

FOWLINA FOWL PILOT

Written by

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A "Peppa Pig" Spoof

FADE IN:

EXT. A FLAT NONDESCRIPT LANDSCAPE

CUE: An offbeat KAZOO tune.

FOWLINA FOWL, a fat cardboard-cutout chicken, leaps onto the screen. Her voice is that of a man doing his best to sound like an old British woman, constantly running out of breath yet still with a spark of naive bluntness.

It's the worst thing you've ever heard.

FOWLINA
I'm Fowlina Fowl, peasants!
(she screams a SQUAWK)

Remember that. This is my little
chicken-shit brother, Baby
Tender...

BABY TENDER rolls onto the screen, drool dripping from his beak. His eyes stare at nothing in opposite directions.

BABY TENDER
(faint)
Cluck...cluck...

FOWLINA
This is my mother, Mama Fowl...

The camera zooms out. MAMA FOWL, wearing full makeup but still dressed in a slouchy hoody and yoga pants that go up past her belly, is already there.

MAMA FOWL
(bored)
Yeah, okay, *Buggok!* Satisfied? Like
I don't do enough for you kids
already.

FOWLINA
(under her breath)
Bitch.
(aloud)
And this-

PAPA FOWL, an enormous rooster wearing only a tie, jumps onto the screen. He's the only one who seems genuinely excited to be there. He CROWS while everyone cover their ears.

PAPA FOWL
COCK-A-DOODLE-DOO!

Fowlina SHRIEKS in frustration, her eyes turning into angry swirls. She pummels Papa Fowl with her wings.

FOWLINA
Papa, you dumb ass! We practiced over and over, so why are you still too early! It's all about first impressions, and now the whole show's ruined! Thanks to you! What the Hell is your problem?

Fowlina's rant continues, as we CUE TITLE CARD: FOWLINA FOWL.

ALL TOGETHER
Fowlina Fowl!

Fowlina sticks her head through the first "O" and SHRIEKS.

END CUE: Offbeat kazoo tune.

EXT: WEST EGG - DAY

The sun beats down on West Egg, a literal giant egg built in a steep valley. It has a door and two windows, with straw sticking out around the base. We can see Papa Fowl driving down the slope in his car.

CUE FADE IN TITLE CARD: "Fowlina Fowl and the Pilot"

The NARRATOR repeats the title with his Matthew McConaughey accent, to accommodate audience members who can't read.

NARRATOR (O.S.)
Fowlina Fowl and the Pilot.

Papa Fowl gets out of his car and walks to the door.

INT. WEST EGG LIVING ROOM - DAY

The door opens, and Papa Fowl enters.

NARRATOR (O.S.)
Papa Fowl had just arrived home to West Egg from his job, feeling very fulfilled. He was at peace with the little nook in life carved for himself.

Papa Fowl relaxes in his recliner. He SIGHS, closes his eyes.

PAPA FOWL
Aaaah. Peaceful.

FOWLINA (O.S.)
Papa! Papa!

Fowlina runs from another room and jumps on Papa's belly.

NARRATOR (O.S.)
Fowlina, however, could never be
content with peace.

FOWLINA
Wake up! Wake up!

PAPA FOWL
What is it, my little dumpling?

We zoom in to Papa Fowl's giant ear, which you can't normally see. Fowlina's beak leans in close, WHISPERS.

FOWLINA
Wanna see some real hilarious shit?

Fowlina jumps off and rolls away, CACKLING. Papa Fowl, after a few failed attempts, heaves himself out of the chair and follows.

PAPA FOWL
Well, well. I wonder what it could
be?

INT. WEST EGG BABY TENDER'S ROOM - DAY

Baby Tender is laying on the ground, playing the Xclux video game console. His mouth is open, and drool streams out. He taps the controller lazily with his foot.

NARRATOR
Baby Tender was playing video
games. This particular game put him
in the seat of a pilot, flying a
fighter jet.

Fowlina prances in, with Papa Fowl close behind.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)
Fowlina keeps to a strict schedule
of bullying Baby Tender. Today was
no exception.

