

KARATE CHICKEN
ANIMATION FEATURE

FADE IN.

EXT. WILEY CHICKEN FARM - NEVADA - DAY - ESTABLISHING

Establishing shot of the impressive chicken farm complex that situates around the outskirts of Clark County. The modern chicken Farm 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 holds.

The Rottweilers; BRUTE and KNIGHT, stodgy and mean-looking as they 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 modern, massive building with state-of-the-art architecture. It's huge, exit steel doors is automated.

INT. WILEY CHICKEN FARM - LAYERS NEST - CONTINUOUS

The masterpiece of the shiny, four-layer high, steel construction layers' nest stretches down on either sides in 'V' shape down to about a hundred meters into the building. Fancy energy lighting illuminates the entire space.

Chubby layer Hens at various level of the four-layer high cages CHATS with one another while performing their duties, and munching also from their respective feeders.

Up at the second floor, 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.

CHILI
Oh no! Ou! Ou! Ou!

Other Hens turn to her, some with looks of CONCERN. Others simply make a 'sorry' face at her and looks away. A layer Hen frowns at her from atop.

LAYER HEN 1
What's it again, Chili? Can't you just like... relax?

LAYER HEN 2
 (understanding smile)
 You know it's her first time.

LAYER HEN 1
 I know but -

CHILI
 (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?

P.O.V - from Chili's rump a small 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 older layer Hens burst into laughter.

LAYER HEN 2
 Can you believe that?!

LAYER HEN 3
 Look at the tiny egg she's been
 sweating at. Oh girl!

Chili ignores, glad she has succeeded.

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
Yeaaaaaa... cool life... getting
better each day!

Two 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?

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.

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

ROSY
Really?

PINKY
Yea, really.

SKID
The difference is that the eggs you
lay hatches into little chicks,
which is more honourable if you ask
me. That's against the other layers
'empty' eggs we don't know what
happens to them.

(MORE)

SKID (CONT'D)
 Millions of them carted away every
 week from this - huge factory.

Skid glances sideways, at Hens munching and chatting while they lay eggs.

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 the left wing of the complex where very chubby, broiler chickens in their numbers enjoy sumptuous meals.

SKID
 (Sings)
 Aight Pinky, suuuuit yourself!

Skid said and pause; cast a WARY glance across the multitude of broilers.

PINKY
 Yea, I'm gonna be here very soon.

SKID
 That's cool, Pinky. If that's what
 ya want, then I hope ya get it.
 Listen, 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 thousands of LITTLE CHICKS.

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

At the first top layer 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...?

AUNT SALLY

Yes, chaos. 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

Ouch!

AUNT SALLY

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

CHIRPY

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?

They see Skid standing outside in front of the floor nest.

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 climbs over the wire net barricade and enters into their nest; they SWARM on him in excitement.

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 (CONT'D)

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

TOMMY, a cute 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.

Skid GRINS 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 winks at Harpy and turns to the Chicks.

SKID (CONT'D)

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

TOMMY

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

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

A CHICK

Yea! You do boogie right!

CHICKS

Yea! We wanna boogie!! Let's dance!!

Two cute Chicks starts twisting their little waists along with Tommy, dancing.

TWO CHICKS

(Singing)

Yea, yea! Let's boogie! Let's boogie!

ALL THE CHICKS

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

TOMMY

Come on Uncle Skid, please...?

SKID

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

ALL THE CHICKS

Yay!!

BG - fast beat, Rhythm and Blues style SOUND BEAT sets off; Skid begins a cool R&B 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; Buffy begins to TAP his feet, liking the Rhythm and Blues song 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 fun.

The chickens do some serious choreography dance, and then FREE STYLES. Rosy steps in 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

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.

Camera pans down to a band of over a hundred Free Rangers cocks at the distance journeying towards a thicket further off away from their nest, the Oak trees.

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 the wolves 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)
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 eyes SNARLING hungrily at the courageous chickens holding their ground.

SPOOKY
I see - *chickens*!

Spooky GROWLS. 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 punches from the quick paws of the aggressive Wolves, many striking themselves against trees from the Wolves countless blows.

The chickens regroup again, high and tense in breath; many of them already suffers casualty. Spike and Spooky 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 of this?

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

KANE
Run!

Kane YELLS as the Wolves ATTACKS again, chasing 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 groups, some atop the large Oak trees 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, some LIMPING; a few 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 done!

HEN 2

We're gonna starve to death! Oh no!

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 grains to feed on? This whole place is just - grasses and trees except for the thicket.

HEN 3

Yes, the only place we can find food is in that forest!

ROOKY

So what 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 stands 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 far off outside the poultry farm complex.

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

The Admin Block is a storey building that stands facing the poultry farm complex at the distance. Silhouettes of a few persons is seen from the windows.

INT. RECEPTION - ADMIN BLOCK - DAY - CONTINUOUS

In the reception area are two desks for three 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 please, lemme go see the Manager.

MRS ANDERSON
He's still with the big boss
upstairs.

MISS GIBSON
Oh, yes, yes. I guess I should dig
into my own chicken meal pack while
I wait for him to get down.

Miss Gibson takes her own meal pack from the desk.

