

BIRD BRAIN

Written by

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EXT. LOS ANGELES RIVER BRIDGE - NIGHT

A MOVING TRUCK with 'LINUS MOVERS' printed on the side idles in the darkness beneath a cement bridge. Rain buckets down as a heavy storm blurs the distant Los Angeles skyline.

SUPER: 1994

INT. SEDAN - NIGHT

BERNARD (40s, Irish) sits in the driver's seat, tapping the steering wheel impatiently. RICKY (30s, Irish) sits in the passenger seat, a SUITCASE on his lap. There are two HANDGUNS resting on the dash board.

Ricky cranks the window down.

BERNARD
What do you think you're doing?

RICKY
Cracking a window.

BERNARD
You crazy? It's fucking freezing.

RICKY
It just smells in here. A little.

BERNARD
No it don't.

RICKY
You don't even got a sense of smell. How would you know?

BERNARD
Fuck off.

RICKY
I was tryna be polite, Ricky. But your breath is terrible, mate. You're gassing me here.

BERNARD
My breath is bad? Why the fuck didn't you say something?

RICKY
Well, I don't think you're very receptive to criticism.

BERNARD

The fuck I'm not, asshole! What do
you know ya fuckin' twat? You a
shrink now? You a licensed fuckin'
professional?

RICKY

I think, as a team, we should work
on our communication.

Pause. Bernard punches Ricky in the stomach.

TWO HEADLIGHTS appear in the heavy rain. A beat up MINIVAN
pulls up under the bridge, directly across from the sedan.

BERNARD

He's here.

They grab their guns off the dashboard.

INT. MINIVAN - NIGHT

DOUGIE (late 20s)-- a scruffy man in a hoodie, sits in the
driver's seat. He stares out at the sedan across from him.
Takes some deep breaths. Reaches for the car radio with a
shakey hand. Switches it on.

RADIO BROADCASTER

*Yet another person killed today in
Los Angeles as drug related
violence continues to soar--*

Dougie quickly switches the station.

RADIO

*(playing You're Dead by
Norma Tanega)
You're dead, you're dead, you're
dead. You're dead and out of this
world--*

Dougie switches the station again.

RADIO (CONT'D)

*(playing Eye of the Tiger)
Face to face, out in the heat
Hanging tough, staying hungry--*

Dougie sits back in his seat. This will work. He bobs along
to the music and makes a stank face. Pumps himself up. Until--

The song cuts off and an alarm starts blaring through the
radio.

RADIO (CONT'D)

This is an emergency alert. The city of Los Angeles has issued a mandatory shelter-in place due to active threats of violence--

Dougie shuts off the radio. Takes some more deep breaths. Reaches over to the passenger seat and picks up a WRAPPED GIFT BOX. Opens his car door.

EXT. BRIDGE - NIGHT

Dougie walks from his car to the moving van through the heavy rain, illuminated only by the sedan's headlights. As he approaches the car, Ricky and Bernard get out of the cab and step out into the rain. *

DOUGIE

Good evening fellas! *

They ignore him and walk around to the back of the van. Dougie follows. They open the back and step into it. *

BERNARD

Step into our office. *

Dougie does as he's told. *

INT. MOVING VAN - NIGHT

Ricky pulls the door down. Dougie stands in the dark awkwardly holding his gift wrapped box. *

Bernard switches on a light. *

The space is filled with ILLEGAL CONTRABAND. Crates of DRUGS, WEAPONS, and a DEAD BODY wrapped in a tarp. *

Dougie is visibly uncomfortable. *

DOUGIE

Oh wow, yeah. I get it. Movers. Like... you move illegal stuff. That's... cool. Clever, uh, front. *

RICKY

We also do furniture. *

Dougie scans the space. *

DOUGIE

Drugs... guns... and... oh. Wow,
that's-- that's a dead body. You
guys are the, uh-- real deal. Huh?

Bernard kicks the body.

BERNARD

Occupational hazard.

DOUGIE

And what's that?

Dougie points at a DUFFLE BAG in a corner.

BERNARD

That's me kid's soccer stuff.

DOUGIE

Oh. Well I'd like to thank
you both for taking the time to
meet with me. I know I'm new to all
this, but I'd like to think--

BERNARD

Shut up. The fuck is that?

Bernard points to Dougie's gift wrapped box.

DOUGIE

This is the product.

BERNARD

What is it, my birthday? Why's it
all wrapped like that?

DOUGIE

Well, I believe my packaging should
reflect the quality of my product.
You wouldn't buy a diamond necklace
from a jeweler and take it home in
a trash bag.

Bernard and Ricky look at each other.

BERNARD

Just give it here.

Dougie hands them the gift box. They tear into it and pull
out a huge bag of WEED.

DOUGIE

That is the finest marijuana in Los
Angeles, gentlemen. I guarantee it.

RICKY

You grow this stuff yourself?

DOUGIE

I do. See, in college I actually planned to be a botanist--

RICKY

Don't care.

*

Ricky reaches into the box and pulls out a SMALL CACTUS in a painted POT.

RICKY (CONT'D)

The fuck is this?

DOUGIE

Ah! Well, that's another small business I'm trying to get off the ground. Decorative cacti. Grow them myself and every pot is uniquely hand painted. I include one with every purchase to give you a taste of what you could--

Ricky tosses the cactus.

*

BERNARD

We'll give you two hundred for the lot.

Dougie chuckles nervously.

DOUGIE

Uh, well-- on the phone we agreed three fifty. That's premium stuff right there, I can't just give it--

Bernard and Ricky both pull out HAND GUNS. Point them directly at Dougie.

BERNARD

Two hundred.

DOUGIE

Woah there! I don't think violence is necessary here, fellas. Why don't we just bargain like civilized--

EXT. BRIDGE - MOMENTS LATER

Rain pours down over Dougie who lays on the pavement-- the
shit beat out of him. He writhes around groaning. His cactus
lands in the mud next to him. The moving van speeds away.

*
*

He slowly pulls himself to his feet. Sports a black eye and a
bloody nose. Walks over and picks his cacti up off the
ground. The pot is cracked.

He limps his way back to his car.

TITLE: Bird Brain

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INT. APARTMENT BUILDING HALL - NIGHT

Dougie makes his way to his apartment.

He reaches his door but stops at the sight of TODD (9), a
cute little boy in hand-me-down clothing, sitting against the
door across from his.

TODD

How'd the big deal go?

Dougie gestures to his face.

DOUGIE

What do you think?

TODD

Well... what do the other guys look
like?

DOUGIE

What do you think?

TODD

Well... you tried your best. Maybe
drug dealing isn't for everyone.

*

DOUGIE

Keep your voice down, man. Jesus.

Todd points to the various doors of their other neighbors.

TODD

Prostitute. Felon. Sex offender.
Squatters. I don't think the fine
people of Palms Apartments care.

DOUGIE
We live next door to a sex
offender?

We hear loud SHOUTING from inside Todd's apartment. His
parents are fighting, and it sounds violent.

DOUGIE (CONT'D)
You waitin' for the heat to cool
down in there?

Todd nods.

DOUGIE (CONT'D)
Here.

Dougie takes out a small wad of CASH.

DOUGIE (CONT'D)
Go down to the corner store and get
a sandwich, yeah?

Todd nods and takes the cash, smiles. He counts the money.

TODD
You know... sandwiches are pretty
expensive these days.

Dougie smiles. Hands him some more money.

DOUGIE
You know how to play the game, kid.

Todd salutes Dougie. Dougie salutes back. Todd gets up and
runs down the hall.

INT. DOUGIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

A one bedroom apartment, unintentionally Bohemian with a
mismatched variety of found furniture and decor.

Lots of healthy plants everywhere and a large full book case.
A desk in the corner covered in half-painted POTS and a small
CACTUS GARDEN.

Dougie walks over to a closet. Opens it to reveal HUGE WEED
PLANTS under blue lights.

He carefully tends to them. Sprays. Cuts. Prunes. He know's
what he's doing.

He finishes up and carefully shuts the closet door behind him. Goes to the fridge and grabs a beer. Takes a sip as he walks over to his answering machine. Presses a button.

VOICEMAIL

Hi there Doug, my name is Brian and
I'm calling from the East Los
Angeles Auto Insurance Group--

Dougie presses delete.

ANSWERING MACHINE

Deleted.

VOICEMAIL

Hello Doug, I'm calling on behalf
of Botony Monthly, would you like
to renew your--

*

Dougie presses delete.

ANSWERING MACHINE

Deleted.

VOICEMAIL

(Stella)

Uh-- hey Dougie. At least I think
this is Dougie?

Dougie freezes. Instantly recognizes the voice.

VOICEMAIL (CONT'D)

I dunno if you changed your number
or not. This is Stella-- I'm sure
you already guessed that, um-- I'm
just calling to check in. I know
it's been a while, but with dad
passing and all, I dunno... maybe
it'd be nice to reconnect. It's
almost Christmas, after all. Gimme
a call back. Bye.

*

Silence from Dougie for a while. He presses a button.

ANSWERING MACHINE

Deleted.

VOICEMAIL

(sexy female voice)

Hey there sexy. This is Sandra
calling from HotandSingle. Our
lines are open if you're ever
looking for a steamy chat.

(MORE)

VOICEMAIL (CONT'D)

First thirty minutes free. Alright
love. Bye bye.

Silence from Dougie for a while. Presses a button.

ANSWERING MACHINE

Saved. No more new voicemails.

Dougie heads over to his kitchen. Microwaves a frozen dinner.
Sits down in front of his TV. Eats by himself. It's pathetic.

EXT. BEST YEARS SENIOR LIVING CENTER - DAY

The place looks more like a prison than a senior living
center. Dougie stands outside holding a wrapped package. *

He double checks an address scribbled down on a piece of
paper. Walks up to the front doors. *

INT. BEST YEARS SENIOR LIVING CENTER - LOBBY - DAY

Dougie approaches the front desk where a RECEPTIONIST sits.

DOUGIE

Hi. I'm here to see...

Dougie double checks his scrap of paper.

DOUGIE (CONT'D)

Clifford Green.

RECEPTIONIST

Clifford? Oh my! He never has any
visitors. Sign in right here.

Dougie signs in on a clip board.

RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)

He's in room fourteen, down the
hall and to the left. Might I ask
your relation?

DOUGIE

Uh. I'm his... lawyer. Gonna
finalize his will and all that.

The Receptionist looks him up and down, taking in his
disheveled appearance.

RECEPTIONIST

You're a lawyer?

DOUGIE
Yes, a very cheap one. Thank you.

Dougie makes his way down the hall.

INT. BEST YEARS SENIOR LIVING CENTER - HALL - DAY

Dougie approaches a door marked 'Fourteen.' Notices the door is open a crack. That's odd. He knocks.

DOUGIE
Hello? Mr. Green?

Nothing. Dougie nudges the door open and pokes his head inside.

DOUGIE (CONT'D)
Clifford?

Clifford's room is dark. His TV is on and playing THE NEWS. Dougie creeps in.

NEWS REPORTER
*Doxix CEO Sterling Stanton
continues to tease an upcoming
announcement that will change the
pharmaceutical industry forever--*

DOUGIE
Mr. Green? It's Dougie. We spoke on
the phone.

Nothing but sound of the TV that gets quieter as Dougie walks in a deeper.

DOUGIE (CONT'D)
I can just come by another time if
this is a bad time--

SQUELCH. Dougie steps in something wet. Looks down.

It's a small pool of BLOOD, with a trickle leading into the BATHROOM.

DOUGIE (CONT'D)
What the fuck?

Dougie looks around the room. Spots a bottle of FEBREZE on a shelf. Picks it up and wields it like a weapon.

DOUGIE (CONT'D)
Mr. Green? Is everything okay?

Dougie inches closer to the bathroom door, which is open just a crack. He nudges it open.

There, on the bathroom floor right next to the toilet, CLIFFORD (70s) lays face down on the tiles, NAKED.

A small POOL OF BLOOD is around his head.

DOUGIE (CONT'D)

Oh my god!

Dougie rushes towards Clifford. Bends down. Is about to grab him when:

CLIFFORD

STOP!

Dougie screams.

DOUGIE

Jesus! I thought you were dead!

