

EXT. BEAKERVILLE HEIGHTS - EVENING

This is a dark fantasy tale, taking place before the dawn of man... a time when birds rule the earth.

SLOW FADE INTO an coniferous forest. A colorful, peaceful, tranquil bird community. Daylight fades into dusk. Pretty, singing BIRDS of all breeds, settle down in their homes for the night.

A MOTHER SWALLOW BIRD, dressed in an apron, regurgitates a meal... feeding baby birds in a feathered nest.

A FAMILY OF SPARROWS in a bird bath, splashing each other with playful wings.

MORE BIRDS... quiet down from day song into night CHIRPING. They nestle into beds of grass, twigs, and leaves.

Life is good in Beakerville Heights.

EXT. OUTPOST - BEAKERSVILLE HEIGHTS - LATER

A mile out of town. A middle-aged SPARROW, named MAXWELL PERCH, once a top gun in a military unit known as the War Birds, sits atop the highest outpost of the land. On the tower, he stands watch.

With Beakerville Heights at peace, Maxwell Perch's manner is relaxed. He reads a birdseller novel and munches pumpkin seeds.

Suddenly, Maxwell Perch's son, GORDY, a sparrow, delicate in manner but spunky, with a chestnut cap and white eyebrows, flies to the outpost... he CRASHES into the wood rail.

GORDY

Ouch! *That's* gonna leave a mark.

MAXWELL PERCH

Son, what are you doing here?

GORDY

Couldn't sleep, Pop. There's nothing more depressing than an empty nest.

MAXWELL PERCH

Gordy -- go home.

GORDY

I want to stand watch with you.

MAXWELL PERCH

The last time you stood watch Miss Woodpecker said you dozed off in song-class the next day.

GORDY

I'm over school. I want to learn the real world. Besides, her class is lame.

MAXWELL PERCH

No more night watches, Gordy. Education is more important. Make your mother proud, rest her soul.

Gordy grabs his father's nocturnal birdoculars.

GORDY

Four eyes are better than two, Pop.
(looks through birdoculars)
Wow, it's dark out there. How do you see a wing in front of you with these things?

Maxwell Perch shoots Gordy a look.

MAXWELL PERCH

I start by removing the caps.

GORDY

Oh.
(laughs, removes caps)
No wonder you soared to the top ranks in your unit. Teach me what you know, Pop, I want to become a fighter sparrow like you.

MAXWELL PERCH

Gordy, you crash landed. Your flying skills leave a lot to be desired. I don't see much of a future for you in the military -- and quite honestly, my son, I'm not sure I'd want that life for you. Use your head, Gordy.

GORDY

You mean, be a bird brain?

MAXWELL PERCH

Exactly.

GORDY

Okay, Pop, you win. I'll fly on back home.

(then, excited)

But, I'll get up at dawn...

GORDY (CONT'D)
to bring you breakfast... how do you like
your seeds? Over easy? Scrambled?
Poached?

MAXWELL PERCH
Gordy -- good-night.

Gordy salutes and FLIES off... he SMASHES into some trees
tops on his way. Maxwell Perch winces, closes his eyes.

MAXWELL PERCH (CONT'D)
My son.

Maxwell Perch returns to his book and seeds.

Suddenly, Maxwell Perch HEARS this thunderous SOUND
approaching off in the distance. He grabs the birdoculars
and REFOCUSES the lenses.

THROUGH HIS POV

Blurry vision... then... CRYSTAL CLEAR sight.

This HUGE black cloud approaches on the horizon... ominously,
heading for Beakerville Heights.

MAXWELL PERCH (CONT'D)
What the feathers is that? Is that a
storm cloud? Smoke?
(then, Maxwell Perch SEES
exactly what's coming)
Oh no.

Maxwell Perch looks around. His eyes wide with panic.

MAXWELL PERCH (CONT'D)
... GORDY!!! COME BACK!!

THROUGH HIS POV

A massive army-like gaggle of birds (ugly, with broad wings,
hateful eyes and twisted beaks) blanket the land like a
killer storm.

The sky turns pitch BLACK... blood red streaks scare a path
for the EVIL CANNIES to follow. It leads to a SLAUGHTER... a
SURPRISE ATTACK on Beakerville Heights.

MAXWELL PERCH (CONT'D)
(calls out)
GORDY...!
(then, torn, looks up)
THE ALARM! SOUND THE ALARM!

