

## Chicken Run Script

*Note: This is based on the script posted at Drew's Script-o-Rama; I've tried to put in all the character identifications and in a few places clarified the transcription. It's not 100% accurate, but it's close.*

[http://www.script-o-rama.com/movie\\_scripts/c/chicken-run-script-transcript-park.html](http://www.script-o-rama.com/movie_scripts/c/chicken-run-script-transcript-park.html)

Ginger: Shush!

Bunty: I'm stuck!

Ginger: Get back.

Mrs Tweedy: Mr Tweedy? What is that chicken doing outside the fence?

Mr Tweedy: Ooh! I don't know, luv, I...

Mrs T: Just deal with it. Now!

Mr Tweedy: I'll teach you to make a fool out of me.

Ginger: Ugh!

Mr Tweedy: Now let that be a lesson to the lot of you! No chicken escapes from Tweedy's farm!

Chickens: Stop! Come on! Oh!

Dogs: Huh?

Babs: Morning, Ginger. Back from holiday?

Ginger: I wasn't on holiday, Babs. I was in solitary confinement.

Babs: It's nice to get a bit of time to yourself, isn't it?

Fowler: Roll call! Come along. You'll be late for parade. Pip, pip. Quick march. Left right, left right, left right! - Come on, smarten up!

Bunty: Ow!

Fowler: Discipline! Back in my RAF days, when the senior officer called for a scramble, you'd hop in the old crate and tally-ho! Chocks away!

Bunty: Give over, you old fool! They just want to count us.

Fowler: How dare you talk back to a senior ranking officer. Why, back in my RAF days...

Ginger: Fowler, they're coming. Back in line.

Fowler: Right! There'll be a stern reprimand for you, lad. You're grounded. Attention!

Mac: Welcome back. Is there a new plan? I thought we tried going under. Ah, over. Right.

Ginger: How's the egg count?

Bunty: I've laid five eggs this morning. Five! Well chuffed, I was.

Ginger: Shush

Ginger: Oh, no! Edwina! Why didn't you give her some of yours?

Bunty: I would have. She didn't tell me. She didn't tell anyone.

Babs: Ooh! Is Edwina off on holiday?

Ginger: We've got to get out of here.

Mac: Ginger? Are we still on?

Ginger: Oh, we're on, all right. Spread the word, Mac. Meeting tonight in hut 17. Oh!

Nick: You called? Nick and...

Fetcher: Fetcher

Nick: at your service.

Ginger: Over here. We need some more things.

Nick: Right you are, miss. How about this quality hand-crafted tea set? This necklace and pendant? Or this, all the rage in the fashionable chicken coops of Paris? Simply pop it on, and as the French hens say, "voilà"!

Fetcher: That is French.

Nick: That's two hats in one, miss. For parties....For weddings. Oh, madame! You look like a vision. Like a dream.

Fetcher: Like a duck.

Ginger: No, thank you. We're making this. We need these things. Can you get them?

Nick: Oh...This is a big job, miss. Bigger than the others. This is gonna cost.

Ginger: Same as always. One bag of seed.

Nick: You call this pay?

Fetcher: It's chicken feed.

Ginger: What else could we give you?

Nick: Eggs.

Ginger: Eggs?

Nick: Eggs.

Ginger: No. Our eggs are too valuable.

Nick: And so are we. After you, Fetcher.

Fetcher: After I what?

Nick: Move!

Mr Tweedy: Hmm!

Mrs Tweedy: and nine shillings and thruppence. Seven and sixpence times three. Two and nine. Fourpence ha'penny. Oh! Stupid, worthless creatures! I'm sick and tired of making minuscule profits. Hmm...Hmm!

Mr Tweedy: Oh, yes. Those chickens are up to summat.

Mrs Tweedy: Quiet. I'm onto something.

Mr Tweedy: They're organised, I know it.

Mrs Tweedy: I said quiet.

Mr Tweedy: That ginger one, I reckon she's their leader.

Mrs Tweedy: Mr Tweedy! I may finally have found a way to make us some real money, and what are you on about? Ridiculous notions of escaping chickens.

Mr Tweedy: B-B-But...!

Mrs Tweedy: It's all in your head, Mr Tweedy. Say it.

Mr Tweedy: It's all in me head. It's all in me head.

Mrs Tweedy: You keep telling yourself that, because I don't want to hear another word about it. Is that clear?

Mr Tweedy: Yes, luv. But you know that ginger one...?

Mrs Tweedy: They're chickens, you dolt! Apart from you, they're the most stupid creatures on this planet! They don't plot, they don't scheme, and they are not organised!

Ginger: Order! Order! Quiet, everyone! Settle down. I would like to call to order... Oh, please!

Fowler: Quiet there! Let's have some discipline, what, what?

Ginger: Thank you.

Fowler: In my RAF days, we had no time for unnecessary chitchat.

Ginger: Yes, thank you, Fowler.

