

SCRIPT TITLE

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EXT. SOMEWHERE OVER THE ATLANTIC OCEAN – NOON

A cloudless sky over a vast, open sea with no land in sight. The sun is raging at the zenith, its life-giving rays ironically a few moments from mercilessly taking a life. A speck struggles to keep afloat in all this vastness. The speck is unnoticeable except perhaps for keenest-eyed predators endowed by nature with telescopic vision. They would see that the speck is, in fact, a LITTLE BIRD—a common blackpoll warbler, drab in plumage and high-pitched in song—on a transatlantic migration southward. To them, the LITTLE BIRD is just about to plummet into the water below. Easy prey, in other words.

LITTLE BIRD

(delirious)

Hahaha! ...wow! ...give me a break, will you? ...darn fireball. I've been flying non-stop for two days and two nights! If this isn't overkill—

The little bird loses consciousness and altitude for a few seconds. She quickly regains consciousness and frantically resumes flight.

LITTLE BIRD (CONT'D)

(rambling aloud)

...oops. Haha. Blacked out for a bit there. Haha. ...look at all that dark blue down there. It...looks so inviting. Must be cold, not like the sky that's burning me. Wouldn't it be so easy just to let myself fall down into that cold blue? Let myself be devoured by its beautiful waves? Then this wicked heatwave will be gone, just like...just like me, I guess.

At that moment, the little bird's body gives up and she makes a steady fall towards the churning ocean. Still half-conscious, she closes her eyes and accepts her fate. Midway along the little bird's fall, a bright white figure swoops down from above, and scoops the little bird into itself.

INT. THE PELICAN'S MOUTH – SUNSET

The little bird spends around six hours unconscious in the BIG BIRD's mouth. The big bird is a pelican with dirty-white feathers and a large, saggy beak.

LITTLE BIRD  
 ...what happened? How is it so dark?  
 Argh! Smells like bad breath and  
 rotting fish! Where the heck—

BIG BIRD  
 (booming voice)  
 Finally awake, are we? Good,  
 because—

LITTLE BIRD  
 (screaming)  
 Ahhhhhh! Ahhhhh! No! What is this—  
 Where—

The little bird scratches and pecks the inside of the  
 pelican's mouth.

BIG BIRD  
 (booming voice)  
 Ouch! Calm down! You're in my  
 mouth.

LITTLE BIRD  
 (screaming louder)  
 What? Did you just say mouth?!  
 Mouth?! No! Ahhhhhh!

BIG BIRD  
 (lowers volume of voice)  
 Oh, sorry. Not the best choice of  
 words. Relax, please. I'm not gonna  
 hurt you.

The little bird hyperventilates.

BIG BIRD (CONT'D)  
 (quiet voice)  
 Okay. I saw you falling from the  
 sky. I saved you. I think we both  
 got separated from our migration  
 groups. Weird coincidence, right?  
 You okay now? Are you able to fly?

EXT. SOMEWHERE OVER THE ATLANTIC — SUNSET

After the big bird opens her mouth, the little bird peeks out  
 and sees the sunset. She flies out of the BIG BIRD's mouth,  
 and then flies alongside the BIG BIRD.

LITTLE BIRD

I'm alive.

BIG BIRD

(laughing)

Yeah.

LITTLE BIRD

(sarcastic)

Glad someone found my near-death experience funny. That's a silver lining.

BIG BIRD

You're welcome. Gloomy bird, aren't you?

LITTLE BIRD

(indignant)

Didn't ask you to be my heroine.

BIG BIRD

Whatever. It's your fault I got lost.

LITTLE BIRD

(puzzled)

Huh? What do you —

BIG BIRD

(amused)

I saw you from afar, flying alone.  
I thought you'd be an easy snack.  
How wrong I was! Haha. You could say that I'm a mutant. I have eyes that can see further than other pelicans, maybe like an eagle's. Got me in trouble this time, though.

The little bird with a troubled look, stares into the distance.

BIG BIRD (CONT'D)

Eh, don't worry about it. Let's just say we're far more kindred than our sizes suggest. That said, still know where to go?

LITTLE BIRD

Vaguely.

EXT. SOMEWHERE OVER THE ATLANTIC — MIDNIGHT

From sunset to midnight neither birds say anything. The stars are highly visible despite the bright full moon. There is still no land in sight.

BIG BIRD

...hey.

LITTLE BIRD

Hm?

BIG BIRD

You're one of those singing birds, right? Could you sing for me? It's honestly getting boring, just us flying like this.

LITTLE BIRD

(singing, beautifully)

Hundreds, thousands of birds die during migration,  
What's a few hundred thousand lost when there are millions,  
What's a few lost when there will still be billions,  
Left behind, marching to the beat of oblivion —

BIG BIRD

(laughing)

You. Are. Such. A gloomy bird! But I like your song. It's not untrue, but maybe choose happier lyrics next time?

LITTLE BIRD

(laughing)

Sorry, this is my first time singing to another species. We blackpoll warblers like our songs as black as our souls.  
It's —

BIG BIRD

Oh no.

LITTLE BIRD

Oh don't worry, I was only kidding. Most other warblers prefer singing generic love songs and —

BIG BIRD

No no no. That's not what I meant.  
You can't see them, but I see my  
group thanks to my super awesome  
eagle-pelican eyes.

LITTLE BIRD

That's good news! ...why are you  
worried?

BIG BIRD

Well, I have to rejoin them, and at  
least a few hundred of them will  
undoubtedly attempt to eat you.

LITTLE BIRD

You go ahead, then. I'll be fine by  
myself. Thanks for the save. I mean  
it.

BIG BIRD

There's still tomorrow's sun. Let's  
be frank. You'll die. I'll drop you  
off in a safe spot once we reach  
the coast.

LITTLE BIRD

(singing)

I'm only one of millions —

The little releases tension and rest her eyes.

INT. PELICAN'S MOUTH — DAWN

During travel, the little bird falls asleep with aid from the  
gentle rocking of the BIG BIRD in flight. Thanks to the  
pelicans' speed, the LITTLE BIRD reaches the Southern coast  
alive and ahead of schedule.

BIG BIRD

We're here!

EXT. SOUTHERN COAST — DAWN

Away from the other pelicans, the little bird jumps from the  
big bird's mouth. Both birds say their warm farewells.

LITTLE BIRD

Thanks for not eating me.

BIG BIRD

(laughing)

And thank you for that dark, morbid song. I'll have to sing it to my future mate and my future children-

LITTLE BIRD

Take care not to get kicked out of your...

LITTLE BIRD (CONT'D)

own nest when you do. I don't think it's likely that we'll see each other again. I guess this is goodbye for good.

BIG BIRD

You know, if I eat you now, it means we'll be together forever and..

The little birds eyes widen.

BIG BIRD (CONT'D)

(laughing)

Just kidding! Off I go!

The big bird spreads her wings and flies away towards the beach.

INT. LITTLE BIRD'S NEST IN A TREE HOLE - DAY

Cozy by herself, the little bird reflects on the events of the week before.

LITTLE BIRD

What if the wind hadn't blown so strong and separated me from my group? What if that pelican hadn't been born with super keen eyesight? I would've been swallowed by the sea if it hadn't been for a stroke of luck. There are so many things bigger than I will ever be. The wind, the sea, the sun, and, arguably, the kind pelican. These are all things that are beyond my power to influence. I'm just measly little bird at the mercy of the world's indifferent motions.

The little bird jumps outside and continues her line of thought. She indirectly looks at the sun that almost killed her.