as he strolls down with an attitude of importance, nodding his response to salutations from several chickens he walks by.

Chili is still PANTING over her first egg lay.

CHILI

It's coming.. It's coming...!

LAYER HEN 1

Just relax already, please?

LAYER HEN3

Stop fretting, you're not gonna die!

Other layer hens across the cages at various levels lend their voices.

MAMA DOO

(elderly hen from cage  
opposite)

Let her alone! Do you remember your own first time?

LAYER HEN3

I sure do alright! It was a cinch for me.

Mama Doo cocks a brow at Layer Hen3

MAMA DOO

You can say that again honey, don't let me remind you...

LAYER HEN3

Whatever...

Layer Hen3 waves her off and goes back to her duty. Chili is still PANTING as she struggles still with her first egg lay.

P.O.V - from Chili's rump a tiny, cute egg GENTLY ROLLS out and safely down and joins other eggs in their numbers rolling away safely through automation channels.

Chili's shoulder FALLS in relief as she WIPES her sweaty face; the other layer Hens BURST into LAUGHTER.

LAYER HEN 2

Can you believe that?!

LAYER HEN1

Oh sugar!

LAYER HEN 3

Look at the tiny egg she's been sweating at! Oh girl!

MAMA DOO

Ya'all leave her alone! She's done good!

(to Chili)

Don't mind them honey, you did a good job. You'll get better alright.

CHILI

Thanks mama Doo.

Chili begins to relax quickly glad she succeeded, as she settles down to munch some food.

Down at the floor, SKID; young, vibrant and energetic young cock; brownish white with bright red, long tail feathers, walks down towards another section of the complex with a SWAG FEELING COOL, a pair of dark eyeglasses over its face.

SKID

Yearrrrrr... cool life... getting better each day...

Two very young hens; ROSY and PINKY; both are quite plump; sidles Skid from behind in EXCITEMENT.

Rosy

Hey, Skid! What's up with you?

SKID

Yea babe, I'm okay. What's good in your life?

Skid responds as they take another turn to another department where newly hatched chicks in pretty cages feeds in their numbers.

PINKY

Cool! Everything's cool.

ROSY

Buffy hinted us this morning that the great master will soon draft us to a department.

SKID

Really? And where are you looking at to be drafted to?

ROSY

Errrr... well, I don't mind becoming a layer.

PINKY

I think you should be a hatcher.

ROSY

I think not! I prefer to relax, munch and lay eggs all day long.

They take yet another turn to another department with vast open space where a good number of young chickens hang out in different groups, waiting to be drafted to a department.

SKID

But it's basically the same thing. You're both layers either way.

Skid do a fancy handshake with a young Cock along the way, as they emerge to another section where large number of old layer hens are busy, munching and laying eggs.

ROSY

Really?

PINKY

Yeah, really? How's that?

SKID

The difference is that the eggs you lay hatches into little chicks, which is more honourable if you ask me.

(MORE)

SKID (CONT'D)  
 That's against the other layers  
 'empty' eggs we don't know what  
 happens to them.

Skid waves back at a group of young cocks and Hens passing by.

SKID (CONT'D)  
 Millions of them carted away every  
 week from this - huge factory. And  
 I keep wondering... where do they  
 take those massive number of eggs  
 to?

ROSY  
 Mm... that's a mystery I guess.

SKID  
 Exactly. And every mystery needs to  
 be resolved.

PINKY  
 Well, as for me I want to become a  
 broiler so that one day I will  
 embark on the glorious journey to  
 the great beyond!

Pinky natter with pride just as they emerge at another wing of the complex where very chubby, broiler chickens in their numbers enjoy sumptuous meals, munching their lives away.

Skid pauses and regard Pinky.

SKID  
 You sure about that?

PINKY  
 Yeah... well, you know... we all  
 have to do something.

SKID  
 Yes, I know...

Skid cast a WARY glance across the multitude of broilers.