Fowler: I...Right. Carry on.  
 Ginger: Now, I know our last escape attempt was a bit of a fiasco. But Mac and I have come up with a brand new plan. Show 'em, Mac.  
 Mac: Right. We tried going under the wire and that didnae work. So the plan is, we go over it. This is us, right? We get in like this, wind her up, and let her go!  
 Fowler: Good grief! The turnip's bought it.  
 Ginger: The farmer's coming! Operation Cover-Up!  
 Bunty: Whee!  
 Mr Tweedy: Ouch! Huh?  
 Mrs Tweedy: Mr Tweedy!  
 Mr Tweedy: Ooh! Ouch!  
 Mrs. Tweedy: Where are you?  
 Mr Tweedy: It's all in your head. It's all in your head.

Ginger: Think, everyone, think. What haven't we tried yet?  
 Babs: We haven't tried not trying to escape.  
 Mac: Hmm. That might work.  
 Ginger: What about Edwina? How many more empty nests will it take?  
 Bunty: It wouldn't be empty if she'd spent more time laying, and less time escaping.  
 Ginger: So, laying eggs all your life, then getting plucked and roasted is good enough for you?  
 Babs: It's a living.  
 Ginger: The problem is the fences aren't just round the farm, they're up here in your heads. There is a better place out there somewhere beyond that hill. It has wide-open spaces and lots of trees. And grass. Can you imagine that? Cool, green grass.

Babs: Who feeds us?  
 Ginger: We feed ourselves.  
 Babs: Where's the farm?  
 Ginger: There is no farm.  
 Babs: Where does the farmer live?  
 Ginger: There is no farmer.  
 Babs: Is he on holiday?  
 Ginger: He isn't anywhere. Don't you get it? There's no egg count, no farmers, no dogs and coops and keys, and no fences!

Bunty: In all my life, I've never heard such a fantastic...load of tripe! Face the facts, ducks. The chances of us getting out of here are a million to one.  
 Ginger: Then there's still a chance.

Ginger: Oh, no, oh, no! What am I doing? Who are you trying to fool? You can't lead this bunch of...Heaven help us.

Rocky: Freedo-o-o-om! Aaargh...! Whoa! Ladies and gentlemen, you've been a wonderful audience. Ouch!

Agnes: By 'eck!  
 Ginger: That's it! Get him inside, quickly! This is our way out of here.  
 Babs: We'll make posters?  
 Agnes: What's on the poster, Babs?  
 Ginger: What's "on" the poster? We'll fly out.

Babs: He must be very important to have his picture taken. What does he do?

Bunty: Isn't it obvious? He's a professional flying rooster. He flies around farms giving demonstrations.

Babs: Do you suppose?

Bunty: Absolutely.

Rocky: Not in there! Get out! Got to get...Uh! Eesh! Argh! Who are you? Where am I? What's going on? Ouch! What happened to my wing?

Ginger: You took a nasty fall.

Mac: Spraining a tendon connected to the humerus. I wrapped her up.

Rocky: Was that English?

Ginger: She fixed your wing.

Babs: I made the bandage!

Bunty: I carried you in!

Agnes: I held the door open.

Rocky: Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa! Whoa. Back up and start from the top. Where am I?

Ginger: Right. How rude of us. We're just very exci...This is a chicken farm.

Babs: And we're the chickens.

Rocky: I'm with you so far. Chicken farm, chickens.

Fowler: I don't like the look of him. His eyes are too close together.

Ginger: Fowler!

Fowler: And he's a Yank!

Rocky: Easy, Pops. Cockfighting's illegal where I'm from.

Ginger: Where is that, exactly?

Rocky: A place I call the land of the free and home of the brave.

Mac: Scotland!

Rocky: No! America.

Chickens: Oooh, America!

Fowler: Poppycock! Pushy Americans. Always showing up late for every war. Overpaid, oversexed and over here!

Rocky: What's eating Grandpa?

Ginger: Don't mind him, Mr...?

Rocky: The name's Rocky. Rocky the Rhode Island Red. Rhodes for short.

Ginger: Rocky Rhodes?

Rocky: Catchy, ain't it?

Ginger: Erm, Mr Rhodes, is this you?

Rocky: Er, who wants to know?

Ginger: A group of rather desperate chickens. If it is you, then you might be the answer to our prayers.

Rocky: Then call me a miracle, doll face, because that's me.

All: Ooh!

Ginger: And what brings you to England, Mr Rhodes?

Rocky: Why, all the beautiful English chicks, of course.

Bunty: Give over!

Rocky: I'm a traveller by nature. I did that barnyard thing for a while, but I couldn't really get into it. Hi, how are you? Nope! The open road is more my style. Give me a pack on my back

and point me where the wind blows. You know what they call me back home? The Lone Free Ranger.

Chickens:

Ooh!

Rocky:

Isn't that great?

Ginger:

I knew it was possible.

Rocky:

It's possible.

Ginger:

I knew the answer would come. We'll fly over that fence and Mr Rhodes will show us how. Right?

Rocky:

That's... Ooh! What?! Did you say fly?

Ginger:

You can teach us.

