

FADE IN:

INT. BICK'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

BICK and NAZZ are seated on the couch. They are in their 20's. In front of BICK on the coffee table is the REMAINS OF SEVERAL FRIED CHICKEN TAKE OUT DINNERS. NAZZ is munching on CARROT STICKS FROM A PLASTIC BAG.

BICK is a jock-looking type - big, kind of dumb. But very out of shape. He is wearing shorts and a BUFFALO BILLS FOOTBALL JERSEY.

NAZZ is dressed like Jay in the Kevin Smith movies with a HOODIE.

The TV is on, showing a generic horror movie.

The two of them are mesmerized by the telecast.

BICK lets out a long burp.

NAZZ

Oh, God. C'mon, Bick. I can smell the dead chicken all the way over here. That's disgusting!

BICK

Oh ... man ... good - even the second time.

NAZZ

Noo ... I really wish you'd cut back ... a lot. You know I'm trying to be Vegan because of Liz.

BICK

But it's soooo good.

NAZZ

You realize how much of this crap you eat? Like every day ... all day.

BICK jumps up and begins to do a series of bodybuilder poses.

BICK

Do you think that crafting this body is easy?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

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CONTINUED:

BICK (CONT'D)

Fried chicken has just the right combination of herbs and spices to make these guns pop. The gravy sculpts the abs. And the cole slaw ...

NAZZ

Oh no, not again.

BICK

C'mon ... say it with me ...

NAZZ

No. Not this time.

BICK

Please, Nazz. Pleeeeeease ....

BICK looks pleadingly.

NAZZ

OK. OK. But I'm not standing up.

BICK stands at attention and salutes. NAZZ gives a half-hearted salute.

BICK AND NAZZ

God Bless the Colonel!!

BICK sits back on the couch ... smiling.

BICK

(smiling)

Now don't you feel better ...?

NAZZ

Can we just watch the movie?

BICK

(a little dejected)

OK.

BICK looks at the mess on the table. He starts poking through the debris.

BICK

Any more ... ?

NAZZ

You still hungry? Unreal ...

BICK rises and stretches.

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CONTINUED: (2)

BICK

Little exercise ...

NAZZ

Very little.

BICK

Where's your cell?

NAZZ tosses it to BICK.

NAZZ

What you need it for?

BICK dials.

BICK

I'm hopin' they deliver ...

NAZZ

Are you kiddin' me?

BICK

(on phone)

Hey ... you deliver? (listens)

Good ... a number 9, two number  
12's and a small salad ...

NAZZ

A salad? Really?

BICK

(covering the  
mouthpiece)

You think it's too much?

NAZZ

(sarcastically)

Oh no ... you need greens.

BICK

Yeah ... Bick, 14 Elm Street ...

Good ... Thanks.

BICK tosses the phone back to NAZZ who stares  
incredulously. BICK sits back on the couch.

BICK

They gave me a discount ...

Suddenly the power goes out. The room is plunged into  
darkness.

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CONTINUED: (3)

IN THE DARK

NAZZ

Great ...

BICK burps again.

NAZZ

Jesus H Christ!! Can't you at least burp in another direction?

A moment of silence.

BICK

(worried)

You think the delivery guy can still find us?

NAZZ

... (pause) ... Shut up ...

CUT TO:

INT. BICK'S LIVING ROOM - LATER

Nazz and Bick are in the same positions, the room is the same, but now there are candles lighting the space.

They huddle around the candles.

BICK

Dark ... no TV ... what do we do?

NAZZ

While we're waiting for your delivery?

BICK

Yeah ... Maybe we could play a video game. Call of Duty?

NAZZ

And what are we gonna play it on, Einstein?

BICK

On the Xbox ... Geez.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NAZZ

Oh, right. How could I have forgotten ... Oh wait ... the POWER'S OUT!

BICK

Eewwww. You're right. Damn.

They lapse into silence.

Nazz puts his hand inside his hoodie and pulls out a joint.

He puts the entire joint into his mouth ... rolling it with his fingers.

He slides it across under his nose - smelling.