FOWLINA
Baby Tender! Baby Tender! Tell Papa
what you told me!

Baby Tender's CLUCKS a few times. He blushes. Shakes his head.

FOWLINA (CONT'D)

Don't be a chicken-shit! Tell Papa, now!

Baby Tender shakes.

NARRATOR

Baby Tender is nervous. He's never told anyone his dreams before. Especially not on camera.

BABY TENDER

(bubbling)

I wan...I wan...

FOWLINA

God, spit it out!

Baby Tender plops his head back, looking at Papa Fowl upside-down.

BABY TENDER

I wanna be a pilot, derddy.

A beat of silence as Fowlina tries to contain her amusement. She can't, and bursts out laughing, rolling on her stomach.

NARRATOR

Fowlina thinks Baby Tender's hopes and dreams are a riot. She's a bit of a twat that way.

FOWLINA

You, a pilot? Don't be silly! Pilots are brave, strong. Baby Tender, you could never be a pilot! You're *retarded*.

Tears stream down Baby Tender's face. He CLUCKS pathetically.

NARRATOR

Baby Tender is deeply scarred by Fowlina's disapproval.

A yellow liquid trickles out from underneath Baby Tender.

FOWLINA (O.S.)

Gross, Papa! Baby Tender's gone and pissed himself again!

Papa Fowl struts over to Baby Tender and cradles him.

PAPA FOWL
 You mustn't bully your brother,
 Fowlina. He's a special angel. But
 perhaps one that really ought not
 to have any wings.

Papa Fowl kisses Baby Tender. Baby Tender rolls into his
 chest and snuffles silently.

FOWLINA
 Wow. At least I crushed his dreams
 with a damn good reason.

PAPA FOWL
 I have a reason. Believe it or not,
 your Papa was once a pilot.

FOWLINA AND BABY TENDER
 Ooooooooooh.

FOWLINA
 Why did you quit, to do whatever
 the Hell your job is now?

PAPA FOWL
 Well, back when I was a chick-

FOWLINA
 Don't be silly, Papa! You can't be
 a chick, you have a wanker!

PAPA FOWL
 That's not what I meant.

FOWLINA
 Oh. Carry on, then.

EXT. A BLAND HILL WITH A SINGLE TREE - DAY

YOUNG PAPA FOWL flies a remote helicopter. A jolly time.

PAPA FOWL (O.S.)
 Back when I was a chick, I dreamt
 of flying machines. Helicopters,
 planes, rockets, the thrill of
 soaring through the air! There was
 only one problem.

The helicopter spins to fast and crashes to the ground. Young
 Papa Fowl plops down and SOBS.

PAPA FOWL (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 I wasn't really any good at it.

Young Papa Fowl gets up, determined, and spreads his wings.

PAPA FOWL (O.S.) (CONT'D)
But I didn't give up! I picked
myself up and tried again!

Young Papa Fowl flaps his wings, flies for a bit, then loses control and falls on his tail.

PAPA FOWL (O.S.) (CONT'D)
That's when I gave up.

Young Papa Fowl SQUAWKS and storms off.

FOWLINA (O.S.)
Oh my God, did you give up on the
point of this story, too?

PAPA FOWL (O.S.)
I'm getting there. Because then I
grew up!

An older Young Papa Fowl leaps out.

PAPA FOWL (O.S.) (CONT'D)
I took lessons, went to pilot
school, and earned a degree in
aeronautics!

He boards a propeller plane. The plane takes to the sky.

FOWLINA AND BABY TENDER (O.S.)
Hip-Hoorah!

EXT. THE BLUE BORING SKY - DAY

Older Young Papa Fowl flies the plane through the sky.

PAPA FOWL (O.S.)
There was only one problem.

FOWLINA
Well, shit.

The plane starts to dip down, teeter, and fall out of the sky with a terrified Older Young Papa Fowl still inside.

INT. WEST EGG BABY TENDER'S ROOM - NIGHT

Papa Fowl sits, with Fowlina and Baby Tender on his lap.

PAPA FOWL

And that problem kept me from ever flying again. And it's why my suggestion to Baby Tender is to give up flying. For his own safety.