Rocky:

No, I can't. Listen. Shh! You hear that? That's the open road calling my name. I have to answer. Bye.

Babs:

He must have very good hearing.

Rocky:

Where's the exit? This way.

Ginger:

Mr Rhodes? Perhaps I didn't explain our situation properly. We lay eggs, day in and day out, and when we can't lay any more, they kill us.

Rocky:

It's a cruel world, doll face. Get used to it.

Ginger:

Which part of "they kill us" do you not understand?

Rocky:

I got my own set of problems. This birdcage can't be hard to bust out of. Watch me.

Ginger:

It's not so hard to get one chicken out, or even two. But this is about all of us.

Rocky:

All of you?

Ginger:

I've been trying to tell you.

Rocky:

Let me get this straight. You want to get every chicken out of here at the same time?!

Ginger:

Of course.

Rocky:

You're certifiable! You can't pull off a stunt like that.

Ginger:

Where there's a will, there's a way.

Rocky:

Couldn't agree more. And I will be leaving that way.

Ginger:

Mr Rhodes!

Rocky:

*I'm the type of guy*

*That likes to roam around*

Ginger:

So that's it! You're from the circus.

Rocky:

Shh!

Ginger:

You're on the run, aren't you?

Rocky:

You want to keep it down? I'm trying to lay low.

Ginger:

I should turn you in right now.

Rocky:

You wouldn't. Would you?

Ginger:

Give me one reason not to.

Rocky:

Because I'm... cute? What kind of crazy chick are you? Know what'll happen if he finds me?

Ginger:

It's a cruel world.

Rocky:

I just decided I don't like you.

Ginger:

I just decided I don't care. Show us how to fly.

Rocky:

With this wing?

Ginger:

Teach us, then.

Rocky:

No!

Mrs Tweedy: He's valuable, you say?

Ringmaster: Sure.

Mrs Tweedy: Get the torch.

Rocky: Listen, sister. I'm not going back to that life. I'm a Lone Free Ranger, emphasis on free.

Ginger: That's what "we" want. Freedom. Fancy that. They're coming.

Rocky: Oh, no! No! They're onto me!

Ginger: Teach us to fly and we'll hide you.

Rocky: And if I don't? Was your father a vulture?

Ginger: Do we have a deal?

Rocky: Time to make good on that deal, doll...

Ginger: The name is Ginger.

Rocky: Argh!

Ginger: Comfortable?

Rocky: Not really.

Ginger: Maybe this'll help.

Rocky: Ow! Nice hideout. Ouch! I had more room in my egg.

Ginger: We've held up our end of the deal. Tomorrow, you hold up yours.

Rocky: What deal?

Ginger: The flying!

Rocky: Oh, yeah. I'll teach you everything I know.

Rocky: Now, which bunk is mine?

All: Me! Here!

Fowler: Absolutely outrageous! Asking a senior officer to share his quarters, and with a non-commissioned Yank, no less! Why, back in my day, I'd never...

Rocky: You weren't my first choice, either. Scoot over. Your wing's on my side of the bunk.

Fowler: Your side of the bunk? The whole bunk is my side of the bunk!

Rocky: What's that smell? Is that your breath?

Fowler: Absolutely outrageous!

Rocky: So, you want to fly? Well, it ain't gonna be easy. And it ain't gonna happen overnight, either. Flying takes three things. Hard work, perseverance, and... hard work.

Fowler: You said "hard work" twice!

Rocky: Because it takes twice as much work as perseverance.

Fowler: Codswallop! Cocky Yanks think they know it all.

Rocky: Now the most important thing is, we have to work as a team. Which means you do everything I tell you. Right! Let's rock'n'roll! Ooh!

All: Ooh! Ooh! Ow!

Mr Tweedy: Mrs Tweedy! The chickens are...Pecking?

Rocky: And left, two, three. And right, two, three. And stop right there. Oh, yeah. Down. Yeah. Make little circles. That's it. Faster. Faster. Oh, yes. Perfect. Oh, that's the spot.

Ginger: Ahem!

Rocky: Uhh....

Ginger: I thought you were going to teach us how to fly.

Rocky: That's what I'm doing.

Ginger: Isn't there usually some flapping involved?

Rocky: Hey! Do I tell you how to lay eggs? Relax. We're making progress.

Ginger: Really? I can't help feeling we're going round in circles.

Rocky: Cut it out! You're making me dizzy. I think they're ready to fly now.

Ginger: Good. Because they can't walk.

Rocky: Up and at 'em, gals. Let's flap.

Nick: Fetcher, let's see if old Attila the Hen has come to her senses.

Fetcher: It's raining hen!

Nick: What's this caper, luv?

Babs: We're flying.

Nick: Obviously! Flippin' hell. Look at this. They'll kill themselves. Want to watch?

Fetcher: Yeah, all right.

Nick and Fetcher: Ooh! Aah! Oi! Careful of those eggs!

Nick: Sunny side up.

Fetcher: Now they're over easy!

Nick: Definitely scrambled.