SKID (CONT'D)  
 (mumbles)  
 Another mystery to be resolved...

PINKY  
 What did you say?

SKID

Oh, never mind Pinky. But is that what you really want for yourself?

PINKY

Yup! I want to be big and beautiful like them.

SKID

(sings)

Aiight Pinky, suuuuit yourself! If that's what ya want, then I hope ya get it. Listen up, I've got an event to catch up with. See ya both later.

Skid excuses himself and SAUNTER away, HUMMING a song. Rosy and Pinky stands, gazing at the enviable sight before them, at very chubby broilers looking pretty, huge and proud.

Camera PANS towards Skid as he BRANCHES off at the near distance into the right wing of the complex, at a department with tens of thousands of young CHICKS between two weeks and seven weeks old moving freely in their cages.

The Chicks' cage is seven layers high but with no demarcations. The cage stretches to the wall with glasses that gives a clear view of the open fields and Savannah outside the complex.

A good number of older chickens moves around the cages, making sure everything is alright.

At the first top layer of the cage, some chicks stands by the glass wall gazing out, at trees and Arboreal, and at native fowls and birds soaring in the sky - wild and free.

Two Chicks; CHIRPY and CHAP stands on either side of a grown Hen; AUNT SALLY, staring out through the glass.

Aunt Sally is among the adult Chickens who walks round the Chicks department, monitoring their activities.

CHIRPY

Wow! Look at those chicks flying high up. Why can't we fly out too?

AUNT SALLY

They're not chicks, they're called birds.

CHIRPY

Okay, whatever. But why can't we fly like they do?

AUNT SALLY

That's because we're in a better place. This is the inner world where everything is nice and orderly, and that's the outer world with so much chaos.

CHAP

Really? Chaos... What's that?

AUNT SALLY

It means confusion and strife. You don't ever want to be out there, trust me. Out there all the animals eat one another.

That instant they witness a HAWK APPEAR from nowhere in the sky and PREY on a smaller bird soaring freely in the air. Chap's and Chirpy's little beaks DROPS in HORROR.

CHAP

CHIRPY

Oh no!

Ouch!

AUNT SALLY

As you can see for yourselves! It's a crazy world out there.

CHIRPY

(forlornly)

Now that's really scary.

That instant NOISY CHEERS from hundreds of Chicks rises from the ground floor. Chap and Chirpy looks back towards the ground floor.

CHAP

Hey, what's that sound for?

Chap steps forward, looks down and sees Skid standing outside on the floor with Chicks dancing all around him.



CHAP (CONT'D)  
 Chirpy, it's uncle Skid. Come let's  
 go have some fun!

Chirpy and Chap CHEER OFF racing down through a side steel  
 ladder.

The Chicks cheer LOUDER as Skid tries to calm them down.

CHICKS

Uncle Skid! Uncle Skid!!

SKID

Hey! Hey! Ya all take it easy now  
 on me before I trip! Ooooh...

The Chicks cheer all the more, JUMPING around him in  
 excitement.

P.O.V - Chirpy and Chap reaches down and joins in the  
 excitement.

SKID

All right! All right... what would  
 you like me to do for ya?

TOMMY, a cute, five weeks old male chick speaks up.

TOMMY

Tell us about one of your  
 adventures to the outer world!

HARPY (O.C.)

Really?!

Harpy's deep, rash voice sounds from behind and Skid SQUINT  
 to meet the deep-set, beady eyes of HARPY, huge hen, brash  
 and harpy; one of the hens minding the chicks department.

Skid GRIN sheepishly and speaks SOTTO VOCE to Harpy covering  
 a side of his mouth away from the Chicks.

SKID

Yea, em... adventures through the  
 glass walls that is.

Skid said with a wink at Harpy then he turn to the chicks.

SKID (CONT'D)

All right fellas! I think we should  
leave the adventure stuff for today  
and do something else! Okay?

CHIRPY

Okay. Sing for us then! Let's  
boogie!