Maxwell Perch DROPS his birdoculars, flies off to sound the WAR BELL above the tower.

Maxwell Perch soars high... THROUGH a mass of EVIL-ATTACKERS... GRABS hold of the bell's rope and YANKS IT... SOUNDING the alarm. SFX: BONG... BONG...

EXT. BEAKERVILLE HEIGHTS - MOMENTS LATER

SFX: BELL ECHOES. FRIGHTENED birds lift their heads from peaceful sleep... they HEAR the panic bell... and know what it means.

INT. GORDY'S NEST - SAME

Gordy, just home, HEARS the bell.

GORDY
POP!!!!

Gordy FLIES out of bed.

EXT. OUTPOST - BEAKERSVILLE HEIGHTS

Maxwell Perch GRIPS the bell rope in the tower and PULLS... this time the old rope SNAPS... and plunges him through the dusty tower... hard to the ground.

The EVIL BIRDS, with shrill SOUNDING SHRIEKS, attack Maxwell Perch... PECKING at him... PLUCKING his feathers... DRAWING blood... BREAKING his right WING.

Maxwell Perch flops on the dirt, desperate to escape death. Evil birds surround him.

EVIL BIRD #1
Let him rot on the ground!!!
We got bigger birds to kill.

EVIL BIRD #2
Yes, sir!

The blood-thirsty flock abandon Maxwell Perch... he LANGUISHES as the CANNIES FLY off in the direction... of town.

Maxwell Perch hobbles... HOPS... with a broken wing... and falls into the weeds.

MAXWELL PERCH
(moans)
... Gordyyyyyyy.

EXT. SKY - MOMENTS LATER

EVIL BIRD #1
Now -- destroy the town!

EXT. SKY - MOMENTS LATER

Gordy FLIES toward the outpost, but SEES the SWARM of evil birds. Gordy's eyes BULGE... his beak falls open and... NO SOUND comes out.

GORDY
(finally)
... eeeeeeeeeEEEEKKKK!!

He TUCKS his wings... AIMS downward... and ZOOMS toward the river. He HITS the water with a belly flop... and comes up, dazed.

GORDY (CONT'D)
(choking)
... Pop!!!! Help!! Pop!

EXT. BEAKERVILLE HEIGHTS - SAME

Frightened, resident birds flutter for cover, hiding under nests, brush and trees... camouflaging themselves from imminent attack, baby birds bury under their mothers... one nest holds SIX UNHATCHED EGGS... the eggs SHIVER with fright.

Suddenly... the sky grows BLACKER... RED SHADOWS loom over the faces of birds staring skyward... SHRILL HOWLS... RIP through the air... frightened birds of Beakerville WATCH helplessly, and then...

THE ATTACK HITS IN FULL FORCE.

The evil birds carry out a pre-planned mission of destruction like missiles locked on radar... they SMASH into designated targets... the local feed store... the bird school... the community bird bath... The CANNIES: Vultures, Crows, and Blue Jays PILLAGE families, nests, RAVAGE the town's historic sites, wreck HAVOC on all life and liberty...

... DEVASTATION and DEATH loom.

EXT. LAKE - MOMENTS LATER

Gordy DRIFTS down stream, into dangerous waters. He PANICS. FLAILS around... grabs a branch, but it SNAPS... and he SLIPS down stream toward a rocky cliff.

Gordy LOOKS skyward... and sees a PATROL of Seagulls "Naval Unit" flying overhead. Their WHITE BODIES bright against the night sky.

GORDY
HELP!!! HEY!!! DOWN HERE!!!

Suddenly, a SEAGULL plucks Gordy out of the water.

GORDY (CONT'D)
I can't breathe!

SEAGULL
Well, don't exert yourself!

The Seagull DEPOSITS Gordy on a rock.

GORDY
... my father!!!

SEAGULL
Where is he? Down stream?

GORDY
No -- Beakerville Heights. It's under
attack!! Help my Pop!! Please!!

More Seagulls fly overhead now.

SEAGULL
Calm down, boy.

A PIGEON with a note stuck in its beak lands riverside, winded. The Seagull grabs the note and reads. Other Seagulls land and gather.

SEAGULL (CONT'D)
Dear God.

SEAGULL #2 lands.

SEAGULL #2
Joe? Everything okay down here?

SEAGULL
No -- gather the patrol. Send a messenger
to Mount Garrond. Beakerville Heights
was just ambushed.
(to Gordy)
You. Stay put. You're safer here.