Rocky: Go! Go! Go! Go! Go! Go! Go! Go!

Nick: Poultry in motion!

Fetcher: Birds of a feather flop together!

Rocky: Great work, ladies. The pain you're feeling is a good thing. Pain is your friend. It's positive. Just keep the faith, what was your name? Agnes. Ducky, you flew four feet today.

Nick: Right, yeah, four feet... from the roof to the ground!

Rocky: All part of the process, ladies. Don't worry. You cheesy little...Oh! That doesn't sound good. OK, the ground's shaking. Are we worried? Are we worried? The circus! Quick, hide me! Hide me!

Ginger: Come on.

Fowler: One isn't awarded a medal like this for flapping about like a lunatic. See here! This is an officer's quarters!

Ginger: In here.

Fowler: Get out!

Rocky: Oh, give it a rest, Pops.

Fowler: Get out. I shall have you on a charge within the week.

Rocky: Cheers, mate.

Mr Tweedy: It's all in your head. It's all in your head. It's all in your head. Ooh! What... What's all this, then?

Mrs Tweedy: This is our future, Mr Tweedy. No more wasting time with petty egg collection and minuscule profits.

Mr Tweedy: No more eggs?! But we've always been egg farmers. Me father and his father. And all their fathers. They was always...

Mrs Tweedy: Poor... worthless... nothings! But all that's about to change. This will take Tweedy's farm out of the Dark Ages and into full-scale automated production. Melisha Tweedy will be poor no longer.

Mr Tweedy: Ooh! I'll put it together then, shall I?

Ginger: This isn't good. Whatever's in those boxes is for us. And I don't think it's softer hay.

Mac: Aye. I hate to be the voice of doom, but I've been calculating, and I just don't think we're built for flying.

Ginger: But I saw him. He flew in over that fence.

Mac: Aye, I believe you. But if we could see it for ourselves, that might answer some questions.

Ginger: You're right. We've been at this all week. We're getting nowhere. If his wing were better, he could...I'll have a word with him. Well, where is he?

Fowler: They didn't give me this medal for being a Yank nanny.

Ginger: "I don't know" would suffice.

Fowler: Beware of that one, young Ginger. That Yank is not to be trusted.

Ginger: That Yank is our ticket out of here.

Rocky: So the pig says to the horse, "Hey, fella, why the long face?" Look, look, look. Cocktail!

Hens: Give over!

Rocky: Ah. So, erm, anyway...Remember those flying tips. They're very important. And keep thinking those flighty thoughts. They're swell chicks. Look at what Babs made me. A beak warmer! Isn't that the cutest? And that Bunty, she really packs a pun... Is there a problem?

Ginger: Have we flown over that fence?

Rocky: Not quite.

Ginger: Then there's a problem.

Rocky: You'll have to wait, doll face.

Ginger: Ginger! OK. How long did it take you?

Rocky: To do what?

Ginger: To learn how to fly.

Rocky: Apples and oranges. I'm gifted, they're not. You can't compare the two. These things take time.

Ginger: Which we are running out of. We haven't even lifted off. Why?

Mac: Thrust. I went over my calculations. What we're missing is thrust.

Rocky: I didn't get a word of that.

Mac: Thrust! When ducks and geese take off, what do they have? Thrust!

Rocky: I swear she ain't using real words.

Ginger: She said we need more thrust.

Rocky: Thrust! Of course we need thrust. Thrust and flying are like this. That's flying, that's thrust.

Ginger: Will you excuse us?

Mac: Aye.

Rocky: The wing, the wing!

Ginger: If we don't see results by tomorrow, the deal is off. No more hiding. The farmers will find you, and it's back to the circus, fly boy.

Rocky: You're the first chick I ever met with the shell still on. Sleep tight, angel face. The Rock's on the case.

Ginger: Ginger!

Rocky: Phew!

Fowler: Ahem! Cock-a-doodle-doo! What, what?

Nick: It was a beaut, guv'nor, if I say so meself.

Fetcher: I say so meself, too.

Rocky: I wish I'd seen it.

Nick: We slipped into the farmer's room, all quiet.

Fetcher: Like a fish.

Nick: Yeah, and we...Like a fish? You stupid Norbert. Anyway, guv, here it is. El merchandiso.

Fetcher: That's Spanish.

Ginger: What are these two crooks doing here?

Rocky: So, you know each other?

Nick: She don't think we're valuable.

Rocky: Guys, you are, without a doubt, the sneakiest, most light-fingered thieving parasites I've ever met.

Fetcher: Oh, don't. Stop it.

Nick: I've gone bright red. So, how about them eggs?

Ginger: Don't tell me you promised them...

Rocky: Yep. I promised them every egg I lay this month.

Nick: And, uh, when can we expect the first installment?

Rocky: I'm brewing one up as we speak. I'll keep you posted.

Nick: Pleasure doing business with you, sir. Sucker.

Rocky: What?

Ginger: You lied to them.

Rocky: I didn't lie, doll face. I just omitted certain truths. I'll give them what I promised.