Chirpy said as it wriggles its tiny waist and tail feather;  
chicks around chuckles.

A CHICK

Yea! You do boogie right!

CHICKS

We wanna boogie!! Let's dance!!

TWO CHICKS

(singing)

Yay, yay! Let's boogie! Let's  
boogie!

CHICKS

Let's boogie! Let's boogie! Let's  
boogie!

Two cute Chicks starts twisting their little waists, dancing.

TOMMY

Come on Uncle Skid, please...?

SKID

Uh, aaight then. Let's boogie this  
whole place down!

CHICKS

Yay!

BG - fast beat, Michael Jackson's "working day and night"  
SOUND BEAT sets off; Skid begins a cool Michael Jackson DANCE  
STEPS and the chicks copies Skid.

Rosy and Pinky shows up, excitement on their faces as they  
move closer to join in the fun. Skid increases the tempo and  
he begins to sing, leading the rest in a CHOREOGRAPHY dance.

Their boogying draws attention from other chickens who comes  
around; many joins in the fun.

Buffy comes by to know what is amiss; HOLDS his head SHAKING  
it.

BUFFY  
Ugh! Skid again!

A CHICKEN  
Chill, Buffy, all work and no play  
makes Jack a dullard. You too need  
a little boogie to ease you up a  
little.

Buffy SHRUGS as he watch everyone joining in the boogie,  
enjoying themselves while Skid leads them on.

Soon Buffy begins to TAP his feet, liking the rhythm as the  
dancing tempo increases.

BUFFY  
(to self)  
Er, okay. I guess I can do with a  
little fun after all!

Buffy joins in the boogie.

The chickens do some serious choreography dance, and then  
FREE STYLES. Rosy then steps in and complements Skid with a  
cool RAP lyrics.

And then Skid takes over from her again as he leads them on  
into an ecstatic climax.

EXT. WILEY CHICKEN FARM - NEVADA - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Establishing aerial shot of the poultry complex; camera PANS  
away from the farm and towards a lush veld stretching over  
five hundred meters down an outstretch Oak trees Savannah.

EXT. FREE RANGERS HAVEN - NEVADA - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Camera PANS across hundreds of native fowls in different  
groups beneath large Oak trees; on the floor and at tree  
tops. The general mood is that of DESPAIR.

Further down, a band of over a hundred Free Rangers COCKS are  
journeying at the distance towards a thicket further off away  
from their nest.

The cocks all carry EMPTY SACKS, some over their shoulders.  
Some of them ties bandanna making them to look TOUGH. Some  
others are visibly skeptical about their journey.

EXT. THICKET - SAVANNAH - CONTINUOUS

The band of Cocks advances closer towards the entrance of a thicket where CORNS and MILLET FLOURISH WILDLY.

Leading them is KANE; tough looking cock with bandanna, bloodshot, beady eyes. He gives the SIGNALS as they approach their destination.

And then they slow down at Kane's signal, taking CAUTIOUS steps forward, eyes DARTING around for the slightest sign of danger.

KANE raises a hand and all the cocks FREEZES and holds their breaths. Kane SURVEY the area, PEERS into the near distant dark shades of trees.

KANE

All right rookies, listen up. Let's spread out quickly and get this done in a flash!

Kane orders signalling them to directions. The Cocks pans out quickly and begins to harvest the corns and millets in hastes.

INT. THICKET - SAVANNAH - CONTINUOUS

Deep beneath dark shades of huge trees, a gang of two wolves; SPIKE and SPOOKY, LURK behind big tree trunks, stealthily observing the chickens.

EXT. THICKET - SAVANNAH - CONTINUOUS

The Chickens begin to relax as they harvest the grains with some helping themselves to some grains, munching as they harvest.

SUDDENLY Spike and Spooky APPEAR and POUNCE on them and there is pandemonium.

The chickens JUMP OFF wildly in LOUD cackles as each ESCAPE from one lethal attack after another from the aggressive Wolves.

