

PLANET OF THE CHICKENS

by

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First Draft

FADE IN:

HANNAH and EMILY (20-something stoner best friends) are getting high and philosophical in Hannah's parents' basement. Hannah is sitting on a ratty couch, and Emily is sitting on the floor between the couch and the coffee table.

Each wears a sparkly, star-sticker-covered salad bowl on her head. (Hannah's salad bowl is bigger.) An empty snack bowl sits on the coffee table.

Hannah takes a BUBBLING DEEP BONG RIP, holds her breath, and passes the lighter and large smoky bong down to Emily. Hannah leans back into the couch.

Emily RELIGHTS the bong bowl, takes her own DEEP BONG RIP, and holds her breath.

HANNAH

Flying around in space makes  
me munchy. Pilot Emily!

EMILY

Yes, Captain Hannah!

HANNAH

What is our Cheez-Ma-Go  
situation?

Emily puts down the lighter and bong and clumsily examines the snack bowl. It's empty.

EMILY

We are out of Cheez-Ma-Gos,  
Captain.

HANNAH

This is unacceptable. Lay in a  
course for the Planet of the  
Chickens!

Emily looks back at Hannah and frowns.

Hannah pulls out her smartphone and waggles it. She intends to call for delivery.

EMILY

Let's get veggies. I'm vegan.

HANNAH

There ARE no vegans in the  
future! Veganism is stupid!  
(points lazily)  
Let me tell you something--

EMILY

Here we go.

HANNAH

Shh. It's storytime. The year... is twenty, twenty, twenty-five. The humans of Earth are starving! Our only hope is our Chicken Planet.

EMILY

YOUR Chicken Planet.

HANNAH

HUMANITY'S Chicken Planet, that we OWN and we set up EONS ago to make us free-range chickens. Now, humanity has sent US, Captain Hannah and Pilot Emily, to the faaar reaches of space, to *fetchayler cheeckens*, and save all humanity.

(leans in)

So SET THE DAMN COURSE, or I'll TOSS YOU OUT THE AIRLOCK.

Emily angrily POKES the coffee table as if it were a touchscreen covered in buttons.

EMILY

Course laid in, Captain CARNIVORE.

HANNAH

(beat; points forward)

Engage.

Emily POKES a pretend button and makes a HUM WHOOSH NOISE.

They both lean back as their pretend ship moves forward.

EMILY

What's so hard about not eating meat?

HANNAH

Uh, meat is delicious?

EMILY

Meat is MURDER. Taking an animal's life just because you CAN is--

HANNAH

Hey! It's not my fault humans  
are at the top of the food  
chain! I was BORN human, and I  
intend to STAY human, eating  
chicken wings, and all the  
OTHER chicken parts, until the  
END of TIME.

Emily sulks. Then she gets an idea. She TAPS some imaginary  
tabletop buttons and makes a DECELERATION noise.

EMILY

Here we are, CAPTAIN, in  
standard orbit around the  
Planet of the Chickens...  
Captain! I'm picking up some  
strange readings.

HANNAH

On screen.

Emily TAPS an imaginary button.

EMILY

(singsong  
sarcasm)

Oh, look. The chickens are  
SENTient! Look at them, with  
their CUTE little opposable  
thumbs and their CUTE little  
houses and cities! Look at  
them... reading, writing,  
posting cat pictures online.  
Aren't they aDORable?

Emily leans in towards Hannah.

EMILY (CONT'D)

(ho-HO!)

AND too smart to eat? Hmmm?

Hannah gapes, then purses her lips.

HANNAH

I SEE what you're trying to do  
here.

EMILY

Oh DO you. Do you now.

HANNAH

Yes. And it won't work. I don't care if they watch "Buffy the Vampire CHICKEN Slayer", or have a Unified FIELD Theory. We're here for CHICKENS, chickens are DELICIOUS, and humans are STARVING. Now deploy the harvesters.

EMILY

Destroy their ENTIRE civilization, just like that, just so you can stuff your fat FACE?

Emily folds her arms and sets her jaw.

EMILY (CONT'D)

No. I won't do it.

HANNAH

Fine! I'LL do it!

Hannah slides down the couch toward the coffee table "control panel."

Emily flops sideways and tilts Hannah over.

Hannah struggles weakly under Emily's floppy weight.

EMILY

You don't know HOW! All you ever do is bark orders! You don't even know how to STEER the ship, let alone deploy the harvesters!

HANNAH

Aagh! Get OFF me!

EMILY

No!

HANNAH

I'm not asking!

EMILY

You leave those sentient chickens aLONE!

HANNAH

NO!

The women grunt and struggle some more. Hannah is trying to reach the coffee table's imaginary buttons. Emily is doing her impersonation of a blanket made out of twelve thousand jellyfish.

Hannah finally squeeze-crawls out from under Emily and away from the coffee table.

Both women PANT as they regain their breath.

They lock eyes.

When Hannah lunges for the coffee table control panel, Emily says BOOP as she smiles and pretends to calmly lock the panel.

HANNAH (CONT'D)  
What did you do?

EMILY  
I locked it.

Hannah swipes to unlock.

EMILY (CONT'D)  
Oops, you need the passcode.

Emily smiles and shrugs.

HANNAH  
Unlock it.

EMILY  
Make me.

Hannah flops on top of Emily. They struggle.