Ginger: Which is nothing.

Rocky: Which is what I'll give them.

Ginger: And what will you give us?

Rocky: Thrust!

Rocky: You okay, sweetheart? Good, good. This will just get you going. It's a thrust exercise.

Fetcher: The tension's killing me!

Nick: It's gonna kill her.

Rocky: Release! Come on! Flap!

Ginger: You can do it. Flap, flap, flap!

Hens: Yes, yes, yes!

Nick: Is that your first of-fence?

Rocky: Oops.

Fowler: Roll call!

Babs: I haven't laid any eggs.

Rocky: Hide me.

Babs: Three days and not one.

Ginger: Oh, no! Why didn't you tell us?

Babs: We've been so busy with the flying.

Bunty: They're coming!

Rocky: Hide me!  
 Ginger: Hide yourself!  
 Rocky: Oh!

Mrs Tweedy: Double their food rations. I want them all as fat as this one.

Babs: All of me life flashed before me eyes! It was really boring.

Bunty: Chicken feed! My favourite.

Ginger: Wait. Wait.

Hens: Ooh!

Ginger: No, wait! Babs, please! Stop it! Wait! Stop! Stop it! Something is wrong here. Can't you see that? Strange boxes arrive. Babs stops laying, but they don't take her to the chop. Now, extra food. Don't you see what's happening? They're fattening us up. They're going to kill us all!

Rocky: Whoa, whoa! Heavy alert. She didn't mean that, gals. Do you mind? Keep eating. Save some for me.

Ginger: What are you doing? How dare you! Let go of me!

Rocky: I've met some hard-boiled eggs before, but you're about 10 minutes!

Ginger: Meaning what?

Rocky: Meaning, lighten up. In America we have a rule. If you want to motivate someone, don't mention death!

Ginger: Funny. Over here the rule is always tell the truth.

Rocky: That's been working like a charm! You want them to perform, tell them what they want to hear.

Ginger: You mean lie.

Rocky: Here we go again. You know what your problem is? You're... difficult!

Ginger: Why? Because I'm honest? I care about what happens to them. Something the Lone Free Ranger wouldn't know about.

Rocky: If that's caring, I hope you never care about me.

Ginger: I never will.

Rocky: Good!

Ginger: Fine!

Ginger: What's all this?

Hen: Up your end.

Nick: Here she is. Ask and you shall receive.

Fetcher: That's biblical.

Nick: That's real craftsmanship. Solid as a rock.

Fetcher: Oh!

Nick: It's supposed to do that.

Rocky: It's perfect, guys.

Nick: How's that egg coming?

Rocky: This is a double yolker.

Ginger: I don't see what this has to do with...

Rocky: You will. We've been working too hard. Time to kick back and shake those tail feathers!

Bunty: Look at him! Nellypodging around like a... Good heavens! What's happening?

Rocky: That's called a beat, sister. Feel it pulsing through your body?

Bunty: Ooh, yes! Pulsing. Fancy that.

Rocky: Then go with it, baby!

Bunty: Oh! My! Look, I'm going with it.

Babs: Bunty, what's got into you?

Bunty: Same thing that's got into you.

Radio: *Flip, flop and fly, I don't care if I die*

Rocky: Go with the flow, girls. Let it go!

Radio: *I don't care if I die*

*Don't ever leave me, don't ever say goodbye*

Fowler: Now see here. I don't recall authorising a hop.

Bunty: Oh, shut up and dance.

Nick: What are you sobbing about, you nancy?

Fetcher: Little moments like this, it's what makes the job all worthwhile. Want a dance?

Nick: Yeah, all right.

Radio: *Give me one more kiss and hold it a long, long time*

*Give me one more kiss and hold it a long, long time*

*Love me, baby, till the feeling hits my head like wine*

*Flip, flop and fly, I don't care if I die*

*Flip, flop and fly, I don't care if I die*

*Don't ever leave me, don't ever say goodbye*

*Don't ever leave me, don't ever say goodbye*

*Yeah, don't ever leave me, don't ever say goodbye*

Babs: Did you see that? I flew!

Rocky: Atta girl, Babsy! Atta girl.

Ginger: Your wing. It's better!

Rocky: Well! How about that? Fantastic!

Ginger: You can fly for us tomorrow.

Rocky: Yeah, so it seems.

Babs; I flew! I flew!

Ginger: It looks like I owe you an apology. I didn't think you cared about us, but after all this, well it... seems I was wrong.

Rocky: Hey, easy, Miss Hard Boiled. I might think you're turning soft. Er, listen. There's something I gotta tell you. I...

Ginger: No. You'd better wait here.

Mr. Tweedy: Ooh! That's champion, that is. What is it?

Mrs Tweedy: It's a pie machine, you idiot. Chickens go in, pies come out.

Mr Tweedy: Oh! What kind of pies?

Mrs Tweedy: Apple.

Mr. Tweedy: My favourite!

