

CHICKEN

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INT. BROCK'S APARTMENT BEDROOM - MORNING

The room is generally tidy, with one sweater peaking out from the closet, implying the mess inside it. There are sketchbooks scattered on a desk with old coloring pencils. The window, mostly blocked by the air conditioner, lets in light perfectly positioned to blind BROCK when he wakes. A human-shaped lump under the covers begins turning.

BROCK

groans

Brock the human removes his arm from the covers. He looks up and sees a bird's wing in front of his face. Brock's eyes fly open.

BROCK

Huh?

He moves it. It's his left hand. He blinks and rubs his eyes. It is still his left hand.

BROCK

Ah! What the fuck?!

Brock pulls the cover off completely. His right hand and body is still human. He jumps out of the bed. He begins running down the hall. With each step, he's shorter, his feet more like talons, and his legs bonier. He puts his hands in front of his face. He sees that his right hand is now a chicken hand.

BROCK

AHHHH!!!!

Brock run-waddles faster. He heads to the bathroom. He opens that bathroom door and looks into the mirror. Staring back at him is the face of a chicken.

BROCK

B-b-b-booOOOOoooOck!

INT. ACCOUNTING OFFICE - MORNING

There are several rows of cubicles lining the office. Brock, now an eighteen-inch-tall chicken wearing a tiny shirt and tie, waddles to his desk cautiously. He is afraid of how he

will be received as a chicken. Next to him, one cubicle over, is his best work friend, KEITH.

BROCK
 (Whispering)
 Psst... Keith...
 (then, louder)
 Hey! Keith!

Keith looks up from his work and smiles.

KEITH
 Morning, Brock!
 (realizing something is different)
 Good gravy! Brock!

BROCK
 I- I know what you're thinking--

KEITH
 (through teeth)
 Brock, where are your pants?!

Keith throws a jacket on top of Brock to help him cover up.

BROCK
 I mean, they don't fit anymore! And
 the sizing at the toy store is really
 confusing!

KEITH
 I mean, I know the dress code is just
 a suggestion, but not wearing pants to
 work is next level!

Just then, RONI, their boss, walks up. She is simultaneously reading a file, drinking coffee, and power walking through the office. She marches in place when she gets to Keith and Brock's cubicles.

RONI
 Morning Keith and uh...

Just as Roni squints over her files at Brock, Keith throws a jacket over him.

BROCK
 ...Brock.

Roni is not convinced.

BROCK

I'm the guy that sits next to Keith.

RONI

Right! Brick. Are you not wearing pants?

KEITH

Of course he's not, he's T-werk-ing!

RONI

You know that's against dress code, right?

Brock shrugs.

RONI

Well, I still want that report by tomorrow.

BROCK

I'll have it for you then.

RONI

Oh, and can you cancel the payment for that graphic designer? He didn't deliver on time so I need you to fill out some paperwork.

BROCK

I'll have it done ASAP.

RONI

That's exactly what I like to hear. Thanks, Brick! See you Keith.

Roni sips her coffee and reads her report as she power walks off into the distance.

KEITH

Brock!

Keith points to the sketch pad on Brock's desk.

KEITH

You should submit your art!

BROCK

Ah, no, they'd never hire me. I'm just an accountant, I can't do any of that creative stuff.

KEITH

I mean, I've seen your drawings.
They're really good! I bet Roni would
give you a shot!

BROCK

I don't know, I don't think it's the
right time.

KEITH

It's never the right time! Come on
Brock. What do you even take those art
classes for?

BROCK

I mean, because I suck at art. I need
the help.

KEITH

But you don't suck! Quit being
bashful, you'd be perfect for this!

BROCK

(frustrated)

No, I'm not good enough. Please just-
please stop. I- I just need to focus
on work.

KEITH

Oh, alright. Sorry.

Brock gathers his papers and heads down the hallway for a meeting. When he turns a corner, he is no longer 33 and an accountant-chicken, but is 16, human, and walking down the hallway of his high school.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Brock passes hallways filled with his peer's art on the walls, and arrives at his counselor's office.

COUNSELOR

Brock? It's good to see you. Take a
seat.

BROCK

Thank. Goods you see too- uh...

Brock takes a seat and averts his eyes.

COUNSELOR

It's okay, there's nothing to be nervous about.

(beat)

So, have you thought about going to college?

BROCK

I- uh, yes. Yes I have. Thought. About it.

COUNSELOR

And... is that something that interests you?

BROCK

Oh! I mean, maybe?

COUNSELOR

Hm... well, do you know what you want to do? Y'know, with the rest of your life? Forever?