Bick sniffs ... then sniffs again.

BICK

Hey, is that ...?

NAZZ

Yes, my good man, it is.

Nazz lights it, takes a deep drag and passes it to Bick.

As Bick takes a hit, Nazz slowly blows the smoke out.

NAZZ

Whoa.

Bick passes the joint back. They continue to pass the joint back and forth throughout the conversation.

BICK

Ahhh. Niiiiiiiiice ... Where'd ya score it?

NAZZ

Oh yeah ... Uhh, I got it from ... well you know Stan ...?

BICK

Yeah, Stan ...

NAZZ

Well I didn't get it from him. But he has a friend, Bobby ...

(CONTINUED)

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BICK

Oh yeah, Bobby ...

NAZZ

Well Bobby has a cousin, Bruno ...

BICK

Bruno ...? Isn't he the fat ...

NAZZ

... and Bruno has a girlfriend,  
Annie from the Wedge ...

BICK

Annie? Doesn't she only have one  
leg ...?

NAZZ

No ... that's Betty from Corn Hill  
... Remember we used to call her  
Hoppy ...

BICK

Oh, yeah. Remember she wouldn't  
enter the three legged race with  
me at the Senior picnic?

NAZZ

Oh yeah ... she called you a ...  
"fat-assed, insensitive child".

BICK

Ha, ha. Oh yeah .... But I didn't  
get it ... I was in shape ... I  
played football ...

NAZZ

I think she was speaking  
figuratively.

BICK

That's what I mean ... my figure  
was in great shape ... Didn't I  
take her to the prom?

NAZZ

Nooooo. That was Suzie from the  
North Side. I was with Diane ...  
we went in your car ...

BICK

Oh yeah. Suzie with the big ...

(CONTINUED)

NAZZ

Feet, yeah.

BICK

... and when we were in the car  
after the Prom I got my hand stuck  
...

NAZZ

... between the seat and the  
console ...

BICK

... cause I dropped my keys and  
was tryin' to get 'em ...

NAZZ

... and when you finally got loose  
and we drove to her house ... we  
parked out in front ...

BICK

... and I turned off the car ...  
pulled her in close ...

NAZZ

... while I had Diane in a lip  
lock of epic proportions in the  
back seat ...

BICK

... then started to unbutton her  
blouse ...

NAZZ

... Diane was undoing my belt ...

BICK

... and then Suzie puked all over  
my tux ...

NAZZ

Oh yeah ... killed the mood ...

A collective sigh. Pause.

BICK

Good times.

NAZZ

Yeah.

(CONTINUED)

BICK

Yeah.

A moment of silence.

BICK

I wonder what she's doing right  
now?

NAZZ

Probably sitting in the dark.

BICK AND NAZZ

Yeah.

They sigh together.

NAZZ

What were we talking about?

BICK

I dunno ... You think it was  
important?

NAZZ

Well, I don't hear police banging  
on the door, I don't see any blood  
and I don't smell smoke. Probably  
not ...

BICK

(mischievously)  
It was probably something about  
... Veganism.

NAZZ

Wait a minute ...

BICK

Eatin' that rabbit food ...

NAZZ

Bick ...

BICK

With your little rabbit teeth ...

NAZZ

Bick ...

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (5)

BICK

So your little rabbit girlfriend  
will let you have some little  
rabbit sex.

NAZZ

Screw you ...

BICK

No thank you ... I do have some  
standards.

Nazz is frustrated and angry with Bick's insensitive and selfish attitude toward his Veganism.

NAZZ

You know, you don't realize how  
hard it is to be Vegan.

BICK

So don't.

NAZZ

Don't??? My girlfriend is Vegan.  
Vegan. Strict. Militant. And  
she's threatened to break up with  
me if don't change.

BICK

So ...?

NAZZ

(quietly)  
She scares me a little ...

BICK

So ...?

NAZZ

So, then there's the no more sex  
thing.

BICK

... and my eating patterns effect  
this how? ... because ...?