Mrs Tweedy: Chicken pies, you great lummoX! Imagine! In less than a fortnight, every grocer's in the county will be stocked with box upon box of Mrs Tweedy's home-made chicken pies.

Mr. Tweedy: Just "Mrs"?

Mrs Tweedy: Woman's touch. Makes the public feel more comfortable.

Mr. Tweedy: Oh, right. How does it work?

Mrs Tweedy: Get me a chicken and I'll show you.

Mr. Tweedy: I know just the one. I've got a score to settle with you.

Babs: Bloomin' heck! They've got Ginger!

Bunty: We mustn't panic. We mustn't panic!

Fowler: Quiet, I say! Let's have discipline, what, what? The enemy has taken a prisoner. This calls for retaliation! Retaliation!

Rocky: What's going on?

Babs: They've got Ginger. They're taking her to the chop!

Bunty: What are you waiting for? Fly over there. Save her!

Rocky: Of course. No. No. That's just what they'd expect. I say we give them the old element of surprise!

Fowler: And catch Jerry with his trousers down. I like that. What's the plan?

Rocky: The plan. The plan. The plan! Babs. Give me that. Bunty, give me a boost. Whoa! Look at the size of that thing. Oh, no!

Mr Tweedy: Chickens go in, pies come out. Chicken pies. Not apple pies. Chicken.

Ginger: Oh, great. Brilliant!

Rocky: Yo, baby doll!

Ginger: Rocky!

Rocky: I'm coming!

Ginger: Hurry!

Rocky: I'm still coming!

Ginger: Come on! Stop this thing!

Rocky: I'm getting there. Oh, shoot!

Ginger: Rocky!

Rocky: I'll be down before you can say...mixed vegetables? Whoa! Aagh! D'oh! Get it? Dough.

Ginger: I'm stuck!

Rocky: Nothing to it. Oops. Hang on.

Ginger: Look out!

Both: Whoa! Hey! A-ha!

Rocky: It's like an oven in here.

Ginger: Come on!

Rocky: Wait up! I'm com...Don't leave! Get over to the...to the...

Ginger: The door! Come on.

Rocky: She's gonna blow! Run!

Mr. Tweedy: Huh?

Mrs Tweedy: What did you do, you great pudding?!

Mr Tweedy: I didn't do owt!

Mrs Tweedy: Turn it off!

Mr Tweedy: It won't turn off!

Rocky: Ouch!

Ginger: We've got to show the others. Come on!

Mr. Tweedy: Look! I fixed it. Huh?

Bunty: Chicken pies?

Ginger: Yes, but...

Babs: I don't want to be a pie. I don't like gravy.

Ginger: Ladies, let's not lose our heads.

Bunty: Lose our heads?

Chickens: Aaagh!!!!

Ginger: What I meant to say was, Rocky sabotaged the machine and bought us more time. Better still, he's going to fly for us tomorrow. Once we've seen how it's done, we'll get it, I know we will. So don't worry. Tomorrow, everything will go much, much smoother.

Rocky: All right, Pops, what did I do now?

Fowler: A very brave and honourable deed, sir. In the light of your action this evening, I dutifully admit that I have misjudged your character. I present you with this medal for bravery. And I salute you! In honour of the occasion, I surrender the bunk entirely. I shall sleep under the stars. I await tomorrow's flying demonstration with great anticipation.

Rocky: You and me both, Pops.

Ginger: I'm sorry. Were you...?

Rocky: Is this your...?

Ginger: I'll go.

Rocky: No, no. Since you're here...

Ginger: I'm glad you're here. You go first.

Rocky: You go ahead.

Ginger: I just wanted to say I may have been a bit harsh at first. Well, what I really mean is, thank you... for saving my life. For saving our lives. You know, I come up here every night and look out to that hill, and imagine what it must be like on the other side. It's funny, I've...I've never actually felt grass beneath my feet. I'm sorry. I'm rambling on about hills and grass, and you had something to say.

Rocky: Er, yeah. Erm...It's just that, you know, life, as I've experienced it, you know, out there, lone free ranging and stuff, it's full of disappointments.

Ginger: Grass isn't all it's cracked up to be?

Rocky: Grass. Exactly. Grass. It's always greener on the other side. And then you get there and it's brown and prickly. See what I'm trying to say? What I'm trying to say is...You're welcome.

Ginger: You know, that hill is looking closer tonight than it ever has before.

Rocky: Ooh!

Ginger: Ahem. Well, good night, Rocky.

Rocky: Good night...Ginger.

Fowler: Company, atten... tion!

Ginger: Today's the day. We're going to fly. I can feel it!

Bunty: Finally, we get to see a real professional in action.

Ginger: Better start warming up. I'll get him. Rocky? Knock, knock. Everyone's waiting, so I told them to...Rocky?!

Mac: Oh, a cannon. That would give you thrust.

Bunty: I knew he was fake all along. In fact, I'm not even certain he was American.

Mac: So what's the next plan, hey?

Ginger: Let's face it. The only way out of here is wrapped in pastry.

Babs: Perhaps he just went on holiday.