CLIFFORD

(still face down)

Not dead. Just took a small tumble is all! You're Dougie, yes?

DOUGIE

Yes. Mr. Green, let me help you up.

Dougie reaches for Clifford again. Clifford swats him away.

CLIFFORD

Stop! Don't help me up!

DOUGIE

What? Why!?

CLIFFORD

My penis is out.

DOUGIE

Your-- what?

CLIFFORD

I was peeing when I fell. My penis is out.

DOUGIE

Oh. Um--

CLIFFORD

Don't flip me over. I don't want you to see my penis. I'm very shy about my penis.

DOUGIE

But you're bleeding.

CLIFFORD

Just a small head wound. They look worse than they are. Listen, here's what I need you to do. Go into my dresser and fetch me a pair of underwear. Then I need you to bend down, and slide them up my legs and onto me. That way my penis is covered. Can you do that for me?

DOUGIE

Uh yeah-- yes. Sure.

Dougie runs into Clifford's bedroom and fishes a pair of UNDERWEAR out of his dresser. Runs back into the bathroom.

CLIFFORD

Do you have them?

DOUGIE

Yes.

CLIFFORD

Okay. Now bend down, and shimmy them up my legs.

Dougie bends down. Slips on the blood. Falls over. Sits back up. Gets the underwear around Clifford's legs. Slips again--

INT. CLIFFORD'S ROOM - LATER

Clifford sits at his dining room table in nothing but his underwear, GAUZE wrapped around his head, holding a bag of FROZEN PEAS to his wound.

Dougie's clothes are stained in blood.

CLIFFORD

I'm so sorry we had to meet like this.

DOUGIE

Me too.

CLIFFORD
My agility is not what it once was.

DOUGIE
That's okay, Mr. Green. Now you called because you want some weed, right?

CLIFFORD
Yes. This would be the first time in oh, close to forty years... but I'm getting old, Dougie. Why not live a little, aye?

DOUGIE
Sure.

Dougie hands Clifford his wrapped box. Clifford gasps.

CLIFFORD
You knew it was my birthday?

DOUGIE
It's your birthday?

CLIFFORD
What month is it?

DOUGIE
April.

CLIFFORD
Oh, no. It's not.

DOUGIE
It's just packaging.

Clifford opens up the box and pulls out a POTTED CACTUS.

CLIFFORD
And what's this?

DOUGIE
That's a decorative cacti. Another small business I'm trying to get off the ground-- that's actually looking for investors... if you're interested.

CLIFFORD
I'm afraid my income isn't exactly fluid these days-- but this is lovely. You sell pot and pots. Hysterical!

DOUGIE
Not intentional. But thank you.

Clifford puts the cactus down and pulls out a bag of WEED.

DOUGIE (CONT'D)
It's forty for an eighth. Ninety
for an ounce.

CLIFFORD
Wonderful. I'll take six ounces!

DOUGIE
Six ounces? Um-- Mr. Green, I don't
know if you--

CLIFFORD
I'll pay in cash. Right now.

DOUGIE
Done.

Clifford stands up and walks over to his mantle. Dougie looks over at the TV.

STERLING STANTON (50s)-- the Doxic CEO mentioned on the news,
is doing a press conference.

Clifford notices Dougie staring at the TV.

CLIFFORD
Ah, Sterling Stanton. He's an old
friend, you know. I worked at Doxic
for many years.

Dougie wants to be anywhere but here.

DOUGIE
That's nice, Mr. Green.

CLIFFORD
But those days are behind me. Now
I'm just a silly old man who slips
and falls on his penis.

DOUGIE
Yep.

CLIFFORD
Gosh, what am I doing going on
about ancient history. I'm sure
you're a very busy man.

Clifford reaches up onto to his mantle and grabs an URN.
Walks back over to Dougie.

DOUGIE
Woah-- what are you doing?

CLIFFORD
If I ever get robbed, the one place
they'll never check is my wife's
ashes.

Clifford pulls a HUGE WAD OF CASH out of the urn.

DOUGIE
You keep your money in your wife's
ashes?

CLIFFORD
I'm kidding! I was never married.

Clifford taps the urn.

CLIFFORD (CONT'D)
This is my dog.

DOUGIE
Oh.

CLIFFORD
Or about half of him. I drop this
thing a lot.

Clifford counts out the money. Hands Dougie a big wad.

CLIFFORD (CONT'D)
For the marijuana, plus a little
extra for your dry cleaning. Sorry
about the blood.

DOUGIE
Don't mention it. Oh, and if your
nurses ask... I'm your lawyer.

CLIFFORD
Hah! They'll never believe that.
You're far more distinguished than
my lawyer.

EXT. GRIFFITH PARK - DAY

Dougie sits alone on a park bench and eats some FAST FOOD.
Some CHILDREN pick flowers in a field across from him. They
walk by with some in hand.

DOUGIE
Black Eyed Susans! Beautiful
flower.

*
*
*

CHILD
Why are you sitting by yourself?

*
*

DOUGIE
I'm... just eatin' a burger.

*
*

CHILD
Is it because you have no friends?

*
*

DOUGIE
No. I have friends.

*
*

CHILD
I doubt it.

*
*

The child walks away. Dougie takes another bite of his burger. Looks to the left. Nearly chokes on his food.

STELLA (early 30s)-- Dougie's sister, wearing a lab coat and walking with some CO-WORKERS, is walking down the trail towards him.

DOUGIE
Fuck!

Dougie scrambles off the bench and into some bushes. He crouches and tries to hide behind the leaves. Waits until Stella walks by.

VOICE
Help...

Dougie looks around. No one else is in the bushes.

DOUGIE
Hello?

VOICE
Help...

DOUGIE
Is someone here?

Dougie wades deeper into the bushes.

DOUGIE (CONT'D)
Hello? Are you okay? Where are you?

Dougie pushes through some shrubs to discover--

A GREEN PARROT laying in the dirt. He breathes heavily.
Doesn't look too good.

DOUGIE (CONT'D)
The fuck?

PARROT
Help...

Dougie kneels down beside the parrot.

DOUGIE
Hey little guy. What happened to
you?

Dougie reaches for the parrot. The parrot BITES his finger.

PARROT
Cocksucker.

DOUGIE
Ow-- fuck! You're the one that
asked for help, asshole.

The parrot tries to fly away but can't. He's clearly injured.

PARROT
Cocksucker... help...

DOUGIE
I can take you to get help, but you
can't bite me again, okay?

Dougie reaches for the parrot.

INT. VETERINARY OFFICE - LOBBY - DAY

Dougie sits in the waiting room with the parrot wrapped in
his hoodie on his lap. His HANDS are bleeding profusely and
covered in bite marks and scratches.

A LITTLE GIRL and her MOTHER sit next to him with a CAT
CARRIER on their lap.

PARROT
(muffled from inside the
hoodie)
Cocksucker...

The mother scoots her daughter away from Dougie.

NURSE
Dougie Campbell?

Dougie gets up and walks to the counter, parrot in hand.

DOUGIE

Hi. I found this parrot in the park. I think he's injured.

NURSE

Alrighty. And does he have insurance?

DOUGIE

He's a bird.

NURSE

(with a smile)

Uhuh.

DOUGIE

I don't think so, no.

NURSE

Alrighty, I'm just gonna need you to fill out these forms for me.

The nurse slides Dougie a clipboard. He flips through some paperwork.

DOUGIE

It says here it's gonna cost me four hundred dollars just to get him looked at?

NURSE

That is correct.

EXT. GRIFFITH PARK - DAY

Dougie is back in the bushes he found the parrot in. He places him back on the ground.

DOUGIE

Godspeed little guy. This one might be a case of natural selection or whatever.

*

Dougie gets up.

PARROT

Help...

DOUGIE
There's nothing I can do for you,
man! I can't even afford a human
doctor.

Dougie turns around. Heads for the trail.

PARROT
Help... please...

Dougie stops in his tracks. Turns back and looks at the
parrot. He can't do this.

Dougie sighs.

DOUGIE
What do you want me to do, huh?

PARROT
Peanuts... want... peanuts...

DOUGIE
You want peanuts?

PARROT
Peanuts.

DOUGIE
I-- fuck. Okay. Fine. I can do
that. I can get you peanuts.

PARROT
Thank you... cocksucker...

DOUGIE
But stop calling me that.

INT. DOUGIE'S MINIVAN - DAY

Dougie drives. The parrot sits on the passenger seat.

PARROT
Cocksucker. Cocksucker. Cocksucker.
Cocksucker. Cocksucker. Cocksucker.

INT. DOUGIE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Dougie pours a bag of peanuts into a bowl on his counter. He
places the parrot down next to it. The parrot immediately
dunks his head into the bowl and starts eating.

DOUGIE

You know any other words? Can you
say hello?

The parrot ignores him and munches.

DOUGIE (CONT'D)

You got a name?

PARROT

Cocksucker.

DOUGIE

I'm not calling you that. I'll call
you... Wendell. I knew a kid in
elementary school named Wendell
that used to bite people just like
you.

WENDELL

Wendell.

DOUGIE

You pick up on things quick, huh?

WENDELL

Cocksucker.

DOUGIE

You can stay with me until you're
feeling better but then I'm gonna
find your owner... or release you
into the sky... or something. Okay?
Now just-- stay here.

*

Dougie heads over to his weed closet. Picks up a spray
bottle. Spritzes the plants.

*

*

Wendell flies into the closet and perches on a shelf. Dougie
stops what he's doing.

*

*

DOUGIE (CONT'D)

No. Out.

*

*

Wendell doesn't budge.

*

Dougie sighs.

*

DOUGIE (CONT'D)

Just don't touch anything.

*

*

Dougie goes back to spritzing. SCREAMS out of nowhere.

*

DOUGIE (CONT'D) *
Fucking rats! Got no idea how *
they're getting in here. Fuckers *
are eating my plants. *

WENDELL *
Pestilent little creatures! *

DOUGIE *
Couldn't agree more. *

Dougie turns around and picks up some CURED WEED from a jar. *
Puts it in a VACCUUM SEALED BAG. Wendell watches curiously. *
Dougie notices and smiles. Holds the weed out to Wendell. *

DOUGIE (CONT'D) *
This stuff right here Wendell? *
Greatest flower I've ever grown. *
Once I sell out of it, I can quit *
selling and focus on my cacti. *

Wendell takes the weed in his beak. Dougie chuckles. *

DOUGIE (CONT'D) *
Aw, you like weed buddy? You a *
little stoner bird? *

Wendell hops off the shelf and flies straight out an open *
window, bag of weed in hand. Dougie stares, dumfounded. *

DOUGIE (CONT'D) *
You could fly!? That motherfucker *
played me! *

Dougie heads for his door.

DOUGIE (CONT'D) *
Give me back my weed! *

EXT. DOUGIE'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Dougie bursts out the front door and watches as Wendell flies
in the opposite direction.

DOUGIE *
Wendell! Come back right now! *

Dougie sprints for his car. Climbs inside and turns the key.

"Intergalactic" by Beastie Boys starts playing through the
radio.

He slams the gas and takes off after Wendell.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - DAY

Dougie speeds after Wendell who is a good ten feet in the air ahead of him.

He approaches a four-way intersection. Blows through it without touching the breaks. TWO CARS on either side of him HONK and SWERVE out of the way to avoid a collision.

Dougie keeps speeding down the street. Leans his head out of the window and makes his CLICKING NOISE that normally summons Wendell. No use.

*
*

Wendell heads straight for a TRAIN TRACK-- and there's a train in the distance.

DOUGIE
Shit, shit, shit!

Dougie speeds towards the track. An ARM lowers down in front of the train track. The TRAIN hurdles by, and Wendell flies right over it.

Dougie slams the breaks.

DOUGIE (CONT'D)
God damnit!

He looks to his right. Notices a huge TOW TRUCK with a LARGE RAMP going up the back of it a couple yards away. A ramp.

Dougie looks from the ramp to the train. Then from the train to the ramp. Then from the ramp back to the train. Then back to the ramp. Then back to the train. He contemplates for so long that the train passes completely by and the arm raises back up.

DOUGIE (CONT'D)
Oh.

