

CHICKEN BOY

Written by

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INT. HIGH SCHOOL CAFETERIA - LUNCHTIME

**NATHAN**, a nerdy boy with glasses is sitting alone eating lunch, looking sad and WEAK. Enter **DEREK**, the high school bully (uh oh). Derek approaches Nathan.

DEREK

(Gaining confidence as he speaks)

Sup, nerd? Nerd boy? Whatcha' eatin', huh? Eatin' lunch? You're so dumb.

Derek pushes his hand into Nathan's food and squishes it all around, ruining the meal.

DEREK (CONT'D)

You like that? You like when I squish your food like that, nerd freak?

NATHAN

Go away Derek.

DEREK

I'll do whatever I want whenever I want, alright?

NATHAN

(agitated)

Derek, please. I don't want any trouble right now, I have class in like 10 minutes.

DEREK

Gimme your lunch money!

NATHAN

I said not today, Derek!

DEREK

Oh yeah, why?

NATHAN

My cat just died, dude. Can you please leave me alone? I'm not in the mood.

DEREK

Yeah? You want me to leave you alone? Ok sure. I'll leave you alone, as soon as you fix your STUPID HAIRCUT! HA HAAAA!

NATHAN  
Can you please stop?

Derek is looking around like he's telling these jokes to an audience.

DEREK  
Lookin' like a chicken, huh? Little chicken boy! Bock bock bugock! Little flightless bird. Walking around, eating the seeds, huh? Scrawny chicken boy laying eggs all day.

NATHAN  
No one's laughing.

DEREK  
They're all laughing! They love me! I'll call you chicken boy whenever I want to! I own this school! I'm DEREK!

He raises his hands into a powerful pose and looks around, expecting some sort of praise. He's obviously delusional.

NATHAN  
(softly)  
Nobody is even looking at you.

DEREK  
(breaking character)  
A LOT OF PEOPLE ARE ABSENT TODAY!

He quickly calms back down

DEREK (CONT'D)  
Doesn't even matter chicken boy.

Derek starts repeatedly slapping Nathan's arm in an annoying way.

DEREK (CONT'D)  
Gimme your lunch money. Gimme your lunch money, chicken boy. Gimme your lunch money.

Derek raises his fist, ready to punch.

DEREK (CONT'D)  
Gimme your lunch money or else!

NATHAN  
Or else what?

DEREK  
I'll- I'll ummm

NATHAN  
(mockingly)  
You'll you'll what, Derek?

Derek flinches and takes a step back. He is at a loss for words.

DEREK  
I'll hit you!

NATHAN  
(fake confused)  
Oh that's weird, hm. Lemme think for a second. You seem to threaten to hit me a lot, but... through all these years, I don't think you've hit *anyone*! Not a single time! Isn't that funny?

There's a beat of silence while Nathan removes his glasses. Derek is stunned.

NATHAN (CONT'D)  
You're just like your father.

DEREK  
(Panicked)  
Stop talking right now or I'm gonna lose it!

NATHAN  
4276 Cedarwood Drive, Riverton  
Wyoming

DEREK  
(now shaking)  
Th-th-th-thats my grandma's house!

NATHAN  
I know.

DEREK  
Wh-Wh- How d- Wh-

NATHAN  
You know your little brother Timmy?

Derek tries to compose himself and reapply his mask of confidence. It doesn't work.

DEREK

I-I don't have a little brother! I don't know what you're talking about!

NATHAN

Don't lie to me, Derek.

Nathan waves his index finger in the air

NATHAN (CONT'D)

Bring 'em in!

Enter **TIMMY** (5 years old) and **DEREK'S GRANDMA** (ancient). Their hands are tied behind their backs. A strong and serious bouncer/guard drags them in and throws them in front of Derek's feet. Nathan is now pacing back and forth slowly with his hands behind his back.

DEREK

Tim-tim! Mee-maw! What- what happened?

NATHAN

(still pacing)

Here's how this is gonna go down, Derek. You are going to give me your lunch money, or you never see them again. How does that sound? I know you're bad at math but does this seem like an equation you can wrap your ugly head around? Because I mean, it's no problem! I can get rid of them with a snap of my fingers!

DEREK

Oh god please... take whatever you want, just don't hurt them.

Nathan walks up to little Timmy and rustles his hair. Timmy looks up at Nathan, scared.

DEREK (CONT'D)

DON'T TOUCH HIM!

Derek breaks down on all-fours and starts to sob.

DEREK (CONT'D)

Just take my money. Here. Have it all.

He pulls out a wad of cash and holds it up from the floor. His grandma stands up, hands still tied.

GRANDMA

What are you, some kind of chicken boy? Huh? Giving up your money so easily like that? You some type of chicken coward? You really are just like your father, chicken boy.

Timmy slowly stands up and sighs.

TIMMY

I can't believe I thought I had a brother. Someone I could actually look up to. You know, we grew up together. Me and you. We used to play together, laugh together, LIVE together. You're a disgrace, Derek. You disgust me. You're just a filthy chicken boy who gives away his money like it's nothing. I'd feel better if you were dead. Goodbye, brother.

Nathan squats down to level with Derek.

NATHAN

You see Derek, you never had the power here. you're all cluck and no peck, chicken boy.

Nathan stands back up and motions his hand towards Grandma and Timmy

NATHAN (CONT'D)

Come on guys, let's go get pizza

GRANDMA

But didn't you just eat lunch?

NATHAN

(completely different tone than before)

Margaret, you of anyone should know that my stomach is a *bottomless pit!*

Nathan, Grandma and Timmy all start laughing hysterically as they exit the cafeteria, leaving Derek alone and sobbing, shaking on the floor.

NATHAN (CONT'D)

\*sigh\* I love you guys.

**THE END**