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

MR CHRISTOPHER WILEY, 50, huge figure with chubby cheeks,
prominent eyes and clean shave, stands by the window as he
listens to JACK CROWBAR, 45, stodgy with aquiline facial
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 fifty 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 rises to leave.

MR. WILEY
If you can make it seventy,
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 and heads for his office. 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. Miss Gibson follows behind, and she closes the door after her.

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
Manager, 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 all right, 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
Then drop the docs and leave. I'll
get back to you. Thank you.

MISS GIBSON
Okay. Was only showing concern
though. Sorry.

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

JACK CROWBAR
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
supposed 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. 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?

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 so 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 it.

BOB

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

Bob teases and Lucy BLUSHES.

LUCY

Thanks dear. You're so sweet.

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 LAUGH it off. 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.

BOB

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. 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.

SCUBA

Crazy lads! I hope to kick their asses someday soon.

LUCY

From inside their belly, I guess.

Lucy chuckle along with others as they increase their pace, and then they starts racing down playing and screaming in excitement.

EXT. WILEY CHICKEN FARM - NEVADA - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Shaggy and his gang still in high breath, arrives at the complex on time to see four long vehicles just driving into the complex from a distant back exit.

On the body of each of the trucks is a pretty logo with the inscription: THE WILEY CHICKEN FARM Est. Since 1959.

The first truck backs and position its tail securely at an exit of the farm house designed for it.

Shaggy and his fellows pause very close by the fence, near the front wire gate, to watch. Lucy FROWNS at the two Rottweilers; Brute and Knight PRANCING around at the near distance save for the perimeter barbed wire fencing that assures them.

LUCY

These crazy dogs are coming our way. I'm still dead scared in spite of the barricade.

Shaggy EYES Knight that's now closer to them and he stands, staring back at Knight boldly. Knight reaches where Shaggy is and begins to BARK at Shaggy.

Shaggy makes a 'naughty face' at the Rottweiler, mimicking Knight's barking soundlessly in a clownish manner.

Knight becomes aggressive, JAMMING against the barb wire at Shaggy as it BARKS harder. Shaggy mimics it still. Scuba, Bob and lucy are visibly afraid; scuba tries to drag shaggy away.

LUCY (CONT'D)

Shaggy let's leave this crazy dog alone and go our way! Please?!

Suddenly Knight BATHS Shaggy with saliva pouring out from its jaws as it fumes.

KNIGHT

If I ever catch you! You meatless,
puny chicken! I swear I'll tear you
to pieces!

SHAGGY

Yack! Do you have to throw up on
me?! Silly beast!

Shaggy scream at Knight wiping off the saliva off his face.
Brute comes by then.

BRUTE

Fellow, what's happening here?

Brute GLARE at Shaggy still uttering expletives at Knight.

BRUTE (CONT'D)

Come on let's leave these dead
chickens alone. Real chickens are
right inside that steel cage.

The Rottweilers begin to walk away. Shaggy retorts in high
pitch voice:

SHAGGY

Oh yea? Real chickens my ass! Real
chickens that ends in all of ya
bellies. But look at we free
rangers. We are free and that's how
we'll always be! And nothing -

Brute TURNS around SWIFTLY and CHARGES at Shaggy with a
THUNDEROUS barking and Shaggy literary JUMPS off its skin in
fright; the others scurry off with Shaggy, SCREAMING.

Brute returns to Knight GRINNING as they prance away.

BRUTE

That's how you scare the shit out
of em'.

At the distance Shaggy and his fellows slows down, LAUGHING
and BREATHING hard simultaneously.

SHAGGY

Wow! That was actually fun.

BOB

Now that's what I call thunder
bark!

SCUBA

That dude was dead mean! Crazy dog!

SHAGGY

Guys, let's keep walking, we're late already.

The Chickens journey past the farm complex and head home.

CUT TO:

INT. WILEY CHICKEN FARM - LAYERS NEST - CONTINUOUS

Skid stride down from the layers nest department and stops before the broilers open space where many chickens stands, observing the broilers MARCH into the back of the long vehicle in position.

The long vehicle fills up and drives away, and another one takes position for more broilers to file in.

Skid SHRUGS and step away; he branches off to a corner that detours into a side area known to him alone, or so he thinks.

INT. WILEY CHICKEN FARM - VENT HOLE - CONTINUOUS

He arrives at a portion with a damaged air vent at the ground floor. He looks left and right to be sure no one is watching, and then he removes the lid, takes off his glasses and stretches out its head and neck.

EXT. WILEY CHICKEN FARM - VENT HOLE - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Skid's bulging eyes darts left and right, turning his head in several directions. He withdraws his head; steps out facing only one side.

Skid turns to look the other side again and his eyes meets with Knight GROWLING like a threatening thunder.

Skid smiles sheepishly, points at the vent with one side step closer into the vent, swallows hard; Knight charges at Skid just as Skid DASH into the hole.

INT. WILEY CHICKEN FARM - VENT HOLE - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Skid's heart is THUMPING hard as he holds his chest, PANTING. And then the Knight's eyes APPEAR at the vent hole, regards Skid staring back at it, and off it went.