NAZZ

... because you are my friend!!!  
(pause) You ... you ... Ass  
widget.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

BICK

Ohhh, now you hurt my feelings.

They sit in silence for a few moments.

BICK

OK. I thought it over. I forgive you.

NAZZ

**YOU** forgive **ME!**?? You insensitive dick.

BICK

See, now you hurt my feelin's again.

NAZZ

I thought friends helped each other. You can't even slow down on your quest to eat every chicken ever born to help me?

BICK

Well ...

NAZZ

... and I hurt YOUR feelings.

BICK

Well ...

NAZZ

... just cause you don't get laid is no reason that I shouldn't get laid.

BICK

Hmm, that reminds me ... the delivery man should be here soon.

NAZZ

(in disgust)

Ahhh.

Nazz turns away.

They lapse into silence again.

Nazz is fuming. He takes a looooong drag on the joint. Suddenly he gets an idea. He is making it up as he goes along.

(CONTINUED)

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CONTINUED: (7)

Nazz turns back to Bick.

Hey.  
NAZZ

What?  
BICK

I'm sorry, pal. It's just ...  
NAZZ

Yeah, I know. Women!  
BICK

Yeah, women.  
NAZZ  
(sarcastically)

I glad we ain't fightin' no more.  
BICK

Me, too.  
NAZZ

I'm bored, what are we gonna do?  
BICK

Well, you're not eating and  
there's no TV ...  
NAZZ

Nazz puts his hand on Bick's knee.

True that.  
BICK

Bick puts his hand over Nazz's.

They look at each other ... then at their hands.

Suddenly ...

Hey.  
NAZZ

They pull their hands apart and sit up straight.

What?  
BICK  
(clearing his throat)

(CONTINUED)

NAZZ

I read something on the internet  
...

BICK

Was it porn?

NAZZ

No ... it was on one of those  
educational sites.

BICK

They have educational porn?

NAZZ

No.

BICK

(in shock)  
There's more than porn on the  
internet?

NAZZ

Yeah ... tons more ... I think.

BICK

Does anyone look at it?

NAZZ

That's not the point ... I read  
this article about ... this ah ...  
thing ... yeah.

BICK

What thing?

Nazz looks around the room. He sees a Ouija Board.

NAZZ

Well, in the animal kingdom,  
there's this ah ... paranormal  
communication thing ... kinda like  
ESP.

BICK

Wow! Really?

NAZZ

Every species has it to one degree  
or another. It connects each  
member of a species to ah ...  
every other member of the species.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (9)

BICK

No way.

NAZZ

Yes, way.

BICK

And every animal has it?

NAZZ

To one degree or another, but ah ... birds are the ones with the most developed ability.

BICK

Birds? ... cool. (pause) What do ya mean?

NAZZ

Well the article said that ah ... well, you know how birds know about flying South every winter?

BICK

Yeah ... insync.

NAZZ

No. Instinct.

BICK

Riiight.

NAZZ

Well they said that ...

Nazz looks down at the table and sees a pair of Chinese Relaxation balls.

NAZZ

... inside the head of birds are these two silver balls that act like ... gyroscopes.

BICK

Birds have balls in their heads??

NAZZ

Not like that ... these are tiny and ... uhh ... metal ... and that's how birds keep from flying upside down.

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CONTINUED: (10)

BICK

No shit! I wondered how they did that.

NAZZ

Yeah ... but the question is what controls the ... instinctual cortex ... of the bird kingdom.

BICK

Ohhh ...

NAZZ

Yes. There is a ...

Nazz looks around frantically. He sees a DVD on the table, "Ghosts Among Us".

NAZZ

... supernatural ... being ... that controls ... and communicates ... information between birds.

BICK

Supernatural ...?

NAZZ

... and who do you think is at the top of the bird kingdom pyramid? Has the most well developed ... paranormal communication thing ...

BICK

Who?

NAZZ

The Chicken!

BICK

Wow ... that makes sense ... I don't understand ...

NAZZ

Well ...

Nazz looks around and sees the debris of chicken dinners.

NAZZ

It's spiritual ...

BICK

Spiritual ...?