Bunty: Perhaps he just went to get away from your infernal knitting!

Mac: You were always hitting him. See how "you" like it.

Bunty: Don't push me, four-eyes!

Fowler: Quiet! Quiet, I say! Dissension in the ranks, precisely what Jerry wants. Divide and conquer! A proper squadron work together, just like we did in my RAF days. Jocko at the stick, Flappy at the map, Whizzbang at the tail end. Wing Co would give the call, hop in the old crate, chocks away! Ha, ha! Wizard show, that was! That's how you get medals!

Bunty: Will you shut up about your stupid bloomin' medals!

Fowler: How dare you! Madam, forgive me. As an officer, I offer my most sincere...

Ginger: Fowler! Everyone, shut up! Fowler, what exactly is the RAF?

Fowler: What do you mean, what is it? The Royal Air Force is what.

Ginger: Then what's the "old crate"?

Fowler: Ah, there she is.

Hens: Ooh!

Fowler: Gorgeous, isn't she?

Ginger: You mean, you flew? In one of these?

Fowler: Beautifully built. There's a bit of a story to that. We were out on a recce. Ops gave the go-ahead, but the weather duffed up.

Ginger: Yes. Of course. We might actually be able to pull this off. We're still flying out of here.

Fowler: What, what?

Ginger: Fowler's provided the answer.

Fowler: I have? Oh, yes, of course I have. How have I?

Ginger: We'll make... a crate. Mac, you'll handle the engineering. Babs, manufacturing. Fowler will be chief aviation advisor. Bunty, eggs.

Bunty: Eggs?

Ginger: Eggs.

Nick: Right. Just like the ones that rooster was gonna lay. Only, roosters don't lay eggs, do they?

Fetcher: Don't they?

Nick: No. It's a lady thing, apparently. Ask your mum.

Ginger: One egg per item on the list. First payment in advance.

Both: Right, when do we start?

Nick: Come on!

Nick: Oi!

Mr. Tweedy: Huh? What the dickens? Oh, gnomes now!

Fetcher: Voilá!

Ginger: Yes!

Nick: Ooh! Right, come on.

Nick: Eggs from heaven!

Fetcher: No, from her bum.

Mrs Tweedy: Idiot!

Ginger: That was close. Too close. We can't stop now. Everyone, go for it. Really go for it. Go, go, go, go! Mac, we need those calculations, quick. Agnes, that has to be really secure. Careful up there, Fowler!

Fowler: Roger.

Ginger: Bunty, give him a hand. Well done, Babs. Keep it up.

Babs: No problem, doll face.

Rocky: *Oh, I'm the type of guy  
That likes to roam around  
I'm never in one place  
I roam from town to town  
And when I find myself falling for some girl  
I hop right in the car... Oh, boy!*

Mr Tweedy: Come on. Please!

Ginger: Oh, no! He's fixed it!

Mrs Tweedy: Get the chickens.

Mr Tweedy: Which ones?

Mrs Tweedy: All of them!

Mr Tweedy: Me tools! Why, you thieving little buggers!

Mac: What's the plan?

Ginger: Attack!

Mr Tweedy: Huh?

Bunty: Nice plan.

Ginger: Get him!

Mr Tweedy: Mrs Tweedy! Mrs Tweedy! The chickens are revolting!

Mrs Tweedy: Finally, something we agree on.

Mr Tweedy: Help! Mrs...

Ginger: Under the hut.

Babs: What have we done?

Ginger: This is it, everyone. We're escaping! –

Mac: What, now?

Ginger: Now!

Mac: But she's not ready...

Ginger: Listen! We'll either die free chickens or die trying.

Babs: Are those the only choices?

Ginger: Let's do it!

Fowler: Scramble!

Fowler: This way!  
Mr Tweedy: Mrs Tweedy!

Nick: The exits are located here and here. In the quite likely event of an emergency, put your head between your knees and...

Fetcher: Kiss your bum goodbye.

Ginger: All right, Fowler. Ready for takeoff.

Fowler: Behind you all the way.

Ginger: But you're supposed to be up there. You're the pilot!

Fowler: Don't be ridiculous. I can't fly this contraption.

Ginger: But back in your day, the Royal Air Force.

Fowler: 644 Squadron, Poultry Division. We were the mascots.

Ginger: You mean you never flew the plane?

Fowler: Good heavens, no! I'm a chicken. The RAF doesn't let chickens behind the controls of a complex aircraft!

Agnes: We're all gonna die.

Ginger: You have to fly it. You always talk about "back in your day." Well, today is your day.

Bunty: You can do it, you old sausage.

Fowler: Wing Commander TI Fowler, reporting for duty. Well, come on! What are you waiting for? We haven't got all day. Let's get this crate off the ground!

Ginger: Fowler, now!

Fowler: Roger! Contact! Cleared for takeoff!

Fowler: Chocks away!

Agnes: Chocks away!

Fowler: Full throttle!

Mac: Full throttle!

Fowler: We need more power!