A beat.

FOWLINA

Are you seriously going to make me clucking ask?

PAPA FOWL

Ask what?

FOWLINA

What was the problem that kept you from flying? Geeeeeze!

PAPA FOWL

Oh, well, I don't like to talk about it.

Fowlina shoots a menacing, hideous frown.

NARRATOR

Fowlina is displeased at having her time wasted.

Papa hangs his head, SIGHS.

PAPA FOWL

All right all right. The problem, children, is one that has plagued our family for generations. A terrible, horrible, debilitating condition.

FOWLINA AND BABY TENDER

Oooh, what is it?

PAPA FOWL

It's called...

Zoom in beneath Papa Fowl's face, making him look very large and very terrifying.

PAPA FOWL (CONT'D)

The Lard Gene.

A beat of silence as the kids stare at him.

FOWLINA

Papa? What's a Lard Gene?

PAPA FOWL

The Lard Gene, Fowlina, is a genetic tendency to be subject to a certain disease. This disease accumulates lard all across your body, so that you have trouble breathing, moving, and doing things without a slight amount of pain.

FOWLINA

That sounds like the crappiest crock of excuses I've ever heard.

PAPA FOWL

I mean it, Fowlina. The Lard Gene has prevented your Papa from doing many things. In this case, I weighed the plane down, and became a hazard. Eventually, I couldn't even fit in the plane.

FOWLINA

And you say we all have this Lard Gene problem?

PAPA FOWL

Oh, yes.

BABY TENDER

Even Mama?

FOWLINA

God, Mama is never *not* having a problem.

MAMA FOWL (O.S.)

Excuse me, young lady?

Mama Fowl storms onto the scene, phone in hand.

NARRATOR

Mama has just arrived from the other room, finished with her daily devotional of "Desperate Nestwives."

MAMA FOWL

What are you telling our children, Papa Fowl?

PAPA FOWL

(nervous)

Why, dear, I'm explaining why I quit being a pilot.

FOWLINA

He says it's because he's a lard-ass.

PAPA FOWL

Fowlina, that's not what I said.
It's a *condition*.

FOWLINA

And he basically said that *you're* a lard-ass, *too*.

Mama Fowl throws her phone at Papa Fowl, enraged.

MAMA FOWL

Is this what you think of me behind my back?

PAPA FOWL

It was only a figure of speech.

MAMA FOWL

Am I a joke to you? How dare you make me look like this in front of the children!

PAPA FOWL

But, my sweet! I'm not making you look like anything! That's just how we look on our own.

Mama Fowl BUGOKS and lunges at Papa Fowl, kicking him repeatedly until he falls over. Fowlina LAUGHS.

FOWLINA

Oh, Papa, you're such a lard-ass!

PAPA FOWL

(while still being beaten)
Actually, Fowlina, both your Mama and I passed the Lard Gene on to you. That means you'll be the lardiest of all.

Zoom in on Fowlina's horrified face.

Now both Mama Fowl and Fowlina are beating up on Papa Fowl, their eyes angry swirls.

NARRATOR

Fowlina likes teaching Papa Fowl his place.

FOWLINA

You dumb fat motherclucker! How
dare you infect me with your gross
disease! I demand you cure me right
now!

Zoom out to show Mama Fowl and Fowlina beating Papa Fowl
down. Baby Tender rolls over, CHUCKLING stupidly. He bumps
over and over into Papa Fowl.

NARRATOR

Everyone likes teaching Papa Fowl
his place!

CUT TO CREDITS.

CUE: OFFBEAT KAZOO TUNE.

Fowlina tries to sing her name to the music, but always
misses her cue.

FOWLINA

Fow-Oh, shit, that was too early.

A few more notes go by.

FOWLINA (CONT'D)

Fowl-ina F-Ah, crap, no.

The final notes.

FOWLINA (CONT'D)

Fowl-ina FOWL!

Fowlina's voice cracks on the last notes.

FOWLINA (CONT'D)

(enraged)

CLUUUUUUUUUUUUU-(ck)

CUT TO BLACK.