(CONTINUED)

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NAZZ

Yeah ... the chicken's  
consciousness ... yeah ... this  
ability ... stays with every  
chicken ... even when it is cut up  
and cooked.

BICK

No way! Like zombies?

NAZZ

No. Not like zombies.

BICK

Little chicken part zombies ...

NAZZ

No zombies.

BICK

Hmmm, do the legs pull the breasts  
around? Can the wings fly ...

NAZZ

BICK! Focus.

BICK

Huh? (pause) Then what does it do?

NAZZ

Each part ... even when cooked ...  
can communicate with ... the ...  
supernatural Chicken Spirit - the  
defender of Poultrydom.

BICK

Oh no!

Nazz is warming up to the subject.

NAZZ

Oh yeah. It ... reports stuff  
that happens to it to ... ah ...

Nazz desperately looks around. He sees a sombrero  
hanging on the wall.

NAZZ

... reports to ... El Pollo  
Diablo!

(CONTINUED)

BICK

What?! The president of  
Bolivia!!!

NAZZ

Noooo! The Chicken Spirit - El  
Pollo Diablo.

BICK

Oh, shit!

NAZZ

Yeah. The Devil Chicken!

Bick begins to get nervous.

BICK

Reports like what stuff?

NAZZ

Oh, like how they were treated in  
life ... how they died ... AND WHO  
ATE THEM!!

BICK

No way!!

NAZZ

Yes way.

Bick is even more nervous.

BICK

What does the Devil Chicken do  
about it? (nervously) Ha-Ha.  
Write it in a book.

Nazz is on a roll.

NAZZ

Well, it seems that the chicken  
spirit world is OK with chickens  
being killed and such ... the  
natural order of things ... but  
...

BICK

But ...?

NAZZ

When someone overdoes the eating  
of chickens ...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (13)

NAZZ (CONT'D)

which causes the untimely, early  
death of too many chickens ...  
well ...

BICK

Well what ...?

NAZZ

On some nights ... in fact on  
nights just like this ... when the  
.... they call them "Eaters" ...  
are at their most vulnerable ...

BICK

What?

NAZZ

El Pollo Diablo exacts his  
revenge.

BICK

(nervously)

What's that? A good pecking?

NAZZ

No. He comes to them and captures  
them.

BICK

Yeah?

NAZZ

Then he takes them back to his  
supernatural lair.

BICK

Yeah??

NAZZ

Then he deep fries them ...

Bick leans in.

NAZZ

.... AND EATS THEM!!!!!!

Bick jumps in his seat.

In the dark, Nazz smiles.

Suddenly there is a knock on the door.

(CONTINUED)

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CONTINUED: (14)

Bick jumps.

BICK  
Who's that!!!???

Nazz is loving it.

NAZZ  
Relax ... it's probably just the  
delivery guy.

BICK  
Are you sure?

NAZZ  
Well, who else could it be?

BICK  
You know ...

NAZZ  
Bick, get a grip.

BICK  
But I ain't hungry no more.

NAZZ  
You gotta get the door.

BICK  
But ...

NAZZ  
No "buts".

BICK  
(reluctantly)  
OK.

Bick rises and goes to the door.

BICK  
Who is it?

VOICE ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE  
DOOR  
Delivery.

Bick looks at Nazz and smiles.

Suddenly, the lights and TV come back on.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (15)

The horror movie is still on. Music from the film ...  
bump ... bump ... bump ... suspenseful.

Bick seems relieved.

BICK

Well I guess I could have a little  
snack ...

He opens the door.

Movie music blares the jump scare.

SERIES OF HANDHELD SHOTS AT CRAZY ANGLES

Framed by the doorway is a GIANT CHICKEN.

Bick screaming

Clucking

Feathers, wings

Movement

As quickly as it started ... everything is still. Bick  
and El Pollo Diablo are gone. The door is open.

A single feather floats to the ground.

Nazz sits on the couch in shock.

Nazz looks at the door, then the table, then the door ...

NAZZ

No way ....

FADE TO BLACK.