Mac: I cannae work miracles, Cap'n. We're giving her all she's got!

Mr Tweedy: Gotcha!

Fowler: Hard right!

Mr Tweedy: Ooh, Mother!

Ginger: Turn her around. I'll get the ramp.

Mrs Tweedy: Put the ramp down. You are going to be a pie!

Rocky: Ginge-e-e-er!

Ginger: Rocky-y-y-y!

Rocky: Heads up!

Fowler: Look out! Clear the runway!

Rocky: Ginger! Let's go!

Chickens: We're flying!

Ginger: That's for leaving. And this is for coming back.

Fowler: Great Scott! What was that?

Mac: A cling-on, Cap'n! The engines can't take it!

Ginger: My goodness. Babs, scissors!

Babs: Bingo!

Ginger: Lower me down.

Rocky: But...

Ginger: Just do it!

Fowler: Increase velocity!

Babs: What does that mean?

Bunty: Pedal your flippin' giblets out!

Ginger: Lower!

Rocky: I'm trying!

Ginger: Fowler, look out!

Rocky: Ginger! Fire! Fire!

Fletcher: Oh, me eggs!

Rocky: More ammo! Hurry!

Nick: We got no more eggs!

Rocky: Ginger, look out! No-o-o-o!

Mrs Tweedy: Oh! Huh?!

Ginger: Bye-bye.

Fowler: Bombs away!

Mrs Tweedy: Mr Tweedy!

Rocky: Oh, that was good! That was good!

Fowler: The old bird bought it!

Mr Tweedy: Mrs Tweedy! Mrs Tweed... I told you they was organised.

Ginger: We did it, everyone!

All: Aaah! Aargh!

Fowler: Keep pedalling. We're not there yet. You can't see paradise if you don't pedal. Put your drumsticks into it.

Fowler: That's what I told them. What, what? We were losing altitude, and heading for a fearful prang.

Babs: This is a lovely holiday. I'll be sad to go back.

Mac: Safety at all times is imperative. Now, wind her up and...

Chicks: Whee!

Mac: Let her go.

Rocky: So, is it as good as you imagined?

Ginger: No. It's better. Come on. I'll show you how to play cricket.

Nick: Here's a thought. Why don't we get an egg and start our own chicken farm. We'll have all the eggs we can eat.

Fetcher: Right. We'll need a chicken then.

Nick: No. No, we need an egg first.

Fetcher: No, that's cobblers. Without a chicken, where do you get an egg?

Nick: From the chicken that comes from the egg.

Fetcher: But you need an egg to have a chicken.

Nick: But you get the chicken to get the egg. Then you get the egg... the chicken out.  
 Fetcher: Hang on. Let's go over this again.

Music: *When I get the blues, gonna get me a rockin' chair*  
*When I get the blues, gonna get me a rockin' chair*  
*When the blues overtake me, gonna rock on away from here*

*Here comes my baby, flashing a new gold tooth*  
*Here comes my baby, flashing a new gold tooth*  
*She's so small, she can rumba in a payphone booth*  
*That's the truth*

*Flip, flop and fly, I don't care if I die*  
*Flip, flop and fly, I don't care if I die*  
*Don't ever leave me, don't ever say goodbye*

*Give me one more kiss and hold it a long, long time*  
*Give me one more kiss and hold it a long, long time*  
*Love me, baby, till the feeling hits my head like wine*  
*So fine, so glad that you're mine*

*Flip, flop and fly, I don't care if I die*  
*Flip, flop and fly, I don't care if I die*  
*Don't ever leave me, don't ever say goodbye*  
*Don't ever leave me, don't ever say goodbye*  
*Oh my!*  
*Don't ever leave me, don't ever say goodbye*  
*Yeah! Bye-bye*

Nick: The egg, obviously. Rolling along, happy as Larry, then crack! Hatches into the first chicken.

Fetcher: Yeah. But where'd the egg come from, then?

Nick: What do you mean, where'd it come from?

Fetcher: Egg comes rolling along, happy as Larry. It's wondering, where'd it come from? Without a chicken, you get no egg to come rolling along.

Nick: But conversely, without an egg to hatch into the chicken, you get no chicken to lay the other egg that hatches into the chicken I mentioned in the first place.

Fetcher: We got two eggs now?

Nick: No, we're still talking about the first egg.

Fetcher: What about the first chicken?

Nick: It's in the first egg. Aren't you listening?.

Rocky: Er, guys? Guys? I'm trying to enjoy paradise over here.

Nick: Sorry, guv.

Fetcher: Beg your pardon.

Nick: Won't happen again. –

Rocky: Thanks.

Nick: Gitface.  
Fetcher: Pillock.  
Nick: Thinks he's such a big shot cos he's got his name on a poster. Showbiz folk are all the same.  
Fetcher: The rats are the stars.  
Nick: They are. Course they are.  
Fetcher: They get all the birds.  
Nick: We do all the hard work. He gets all the credit.  
Fetcher: He gets everything. You said it, mate.  
Nick: I know.