

POULET ROSÉ

Written by

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FADE IN:

**1 INT. KITCHEN - DAY****1**

JOHN-PIERRE (JP) (late 30s), is hunched over a salad bowl in a large commercial kitchen. His white chef's uniform is covered in pink food stains, and "Executive Chef" is printed on his shirt. The kitchen is a mess, and pink food items lay everywhere. A banner with the words "PINK EGG DINNER" neatly printed lays on a countertop.

JP has a measuring cup of pink salad dressing in his hand. Concentrated, he pours the salad dressing into the bowl. He watches as it overflows, and his brow furrows. He pushes the bowl aside in anger, and it CLATTERS to the ground.

LOUIS, a young man dressed as a waiter, walks over to JP and uses a rag from his apron to clean up the salad dressing. JP, hesitantly, picks the bowl up off the ground.

LOUIS

A little extra dressing won't kill anyone, sir.

JP

(tense)

The Pink Egg Dinner Guests are not just "anyone," and I would certainly hate to end their lives them because I couldn't handle a simple dressing-to-salad ratio.

LOUIS

We were flown in from France because people like your food, sir. I would consider that to be a good sign.

JP pauses, almost considering what Louis says. He directs his attention back to his cooking.

JP

Louis, prepare the salad plates.

Louis grabs a stack of small silver plates from a countertop, and places them next to JP.

LOUIS

Why don't you enjoy yourself while we're in America? No offense sir, but I think you need to get out more. Maybe go on a date?

JP shoots Louis an "I am still your boss" look. Louis ignores him.

LOUIS (CONT'D)

There's a jazz singer performing at the bar across the street tonight. It could be a good way to meet someone-we could celebrate after dinner!

JP

I'm no fool, Louis. You are too young to go into a bar here.

LOUIS

(grinning)

Worth a shot.

Louis places a ticket stub on the counter.

LOUIS

I guess I have no use for this ticket then...

JP

I have to focus, Louis.

(pause)

And I truly despise jazz music.

LOUIS

Think about it.

Louis walks towards the other side of the kitchen. JP watches him exit, then picks up the ticket stub, which reads 'EMERSON'S PRESENTS: SUSAN MORNING.'" JP scoffs.

**1A INT. KITCHEN - DAY**

**1A**

A DELIVERY GUY enters through the back door of the kitchen, where LOUIS is standing, polishing plates. The Delivery Guy is holding a chicken in his arms. He is dressed like a member of the FBI or military, in all black, with sunglasses over his eyes.

Delivery Guy pulls out his walkie talkie.

DELIVERY GUY

(into walkie talkie)

The pink chicken has landed. I repeat, the pink egg chicken has landed. Over!

Louis walks over to the Delivery Guy with a confused look on his face. He looks back at JP, who is now chopping vegetables, lost in his own world.

LOUIS

I'm sorry sir, what is this?

DELIVERY GUY

The chicken? The one that lays pink eggs--only three in it's lifetime? Flown out from New Zealand. Processes in a high-security chicken coop. Fed only vegan, gluten free, fat free, chicken food. I heard the eggs taste like cotton candy. Are you Jean-Pierre? I need you to sign for this chicken.

LOUIS

(to Delivery Guy)

Where are the eggs?

(to the chicken)

WHERE ARE THE EGGS????

JP is distracted by the noise and walks over.

JP

(to Delivery Guy)

Monsieur, where are the eggs?

The Delivery Guy holds out the chicken and smiles.

JP (CONT'D)

(realizing)

THERE ARE NO EGGS?

JP turns around and hyperventilates. Louis brings him a brown paper bag to breathe into. The chicken squirms in Delivery Guy's arms, then gets free and begins to run away. Delivery Guy chases after it.

JP turns around to see what is going on, just to see Delivery Guy running after the chicken.

JP

AAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!!

JP runs after the chicken without any hesitation.

LOUIS

The guests are arriving in-

Louis looks at the clock.

LOUIS (CONT'D)  
-one hour!

Louis looks back to JP but he's not there.

LOUIS  
(yelling)  
JP???

JP  
(yelling back,  
frantically)  
Set out the plates! The first  
course is ready! I'll be back in  
fifteen and we'll leave for the  
dinner party!