The Seagulls FLY off on their mission.

GORDY
WAIT! WHAT ABOUT MY FATHER?!

The Seagulls fly out of sight. Alone, frightened, yet determined... Gordy looks around and then FLIES off.

EXT. OUTPOST - BEAKERSVILLE HEIGHTS

Gordy ARRIVES at the outpost... CRASH LANDS into the dirt. Spits gravel. He stumbles to his feet, HOPS, LOOKS around. His eyes brimming with tears.

GORDY
(calls out)
... POP?!!

Gordy finds the birdseller book... pages torn out... the birdoculars broken in two... and THEN...

GORDY (CONT'D)
(shrieks)
POP!!!!!!!!!!

Gordy finds his beloved father's FEATHERS on the ground... caked with blood and dirt... he picks them up, SOBS, surveys the destruction to the outpost he was raised in.

GORDY (CONT'D)
Oh no.

Suddenly... a bush RUSTLES... Gordy HOPS over to the brush... and dares to PEEK inside...

... there lies his father, on his last breath, gazing up at Gordy.

MAXWELL PERCH
Gordy -- help your old man.

EXT. HOSPITAL - BEAKERVILLE

Military ER. Gordy FLIES into the lobby... with his father on his BACK. When they land, a staff of medical birds tend to the injured bird.

A SENIOR CIA OPERATIVE, named OPERATIVE CALLENDOR, an indigo bunting bird with HUGE black glasses and an officious demeanor, dressed in black, BUMPS into Gordy.

OPERATIVE CALLENDOR
Gordy, ER will take care of him. Get home and protect your nest 'til daylight -- another attack is imminent.

GORDY

Who would do something... like this, Mr. Callendor?!

OPERATIVE CALLENDOR

Cannies.

GORDY

Why strike us? So far north?

OPERATIVE CALLENDOR

That's what we intend to find out. Now, go home.

(Gordy hesitates)

Gordy, you can't do anything here.

GORDY

Where's Chelsea?

OPERATIVE CALLENDOR

Inside on duty.

GORDY

Can I see her... just for a moment? Will she be taking care of my Pop?

OPERATIVE CALLENDOR

She's busy, Gordy.

(checks watch)

Now, I must get to the Peckagon.

Operative Callendor FLIES off. Gordy looks around, as more injured birds pass on stretchers. Some fatal.

INT. TRIAGE - MOMENTS LATER

Gordy SAILS right into the triage room and CRASHES into a gurney. A SECURITY EAGLE shouts at Gordy.

SECURITY EAGLE

HEY!! SPARROW, OUTSIDE!!

CHELSEA, the most beautiful indigo bunting bird imaginable, with a deep blue plumage that changes with light, rushes toward Gordy. Gordy brightens when seeing her.

GORDY

... Chelsea!! Chelsea!!

CHELSEA

Gordy -- you can't be here.

GORDY

... my father.

CHELSEA

I know. He's critical... lost a lot of blood... has a broken wing.

GORDY

His wing?

CHELSEA

You got him here just in time.

GORDY

(in tears)

I feel better knowing you'll look after him, Chelsea.

CHELSEA

Gordy, you must go.

GORDY

But I want to see my father.

CHELSEA

I'll let you know when that's possible. Now I mean it, Gordy, go home, my father says we're on the brink of war.

GORDY

War?! Well, I want to help. Do my part!

CHELSEA

Sparrows are donating blood.

GORDY

(queasy)

Needles make me faint.

CHELSEA

Go volunteer at the hospital.

GORDY

I want to be a soldier. Get the guys who did this to my Pop and our town!! I'll enlist in the military today.

CHELSEA

This is no time for jokes, Gordy.

GORDY

Who's *joking*?!

CHELSEA

Gordy, you're no fighter. In case you haven't noticed... you fly crooked.

GORDY
Nobody's perfect.

CHELSEA
I have patients to take care of, Gordy.
Chirp me later, okay?

He watches her flutter off.

GORDY
(to himself)
I can be a soldier. I know I can.

EXT. THE PECKAGON - DAY

A majestic scene. Military headquarters. MILITARY BIRDS fly around the top security facility. CAMERA SWOOPS DOWN... into a personnel office... where great EAGLES of war gather around a table. Operative Callendor is present, taking notes.

LIEUTENANT BLUE JAKE, a distinguished, proud, Blue Jay, sits closest to General Arris, a four-star general.