Dougie speeds over the track and spots Wendell in the distance. He slams the gas and closes in.

Wendell flies right and Dougie pulls a hard right into an ALLEYWAY.

He speeds down the alleyway. Watches Wendell fly right. Turns right down another alley. CRASH.

Dougie drives straight into a bunch of TRASHCANS. He slams his head into the steering wheel. The trashcans EXPLODE and TRASH flies everywhere.

Dougie's is leaning on the wheel. He sits up. His head is BLEEDING. He tries to restart the car. It stalls. He looks out the window. Wendell is still in sight.

Dougie opens his door and gets out. A SHOP OWNER is standing at the backdoor of his store. He looks at the crashed car. Looks at Dougie, who is bleeding. Looks down at the garbage all over the street.

SHOP OWNER

You gonna pick up that litter?

Dougie takes off on foot, watching Wendell in the sky. He runs through the alley and out onto the street. Cars are stopped at a RED LIGHT.

He approaches a WOMAN in a SEDAN who has her window down.

DOUGIE

Lady, there's no time to explain. I need to commandeer your car.

WOMAN

Are you a cop?

DOUGIE

No.

The woman PEPPER SPRAYS Dougie in the face. Dougie screams and takes off running again, not wanting to lose Wendell.

He sprints through the street of stopped cars. The light turns GREEN. The cars start to move. Dougie nearly gets hit. Hops out of the way. Runs back onto the sidewalk.

He turns a corner. Spots Wendell. He's heading flying towards a COUNTRY CLUB. Dougie sprints for the club's entrance.

EXT. COUNTRY CLUB COURTYARD - DAY

Dougie runs across a cobblestone courtyard, expensive CARS parked all around him. He's closing the difference between him and Wendell.

Dougie heads for a GOLF CART and hops in. Slams the gas. Speeds down a cobblestone path.

Wendell flies towards a CAFE where stuffy COUNTRY CLUB PATRONS dine at small tables on a patio.

An OLD WOMAN sits at a table. She calls over a WAITER.

OLD WOMAN

Clear my table, would you?

BLAM! Dougie drives the golf cart straight through her table. The woman is left sitting in her chair, the table completely gone.

OLD WOMAN (CONT'D)

Thank you.

Dougie zooms through the patio and towards a LARGE STONE STAIRCASE heading down.

THUNK THUNK THUNK THUNK THUNK.

He drives the golf cart down the stairs. Country club PATRONS dive to get out of the way. He SLAMS down onto a large grass lawn. Wendell is only a couple yards ahead of him-- and heading straight for...

A SHOOTING RANGE.

Rich OLD MEN are lined up and SKEET SHOOTING. Various old country club PATRONS stand around watching them. We note a WOMAN in a LARGE FEATHERED HAT.

OLD MAN

Pull!

CLAY PLATES are shot into the air and the old men FIRE at them with SHOTGUNS. Wendell heads straight towards the line of fire. Dougie notices.

DOUGIE

Shit! Stop! Stop! Hold your fire!

The old men don't hear him. They hold their guns back up. Cock them. Wendell is about to be directly in front of them.

DOUGIE (CONT'D)

Noooo!

Dougie drives straight for the old men just as they fire. They all dive out of the way.

BLAM. BLAM. Some skeet shooters accidentally set their guns off as they dive. The crowd ducks for cover as Wendell flies away, fine. Dougie doesn't even turn back as he continues after the bird.

EXT. SOFTBALL GAME - DAY

BUSINESS PEOPLE occupy scarcely populated bleachers and watch a SOFTBALL GAME. A SNACK SELLER walks by the bleachers.

SNACK SELLER

Peanuts! Get yer peanuts here!

A WOMAN in the bleachers looks up at the sky. Sees Wendell flying above.

WOMAN

Is that a parrot?

Dougie's golf cart hurdles over a hill and onto the field. The players all freeze. He zooms through the softball game, gaining on Wendell.

Dougie spots the snack seller. Grabs a bag of PEANUTS as he speeds by him.

He slams the break in the middle of the in-field. Hops out of the golf cart. Rips open the bag of peanuts.

DOUGIE

WENDELL! PEANUTS!

Wendell immediately turns around and flies straight for Dougie. Lands on his shoulder. Drops the weed bag in his hands.

*

WENDELL

Peanuts?

DOUGIE

You... you... cocksucker! I helped you and this is how you thank me? You steal my shit!?

Wendell pecks at the bag of peanuts. The SOFTBALL TEAMS and various people spill out onto the field, angry.

MAN 1

Are you crazy!?

*

SOFTBALL PLAYER 1

You ruined our game!

MAN 2

Yeah, this corporate softball retreat is the only thing I live for!

The country club guests close in around him.

Dougie lies back on the grass, panting.

INT. DOUGIE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Dougie places Wendell down on the counter. Shuts his window.
Walks back over to him.

DOUGIE

Alright buddy. Having to take care
of a parrot is bad enough. Having
to take care of a parrot that's an
asshole is worse. I won't tolerate
thievery. I'm taking you back to
your owner.

*
*

Wendell stays silent.

DOUGIE (CONT'D)

You hear that? Your owner. You
remember stuff. What's his name?

Wendell remains silent.

DOUGIE (CONT'D)

Wendell. Who is your owner?

*
*

WENDELL

Cocksucker.

*
*

DOUGIE

Okay. I tried. You can stay here
until I find someone else to take
you, alright? But then you're outta
here. You guys live to be like
eighty years old. I'm not willing
to commit to that social contract.

*
*
*
*
*
*
*

Wendell mimics Dougie's sigh.

*

WENDELL

Peanuts?

DOUGIE

Yeah, man. Whatever.

Dougie fills Wendell's bowl back up with peanuts. Dougie
watches him eat.

DOUGIE (CONT'D)

So what else can you say?

WENDELL
(mouth full of peanuts)
No. No please. Don't fucking shoot.
Don't--

Dougie stares, speechless. Processes what he just heard.

DOUGIE
Whoever found you must've watched a
lot of movies, huh?

WENDELL
No. No please. Don't fucking shoot.
Don't--

DOUGIE
What's that from? Scarface?

Wendell goes back to his peanuts.

DOUGIE (CONT'D)
You're a weird bird.

INT. DOUGIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Dougie is dead asleep on the couch, snoring.

The TV is playing a VIOLENT ACTION MOVIE.

Wendell sits in a cardboard box. Next to him is a pile of
peanuts and a small bowl of water. He stares at the TV. *

Tight on the CARNAGE on screen. Tight on Wendell's EYE. Tight
on the carnage. Tight on his eye.

Wendell looks like he's having flashbacks. *

INT. DOUGIE'S APARTMENT - DAY *

Dougie stirs awake, still on the couch. He shuts the TV off. *

Rubs his eyes. Looks around his apartment. *

The place is *trashed*. *

Cushions are slashed, stuffing strewn about. Pantries have
been opened and various snacks are ripped open and scattered
everywhere. Paintings have been knocked off the wall. And
most prominently, there is bird shit everywhere. *

DOUGIE *

You're fucking kidding me. *

Dougie springs up and assesses the damage. Runs over to Wendell's box. He's not in it.

DOUGIE (CONT'D)
Wendell!?

Dougie looks through the kitchen. Picks up empty food containers, broken china. Finds an empty bag of peanuts on the floor.

DOUGIE (CONT'D)
I knew I should've taped that
fucking box shut. Left a god damn
wild animal free in my house while
I was sleeping--

Dougie walks back to the living room. Searches around some more. Notices that a window has been left open. He heads over to it and sticks his head out. Looks around outside. Leans back in. Shuts the window.

DOUGIE (CONT'D)
Good riddance.

He heads back to the kitchen. Slides Wendell's box into the trash can. Grabs a bowl. Some milk. Picks up a box of cereal. Tips it over. Empty. Picks up another. Feels full. He carries it over to his couch.

Dougie sits down, surrounded by Wendell's carnage. Picks up the box of cereal and tips it over the bowl.

SPLAT. Wendell falls out of the box and straight bowl. His beak is covered in crumbs and his belly is bulging.

DOUGIE (CONT'D)
Fuck! Wendell!?

WENDELL
(tired, belly full of
cereal)
No. No please. Don't fucking shoot.
Don't--

EXT. DOUGIE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Dougie leans out his window and places Wendell on the sill.

DOUGIE
First you steal my weed. Then you
wreck my fucking house. Fool me
once buddy. You're out of here.
Go... join a flock or something.

Dougie shuts the window. *

INT. DOUGIE'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS *

Dougie sits down on the couch. Notices Wendell still on the sill. *

DOUGIE *

Go on! Go! Get! *

Dougie motions for Wendell to fly away. *

WENDELL *

Cocksucker! *

Dougie flips Wendell off. Turns on the TV. Flips to the History Channel. *

WENDELL (CONT'D) *

(louder) *

Cocksucker! *

Dougie gets up in a huff. Marches to the window. Taps on it hard. *

DOUGIE *

Fuck off Wendell! Go. Fly away. *

WENDELL *

Cocksucker! *

Dougie shuts his blinds. Marches back to the couch. Sits back down. *

WENDELL (CONT'D) *

(muffled) *

Cocksucker. *

Dougie stares at the TV and tries to ignore him. His watch BEEPS. *

DOUGIE *

Oh shit. *

Dougie hops up and heads over to his weed closet. Notices t's open a crack. *

DOUGIE (CONT'D) *

Oh no. Oh please no. Wendell... *

He opens the closet. There's a small pile of DEAD RATS in the center. His weed is untouched. *

DOUGIE (CONT'D)

What the...

EXT. DOUGIE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Wendell still sits on the sill. Dougie opens up the window.
Holds up a DEAD RAT.

DOUGIE

You did this? You killed the rats
for me?

WENDELL

Pestilent little creatures.

DOUGIE

Damn. You're a ferocious little
thing, huh? You a thug.

WENDELL

You a thug!

DOUGIE

And I'm guessing that's why my
place is trashed? They put up a
fight?

WENDELL

Pestilent little creatures.

DOUGIE

Well... it was nice of you to
murder all those rats. Thank you.

WENDELL

Peanuts.

Dougie thinks about it.

DOUGIE

Hey. Would you do that again if I
gave you some peanuts? Attack
something?

WENDELL

Peanuts.

DOUGIE

Would you attack a, uh, pestilent
creature?

WENDELL

Pestilent creature!

DOUGIE *
Yeah! Exactly. *

Dougie points at an empty POT. *

DOUGIE (CONT'D) *
Pestilent creature! *

Wendell looks at the pot. *

WENDELL *
Pestilent creature! *

Wendell lunges at the pot, attacking it like a ferocious *
carnivore. Biting, scratching, the whole nine yards. His *
flurry knocks the pot to the ground and it SHATTERS. *

He flies back to Dougie. *

WENDELL (CONT'D) *
Peanuts. *

DOUGIE *
You know what? You might be useful *
after all. *

EXT. BRIDGE - NIGHT *

Dougie sits in his car beneath the same bridge from the *
opening. Wendell is on the console. Theres a GIFTWRAPPED BOX *
next to him. The radio is on. *

He and Wendell listen to music, waiting. Then: *

The Linus Movers truck pulls up across from him. *

DOUGIE *
Alright buddy. Let's see what you *
can do. *

CLIFFORD *
Okay cocksucker! *

Dougie lifts Wendell onto his shoulder and gets out of the *
car. *

INT/EXT. LINUS MOVERS TRUCK - NIGHT *

Bernard sits in the drivers seat. Ricky in shotgun. They spot *
Wendell on Dougie's shoulder. *

RICKY

Jesus. We beat the kid's ass so bad
he got service animal.

Dougie approaches the cab. Bernard rolls down the window.

BERNARD

What's with the pigeon?

DOUGIE

He's a parrot.

Ricky and Bernard laugh.

BERNARD

What, you join a pirate gang or
something?

DOUGIE

No. He's just my associate. He'll
be joining us for the meeting this
evening if that's alright with you.
Say hi Wendell.

WENDELL

Hi Wendell.

BERNARD

Jesus. It talks?

DOUGIE

He goes a lot more than talk. Shall
we step into your office?