Louis has a concerned expression on his face.

LOUIS  
(yelling back)  
GOT IT.

**2 EXT. KITCHEN - DAY**

**2**

The chicken runs across the street and JP follows it, catching up to it. A woman, dressed in black, and holding a speaker, walks right up to JP. JP tries to move along but she stops him.

WOMAN  
Excuse me, Emerson's is this way,  
right?

JP lifts his head, peeking at where the chicken is heading.

JP  
What? Sorry Ma'am, I don't know.

JP sees the chicken turning right, into a building. JP runs as fast as he can to catch up, leaving the woman standing alone.

**3 INT. EMERSON'S - DAY**

**3**

Emerson's bar sets up for it's evening performance. A microphone stand sits on stage, and an adult woman in bold, glam makeup, wearing a leopard print fur coat, SUSAN, sits on a stool.

Susan HUMS to herself, lost in her own world.

SUSAN

(singing to herself)

I rehearse and rehearse but I can't  
get it right, tonight, tonight, I  
shall leave and take flight.

(pause)

Take flight? This performance  
doesn't even end well in my song...

She SIGHS. An EMERSON'S STAFF MEMBER CLAPS his hands together and gestures for Susan to sing into the microphone. She takes a dinosaur stress ball out of her pocket and squeezes it.

She stands up, shaking nervously. She takes a pitch pipe out of her other pocket and blows into it. She places it down on the front of the stage, and begins to sing "Solitude" by Billie Holiday.

SUSAN

(singing)

In my solitude, You haunt me  
With dreadful ease, Of days gone  
by...

The chicken runs into the bar, and up to the stage. It jumps up and grabs her pitch pipe.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

(singing)

In my solitude, You taunt me  
With memories, That nev-

Susan stops, shocked, and watches the chicken. She jumps off of the stage with determination and starts to run after it. The WOMAN JP interacted with walks in the bar.

SUSAN

(to the chicken)

HEY!!

Just as the chicken runs out of Emerson's JP runs in, immediately crashing into Susan. They both stumble, and shoot each other frustrated looks. In a split second moment, they look each other up and down.

BEAT

They run after the chicken.

Emerson's is surrounded by tall trees, and sits in front of the entrance to a forest. The chicken dashes into the deep forest with the pitch pipe in its mouth. Susan and JP reach the forest entrance only seconds after, getting closer to the chicken. Out of nowhere, it disappears. JP and SUSAN run to a halt, and stop to catch their breath.

SUSAN

No, no, no! This cannot be happening! I need to get back to my show!

(to JP)

What kind of chicken is that?! Did you train it to do that???! What kind of malicious-

JP keeps looking for the chicken. He jogs deeper into the forest. Susan follows, clearly frustrated that JP hasn't responded to her.

JP

(frantically)

Poulet, Poulet!

SUSAN

(to herself)

There's no way Emerson's will let me back for jazz night again!

They search for the chicken, separated by a tree. A moments of awkward silence pass by.

JP

Did you say jazz?

SUSAN

Yes, it's jazz night at Emerson's. I'm supposed to be singing-not after this.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

(singing)

Chicken, chicken, I need my pitch pipe! But I'm stuck here with this French man--he's not my type.

JP looks at Susan. She shrugs, smiling. They both keep looking for the chicken.

JP

(calling out)

Poulet-

(to Susan)

How can you like jazz? It's elevator music. It's what I listen to when I'm waiting at the doctor's office.

SUSAN  
My, you're blunt.

JP  
Sorry. I've been told.

They keep looking for the chicken. More moments pass.

SUSAN  
I think a lot of people don't like jazz music because they don't understand the technicality of it- or the history. It's my favorite genre of music, but really, I just like to sing.

**4A EXT. FOREST - DAY**

**4A**

JP nods, still looking away. He pauses. A feathered, orange creature flashes by and he takes off running after it. All of a sudden, he trips over a branch sticking out of the ground and falls.

JP  
AGH! The chicken, it got away!

Susan turns to JP.

SUSAN  
Oh, um, you're bleeding.

JP looks down at his arm. A big red stain sticks out on his sleeve, among the pink stains. He pulls his sleeve up and winces.