GENERAL ARRIS, the grandest Eagle, a tenseness that comes from years of protecting the land from foreign aggressors, SLAPS his wing on the table.

GENERAL ARRIS
I should have known this day would come.
I failed... missed the signs!

LIEUTENANT BLUE JAKE
Sir, don't blame yourself. We had no way of knowing the Cannies were capable of such...

GENERAL ARRIS
Did I hear you say something, Lieutenant?

LIEUTENANT BLUE JAKE
Um... no... sir.

GENERAL ARRIS
Inform all commanders I want a unit dispatched to every village on the southern fringe, and I want word spread that we will start accepting volunteers to build up our military. We will counterattack on those responsible for this slaughter.

LIEUTENANT BLUE JAKE
Um, sir? Shouldn't we have President Arlina's approval before proceeding?

GENERAL ARRIS

(offended)

I gave you an order, Lieutenant Blue
Jake!! See to it that it's carried out.
Immediately!

Blue Jake FLIES out of the office. General Arris spreads his wings on the desk with grand authority.

GENERAL ARRIS (CONT'D)

The president's approval...
(annoyed)
I can handle her.

EXT. THE WHITE BIRD HOUSE - DAY

Home of the president. Brave EAGLES guard the posts, while birds of peace -- MOURNING DOVES -- fly around the entrance, cooing a melancholy song.

INT. THE OWL-AL OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

PRESIDENT ARLINA, a beautiful WHITE SNOWY OWL, the largest and most powerful of its clan, a magnificent sight, strong in stature, but possessing a peaceful manner.

PRESIDENT ARLINA

Do you know what you're asking, General Arris?

GENERAL ARRIS

Yes, Madame President. Permission to declare war on the Cannies. Hit them before they can hit us again.

PRESIDENT ARLINA

Permission to slaughter hundreds... maybe thousands of birds?

GENERAL ARRIS

An all-out air assault. Madame President, we must react with a preemptive strike before the Cannies have time to regroup. We must retaliate with all our power and might.

PRESIDENT ARLINA

General Arris, that's exactly what they want.

GENERAL ARRIS

Fine, let's give it to them then -- by land, air, and sea.

PRESIDENT ARLINA

No.

GENERAL ARRIS

Madame President...?

PRESIDENT ARLINA

First, we heal the wounded, bury our dead, rebuild our forces, and examine this situation... with level heads.

GENERAL ARRIS

Fine, when do we strike back?

PRESIDENT ARLINA

We don't -- not yet.

General Arris does a slow burn.

GENERAL ARRIS

How is that sending a message of zero tolerance to these evil-doers? Are we going to sit back and remain an easy target?

PRESIDENT ARLINA

We will not be reactionary, General, and fly off the handle. The United Birds of Arboria shall rise from these ashes, better secure the borders, and prepare to defend ourselves... against any future attacks.

GENERAL ARRIS

Madame President, wise owl that you are, speaking as your Joint Chief of Staff, with all due respect...

PRESIDENT ARLINA

General Arris, speaking as your president, I am ordering you to secure the homeland, and I insist that we do not retaliate.

GENERAL ARRIS

Madame President.

PRESIDENT ARLINA

General. You are dismissed.

General Arris SALUTES her, albeit reluctantly, and departs the office.

INT. CANNIES HEADQUARTERS - BLOOD OAKS FOREST - LATER
TWO VULTURES converse in war room.

VULTURE #1
It won't be long.

VULTURE #2
What if they fail to attack?

VULTURE #1
Pride causes them to always overreact,
and we'll be ready this time to crush and
devour them when they do.

A GIANT CROW, named GENERAL CARCUS, steps from the shadows.

GENERAL CARCUS
And then, the Cannies will dominate the
world.

EXT. MOUNT GARROND - MILITARY BASE - MORNING

A fortress. Home to the U.B.A. military. The Mountain is
covered with heavy activity. Military birds fly in and out.

Gordy, determined to enlist more than ever, SOARS to the
enlistment cave. He FLIES into the FLAG... and gets tangled.
TWO ENORMOUS EAGLES, military police, exchange looks.

MP #1, tough bird who chews tobacco, chest covered in
tattoos, PLUCKS Gordy from the flag.

MP #1
Lost, little fella?

GORDY
Is this... where I sign up?

MP #1
This is a restricted area. Soldier
training. Support units are on the
western side of Mount Garrond.