INT. MOVING VAN - BACK - NIGHT

Ricky pulls the door shut. Bernard shuts on a light. The
space is FILLED with CRATES of WEAPONS-- guns, grenades, etc.

DOUGIE

I appreciate you meeting with me
again. I think we may have gotten
off on the foot, but I wanna put
that behind us. I think a business
relationship between us could be
fruitful.

BERNARD

You still wrap your product like
that? Talk about fruitful.

DOUGIE

You got the money?

Bernard holds up a PAPER BAG. Opens it to show WADS of CASH. *

DOUGIE (CONT'D) *

Great. *

Dougie hands the box to Ricky, who carefully peels the tape off the box. Gently starts to pull off the wrapping paper. *

BERNARD *

The fuck are you doing? Hurry up. *

RICKY *

It's nice wrapping paper. We should save it. *

BERNARD *

Who gives a shit about the paper? Just rip it you moron! *

RICKY *

Hey! Hey! Remember what we talked about? When we criticize we should be constructive, not destructive. You wanna try that again without insulting me? *

Bernard reaches for the box. Ricky pulls it away from him. Gives him a look. *

BERNARD *

(forced) *

I don't think we need the wrapping paper. Please open the box faster. *

RICKY *

Thank you. I will. *

Ricky tears open the box. Looks inside. It's EMPTY. *

RICKY (CONT'D) *

The fuck? It's empty. *

DOUGIE *

Yeah. See, I figured as you still owe me for last time, this meeting should be more of a... payment, than a deal. So to speak. *

Ricky and Bernard pull out PISTOLS. Point them at Dougie. *

BERNARD *

And why the fuck would we do that? *

DOUGIE

Well, if you don't you'll regret it.

BERNARD

Yeah? What you gonna do? You strapped?

DOUGIE

No.

Bernard chuckles.

BERNARD

Go back to selling to high schoolers, kid. I don't think you're cut out for the big leagues. And maybe next time, don't bring your fucking pet to a drug deal.

DOUGIE

Oh. Well, he's not my pet.

BERNARD

Yeah? What is he?

DOUGIE

He's my muscle.

BERNARD

Your muscle? The fuck are you talking about--

Dougie makes points at Bernard and Ricky.

DOUGIE

Pestilent creatures.

WENDELL

Pestilent creatures!

In a flash, Wendell flies off his shoulder and heads straight for Bernard's face. There's a flurry of wings as Wendell scratches and bites at Bernard, who drops the bag of money to cover his face.

BLAM. Bernard accidentally fires his gun at ceiling. Ricky ducks to the floor and drops his gun in the process.

BERNARD

Get this fucking thing away from me!

Bernard releases a guttural SCREAM as Wendell goes back for his face. *

Bernard, grabbing his face, writhes around on the ground as Wendell moves on to Ricky. Flies at Ricky. *

RICKY
Fuck fuck fuck! *

Dougie grabs the paper bag of money and slides the door up. Jumps out of the van. *

EXT. BRIDGE - NIGHT *

Dougie heads back to his car. The back of the moving van shakes violently as he walks away, Wendell still going savage mode. *

DOUGIE
Wendell! Peanuts! *

WENDELL
(distant, O.S.)
Peanuts? *

Wendell flies out the back of the moving van and lands on Dougie's shoulder. Dougie holds up a peanut. Wendell happily takes it with his beak. *

Dougie looks back at the moving van. Speed walks to get to his car, eyes wide, adrenaline rushing. *

DOUGIE
Holy shit holy shit holy shit. *

Dougie gets in his car. Holds up the bag of money. Smiles. Speeds away. *

INT. DOUGIE'S CAR - DAY *

Dougie drives through south LA, windows down, music blaring. Wendell is on the dashboard. *

DOUGIE
Holy shit that was insane! You
fucked those guys up! *

Dougie notices something in Wendell's mouth. *

DOUGIE (CONT'D)
Whatcha got there bud? *

Wendell drops a BLOODY EYEBALL into Dougie's hand.

DOUGIE (CONT'D)

EW, fuck!

Dougie rolls down the window and chucks the eyeball into the street.

DOUGIE (CONT'D)

You took his eye out! You're
fucking vicious!

WENDELL

Pestilent creatures.

DOUGIE

Pestilent creatures is right!
Serves those assholes right. Listen
man, we can make this a mutual
thing if you're down. You provide
muscle, I provide peanuts. At least
until I find you a new home. You
interested?

WENDELL

Peanuts.

DOUGIE

I'll take that as a yes. Here.

Dougie opens the glove compartment. A HUGE PILE OF PEANUTS
pours out.

WENDELL

Peanuts!

DOUGIE

You earned 'em buddy. But the job's
not over yet. We got another deal
today, so I may need you. I don't
know who these guys are, so be
alert. They could be dangerous.
They're buying a lot of product.

WENDELL

Cocksucker!

DOUGIE

Maybe don't say that to them. Or
maybe do? God my adrenaline's
rushing! Maybe I'll fight them this
too. We can fuck these guys up
together!

Dougie pulls into:

*

EXT. MIDDLE SCHOOL PARKING LOT - DAY

*

He stops his car behind the school. A group of MIDDLESCHOOLERS stand around an electrical box nearby.

*

*

DOUGIE

*

The address he gave me is a fucking middle school? The fuck is this guy thinking?

*

*

*

*

Dougie looks to his left and right.

*

DOUGIE (CONT'D)

Guess he's not here yet. I don't like this, man.

*

*

One of the middle schoolers, JOSH B (13)-- dressed like a rapper in expensive designer clothes, approaches the car. Knocks on the window. Dougie rolls it down.

JOSH B.

Wuz poppin' Dougie.

DOUGIE

Hold up. You're Josh?

*

JOSH B.

Josh B. That's Josh M.

Josh B. points to another MIDDLE SCHOOL BOY.

JOSH M

Sup playa.

Dougie puts the car in reverse and starts backing up.

JOSH

Wait, wait, wait!

Josh B. pulls a giant wad of CASH out of his jacket. Dougie stops the car.

EXT. MIDDLE SCHOOL PARKING LOT - DAY

Dougie stands with his brief case on the electrical box. The middle schoolers are gathered around him.

JOSH B.

I'm throwing a party this weekend
because my dad is out of town on a
work trip and my mom is dead.

The middle schoolers whoop. Josh B. high-fives some of them.

JOSH B. (CONT'D)

So I need that chronic, you feel?
And lots of it.

MIDDLE SCHOOLER 1

Is that thing real?

The middle schooler points at Wendell.

DOUGIE

Yes.

MIDDLE SCHOOLER 1

Can I pet him?

WENDELL

I'm fucking vicious!

*

MIDDLE SCHOOLER 1

Never mind.

DOUGIE

I can do a gram for... three
hundred dollars.

JOSH B.

See? Told you his deals are da
bomb.

Josh B. counts his money.

JOSH B. (CONT'D)

Oh. I only got sixty dollars. Took
it from my dad's wallet when he was
passed out drunk in the bathroom.

The middle schoolers nod, impressed. Josh B. high fives some
of them.

DOUGIE

That's not enough, kid.

JOSH M

I can go ask my nanny for some more
money.

DOUGIE

Alright, you know what? This is a bad idea. Why don't you just steal some booze from your dad?

Dougie shuts his briefcase.

JOSH B

No, no, wait! If you don't sell us this weed we'll just get it from someone else! And what if it's laced? And we die? You want that blood on your hands?

DOUGIE

What makes you think my weed isn't laced?

JOSH M

Cause you look like a pussy.

JOSH B

Yeah.

DOUGIE

Do you guys even know how to smoke this? Do you have papers? A pipe?

WENDELL

Pipe bombs.

*

DOUGIE

Exactly. Wait, what?

WENDELL

Pipe bombs. Cheap and untraceable.

DOUGIE

What are you talking about Wendell?

JOSH B

We know what the fuck we're doing, okay? My brother is in rehab for drugs, and it's not even his first time!

The middle schoolers hoot and holler like this is extremely impressive. Josh high fives some of them.

JOSH B (CONT'D)

So we doing this, or not? I have algebra in twenty minutes.

DOUGIE

Fine.

Dougie tosses him some weed. Josh B counts out some money.

JOSH M

So what's it's name?

WENDELL

Ludvig Eriksson!

JOSH M

That's weird. That's a weird bird name.

DOUGIE

What-- no. His name is Wendell.

WENDELL

Ludvig Eriksson!

DOUGIE

Ludvig Eriksson? Wendell, is that your owner?

JOSH B

Here's sixty. And yo, you should totally come to my party. I live just around the corner on Jefferson. Bring the bird. Bitches love animals.

DOUGIE

I'll pass. And you shouldn't-- don't talk about women like that.

JOSH M

Told you he's a pussy.

Dougie heads back to his car.

DOUGIE

Ludvig Eriksson...

INT. PHONE BOOTH - DAY

Dougie combs through a PHONE BOOK.

DOUGIE

Eriksson... Eriksson...

He stops at a page.

Ludvig Eriksson. 310-455-4832.

Dougie dials the number.

RECEPTIONIST

(on phone)

Hello, you've reached Doxix. How
can I direct your call?

DOUGIE

This is Doxix? Like Doxix
pharmaceuticals Doxix?

RECEPTIONIST

Yes sir. How can I direct your
call?

DOUGIE

Uh... I'm trying to get ahold of
Ludvig Eriksson.

Long silence from the receptionist on the phone.

RECEPTIONIST

I'm sorry. There's no one here by
that name.

DOUGIE

Really? There's no Ludvig Eriksson
at the company?

RECEPTIONIST

Never heard that name before, no.

DOUGIE

Are you sure? I think I might have
found his lost bird, and this is
the only number I could find for
him--

RECEPTIONIST

Sorry. There's nothing else I can
do for you. Have a nice day.

The receptionist hangs up.

INT. DOUGIE'S CAR - DAY

Dougie drives. Wendell sits on the passenger seat.

DOUGIE *
Well man, I tried. This Ludvig guy *
is totally off the grid. I guess he *
used to work at Doxix-- *

WENDELL *
Doxix gotta pay!

DOUGIE
What was that?

WENDELL
Doxix gotta pay!

DOUGIE *
Doxix gotta pay? Pay how, Wendell? *

WENDELL *
Pipe bombs! *

Dougie slams the breaks. *

DOUGIE *
Doxix gotta pay with pipe bombs? *
What are you talking about? *

WENDELL *
Doxix gotta pay! *

DOUGIE
Hold on. Uh-- Shoot.

WENDELL
No. No please. Don't fucking shoot.
Don't--

DOUGIE
Pipe.

WENDELL
Pipe bombs. Cheap and untraceable.

DOUGIE
Name?

WENDELL
Ludvig Eriksson.

DOUGIE
Doxix.

WENDELL
Doxix gotta pay!

DOUGIE

Ludvig Eriksson... don't shoot...
pipe bombs... doxix gotta pay? Is
Ludvig Eriksson planning something,
Wendell? Did he hurt someone?

WENDELL

Peanuts.

*

INT. ABANDONED FACTORY - OFFICE - NIGHT

The DEATH METAL continues over:

LUDVIG ERIKKSON (44), a short Swedish man in a BLACK TURTLE
NECK, sitting behind a LAVISH VANITY DESK. He brushes and
prunes his glorious shoulder length BLOND HAIR.

*
*
*

He gets up and we see his surroundings. His vanity sits out
of place in a second story management office within a large
industrial factory. The room is rundown-- abandoned. Besides
his vanity, furniture is scarce. An old metal DESK. A couple
CHAIRS. An EMPTY BIRD CAGE.

*
*
*
*
*

We follow Ludvig as he heads to A LARGE WINDOW that looks out
over the work floor. He watches as some SCARY MEN unload
CRATES OF WEAPONS. Another group work around a table,
constructing SOMETHING that's unclear.

*
*
*
*

There's a KNOCK at the door. The DEATH METAL cuts out.

LUDVIG

Enter.

HUGO (30s), another Swede, enters.

HUGO

He's here, Mr. Eriksson.

LUDVIG

That's Dr. Eriksson. Send him in.

Hugo ducks out as Ludvig sits down at his desk. After a
moment:

*

WINNIE PUGH (50s), tall, weathered, clad in BLACK LEATHER
COBWOY ATTIRE, enters. Think Sam Elliot.