JP  
Could you grab those leaves? There?

He nods to a tree. Susan rushes to the tree and picks the large leaves. She brings them back over to JP, and kneels next to him.

JP  
Okay, agh! Place two leaves on top of one another.

Susan nods, following his instructions.



JP  
 Now, apply them to my arm, and use  
 pressure. I'll wince but it's okay.

JP  
 AHH!

He takes a deep breath, and looks up at Susan. They share a moment, but she looks back down at the bandage. JP WINCES again.

SUSAN  
 Here, hold this. It will help.

JP reaches out his hand, as if Susan was going to offer hers. She places the dinosaur stress ball in his hand.

SUSAN  
 I use this before all of my  
 performances.

JP breathes a sigh of relief, squeezing the stress ball.

SUSAN (CONT'D)  
 (playfully)  
 Or maybe, I should take it back?  
 Seeing as you don't like jazz, and  
 it does have a very direct  
 affiliation.

JP  
 Ha.

SUSAN  
 Where did you learn this?

JP  
 I did a year abroad in Venezuela  
 during culinary school. We camped  
 out for three weeks to find a red  
 banana. I've made lots of these--  
 I'm a chef.

SUSAN  
 I'm Susan.

JP  
 Jean-Pierre.

SUSAN  
 (singing)  
 Jean-Pierre, Jean-Pierre...I wish  
 you had red hair!

JP smiles. He goes to stand up, and Susan helps him. They begin walking, searching for the chicken again. They look on separate parts of the forest, but are closer together.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

(singing)

Oh chicken, come here, don't stay  
there. Now I'm stuck with Jean-  
Pierre!

**5 EXT. FOREST - SUNSET**

**5**

A beautiful sunset shines over the forest, casting it in an orange glow. Susan and JP's clothes are tattered, and they are in the thick of the woods.

SUSAN

...I don't know why, I always get  
so nervous if I love it so much.  
Music is my calling, but I can't  
share it with others...sorry, what  
was your question?

JP

(bluntly)

Do you have a watch?

(pause)

You can share you music with  
others. I mean, you just did. When  
you made up those songs.

JP (CONT'D)

Maybe, picture everyone in their  
underwear.

SUSAN

Everyone says that.

JP

Maybe, picture them in 19th-century  
long johns. Or footed pajamas with  
a butt flap.

Susan laughs awkwardly.

JP (CONT'D)

Isn't the point to make the  
audience seem just as vulnerable as  
you?

SUSAN

Yeah...you're right.

BEAT

SUSAN (CONT'D)

You know, we've been looking for a while. I appreciate the help, you're very kind, but we should go. Maybe...it's not the worst scenario imaginable if I'm a half step down for Solitude.

JP turns to look at Susan.

JP

I need that chicken.

SUSAN

I think you can get another one at Petco.

JP

No. That chicken, is the rarest in the world. It only lays three eggs a year, and the eggs come out pink. I was supposed to cook those eggs tonight-do you think we've been here for longer than an hour?

SUSAN

Oh-yes, I would assume so.

JP begins to freak out.

JP

I can't believe I let this happen, I thought chasing the chicken would be a good idea, but now I'm here, in the woods, I'll lose my job, oh Louis, I've left him!

SUSAN

We've been looking for a long time, if we don't find the chicken now, we won't find it in the next few hours. The show-

JP

Your little 'show' is not important!

Susan looks hurt.

SUSAN

Fine.

She storms off, only to come back moments later.

SUSAN

I don't know how to leave.

JP

I do. But I need that chicken.

Susan's nostrils flare.

SUSAN

(sarcastically)

Oh! Okay! Let me help you look then! We'll get out of here faster!

JP

I didn't mean-

She looks under rocks and trees.

SUSAN

Maybe it hasn't been responding because you haven't been calling it by it's proper name. Chicken that belongs to an asshole! Come here!

JP

Susan-

SUSAN

Ready to go?

JP

Susan, this means so much to me, I thought you of all people would understand!

JP is angrily searching for the chicken now, looking behind trees and bushes. Susan furiously joins him.

SUSAN

Why? We've just met. How do I know you're really even French?