BROCK

I mean, I don't know! I'm 17, am I supposed to know? Did you know when you were 17?

COUNSELOR

No, but college is a great place to figure it out! I had a friend who went and found out he was a furry.

BROCK

What?!

COUNSELOR

That might not be the best example. What are your favorite subjects? We can find a college with programs in similar subjects.

BROCK

I guess I like art.

COUNSELOR

That's great! Here's a list of schools that have outstanding art programs.

BROCK

But I heard nobody makes money doing

art! Why would I go to school for something I couldn't live off of?

COUNSELOR

Hmmm... As much as I'd like to say that's not true, the only artists I know are either crack heads or living out of the back of their car.

BROCK

(Rolling his eyes)

That's encouraging.

COUNSELOR

Well, some of these programs allow double-majors. You could always do some business degree as a backup, and just do art as a hobby.

Brock seems convinced. His convinced face fades into the disappointed face of a chicken, back in the office.

INT. MEETING ROOM - DAY

Brock is explaining how to fill out some paperwork to a client.

BROCK

So, if you just send me your W2, I can take care of the rest.

CLIENT

Thank you! I'll send it this afternoon.

The client leaves and Brock sinks into his chair. The secretary, KATHLEEN, 55, walks in.

KATHLEEN

Hey Brock, we need the room for the next meeting. Are you done in here?

BROCK

Huh? Oh, yeah I can leave. Thanks, Kathleen.

KATHLEEN

Is everything okay? You look like you just lost your wife.

BROCK
Like I have a wife to even lose.

KATHLEEN
Ah, girl problems then?

BROCK
What? No.

KATHLEEN
Then what?

Brock sulks in his chair until he's practically laying down.

BROCK
I guess I just wonder what the point is. Why I'm here, doing people's taxes.

KATHLEEN
Well, what else would you be doing?

Kathleen fiddles with a smoke detector.

BROCK
I don't know, traveling? Experiencing something real? Isn't that supposed to give you purpose?

Kathleen sits down in a chair with her notepad.

KATHLEEN
Purpose is different for everyone. Sometimes it's about experience, but I think it all comes down to distraction. I mean, there's no getting around it. Life sucks and then you die. Might as well have some fun along the way too.

Kathleen is lighting a cigarette.

KATHLEEN
What distracts you?

BROCK
I guess drawing does.

Kathleen crosses her legs up on the table and leans back, letting out a long drag.

KATHLEEN

Do you draw now?

BROCK

I mean, no. Well, sort-of. I don't know.

KATHLEEN

(Sitting up, pointing to Brock with her cigarette)

What's stopping you?

BROCK

(sighs) I'm not good enough.

KATHLEEN

Who is telling you that?

BROCK

I mean, everyone. My professor once said that every artist he knows is either a crack head or living out the back of their car.

KATHLEEN

Listen, Brock. There is no "good enough." There never will be. It's just do or don't.

BROCK

But if I do, I'll fail.

KATHLEEN

And if you don't, you'll never know if you could have succeeded.

Kathleen stands up and puts out her smoke. She waves a little smoke out of the window and renables the smoke detector.

KATHLEEN

Alright, you need to get out of here before the next meeting starts.

Brock gets up to leave.

BROCK

Kathleen?

KATHLEEN

Yeah?

BROCK

Thank you.

KATHLEEN

Don't get all sentimental with me.
Just go do the damn thing.

Brock nods and leaves.

INT. ACCOUNTING OFFICE - AFTERNOON

KEITH

Hey, how'd the meeting go?

BROCK

It was fine. I don't think they
noticed I wasn't wearing pants.

KEITH

Oh, I'm pretty sure they noticed. It's
trending on twitter.

BROCK

Hm. Must have enjoyed the show.

Brock does a ridiculous dance showing off his pant-less ass,
slapping his tail feather at the end. The two friends laugh
about it.

KEITH

I'm glad it went well.

BROCK

Actually, I've been thinking about
what you said.

KEITH

Oh, yeah?

BROCK

Yeah. I'm sorry for being frustrated
earlier.

KEITH

It's okay, Brock. I'm sorry I pushed
you.

BROCK

I... I'm just so scared of rejection.
Of failure.

KEITH

I understand. But, who knows! Maybe
this time it'll be different.

BROCK

Hm. Maybe.

Brock sits down at his desk. He stares at the report due tomorrow. In an action-packed fight scene, Brock slays the report and prepares it like sushi for Roni. He then looks at the payment cancellation for the graphic designer.

BROCK

Maybe it will be different.

Brock opens up the job listing online. He hits "apply."

END.