Hugo shuffles in behind him. Ludvig still sits behind his
canvas and paints.

LUDVIG (CONT'D)

Hello Winnie.

WINNIE

Dr. Eriksson.

LUDVIG

That's Dr. Erik-- oh you said that.
Thank you. Please. Take a seat.

*

Winnie sits down.

*

LUDVIG (CONT'D)

Tell me, Winnie. Do you remember
what it's like to love?

WINNIE

I've been married for twenty five
years. So no.

LUDVIG

I was married once too. But that
wasn't love. Love found me in the
form of a bird. A small, green
bird.

*

*

*

Ludvig gets up and walks over to the empty bird cage.

*

LUDVIG (CONT'D)

The world has done nothing but
wrong me, Winnie. But that bird was
a blessing from God. He found me
when I was at my lowest. A sign
that there is some tiny fragment of
good left in this world. He
understood me. Understood my
importance. Agreed with everything
I said.

*

*

*

*

*

*

Ludvig pulls out a can of HAIR SPRAY. Douses his hair.

*

LUDVIG (CONT'D)

But he left me. They always leave.
Don't they, Winnie?

*

*

WINNIE

God I wish.

*

*

Ludvig gets up. Walks to the window. Looks out.

*

LUDVIG

And I know what you're thinking!
He's just a bird. Why don't I just
catch a pigeon or something? But
see, the problem isn't that I miss
him, Winnie. The problem is that
the bird can talk.

*

*

*

*

*

*

*

(MORE)

LUDVIG (CONT'D)

He can talk, and he's heard things.
Things that could ruin everything
I've been working towards. So I
need you to track him down and
bring him back to me.

*
*
*
*
*

Winnie takes this in for a moment. Slowly stands up. Heads
for the door.

WINNIE

I don't hunt foul, Dr. Eriksson.

LUDVIG

Yes, yes, I know! Your game is
generally more... human. But I can
pay you double! Triple! Triple what
you'd get for a human.

Winnie stops in his tracks.

LUDVIG (CONT'D)

I just need that bird gone. He
knows too much.

*
*

Winnie slowly turns around.

*

WINNIE

Triple.

*
*

LUDVIG

Triple.

*
*

Ludvig notices something through the window. His face twists.
He opens the window. Leans out.

*
*

LUDVIG (CONT'D)

(screaming)

You fucking morons! I told you to
paint the van BLACK! BLACK LIKE MY
TURTLE NECK!

*
*
*
*
*

We see Ludvig from the floor worker's perspective: a tiny
pudgy speck leaning out of the window.

*
*

LUDVIG (CONT'D)

I'M NOT PAYING YOU TO GET
EXPERIMENTAL! THIS ISN'T ART CLASS!
PAINT WHAT I FUCKING TELL YOU TO OR
I'LL PAINT THE FLOOR WITH YOUR
BLOOD!

*
*
*
*
*
*

Ludvig slams the window shut. Back in the office, Ludvig
turns Winnie.

*
*

LUDVIG (CONT'D) *
My apologies. Does my hair look *
okay? *

Winnie stares at him for a while. Shrugs. *

Ludvig pulls a small MIRROR out of his pocket. Fixes his *
hair. *

LUDVIG (CONT'D) *
So. Do we have a deal? *

WINNIE *
One bird, coming up. *

LUDVIG *
Time is of the essence. I need him *
back now. Living... or dead. *

Ludvig notices something in the window again. Leans back out. *

LUDVIG (CONT'D) *
(screaming) *
BLACK! I SAID BLACK! NOT BLACK AND *
WHITE STRIPES! BLACK! *

The workers, who are halfway done repainting a WHITE VAN *
BLACK, look up in confusion. *

LUDVIG (CONT'D) *
Oh, I see. You haven't finished *
painting yet. I thought-- ah-- *
(screaming) *
CARRY ON! *

INT. LIBRARY - DAY *

Dougie enters with Wendell on his shoulder. Passes an ancient *
LIBRARIAN sitting behind a desk.

WENDELL *
No. No please. Don't fucking shoot. *
Don't--

The Librarian clocks Wendell instantly.

LIBRARIAN *
Sir, that's not allowed in here.

DOUGIE *
Wendell. Shh.

WENDELL

(quietly)

No. No please. Don't fucking shoot.
Don't--

LIBRARIAN

Thank you. You may enter.

INT. LIBRARY - NEWSPAPER ARCHIVE - DAY

Dougie and Wendell sit at a desk and use the NEWSPAPER
MAGNIFIER THINGY (will google later).

Behind the glass in front of him: A NEWSPAPER FROM 2 YEARS
AGO

Dougie combs through the pages. Stops on one. It reads:

"ACCLAIMED DOXIX SCIENTIST FIRED"

DOUGIE

"Renowned scientist Ludvig Eriksson
has been let go by the Doxix
Company after an explosive
altercation on Friday. Eriksson had
to be physically removed from the
building after an argument between
himself and executives ended in
threats of violence. Eriksson was
reportedly unhappy with ownership
rights around a new medication he
spearheaded. Quote, 'They want to
erase me from the records. Steal my
work. I won't let this happen! The
truth will prevail. I will prevail.
I'll be back, Sterling. I'll be
back.'

Dougie turns to Wendell. Points at a photo of Ludvig.

DOUGIE (CONT'D)

Wendell. Is this the guy that your
owner?

*
*

WENDELL

Ludvig Eriksson.

DOUGIE

He was with Doxix from the start?
But the receptionist said she'd
never heard of him...

*
*
*
*

WENDELL
Doxix gotta pay!

*
*

DOUGIE
Is Ludvig planning to do something
to Doxix?

*
*

The Librarian walks over.

LIBRARIAN
Alright. Out.

DOUGIE
But he wasn't being loud!

*

LIBRARIAN
The bird can stay. I'm talking
about you.

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Dougie, Wendell on his shoulder, sits across a table from a
POLICE OFFICER.

OFFICER
So the parrot can talk?

DOUGIE
Yes.

OFFICER
And he's going to commit a domestic
terrorist attack?

DOUGIE
No. He has information about a
potential terrorist attack. I think
whoever used to own him is planning
something. He has... phrases
memorized.

*
*
*
*

OFFICER
Phrases like what?

*

Dougie pats Wendell on the head.

DOUGIE
Go on, Wendell. Tell him.

*

Wendell stares at the cop, dead eyed.

DOUGIE (CONT'D)
Pipe.

Wendell stays silent.

DOUGIE (CONT'D)
C'mon buddy. Name.

Wendell stays silent.

OFFICER
Thought you said he can talk.

DOUGIE
He can! He hasn't shut up about it
in days! Wendell, please don't do
this to me. Just tell him what you
know. Lives could depend on it.

Silence.

OFFICER
Sir, do you often hear voices?

DOUGIE
I'm not crazy! He said-- uh, Ludvig
Erikkson! I think thats the guy
that owned him. He's planning
something evil. You should go
investigate him or something. Do a
sting. Sting him.

*
*

Another COP enters the office. Hands the other officer a
MANILA FOLDER.

OFFICER
Thanks.

The other cop leaves. The officer reads through the folder.

OFFICER (CONT'D)
Doug Campbell. According to this,
you've got a record.

DOUGIE
I was holding it for a friend.

OFFICER
Okay. And the indecent exposure?

*

DOUGIE
That's-- you have that on there?

OFFICER
Yup.

DOUGIE

I got drunk at my cousin's bar
mitzvah and I couldn't find a
bathroom. I didn't know there was
an elementary school next door.

*

The officer puts down the folder.

OFFICER

What did you say you did for work
again?

DOUGIE

I'm... freelance.

OFFICER

Uh huh.

DOUGIE

Listen, are you gonna do something
about this or not? Isn't this your
job? To investigate potential
threats?

OFFICER

Potential *credible* threats. All
I've got here is a man with a
criminal record and a bird that
don't talk.

EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Dougie gets into his car and slams the door behind him.
Places Wendell on the passenger seat.

DOUGIE

You hung me out to dry! What the
fuck Wendell?

WENDELL

Don't talk to pigs!

*

DOUGIE

Great. Fucking great. Of course! Of
course you we trained not to talk
to cops.

*

*

*

*

WENDELL

Peanuts?

*

*

DOUGIE

The police are useless-- shocker--
and I'm the only one who knows this
is happening because a fucking
parrot told me about it. I don't
need this on my conscience right
now! I'm finally getting shit
started for myself.

WENDELL

Peanuts.

DOUGIE

You don't get it, man! This is...
this is serious. He can't blow up
Doxix. My... sister works there.
I don't like her. But I can't... I
shouldn't let her die. My mom would
be sad.

WENDELL

Peanuts.

DOUGIE

What do I do Wendell?

WENDELL

Give...

DOUGIE

Give? Give what?

WENDELL

Peanuts.

Dougie grabs the steering wheel and shakes it. He yells.
Opens the car door. Gets out. Paces. Gets back in.

DOUGIE

Okay. Proof. Proof is all I need.
I'm not credible and neither are
you. So I gotta find Ludvig
Erikkson. I gotta find him and
prove that something's up. Pictures
or something.

WENDELL

Ludvig Erikkson!

DOUGIE

I need someone who might know
Ludvig Erikkson. Someone who works
at Doxix--

Dougie's realizes.

DOUGIE (CONT'D)

Fuck.

INT. PAY PHONE - DAY

Dougie holds the phone to his ear. The phone rings. Stella picks up.

STELLA (ON PHONE)

Hello?

Dougie tries to find the words.

STELLA (ON PHONE) (CONT'D)

Hello?

Dougie panics. Hangs up the phone.

INT. DOUGIE'S CAR - DAY

Dougie gets back in his car. Wendell is on the passenger seat.

DOUGIE

Fuck that. No. I've gotten this far without her. She'd just-- no. I can do this by myself. I always do.

*
*

Dougie leans his seat back. Sighs.

DOUGIE (CONT'D)

God. Who else do I know that works at Doxix?

He reaches into his console. Pulls out a pack of CIGARETTES. Pulls one out. Reaches further into his console for a LIGHTER. Can't find one. Pulls out a PACK OF MATCHES.

The same one that Clifford gave him.

Dougie's eyes go wide.

INT. BEST YEARS SENIOR LIVING CENTER - LOBBY - DAY

Dougie approaches the Receptionist behind the counter.

RECEPTIONIST

Ah, Mr. Green's lawyer. Good to see you again.

DOUGIE

Who? Oh yeah. Good to see you.

RECEPTIONIST

Frankly I'm glad you're here. Mr. Green hasn't come out of his room in weeks. He refuses to speak to anyone. He won't even accept food. Maybe you'll have some luck getting through to him.

DOUGIE

Are you sure he's not--

RECEPTIONIST

He's alive. In fact he won't shut up. He's constantly playing his piano.

DOUGIE

Well, I'm sure he'll let me in. I make a pretty compelling argument! That was a lawyer joke. Alright. Later.

INT. BEST YEARS SENIOR LIVING CENTER - HALL - DAY

Dougie stands outside Clifford's door. Live PIANO MUSIC rings through the halls. He knocks on the door.

DOUGIE

Clifford?

No response. Only piano.

DOUGIE (CONT'D)

Clifford, it's Dougie. I was here a couple weeks ago. I sold you the--

The Nurse walks by.

DOUGIE (CONT'D)

--best defense argument you'd ever heard. Remember?

The piano stops. We hear footsteps. Several locks being unlocked. The door cracks open. Clifford leans out.

CLIFFORD

Weed guy! Come in, come in.

Clifford pulls Dougie inside. He's wearing a ROBE and SLIPPERS. His hair is unkempt and his beard is scraggly.

His room is a total mess. There's takeout boxes everywhere. Sheet music littered all over the place. And most prominently, multiple BONGS and WEED ROACHES are scattered everywhere.

*

DOUGIE

Your room smells like the inside of a bong.

Clifford plops down on a chair. Gestures for Dougie to sit across from him.

CLIFFORD

Dougie. Your marijuana changed my life.

DOUGIE

Yeah, the receptionist said you've haven't left your room in two weeks. How have you been eating?

CLIFFORD

I pay a small boy to deliver me food through the window.