GORDY
I'm not support, sir -- I'm here to
become a soldier.

The two Eagles glance at each other, and guffaw. Gordy
flattens his FEATHERS and sticks his chest out.

GORDY (CONT'D)
What's so funny?

MP #1

If you want to help out... go do something with the other little sparrows.

GORDY

I want to be a fighter. A soldier.

MP #1

Get over yourself, pip-squeak.

GORDY

Hey, I may be small... but I can fly circles around you two clowns!!

Gordy tucks his wings in defiance, then FLIES as fast as he can... around the MP guards... WHIRL, WHIZ, WHOOSH, around and around... faster and faster... until finally, DIZZY, Gordy CRASHES into MP#1's burly chest. PLUNK!!!

MP #1

Ahhhh, you were sayin'?

... Gordy SLIDES down his chest... HITS the ground, lands on his rump.

MP #1 (CONT'D)

Thanks for the comic relief.

(picks Gordy up by his neck)

Listen, Pee Wee, we got important work to do here. If you don't leave RIGHT NOW, you will be escorted off the Mountain.

(looks into Gordy's determined eyes)

Understand?!!

GORDY

I'm soldier material, guys, you're making a big mistake.

MP #1

BUZZ OFFTTTTTTTT!!!!!!!

MP#1 BLOWS on Gordy... so hard that it sends the little sparrow SPIRALING... out of control... up into another stratosphere.

The MP's laugh.

MP #1 (CONT'D)

He's little -- but spunky.

MP #2

I hate spunk.

EXT. SKY - SAME

Gordy RECOVERS... going on a defiant, reckless FLIGHT now... he flies a great distance... over mountains, forests, soars above the clouds... alone and angry...he stretches himself to the limits... flying HIGHER and FASTER... until he can push no more... suddenly loses his energy... his breath... and begins to PLUMMET...

... Gordy DIVES head-first into a slimy lily pond, disturbing the fish and bullfrogs.

FROG

Man, that bird's cuckoo.

Gordy comes out of the water, SHAKES off, and PLOPS on the rock, winded. He dries in the sun.

GORDY

I'll prove 'em all wrong! I'm not just some ordinary sparrow! No delicate, little bird.

Gordy walks with ATTITUDE...

until suddenly...

...FIVE MEAN-ASS CROWS surround Gordy.

Terrified, the bullfrogs jump off their lily pads into the water to hide. Gordy stands alone... out numbered.

GORDY (CONT'D)

Uh oh.

The Crows SURROUND Gordy.

MEAN-ASS CROW #1

Know where you landed?

GORDY

(gulps)
Deep pond?

MEAN-ASS CROW #1

Deep trouble.

GORDY

(back pedals)
You know, I really should travel with a map. My sense of direction is awful. Now, don't get sore, fellas.

GORDY (CONT'D)

Whatever quarrel you got -- it's not with me -- I don't think anyone wants to get hurt here... especially me.

(Gordy smiles, his top beak sticks to his gums)

Huh, what do you say, big guys?

MEAN-ASS CROW #1

(licks chops)

I bet you taste good.

MEAN-ASS CROW #2

(licks chops)

A tender, tiny morsel like you.

MEAN-ASS CROW #3

(licks chops)

Probably taste just like chicken.

GORDY

(shaking)

I'm all bones.

The five crows LEAP on Gordy... fast and furious... he doesn't stand a chance with these rabid Crows.

GORDY (CONT'D)

STOP!!!! DON'T KILL ME! SOMEONE HELP!

Right on cue, a huge RED-TAILED HAWK, with long broad wings, a black eye-patch over one eye, with a Southern accent and a killer instinct, DESCENDS upon the scene...

The red-tailed hawk PUMMELS the Crows... one by one... doing martial arts, leaps, kicks. The hawk tears at them with his knife-like beak, WHIPPING his wings... SCRATCHING with his massive claws.

GORDY (CONT'D)

Whoa!! Awesome!

Gordy HOPS into a bush and hides... PEEKS out.

The red-tailed hawk pounds the Crows. Shamed, the five Crows fly off... escaping another beaten. The Crows WAIL in the sky and VANISH.

Gordy emerges from his hiding place... injured, and in awe of this incredible red-tailed warrior. Gordy hobbles, his wings bent.

GORDY (CONT'D)

Holy moly!

RED-TAILED HAWK

You hurt?

GORDY

My wings hurt real bad.