Kane YELLS a command and the chickens REGROUP; forms a DEFENCE wall after doing a serious Kong fu KARATE DISPLAY.

The wolves watch in AMUSEMENT, not impressed by the Chickens' courageous act. Spike SHAKES head in pity and ROBS its paw over its face tiredly.

SPIKE

I can't believe... what manner of nonsense is this?! You, Chickens, want to fight me with karate? Oh gush!

(to Spooky)

Please tell me what you see looking at this caricature display?

Spooky's CAVERNOUS jaws hangs down to reveal ruthless canines as he SALIVATES, blazing its eyes and SNARLING hungrily at the courageous chickens HOLDING their grounds.

SPOOKY

I see - *chickens!*

Spooky GROWLS as the Wolves POUNCES on the Chickens again. The Chickens attempts to fight back with SLEEK KARATE MOVES, but the wolves prove too strong for them.

Several of the courageous Cocks suffer heavy PUNCHES from the QUICK paws of the AGGRESSIVE Wolves, many STRIKING themselves against tree trunks from the Wolves countless blows.

The chickens regroup again, HIGH and TENSE in breath; many of them already suffers bruises.

Spike and Spooky also shows off deep, long SCRATCH marks across their faces inflicted by the Cocks' long claws.

Spike LICKS its blood, PANTING in ANGER as the wolves watch the chickens REGROUP with a KARATE DISPLAY, ready for another round of fight.

SPIKE

This time I won't send you punches, I'll tear you to pieces!

KANE

Stand your ground!

Kane calls out to the Cocks visibly not CONFIDENT ANYMORE. A Cock WHISPERS sotto voce beside Kane.

A COCK

Master, are you sure about this?

Kane EYES between the APPROACHING wolves and his fellows, not sure himself anymore.

KANE

Run!

The Chickens takes to FLIGHT as the Wolves ATTACKS again, chasing after the chickens across the field. Many chickens FALLS under the jaws of the Wolves.

The Wolves stops chasing when they see that they have enough for their meal. The wolves SEIZE the dead chickens between their jaws and journey back to their haven in the thicket.

EXT. FREE RANGERS HAVEN - NEVADA - DAY - CONTINUOUS

A large brood of native Chickens are in different groups, some atop large Oak trees that abound, and some on the ground.

ROOKY, an old cock; mean-looking and leader of the native fowls, looks up with a DEEP frown on SIGHTING the band of hunters returning, most of them LIMPING and some lost an eye.

Rooky moves quickly towards the troupe; other chickens seeing what is amiss follows Rooky behind to meet the gang that is now closer to them. Kane stops before the brood, CRESTFALLEN.

ROOKY

I guess it was a bad timing!

KANE

A very bad timing boss. We lost about a third of our hunting troupe.

HEN 1

Oh no! We're doomed!

HEN 2

We've got no food to eat tonight?  
So we're gonna starve to death!

Two Hens from the crowd behind exclaims.

ROOKY

Hold your peace! Have you thought about our fellows who got killed out there?

Rooky caution the Hens with a side glance, and turns to face the hunting troupe most of which are nursing their wounds.

ROOKY (CONT'D)

I guess we'll have to devise another means, or we abandon that spot altogether and find another source of food.

COCK 1

Where else can we find enough grains for the entire hood? This whole place is just -grasses and trees except for the thicket.

HEN 3

Yes, the only place we can find enough food for the hood is in that thicket.

ROOKY

What then do you want me to do?! If any of you is willing to go back there and face those raging Wolves, please go ahead!

Rooky blurts out in exasperation and the whole brood goes calm, moping at him.

ROOKY (CONT'D)

Thank you very much. Now, we'll return and sit quietly, and then think out a reasonable way out. By the way, where's Shaggy and Scuba?

COCK 2

Those restless lads? Forget them!

Rooky shrugs as they all forlornly return to their home under the Oak trees.