DOUGIE

Ah.

CLIFFORD

Dougie, I found something in your marijuana.

DOUGIE

No returns.

*

CLIFFORD

I found a passionate beast of bounding creativity laying dormant within my soul. A beast that was patiently waiting... yearning... pining... for something to unleash it. And you know what unleashed it, Dougie?

DOUGIE

The eighth of Purple Monkey Balls OG I sold you?

CLIFFORD

Yes. Those Purple Monkey Balls gave my life a whole new meaning.

Clifford springs up from the couch. Runs over to his piano. Starts shuffling through his sheet music.

CLIFFORD (CONT'D)
I've finally found my calling,
Dougie. I'm writing a rock opera.
This... this is my purpose.

DOUGIE
Okay. But you can't just lock
yourself in your room, man. People
are worried.

CLIFFORD
My creative process cannot be
disturbed. Also I'm not supposed to
be doing narcotics in here.

Clifford sits down at the piano. Places the music down.

CLIFFORD (CONT'D)
Come with me on a journey, would
you?

Clifford plays a few notes.

CLIFFORD (CONT'D)
Picture a ghost. And all he wants
out of this universe is to be
loved. But he is trapped in
purgatory-- alone in the afterlife
for sins he's long forgotten. Cursed
to never speak to another being
again. But then--

Clifford begins playing the piano.

CLIFFORD (CONT'D)
(in a ghost voice)
What's this? A Woman Ghost has
arrived in the after life?
(singing)
Could it be...

DOUGIE
Clifford.

Clifford stops playing.

CLIFFORD
It's a work in progress.

DOUGIE
You said you used to work at Doxix,
right?

CLIFFORD

Correct.

DOUGIE

I need your help.

INT. CLIFFORD'S ROOM - LATER

Dougie sits on Clifford's couch.

DOUGIE

And the police ended up being
useless, so I think I've gotta find
this Ludvig guy myself. Can you
help me?

Cut to Clifford, who is sitting across from Dougie DEAD
ASLEEP.

DOUGIE (CONT'D)

Clifford, wake up.

Dougie nudges Clifford with his foot. He snorts awake.

CLIFFORD

You-- yes. You were saying?

DOUGIE

You were asleep.

CLIFFORD

No I wasn't.

DOUGIE

You were. I saw you.

CLIFFORD

I was not. I was visualizing. I was
visualizing the predicament.

DOUGIE

You were visualizing the
predicament?

*

CLIFFORD

Yes.

DOUGIE

What's the predicament?

*

CLIFFORD

You're-- gay?

DOUGIE
Pay attention.

INT. CLIFFORD'S ROOM - LATER

Dougie still sits on Clifford's couch.

DOUGIE
And the police ended up being
useless, so I think I've gotta find
this Ludvig guy myself. Do you
think you can you help me?

Clifford is awake this time. He gets down on his knees. Grabs
Dougie's hand.

CLIFFORD
Dougie, this is what I've been
waiting for.

DOUGIE
A terrorist attack?

CLIFFORD
A purpose. My years are numbered
and I won't waste them. A rock
opera? What was I thinking!? That's
child's play. Meaningless in the
grand scheme of things. But this?
This mission concerns the fragility
of life itself. To save others. To
make a difference. To be a hero.
This is what it means to be alive.
This is what it means to be man!

*

DOUGIE
So... you'll help me?

CLIFFORD
I'll die for you.

DOUGIE
Please don't.

***HE'S LIKE IM COMING WITH YOU HE'S LIKE NO I WORK ALONE IM
A BLACK SHEEP I LIKE TO DO THINGS MYSELF***

*

*

INT. CLIFFORD'S ROOM - LATER

Clifford's wall is covered in EVIDENCE connected by RED
STRING. Quotes. Photos of Ludvig. Doxix information. Etc.

Clifford and Dougie stare at it.

DOUGIE

So this is what we're working with.

CLIFFORD

Brilliant. And who's this guy again?

Clifford points at a photo of Sterling Stanton.

DOUGIE

You're kidding, right? That's Sterling Stanton. CEO of Doxix.

CLIFFORD

Ah. The bastard!

*

DOUGIE

I thought you said you were a higher up at Doxix?

CLIFFORD

Indeed. High up in the custodial department.

DOUGIE

Custodial department? How is that high up!?

CLIFFORD

I was the assistant manager!

Dougie puts his head in his hands.

DOUGIE

How is a janitor gonna help me get to Ludvig Eriksson?

*

CLIFFORD

Oh you silly boy. You silly naive boy. Janitors know more than anyone. We're ignored by the higher ups-- a custodian is practically furniture to them. So their lips get loose in front of us. And we hear. We hear everything.

*

*

DOUGIE

So you have information on Ludvig Eriksson?

CLIFFORD

No. He's far after my time. But I do know the current head custodian at Doxix. He's bound to know something.

DOUGIE

That's perfect. C'mon, there's no time lose.

A SMALL BOY leans his head in the window holding a bag of SUBWAY.

SMALL BOY

Here's your Subway Mr. Green.

CLIFFORD

Thank you Tyler. Leave it on my desk.

EXT. BEST YEARS SENIOR LIVING CENTER - PARKING LOT - DAY

Dougie and Clifford walk to Dougie's car. Clifford opens the passenger seat. Wendell is sitting on it.

CLIFFORD

Ah! This chap must be our witness.

DOUGIE

Yeah. Clifford, Wendell. Wendell, Clifford.

CLIFFORD

You've seen things, haven't you bird? Terrible things? Evil things?

WENDELL

Cocksucker!

Clifford chuckles.

CLIFFORD

Only on occasion my boy.

(to Dougie)

I like him. Reminds me of a younger me.

Clifford scoots Wendell over and gets in the car. They pull out of the parking lot. After a few moments, an UNMARKED CAR parked on the street turns on its engine and tails them.

EXT. ALLEY BEHIND DOXIX - NIGHT

STEVE (50s) -- an overweight Italian janitor, wheels a trashcan out the back door and down a loading dock.

He rolls the trashcan to the curb.

TAP.

He gets hit in the shoulder with a PEBBLE.

He searches around the alley. Nothing but a COUPLE EMPTY CARS, some old BOXES, and BUSHES growing around a STREETLIGHT. He turns back to the trash.

TAP.

He gets hit by another PEBBLE. He turns.

STEVE

The fuck?

Another PEBBLE flies out of seemingly nowhere. It hits a CAR WINDOW and it SHATTERS.

CLIFFORD

(distant)

Whoop. Missed that one.

*

STEVE

Clifford?

Clifford pops up from behind some bushes.

CLIFFORD

Shhh.

Clifford gestures violently for Steve to come over to him. Steve obliges.

INT. BUSHES - NIGHT

Clifford, Steve, and Dougie crouch in the bushes.

STEVE

Clifford? Well God damn. I haven't seen you since, what? Jan Con 2011?

CLIFFORD

That must be it! That was a night, wasn't it?

STEVE

Sure was brother. That night left
me emotional wounds that will never
heal.

*

DOUGIE

I'm Dougie, by the way.

STEVE

Clifford, why are you bringing a
Non-Jan to a Jan meeting?

CLIFFORD

(to Dougie)

That's what we call non janitors.

DOUGIE

Ah.

CLIFFORD

This boy needs our help, Steve.
There's a conspiracy afoot.

STEVE

Is that why we're in the bushes?

CLIFFORD

We don't know how deep this thing
goes. We can't afford to be seen.

DOUGIE

Do you know anything about a
scientist named Ludvig Eriksson?

STEVE

I'm a janitor, boy. I know many
things. But my information will
cost you.

DOUGIE

Cost me what?

STEVE

Eight dollars.

DOUGIE

Eight dollars? That's it?

*

STEVE

Yes.

Dougie pulls out his wallet. He has SIX DOLLARS cash. He
turns to Clifford.

DOUGIE
Do you have any singles?

CLIFFORD
I don't carry cash.

DOUGIE
All I have is six dollars.

STEVE
That will do.

Steve grabs the money. He gets up and runs back inside.
Clifford and Dougie sit in silence for a moment.

DOUGIE
Did he just rob us?

CLIFFORD
It's possible.

After a few more moments:

Steve comes running back out the back door, carrying a
FOLDER. He crouches back into the bush and hands the folder
to Dougie.

STEVE
Swiped this from my bosses filing
cabinet.

DOUGIE
Holy shit, this is perfect!

STEVE
Anything for a fellow custodian.

Clifford and Steve place their foreheads together and grab
each other's necks.

CLIFFORD
Eternal brothers under
cleanliness. This is the
custodial way.

STEVE (CONT'D)
Eternal brothers under
cleanliness. This is the
custodial way.

STEVE (CONT'D)
So will I see you at the Jan Lunch
In on Friday?

CLIFFORD
(to Dougie)
That means janitorial lunch in--

DOUGIE
I get it, yeah.

INT. DOUGIE'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Dougie and Clifford enter. Dougie has the file in his hand.
Wendell sits in his cage.

CLIFFORD
Where's the john?

DOUGIE
Last door on the right.

CLIFFORD
Thanks. Gimme twenty five minutes.

DOUGIE
Light a candle when you're done.

CLIFFORD
I'm only pissing my friend.

Clifford heads into the bathroom. Dougie walks over to
Wendell's cage.

DOUGIE
Picked these up on the way back
from Doxix.

Dougie dumps a bag of peanuts into Wendell's bowl.

WENDELL
Doxix! Perfect place!

DOUGIE
Perfect place? Perfect place for
what?

WENDELL
Mass casualties!

Wendell dunks his head into the bowl of peanuts and happily
munches away. There's a knock at Dougie's door.

DOUGIE
The fuck?

Dougie walks to his front door. Opens it.

Winnie stands in the doorway.

DOUGIE (CONT'D)
Can I help you?

BLAM. Winnie punches Dougie right in the nose. Dougie drops to the floor. Winnie steps inside and walks right past him.

DOUGIE (CONT'D)
What the fuck!?

Blood gushes from Dougie's nose. He scrambles back to his feet.

DOUGIE (CONT'D)
You broke my nose you piece of
shit! Get out of my house!

Winnie turns around. Walks back over to Dougie.

BLAM. Punches him square in the nose again. Dougie drops back to the floor.

INT. DOUGIE'S BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Clifford whistles to himself, completely ignorant to the mayhem right outside the door. He pokes around the bathroom.

He opens Dougie's medicine cabinet. Rifles through it. Picks up some shampoo. Read the label. Pops the cap. Sniffs it.

CLIFFORD
Hm.

INT. DOUGIE'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Dogie writhes around on the floor. Winnie walks straight to Wendell's cage, a BURLAP SACK in hand.

WENDELL
Bad boy! Bad boy!

Dogie comes to. Watches Winnie open Wendell's cage. He scrambles to his feet.

DOUGIE
DON'T YOU TOUCH THAT FUCKING BIRD!

Winnie grabs Wendell and shoves him into the sack. Turns around and heads for the door.

Dogie picks up one of the TRASH BAGS FULL OF DEAD RATS. Swings it around.

DOUGIE (CONT'D)
Oh no you don't, asshole.

INT. DOUGIE'S BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Clifford picks up a copy of BIRDS MONTHLY from a pile of MAGAZINES on top of the toilet. He flips through it.

CLIFFORD
'Did you know that crows have the largest cerebral hemispheres, relative to body size, of any avian family.' What am I, a buffoon?

*

INT. DOUGIE'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Dougie and Winnie stand on either side of Dougie's couch. Winnie tries to go around it in one direction. Dougie follows him and blocks him, swinging his rat sack. Winnie goes the other way. Dougie follows him. They go back and forth like two children circling a tree during tag.

DOUGIE
You're not going anywhere.

WHAM. Winnie kicks the couch forward and knocks it straight into Dougie. Dougie gets knocked off his feet and FLIPS over the couch. Lands on the ground with a THUD.

Winnie heads for the door. Dougie grabs his ankle. Winnie drops to the floor.

INT. DOUGIE'S BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Clifford stands at the toilet. Unzips his pants. Lifts up the toilet seat.

CLIFFORD
Alrighty. Here we go.

Clifford stands for a good few seconds. Nothing.