EMILY (CONT'D)  
Get OFFA ME!

HANNAH  
Unlock the panel!

EMILY  
No!

HANNAH  
You unlock that panel and  
deploy those harvesters or  
I'll... I'll...

EMILY  
Oh, you'll WHAT?

Hannah pauses in thought while Emily struggles under her.  
Hannah stands up.

HANNAH  
(cheats by  
breaking  
character)  
I will take my bong and go  
home.

Emily looks around.

EMILY  
(knows this is  
cheating, also  
breaks  
character)  
You ARE home.

Hannah seizes the bong.

HANNAH  
I will take my bong and BID-  
YOU-GOOD-DAY!

Emily hesitates. Is their friendship / her pot supply in  
danger?

HANNAH (CONT'D)  
(I win, right?)  
Ehh?

Emily frowns and grumps, but she's not willing to risk it.

EMILY  
FINE.

Emily skooches back to her "seat" in front of her console.  
She slides to unlock, types a passcode, and makes the  
corresponding SUCCESSFUL UNLOCK TCH noise. She BOOP BEEPS  
some buttons, and then says FWOOSH FWOOSH FWOOSH and makes  
downward hand gestures in imitation of all their harvesters  
being deployed.

EMILY (CONT'D)  
(mopey Pilot  
voice)  
Harvesters deployed.

HANNAH  
(triumphant  
Captain voice)  
FINALLY. Welcome to the FOOD  
chain, you feathered bitches!

Hannah smiles at her own heroism and throws her arms in the air.

HANNAH (CONT'D)  
Humanity is SAVED!

But Emily has another trick up her sleeve...

EMILY  
(mock surprise)  
Captain, there's something  
amiss!

HANNAH  
(arms up,  
through gritted  
teeth)  
Humanity is SAVED.

EMILY  
Oh, would you look at that.  
The harvesters are descending  
through the Chicken Planet's  
atmosphere TOO quickly!  
They're all burning up... like  
tiiiny little shooting stars!

Emily looks meaningfully at Hannah.

EMILY (CONT'D)  
It's almost as if I SENT THEM  
DOWN ON THE WRONG TRAJECTORY  
ON PURPOSE.  
(uses hands to  
joyously  
imitate the  
harvesters  
burning up)  
Pfff! Pfff! Pfff!

Hannah facepalms and glares at Emily.

Emily smiles and turns back to her console; check and mate.  
She happily HUMS to herself and BOOPS and BEEPS while she  
presses fake buttons.

Hannah balls her fist and GROWLS.

Emily glances sideways at Hannah.

Hannah gets angrier and angrier, and GROWLS again, but  
there's nothing she can do, and both she and Emily know it.

Hannah unballs her fist, SIGHS EXASPERATEDLY, and hangs her head. She puts the bong back down on the table, and slumps down, defeated, on the couch. After a second she plops over onto her face. Hannah GRUNTS into the couch cushion.

They both know it's over, and Emily has won.

EMILY (CONT'D)  
You know I only call you out  
when you're wrong, right?

HANNAH  
(muffled)  
I know.

Hannah turns her head towards Emily.

HANNAH (CONT'D)  
But all the EARTHLINGS.  
They'll STARVE.

EMILY  
Nahhh, I'm sure they'll be  
fine... Hey! Let's grab some  
of what the chickens are  
eating! Maybe there's some  
nice corn, or wheat. You like  
wheat!

HANNAH  
Oh, sure. EATING sentient  
species, you're NOT okay with.  
STEALING from them, you're  
okay with.

EMILY  
Well, no. We should set up a  
fair trade agreement that  
benefits both parties... Duh!

Hannah GROANS and puts her head back in the couch as the camera rises above the women and quickly passes straight up through the basement ceiling, into the kitchen, through the roof of the one-level house, revealing the suburban neighborhood, and continues up into the clouds and then into--

EXT. HIGH EARTH ORBIT - DAY

--space, where we see the full span of Earth in its daytime, North-American-hemispheric glory. The camera crosses into--

INT. BRIDGE OF AN ALIEN SPACESHIP - DAY

--the bridge of a real alien spaceship, where CAPTAIN HURGLEBURGLE and PILOT FAUSTINO (indeterminately-aged, serious, non-humanoid, non-chickenoid, intergalactic astronaut-coworkers) are, via their very real giant viewscreen, watching Hannah and Emily's melodrama conclude.

On the viewscreen is Earth (note to animator, for the love of all that is right and holy, Earth is slowly rotating in the correct direction), and atop that live image are several picture-in-picture video feeds. The biggest one contains Hannah and Emily. Smaller feeds indicate that humans are indeed sentient.

We hear the AMBIENT FAINT HUM OF IDLING WARP ENGINES.

We hear (filtered) the LIGHTER and the GURGLE OF A BONG RIP.

PILOT FAUSTINO  
(alien-speak,  
English  
subtitles)  
*Too smart to eat?*

CAPTAIN HURGLEBURGLE  
(scoffs)  
*Not hardly. Deploy the  
harvesters.*

Pilot Faustino turns back to the viewscreen and gestures into the air; buttons appear midair with a computerized KABING!

The Pilot presses a few midair buttons, then all the buttons disappear. We hear brief WHOOSHES resonate through the body of the spaceship. On the viewscreen, we see thousands of harvesters silently rocketing towards Earth.

FADE OUT.