JP turns to Susan and twists his mustache.

JP

Je suis français. Et tu es incroyablement grossier.

SUSAN

I don't know what you're saying but I know you're a piece of-

Susan uncovers a rock, with the pitch pipe and pink eggs hidden underneath.

JP  
-what? At a loss for words?

He turns to see what Susan is looking at. His eyes widen. He walks over and grabs the eggs.

BEAT

SUSAN  
Let's go.

The pair angrily stand up, brushing dirt off of themselves, and begin walking towards the exit.

(CUT) Susan blows into her pitch pipe and JP gives her a side eye. (CUT) JP finds himself squeezing the stress ball and Susan snatches it back. (CUT) Susan's stomach grumbles and JP grabs her a mushroom.

JP  
It's edible.

SUSAN  
It's probably poisonous.

(CUT) JP shives and Susan gives him her fur coat. It looks too small on him and she smiles, but remembers she's mad.

They reach the forest entrance.

JP  
I guess, this is goodbye.

SUSAN  
Bye.

They exit in different directions.

**6 EXT. KITCHEN - NIGHT**

**6**

JP walks back to the kitchen, sadly. He pushes the door open, and LOUIS stands, waiting.

LOUIS  
What the hell are you wearing?

JP  
The dinner? Is it-are they-

LOUIS

The first four courses went smoothly-I told them I had to come back and grab the eggs, that they were being specially delivered.

(pause)

I've been here for half an hour.

JP

I have the eggs.

He pulls the eggs out of his jacket pocket, along with the stress ball. He looks down at it.

LOUIS

(excitedly)

Who were you in the woods with?

JP

I was alone-

(pause)

There was a girl, Susan Morning-

LOUIS

From the jazz show?

JP

(looking down at the stress ball)

This is hers. She needs it, and, and I acted like an idiot. I really liked her. But the dinner.

LOUIS

We need those eggs in a frying pan stat.

JP

Why do I...feel...

LOUIS

(shocked)

Jean-Pierre, you want to see her! Go! Go! I'll take care of the eggs!

Louis starts pushing JP out the door.

JP

My reputation-

LOUIS

Who cares? Your reputation over love? No way.

JP

I never said love...

LOUIS

Go!

**7 INT. EMERSON'S - NIGHT**

**7**

Susan stands in the wings, nervously. Her hair and makeup has been fixed. AUDIENCE MEMBERS fill the bar. Her heels CLICK as she walks to her microphone. She reaches into her pocket for her stress ball but it's gone. She stiffens and shakes.

The audience stares at her. She remembers what JP said and blinks. When her eyes open, the audience is wearing long johns and footie pajamas. She smiles.

SUSAN

Hello everyone, I'm Susan Morning!

The audience CHEERS.

SUSAN

I'd like to begin my set with a  
jazz classic - "Solitude"

She sits down on the stool, and takes a deep breath.

SUSAN

(singing)  
In my solitude-

JP bursts through the front door of Emerson's. He pushes through the audience until he reaches the front. Susan notices him and smiles. He smiles back.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

(singing)  
Days gone by...

**8 INT. EMERSON'S - NIGHT**

**8**

JP watches Susan sing in admiration. When she finishes singing, the audience CLAPS, but he CLAPS the loudest.

SUSAN

Thank you, everyone! I will be back  
after a quick ten!

She hurries offstage. JP enters through the wings.

JP

I'm so sorry-

SUSAN  
I was so rude-

JP (CONT'D)  
I came to gave you this.

He gives her the stress ball.

JP  
But it seems like you didn't need  
it.

SUSAN  
The pajamas thing, it really  
worked.  
(pause)  
Oh! What about your dinner?!

JP  
I'll cater for a million dinners-  
there's only one of you.

Susan blushes.

SUSAN  
I thought you didn't like jazz  
music.

JP  
Susan Morning, don't you hear me? I  
don't like jazz, but I like you.

Susan smiles, and looks down.

SUSAN  
My gig ends in an hour. Would you  
like to get dinner after?

JP  
Yes.  
(pause)  
How does eggs sound?

SUSAN  
Ha ha.

They continue to talk as the camera zooms out.

FADE OUT.