INT. DOUGIE'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Dougie and Winnie wrestle on the ground. Wendell writhes around in the sack.

*

Winnie throws Dougie off of him. Dougie gets to his feet. Picks up the rat sack. Winnie stands up too.

Dougie swings the sack of rats around. BLAM. Knocks it into Winnie's head. Winnie take it like a champ. Spits out a TOOTH.

DOUGIE

Uh oh.

Winnie lunges for Dougie as Dougie picks Wendell's sack off the ground and runs toward the kitchen.

INT. DOUGIE'S BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Clifford still stands at the toilet. He hasn't even begun peeing. He clears his throat. Stands in silence for a while.

CLIFFORD

Any second now.

INT. DOUGIE'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Dougie runs into his kitchen, Winnie right on his tail. Dougie picks up various POTS and PANS and throws them at him-- but Winnie moves forward, unfazed.

Dougie backs into a corner, the sack of rats in one hand, and Wendell's sack in the other.

WINNIE

End of the line, kid. Just give me the sack.

DOUGIE

Alright.

Dougie throws Winnie the rat bag. Winnie catches it. Opens it. Sees the rat corpses.

WINNIE

The fuck!?

Winnie drops the bag in disgust. Dougie runs for it while Winnie's distracted.

INT. DOUGIE'S BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Clifford is finally peeing. He whistles to himself.

INT. DOUGIE'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Dougie runs for the front door. He has his hand on the handle, when--

CLICK. Winnie cocks a GUN. Points it at the back of Dougie's head. Dougie hears it and freezes.

WINNIE

I'm done playing games. Give me the bird or I take the bird. I don't care which.

DOUGIE

Okay now. We can talk about this. You... I'm guessing you work for Ludvig, right?

WINNIE

How do you know that name?

DOUGIE

Doesn't matter. But whatever he's paying you... I can double it. Triple it!

Winnie looks around Dougie's shitty apartment.

WINNIE

No you can't. How do you know that name?

DOUGIE

I know a lot of things! We can talk about it if you just lower the gun.

INT. DOUGIE'S BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Clifford continues to pee.

INT. DOUGIE'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Winnie's gun is still pointed at Dougie.

DOUGIE

Listen, you really want blood on your hands over a bird?

WINNIE

I've had blood on my hands for less.

DOUGIE

That's scary. Okay. Well what if we find Ludvig a different bird? Does he really need this one?

WINNIE

I'm gonna give you three seconds to drop that bag. One... two...

CRASH. Clifford WHACKS Winnie in the back of the head with a CHAIR. Winnie drops to the floor, unconscious.

CLIFFORD

Who's this guy?

DOUGIE

He tried to take Wendell again. I think he works for Ludvig.

CLIFFORD

And the chap couldn't just ask nicely?

DOUGIE

I don't think these guys ask nicely.

CLIFFORD

Well why not give him the bird then? Get him off our backs.

DOUGIE

Wendell doesn't wanna go back. I don't think Ludvig was nice to him. Once we bust Ludvig I'll find him a new home.

CLIFFORD

I suppose the kind of man that hires a violent bounty hunter to track down his pet bird may not be the most pleasant company, yes. Well I suppose you should tie him up then.

Clifford turns around and heads back to the bathroom.

DOUGIE

Where are you going?

CLIFFORD

I'm not done peeing.

INT. DOUGIE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Dougie sits on the couch reading through Ludvig's file.
Wendell is on the couch next to him. We hear a flush.
Clifford walks out. Looks down at a bunch of SCOTCH tape on
the ground.

DOUGIE
So a lot of the stuff in this file
is redacted, but it does say he has
a wife. Or had a wife, I guess.
They're divorced.

CLIFFORD
Where'd the vagrant go?

DOUGIE
What?

CLIFFORD
The vagrant you tied up. Where is
he?

DOUGIE
He's not there!?

Dougie springs up. Winnie is gone.

CLIFFORD
I thought you tied him up!

DOUGIE
I did! With Scotch tape! They
always use tape in the movies.

CLIFFORD
Duct tape! Not scotch tape! Damn,
he got away but I'm sure he'll be
back. You got a gun?

DOUGIE
Why would I have a gun?

CLIFFORD
You're a drug dealer.

DOUGIE
That's a stereotype, man.

CLIFFORD
Alright. Well then I'm taking this.

Clifford picks up the chair he smashed Winnie with. Dougie
looks out the window.

DOUGIE

Look, his car is gone. You must've
got him pretty good with that
chair. We should get out of here.

CLIFFORD

Where to captain?

DOUGIE

We're paying a visit to Ludvig's ex-
wife. Don't bring the chair.

EXT. SABURBAN HOUSE - DAY

Clifford and Dougie pull into the driveway of an upper-middle
class house. Wendell sits on the dash board.

DOUGIE

We'll be right back Wendell.

WENDELL

Cocksucker!

Wendell flies onto Dougie's shoulder.

CLIFFORD

The bird doesn't want to leave your
side. Must be shaken up from
earlier.

Dougie sighs.

DOUGIE

Alright man, fine. Just don't shit
on me. I'm serious.

They walk up to the door step. Dougie knocks on the door.

CLIFFORD

So this is Ludvig's sister.

DOUGIE

It's his ex-wife, man! Do you ever
pay attention when I'm talking?

Clifford is looking elsewhere.

CLIFFORD

They're overwatering their lawn.

A SIX YEAR OLD GIRL answers the door.

GIRL *
Hi. *

Clifford gasps. *

CLIFFORD *
A child bride! *

DOUGIE *
No. Is your mother home? *

SARAH, a milf in her forties, walks up behind the little girl. *

SARAH *
Can I help you? *

DOUGIE *
Are you Sarah? *

SARAH *
Yes. Who are you? *

DOUGIE *
My name is Dougie. That's Clifford. *
This is Wendell. *

CLIFFORD *
You're overwatering your lawn. *

DOUGIE *
You're Ludvig Eriksson's ex-wife, *
right? *

Sarah lights up. *

SARAH *
Ludvig? You're friends with Ludvig? *

DOUGIE *
Uh-- *

CLIFFORD *
Oh yes. College friends. *

Sarah clocks the age difference between them. *

CLIFFORD (CONT'D) *
Community college friends. *

SARAH *
Please, come in! *

INT. SARAH'S HOUSE - DAY

Sarah leads Dougie and Clifford through the foyer and towards the living room. There are CHILDREN'S TOYS all over the floor. Framed photos of TWO LITTLE GIRLS and family photos of Sarah, her daughters, and her HUSBAND.

SARAH

Sorry about the mess. The girls are off school so it's been a madhouse. Honey, we have visitors!

As they enter the living room, STEVE (40s)-- shrimpy and cuckable-- walks in from the hallway.

STEVE

Well good afternoon mystery men!
What brings you by the old abode?

SARAH

They're friends of Ludvig, honey!

STEVE

(skeptical)
Your ex-husbands friends? In my house? Unannounced?
(very upbeat)
Well aren't you two a blast from the past? I'll put the kettle on!

Steve meanders into the kitchen.

CLIFFORD

Where's the john?

SARAH

Down the hall first door on your left.

CLIFFORD

Au revoir.

Clifford heads to the bathroom. Sarah and Dougie sit down on the couch.

DOUGIE

Listen, I know my friend said we're Ludvig's friends... but we're not. Actually, I don't even know him.

SARAH

So you're not here about Ludvig?

DOUGIE *
No, we are. We-- *

Sarah squeals like a giddy school girl. *

SARAH *
Is he coming back for me? *

DOUGIE *
He-- what? *

SARAH *
Oh, no. Nothing. What? *

DOUGIE *
We're trying to get ahold of Ludvig *
but he's a hard man to find. Any *
idea where we could find him? *

SARAH *
Gosh, I wish. When he left me, he *
disappeared. But that's not unlike *
him. He was always very private. *
Mysterious. Passionate. Very... *
passionate. *

Steve walks in with a tray of MUGS of TEA and BOWLS of SOUP. *

STEVE *
I made chamomile! And we had some *
soup in the fridge so I heated that *
up too. *

Steve places the tray on the coffee table. Turns to Dougie. *

STEVE (CONT'D) *
You a soup guy? I know a soup guy *
when I see one! *

Steve playfully punches Dougie's arm. Chuckles to himself. *

STEVE (CONT'D) *
Oh! I forgot the biscuits. *

Steve saunters back into the kitchen. *

SARAH *
My life shattered the moment Ludvig *
left. I tried tracking him down. I *
called, I wrote-- but he was a *
ghost. And with him went a bit of *
my soul. My flame of passion, *
extinguished. *

DOUGIE

And no one's seen him since?

SARAH

Oh I see him. In my memories. My
dreams. My fantasies. When I let
Steve have sex with me, I often
close my eyes and imagine myself
making love with Ludvig.

Steve walks in with a tray of biscuits.

STEVE

The biscuit train has entered the
station. All aboard!

Steve places the biscuits on the coffee table. Sits down in
an arm chair. Sighs in the way a blissfully ignorant dog
would.

DOUGIE

Do you know anything about a
falling out that Ludvig might have
had with Doxix? I know he used to
work there.

SARAH

Doxix is what tore us apart. His
work always came first. Even at the
end.

DOUGIE

The end? What happened?

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

INT. OXFORD HALL - DAY

SARAH (V.O.)

Sterling and Ludvig met at Oxford.
Sterling was a hot-shot business
major. Ludvig, a promising
biochemist with gorgeous hair.

A YOUNG STERLING, tall with an athletic build, walks down the
hall surrounded by a group of PREPPY OXFORD STUDENTS.

They pass by an open door. Sterling stops in the doorway and
watches:

A YOUNG LUDVIG, pudgy with blown-out shoulder length hair,
tinkers around with TEST TUBES in a SCIENCE CLASSROOM. He
combines some chemicals and pours a liquid over a DEAD PLANT.
The plant perks up.

Sterling smiles in the doorway, impressed. Gives him a thumbs
up. Ludvig notices him. Awkwardly raises a thumbs up back.

SARAH (V.O.)
They hit it off instantly.

INT. SCIENCE CONFERENCE - DAY

Ludvig and Sterling stand behind a booth for a MEDICAL
ADVANCEMENT* they have developed together. A group of
SCIENTIST JUDGES with clipboards stand around the booth,
impressed.

SARAH (V.O.)
With Sterling's business savvy and
Ludvig's brain, the two were a
match made in Big Pharma heaven.

INT/EXT. SMALL DOXIX OFFICE - DAY

A raggedy warehouse with a fresh DOXIX sign printed on the
outside.

SARAH (V.O.)
And together, they started a
pharmaceutical company. Doxix.

An ASSEMBLY LINE. A flat of PILL BOTTLES printed with a large
DOXIX LOGO get pushed down a conveyer belt.

INT. SMALL DOXIX OFFICE - DAY

SARAH (V.O.)
They took the pharmaceutical
industry by storm-- producing meds
quicker, and cheaper, than anyone.

Sterling sits behind a desk, his feet propped up. He counts
through a WAD OF CASH. Gets up. Looks out a window that
oversees the WAREHOUSE FLOOR.

On the floor, Ludvig, wearing a HAIRNET, and a small team of
SCIENTISTS perform experiments in a LAB.

Sterling shoots Ludvig a thumbs up. Ludvig removes his
hairnet. Majestically FLIPS his hair. Thumbs up back

INT. STERLING'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

A Doxix Christmas party in a modern apartment. Ludvig hovers awkwardly by a BUFFET. Pulls HAIRPSRAY out of his pocket. Douses his hair. Combs it.

SARAH (V.O.)
They had it all. Success. Money.
Respect. It's around then that I
met Ludvig and we fell in love.

A younger SARAH, spunky and way out of Ludvig's league, approaches him. Plucks a SHRIMP off Ludvig's plate. Seductively eats it. Ludvig blushes.

EXT. SUBURBAN HOME - DAY

Ludvig and Sarah smile from the sidewalk as a REAL ESTATE AGENT slaps SOLD on the house's FOR SALE SIGN.

SARAH (V.O.)
Things were good. Perfect even.
Until... tragedy struck.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Ludvig lathers himself in the shower. Reaches for SHAMPOO. Rubs it into his hair. Looks down at his hands in horror.

