

Picking Day

by

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INT. NEST BEDROOM- DAY

A LITTLE WEAVER BIRD, small and yellow and who goes by LB, is sleeping soundly in bed in a neat nest interior. It is the perfect nest, luxury only achieved through effort and thought.

He sleeps soundly but is awoken by his alarm. He wakes peacefully, stretching and yawning, despite this ear shattering sound.

Rubbing his eyes open, he sees his calendar. The day is marked "Picking Day" and circled in a red heart.

LB's heart stretches out of his chest and drags him to the calendar wall where he slams into it heart-first. He gets up with little effort and looks at the calendar.

A large quirky smile crawls it's way onto his face.

He zooms away to his changing area. T-shirts, fabrics and clothing of all kinds erupt into the air and flutter to the ground. He flies over to his mirror. He is wearing a small red bow tie and his feathers are gelled back. He adjusts his tie with a big smile and gives himself a wink.

With a zooming grace, he exits his nest.

EXT. TREE OUTSIDE NEST- DAY

LB flies out of his nest's entrance and lands on an adjacent branch. He sits with his chest puffed out looking ready and eager to show off his home.

On a branch above sits a larger, scruffier BIG WEAVER BIRD, who likes to go by BRUTE. His nest is disheveled with twigs poking out in every direction and poorly woven reeds holding together the weak frame. He looks angrily down at LB's nest. He too puffs out his chest and lets out a long smokey exhale.

Brute looks forward grumpily but his mood is interrupted when he sees the FEMALE WEAVER BIRD. She goes by FIONA. She sits in a tree opposite the males preening her feathers and batting her long eyelashes lazily in their direction.

Brute's tongue dangles out of his beak and his eyes become hearts at the sight of her. He looks back at his nest with a sad, desperate expression.

An apple hanging from his branch catches his eye. He glances down again at his competition, LB. Whistling cheekily, he side-steps right towards the apple. Stopping once above it, he and jumps up and down violently.

The apple snaps from its stem and plummets towards the ground. It passes by LB's nest with a fast whizzing sound.

LB jerks with surprise and looks around to determine the apple's source but nothing could be found. Suddenly noticing Brute, he clenches his fists and tweets furiously at him.

Brute looks around and whistles, acting natural.

LB huffs and instead focuses on the Fiona. He gives her a shy wave.

Fiona blinks at him, grimaces and looks towards the sky.

Brute grumbles under his breath and looks around for another method of sabotage. A few branches above LB's nest sits a leaf precariously balanced and holding a puddle of water.

He smiles evilly upon noticing the leaf and flies up towards it.

Much like a woodpecker, he attacks the stem and water pours down onto LB.

Drenched, he shakes his feathers and fixes his tie and hairdo. With eyes closed, he calmly retreats back into his nest.

Brute gives out a triumphant laugh and smiling returns to his perch.

Still smiling he gestures suggestively at his nest to Fiona. She yawns in response. Disheartened by this, he looks woefully down at his nemesis. He leaps back in surprise as LB has re-emerged with bow and arrow in hand.

LB takes aim, pulls the arrow back as far as he can and fires.

The arrow whizzes over Brute's head and nest causing him to jump in fright. He dodges two more arrows that come flying his way.

He flaps his wings in protest and looks over again at Fiona. She looks unimpressed from the Big Bird to the Little Bird, sighs and looks down at her nails.

Brute starts to breathe quicker and heavier. He looks from side to side and thinks of an idea.

He rushes inside his nest and procures a box with a handle.

LB looks on with discomfort, trembling ever so slightly. Brute narrows his eyes and starts cranking the handle.

The cranking sound winds up when suddenly a red boxing glove comes shooting out of the box. The coil attaching the two together is long enough to reach LB and punch him in the face.

Brute bounces around from foot to foot in glee at his plan having succeeded. LB, slightly winded, lifts himself up from the ground on one wing. Glancing up at his enemy celebrating, he gnashes his teeth.

He stumbles back within his nest. Brute lets out a final cackling laugh and places the box in his pocket. Fiona has her one eyebrow raised in displeasure.

Brute raises his wings as if to explain but is interrupted by a loud tweeting coming from below.

LB, one eye bruised, is holding a paint ball gun and targeting the Brute. The two males narrow their eyes at one another and a flurry

of small different coloured bullets whizz towards Brute.

He is hit with a rainbow arrangement of bullets making him look scruffier than he already did.

LB lowers the gun and marvels at his efforts. With barely any time, however, Brute is aiming back down at him with an AK47. He aims at LB's nest and fires a rain of flaming hot bullets.

They tear LB's nest to shreds as the he cowers with wings over his head.

He looks up at his destroyed home and his lip quivers. Looking at Brute, his cheeks flush red and steam erupts out of his ears.

He hauls a bazooka from the wreckage and targets his enemy.

Brute shakes his head and wings in terror. LB does not hesitate. A missile launches from the bazooka and tears upwards towards the weaker nest.

The missile hits its target with an enormous explosion. Flames and smoke engulf the entire upper branch. The air clears to reveal Brute now black with smoke coughing soot.

Now the fight is over. LB's shoulders raise and lower with large angry breaths. He looks towards the female and his jaw drops.

Brute follows his gaze and his eyes grow wide.

Fiona is sitting on a lilo wearing sunglasses in the pool of her own mansion nest she built while the males fought.

END