CUT TO:

EXT. WILEY CHICKEN FARM - NEVADA - DAY

Establishing shot of the farm complex. Camera PANS to the Administrative Block about seven hundred meters further behind the poultry complex.

EXT. ADMIN BLOCK - WILEY CHICKEN FARM - DAY - CONTINUOUS

The Admin Block is a storey building that stands facing the poultry complex at the distance. Silhouettes of two male figures are seen from one of the windows at the top building.

INT. RECEPTION - ADMIN BLOCK - DAY - CONTINUOUS

In the reception area are two desks for two staff; MRS. ANDERSON, 35, chubby cheeks and cheery lips;

the Accountant, and MISS GIBSON, 27, svelte figure with blond hair and oval face; the office Secretary.

Mrs Anderson sits back with a sigh to rest her back; grabs a pack of meal on her desk and pops open the lid.

MRS ANDERSON

Oh my! I've eaten so much chicken I  
fear I might start growing  
feathers.

She comments as she digs into the meal with a fork.

MISS GIBSON

You can say that again.  
(rises to her feet)  
A minute, lemme go see the manager.

MRS ANDERSON

He's still with the big boss  
upstairs.

MISS GIBSON

O really?  
(sits back)  
I guess I should dig into my own  
pack while I wait to see him.

Miss Gibson takes her own meal pack ready to munch.

INT. MR. WILEY'S OFFICE - ADMIN BLOCK - DAY - CONTINUOUS

MR CHRISTOPHER WILEY, 50, huge figure with chubby cheeks, prominent eyes, clean shave and bald as a coot, stands by the window as he listens to JACK CROWBAR, 45, stodgy with aquiline features, rough looking sideboards and projecting beards.

JACK CROWBAR

We are actually aiming to hatch up  
to ten thousand chicks next week,  
probably we could get more of that  
to be broilers.

MR. WILEY

Hm... not good enough, Jack. In  
case you did not hear me the first  
time let me...

JACK CROWBAR

I heard you, sir. The issue is that-



MR. WILEY

I don't care about any issue! I just want you to hatch for me a minimum of twenty-five thousand chicks per month!

Mr. Wiley returns to his desk and rests his bulk on the executive chair.

MR. WILEY (CONT'D)

Tell me what it will take and I will provide it. Simple. My chicken restaurant's demands keeps increasing and I have four hotels to supply thousands of chickens to every week. Don't you get that?

JACK CROWBAR

Sure I er... I do sir. Let me speak with Sullivan and I will get back to you.

Jack walks to the door.

MR. WILEY

If you can make it fifty, fantastic!

Jack COCKS a brow, makes to speak but thinks better of it; he carries his shoulder and exits the office.

INT. RECEPTION - ADMIN BLOCK - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Jack strides down the stairs into the reception. Gibson and Anderson are still munching. Miss Gibson quickly wipes her long fingers with a tissue paper.

MISS GIBSON

Sorry, Mr. Jack I need to submit this to you.

JACK CROWBAR

Bring it to my office.

Jack said without looking and he enters his office just off the reception area. Miss Gibson follows behind.

INT. JACK'S OFFICE - ADMIN BLOCK - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Jack sits down in a haste with a deep frown. There is an empty meal pack by the side of the desk with two chicken bones in it.

MISS GIBSON  
Mr. Jack, it's about this report  
from...

JACK CROWBAR  
Drop it on the desk, please. I'll  
look at it later.

MISS GIBSON  
Uh, okay...

She gently drops it, a little curious frown on her face as she regards Jack looking antsy.

MISS GIBSON (CONT'D)  
Are you alright, sir?

JACK CROWBAR  
Nope, I need a warm bath and a long  
massage. Do you think you can gimme  
that?

Miss Gibson withdraws.

MISS GIBSON  
Er... of course not.

JACK CROWBAR  
Good. Then leave the docs on the  
table and I'll look at it later.  
I've got some nuts to crack at the  
moment. Thank you.