Red grabs Gordy and SNAPS his wings back into place.

GORDY (CONT'D)

Ouch... oh... wait... okay.

RED-TAILED HAWK

You'll live, kid.

GORDY

Um, thanks... I think... wow, you were great... beating those Crows!!

RED-TAILED HAWK

(gruff-voiced)

What's so great about it? Don't ever be stupid enough to get trapped by killer Crows again. Hear me?

Gordy cowers, then smiles, extends wing.

GORDY

Hi, my name's Gordy, from Beakerville Heights.

RED-TAILED HAWK

Did I ask you?? Do I care??? Huh? Huh?

The red-tailed hawk picks up some crow feathers and tucks them into his knapsack.

RED-TAILED HAWK (CONT'D)

Crow feathers make great pillows.

GORDY

You just took on five black Crows... all by yourself! How did you learn that? I wish I could fight like you.

(imitating the red-hawk)

WHAM!! WHAW!!! BAMMM!!!

RED-TAILED HAWK

(bellows)

Do you think I enjoyed fightin' them Crows??

GORDY

I enjoyed watching it.

RED-TAILED HAWK

What are ya doin' so far away from home, anyway? Don't you know anything south of Ravenwood is forbidden territory for lame, helpless sparrows like yourself?

GORDY

I'm not lame once you get to know me. Hey, what's your name?

RED-TAILED HAWK

What's it to you?

GORDY

Well, you're like my hero... besides my Pop, of course.

(lowers head, sadly)

My father was attacked on his post last night in Beakerville Heights. His name is Maxwell Perch.

The red-tailed hawk STOPS in his tracks, familiar with the name.

GORDY (CONT'D)

So, what's your name?

RED-TAILED HAWK

Red Taylor.

GORDY

Wow, even your name's tough.

RED TAYLOR

(red-tailed hawk)

Need a tough tag in this line of work. Think I could survive in the forest with a name like... "Gordy"? I'm a killer hawk, kid. A bird of prey. A mercenary. My job is to maintain the bird population, weed out the slower, unfit birds...

(looks hard at Gordy)

... nature's way of getting rid of weaklings.

(Gordy cowers)

Good thing for you I'm not in a foul mood. Crow-kickin' always lightens my spirits.

(bellows)

Now, get LOST!!

GORDY

I am lost.
(shrugs)
That's my problem.

RED TAYLOR

Then, get out of my SIGHT!

GORDY

Your breath. Whoa. Look, how do I get back home? My wings are killing me... maybe I can fly... along side you... for just awhile?

Red Taylor glares at Gordy.

RED TAYLOR

I travel solo. SOLO!

GORDY

So do I. So low that I crash into things.

Gordy LAUGHS. Red Taylor is stone-faced.

GORDY (CONT'D)

Hawks aren't known for their sense of humor, huh? Good to know.

RED TAYLOR

Fly in my tail wind until we're out of the woods...

GORDY

... if it's anything like your breath.

RED TAYLOR

Kick it into gear... before more Crows get wind of what just happened here and come back... lookin' for you!!!

Gordy follows Red, trying to imitate his walk.

GORDY

I'm not scared. Look at me.

RED TAYLOR

Crows like to torture their prey... long and hard before they DEVOUR 'em. Sucking the meat right off the bones.

Red makes a loud Hannabal Lechter-type SUCKING noise.

RED TAYLOR (CONT'D)
Fffffffttttttttttttttttt... all that's
missin' is the Chianti.

Scared, Gordy FLIES... and CRASHES into Red's butt.

GORDY
I better stick closer to you, Red. If
there's another altercation... you might
want my help.

Red picks up the little sparrow.

RED TAYLOR
You're gettin' on my last nerve.

GORDY
Funny, my Pop always says the exact same
thing to me.

They start to fly... but Gordy crashes. His wings tender.

RED TAYLOR
What's wrong... now?

GORDY
My wings... I can't seem to...

Red SWOOPS Gordy up with both CLAWS... FLUTTERS into the
air... SWOOSH... Gordy DANGLES in the wind... watching the
ground disappear under him.

GORDY (CONT'D)
Wow!! Look down there! See all those
ducks?

RED TAYLOR
Imbreds.

GORDY
Huh?

RED TAYLOR
Webbed feet.

Gordy's thrilled to fly so high.

GORDY
Wowwwwwwwwwwwwwww!!!! I've never had a
bird's eye view like this... this is
amazing.