He's holding CLUMPS of his own hair.

SARAH (V.O.)
His hair... his pride and joy...
began to fall out.

Ludvig bursts out of the shower. Runs to the mirror. Sees his hairline RECEDING.

SARAH (V.O.)
I don't know if it was stress or
his genes, but the unthinkable was
happening. Ludvig was balding.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Sarah sits on the bed. Ludvig runs out of the bathroom, clumps of hair in his hands.

SARAH (V.O.)
I tried to console him, but he
wouldn't listen.

Ludvig dramatically SWIPES all of the contents off a nearby
DESK in a fit of rage. Drops to his knees, sobbing.

SARAH (V.O.)

I told him it was okay. I didn't
love him for his hair. I loved him
for what was beneath it. His brain.
His brain and also his ravenous
love making.

Sarah cradles Ludvig on the floor, holding his head as he
cries.

SARAH (V.O.)

But that wasn't enough. It wasn't
about me. It was about him. Him,
and his hair.

INT. DOXIX LAB - NIGHT

After hours. Ludvig, wearing a hat, frantically works at a
table. He sits on a ROLLER CHAIR and rolls back and forth
between different EXPERIMENTS, checking their progress.

SARAH (V.O.)

He decided he was going to cure
baldness. A topical ointment that
when applied, makes the user's hair
grow back. He'd make history, and
he'd have his beloved hair back.

Sterling watches in the doorway, concerned.

INT. DOXIX LAB - DAY

Three TRIAL PATIENTS sit in front of Sterling's desk. A tired
Ludvig stands behind them holding a CLIPBOARD.

PATIENT 1 has a few curly hairs dangling from their forehead.
PATIENT 2 has patchy clumps of DARK GREEN hair. PATIENT 3 has
long hairs growing out of their ears and nose. They all look
slightly crazed-- like they're on hard drugs.

Sterling walks down the line, inspecting. He frowns. Looks at
Ludvig, who is wearing a BEANIE. Shakes his head.

SARAH (V.O.)

But the trials didn't go well. The
ointment was inconsistent, and it's
side effects were... well...

Patient 1 LUNGES at the desk. Smashes a VASE and grabs a sharp SHARD of clay. DIVES at Sterling. SECURITY rush in and restrain him.

SARAH (V.O.)

Severe.

INT. DOXIX LAB - DAY

A team of SCIENTISTS working at full force. Ludvig walks around the lab floor with a clip board, taking notes. He looks disheveled and wears a BERET.

Visual gag with bald men will go here once I think of it.

SARAH (V.O.)

The trials went on for months, but Ludvig wasn't getting anywhere. So Sterling shut him down.

Sterling comes through the door with a SECURITY TEAM and some MEN in SUITS. They begin clearing out the scientists. Unplugging equipment. Tossing out chemicals.

Ludvig runs around in a panic trying to stop them, but he's no match.

INT. DOXIX BASEMENT - NIGHT

A make-shift lab constructed in a dingy cement room. Ludvig, illuminated by a single LAMP, is hunched over a desk covered in bottles of CHEMICALS.

SARAH (V.O.)

Sterling pulled his funding, but Ludvig kept working. And without trial patients...

Ludvig holds a DROPPER over his bald head and squirts on a chemical concoction. He gets an instant CHEMICAL BURN. Slams his fist into his desk in pain.

SARAH (V.O.)

He started experimenting on himself.

INT. STERLING'S OFFICE - DAY

Sterling sits behind his desk. Ludvig bursts through the door, a HAT on his head. He looks crazed-- like his trial patients but much, much worse.

SARAH (V.O.)

But eventually, after years of
working in the dark... he did it.

Ludvig pulls off his hat to reveal a GORGEOUS head of hair.
He presents it to Sterling, his eyes crazed. His nose starts
to BLEED.

Sterling stares at Ludvig with concern He comes out from
behind his desk and approaches Ludvig. Says something we
don't hear. Puts his hand on Ludvig's shoulder.

Ludvig's face drops. He SHOVES Sterling to the ground. Hops
on top of him in a MANIC RAGE. Starts PUMELLING his fists
into Sterling's face.

SARAH (V.O.)

Ludvig finally got his hair back.
But for it, he sacrificed his mind.

SECURITY rushes in and pulls Ludvig off of Sterling.

EXT. DOXIX OFFICE - DAY

Security TOSSES Ludvig out the door. Shuts it behind him.
Ludvig pounds on the door, yelling.

SARAH (V.O.)

So Sterling bought out Ludvig's
shares of Doxix and ousted him from
the company. The same company
they'd built together.

END FLASHBACK

INT. SARAH'S HOUSE - DAY

Everyone where they were.

SARAH

Not long after that, he walked out
our front door and never came back.
I haven't seen him since.

Dougie soaks it all in for a while.

DOUGIE

So all of this... was because he
was balding?

SARAH

You would understand him if you'd
seen his hair. It was glorious.
Actually, I have a picture--

Sarah reaches into her purse and grabs her wallet. Pulls out
an OLD PHOTO of Sterling, posing fully naked, his beautiful
hair on full display.

SARAH (CONT'D)

See? Beautiful.

DOUGIE

You keep that in your wallet?

STEVE

He's very handsome.

SARAH

So why exactly are you asking me
all of this?

DOUGIE

Sarah, I think your ex-husband may
be planning something bad.
Something... violent.

Sarah takes this in.

SARAH

I'm not surprised. He was never the
same after his experiments. He grew
angrier. Violent. Don't get me
wrong, the sex was great-- better
even, but... I didn't know who he
was anymore.

DOUGIE

If I can get proof of what he's
doing, I think I can stop him. So
please. If there's anything you
know that could help me.

SARAH

I remember some friends of his.
They ran a moving company-- uh,
Linus Movers I think. But I could
never track them down. They must've
closed or something.

DOUGIE

Linus movers? You're sure it was
Linus Movers?

SARAH
Yeah, I think so.

DOUGIE
Fuck.

Dougie springs up. Runs down the hall. The bathroom door is open and the bathroom is empty. Dougie opens the door next to it.

Inside, Clifford is sitting at a small table with Sarah's YOUNG DAUGHTERS. His beard has glitter and stickers in it and he's wearing a TIARA.

CLIFFORD
We're having a tea party.

DOUGIE
We gotta go.

EXT. SARAH'S HOUSE - DAY

Clifford and Dougie head out the front door. Sarah follows them out.

SARAH
Hey, if you end up finding Ludvig
can you tell him something for me?

DOUGIE
Sure. What?

Sarah whispers something in Dougie's ear. Dougie winces. Looks disgusted.

DOUGIE (CONT'D)
I am not saying that.

Dougie and Clifford get in the car and speed off. Steve jogs out the front door holding TUPPERWARE full of SOUP.

STEVE
Did they leave already?

EXT. RUNDOWN NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

Dougie, Clifford, and Wendell sit in the car. A few buildings down, a rundown building with a sign that says 'LINUS MOVERS' looms ominously.

CLIFFORD

So Ludvig's in cahoots with a
moving company? What is he, a
landlord?

DOUGIE

It's not a real moving company.
They move contraband. They probably
supplied weapons for Ludvig, which
means I bet they know where he is.

WENDELL

No. No, please. Please don't shoot--

CLIFFORD

And you're friends with these guys?

DOUGIE

Actually, they want to kill me.
They can't know I'm here. So
Clifford...

Dougie turns to Clifford. Puts his hands on his shoulders.

DOUGIE (CONT'D)

You need to go in there and find
out where Ludvig is. Pretend you
know him and then direct the
conversation towards his
whereabouts. Do you think you can
do that?

CLIFFORD

Direct the conversation? Back in my
day we'd beat a scoundrel till they
sang!

DOUGIE

Clifford, these guys are dangerous.
Do not provoke them. They'll kill
you.

CLIFFORD

I won't provoke them.

DOUGIE

Good.

CLIFFORD

Unless they provoke me. Then I'll
provoke them back.

DOUGIE

No! There should be no provoking of
any kind. You gotta be subtle.
Manipulate them into telling you
what you need. They can't be
suspicious of anything.

CLIFFORD

Ah! You're in good hands my friend.
Every wife I've ever had called me
manipulative. I'll have the info
out of them before they even know
my name.

DOUGIE

Clifford, don't tell them your
name.

CLIFFORD

Of course not. Hold on, I'm
crafting a character.

Clifford shuts his eyes. Cups his hands in front of his face.
Pops his eyes back open.

CLIFFORD (CONT'D)

Elephants.

DOUGIE

What?

Clifford opens the door and confidently strides out.

WENDELL

No. No, please. Please don't shoot--

DOUGIE

Let's not manifest that, kay bud?

INT. LINUS MOVERS - DAY

A small space with a counter and some chairs. Little
decorations. Probably a former T-mobile store.

Behind the counter, Bernard sits in a chair and reads
magazine. Ricky is tuned into a NATURE SHOW on a small box TV
on a folding table.

Clifford saunters in through the front door.

CLIFFORD

Good afternoon gentlemen!

Bernard looks up. He's wearing an EYE PATCH.

BERNARD
We're closed.

CLIFFORD
Ah! But the sign said open.

BERNARD
Well tell the sign to fuck off.

Bernard returns to his magazine.

CLIFFORD
Alrighty. I'll be off on my merry way. But I would be remised if I didn't at least tell you what you were missing out on. I'm aware of your services. And I have a job for you. A high paying job.

Ricky and Bernard exchange a glance.

RICKY
What kinda job?

Clifford begins to pace around, delivering the following like he's doing a monologue. He's pretty good too.

CLIFFORD
I'm a big game hunter, you see. And I just returned from several months in Botswana. I had a very lucrative season, and I'm in possession of several crates of ivory that need transport. Fifteen million dollars worth of ivory.

BERNARD
And what's our cut?

CLIFFORD
It's an offer you cant refuse, gents. One hundred percent of the prophets.

BERNARD
Bullshit.

CLIFFORD
Real shit. I don't do it for the money. I do it for the hunt. I hate elephants, you see.
(MORE)

CLIFFORD (CONT'D)

I hate elephants because I have
elephant trauma that I do not feel
comfortable disclosing.

RICKY

Of course. We won't push your
boundaries.

BERNARD

So what you're saying is... if we
move this ivory for you, we can
keep all fifteen million dollars
worth?

CLIFFORD

I just want it to go to a good
home.

Ricky and Bernard communicate with their eyes.

BERNARD

I think we could do business
together.

CLIFFORD

Splendid! I knew you'd come around.
Shall we discuss over a drink? I'm
buying.

INT/EXT. DOUGIE'S CAR - DAY

Dougie watches as Clifford heads out the door and down the
sidewalk, Bernard and Ricky right behind him. They all seem
to be in good spirits.

DOUGIE

What the fuck are you doing
Clifford...

Dougie turns the engine and follows them from a distance.

EXT. THE ITCH - DAY

A disgusting dive bar. Dougie pulls his car up a couple yards
away. Watches Clifford, Bernard, and Ricky head inside.

INT. THE ITCH - DAY

Gets him TOO drunk

You wanna know how I lost this eye?

-Abandoned factory. Tie up eyepatch guy. He has bird trauma from Wendell taking his eye so they threaten information out of him using Wendell. He tells them where Ludvig is but they get interrupted by Winnie who tracks them down. Shootout occurs. Eyepatch guy loses his other eye. Dougie and Clifford escape and need somewhere to lay low so they go to:

-Highschool party. Campfire scene. Learn more backstory about both. Eyepatch guy, now completely blind, shows up. It's his house. They have to flee.

-Realize they have to get to Ludvig before Winnie gets to them. Go to his base. Get kidnapped. Ludvig has Wendell choose between him and Dougie-- Wendell chooses Dougie but Ludvig takes him anyway. Decides to kill him. Releases Clifford and Dougie. They're too late to stop Ludvig--the attack is happening today!

-Dougie realizes he can't both save Wendell and stop the terrorist attack. We'll never get there in time! Has to call sister to evacuate the building.

-Dougie goes to save Wendell. Whatever method he uses to save Wendell solidifies their bond.

-Clifford pulls up to the Doox building with the league of janitors.

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