Miss Gibson exits the office. Jack takes his desk phone and dial a number. It connects.

JACK CROWBAR (CONT'D)  
Hello Sullivan.

SULLIVAN (FILTERED)  
Hi Jack. What's up?

JACK CROWBAR  
What's up is that the boss wants us  
to hatch fifty thousand chicks per  
month.

SULLIVAN  
What?! Are you kidding me? How am I  
suppose to do that?

JACK CROWBAR  
Do it! I'm on my way to the farm.  
Let's talk when I arrive.

Jack ends the call. He takes the empty plastic meal pack and toss it out into the trash can behind his window.

The pack DROPS on some native chickens scavenging inside the trash can and the chickens SCURRY off with a LOUD cackle, causing the trash can to FALL over.

Jack glance outside at the chickens with a FROWN. He stands and exits his office.

EXT. WINDOW SIDE - ADMIN BLOCK - DAY - CONTINUOUS

SHAGGY, young male cock, fluffy, shaggy feathers and tough looking, robs the back of its neck as SCUBA, young male cock; LUCY, pretty young hen and BOB, young male cock looks on.

SHAGGY

What the heck is wrong with this human? No manners in the least!

Shaggy complains massaging his crown.

LUCY

Sorry dear.

Bob regards a camera that falls out from the fallen trash can closer to Shaggy.

BOB

Hey, what's that stuff?

Shaggy PICKS up the old camera turning it around. He DEPRESSES a button and there is a CAPTURE with a bright FLASH over Bob, Scuba and Lucy.

Scuba

Wow! What's that flash that came over us?

From beneath the camera a photo PRINTS out and Shaggy stares on it in astonishment.

SHAGGY

Come and see!

The chickens rally together to admire their images in the photo print.

BOB

Amazing!

LUCY  
This is cool!

SCUBA  
Let's do it again!

Scuba, Lucy and Bob quickly steps back and poses before the camera. Shaggy snaps them twice in two different poses; they rally round in excitement to admire the prints.

BOB  
One more time, Shaggy.

They go back for a pose but Shaggy protests.

SHAGGY  
Hey, what about me? Scuba come  
lemme show you where to press so I  
can have a go too.

Shaggy shows Scuba how to operate it; he goes over and poses with the rest. Scuba presses the snap button and captures a lovely pose of Shaggy, Bob with Lucy in their middle.

They rally round to admire the printed photo.

BOB  
Awww! This one's the coolest.  
Lucy's smile can freeze a wolf to  
position!

Lucy BLUSHES at Bob's remark.

LUCY  
Thanks dear.

SCUBA  
(puckish)  
I hear ya! I guess we can use  
Lucy's smile then to wage Spike and  
Spooky when next the gang ventures  
out for a grain harvest at the  
thicket.

BOB  
Er... well... that's not the kind  
of wolf I meant.

SHAGGY  
And what kinda wolf might you be  
talking about?

BOB  
The imaginary kind. Thank you.

Bob said and they have a good LAUGH. Just then the SOUND of Jack's heavy duty truck rents the air and the Chickens look to see the truck driving off towards the poultry farm complex.

SCUBA

Come on guys! Let's return to the hood.

LUCY

Yea, I'm sure Rooky will be looking for us already.

Bob sights a photo paper of a whole fried chicken looking so sumptuous beside the trash can. He goes and takes it, and he stretches it out for all to see; they frown at the A4 size image.

SCUBA

That certainly don't look like us.

SHAGGY

I think it's those lads in the fancy prison.

LUCY

Hum!

Lucy makes a face as she regards the image.

LUCY (CONT'D)

It's still a chicken though. I don't have a good feeling about this.

SCUBA

Come on people, let's get going!

The chickens started off chatting along the way.

SHAGGY

I wonder if the hunting gang was able to get grain from that damned thicket.

LUCY

The thicket is not damned. It's Spike and Spooky that are damn crazy.

BOB

You can say that again!