

Birds  
by  
Rhys McAteer

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[rhys\\_mcateer@hotmail.com](mailto:rhys_mcateer@hotmail.com)

**EXT. WOODED AREA - DAY**

We see some shaky, amateurish footage of a woodland scene. The wind blows loudly and distorts the audio. We hear the indistinct hum of people from afar.

A young man walks into frame from behind the camera, and gazes out at the landscape with his back to us.

We hear a voice.

JONATHAN  
Is this alright?

YOUNG MAN  
Yeah, this'll do.

The young man continues to stare out with his back to the camera.

CUT TO:

The title on a black screen - "BIRDS". We still hear the wind distorting the audio.

CUT TO:

**INT. STUDIO AREA - NIGHT**

A cheap plastic chair, just out of the middle of the frame. JONATHAN, a shabby looking fella, sidesteps into frame. He sits down on the chair awkwardly, and gathers himself, as if preparing for The Big Fight. He is in a dark, sparse space that appears to be some sort of function room. His hand has some scribblings on the back of it in blue ink.

JONATHAN  
Hello bird fans. And welcome to  
Birds, the show where it's really  
Bird City. We're bonkers about  
birds. We've got birds like -

He searches for the words for a beat, then peers at the scribblings on his hand.

A voice from off-camera -

JAN  
Do you not know the fucking birds?

JONATHAN  
We've got ... pigeons -

JAN  
Ah, come on!

CUT TO:

We see that JAN is filming JONATHAN through a cheap video camera. The two of them are dressed to contrast - Jonathan in multicolours, JAN all in black.

JONATHAN  
I know the birds. They've just ...  
slipped my mind.

JAN  
Is this bit even necessary?

JONATHAN  
It's a framing device. It's  
professional, alright? The fans  
respond to it.

JAN  
Professional? Professional, is it?

JONATHAN  
Yeah. It is.

JAN  
Look at the state of the place.  
We're not even supposed to be here.

JONATHAN  
Look. It's part of the package. I  
deliver high quality bird content  
and nothing less. Now come on,  
shoot it again.

JAN  
I'm wasting my life.

JONATHAN  
[To camera] Hello, and welcome to  
Birds.

CUT TO:

**EXT. GRASSY AREA - DAY**

We see a bronze statue of an owl. The weather is lovely.

CUT TO:

We are close-up on the face of JONATHAN, staring intensely into the camera. We pull back - we see that he is rap-squatting and making a hand gesture that vaguely resembles a pair of wings. He is beneath a tree in a small grassy area.

He bellows:

JONATHAN

BIRDS.

There is a pause.

JAN

What was that?

JONATHAN

We'll cut that in. It's dynamic.

JAN

Right.

JONATHAN

You cut things like that in, see, and it breaks the monotony. It's the complete package. I'm presenting birds in a way the viewers want to see.

JAN

Okay.

JONATHAN

You've got to think about these things. I can't just sit there talking about birds.

JAN

You can't, that's right, you know fuck all about them.

JONATHAN

Yes I do. They can see UV light. Do another take.

JAN sighs. JONATHAN poses in a different, similarly ludicrous manner. He bellows:

JONATHAN (CONT'D)

DUCKS.

He keeps the pose for a moment.

JAN

Why ducks?

JONATHAN traces the outline of a pond with a theatrical arm movement, still squatting.

JONATHAN  
They are confined to the pond.

JAN  
Are they?

JONATHAN  
Let's find a duck.

CUT TO:

**EXT. THE POND - DAY**

JONATHAN and JAN are standing at the edge of a pond, staring at a disinterested duck.

JONATHAN  
That duck will do.

JAN  
Okay. Let's get the footage and  
fuck off.

JAN begins to set up his camera.

JONATHAN  
Woah. Hold the bus. You can't just  
shoot that duck.

JAN  
What?

JONATHAN  
We need to shoot that duck getting  
up to something.

JAN  
Like what?

JONATHAN  
Fighting. Eating a bit of bread.

JAN  
Ducks can't have bread anymore.

JONATHAN  
They love bread.

JAN  
Wrecks their bowels, doesn't it?  
Gives them the two bob bits.  
They've got to have seeds.

JONATHAN  
That's nonsense.

JAN  
If you feed that duck bread, it'll  
shit itself and die.

JONATHAN  
Right. Well. The viewers don't want  
that. A fight it shall be.

JAN  
How would ducks fight? What would  
they fight over?

JONATHAN  
Girls.

JAN  
It's not likely, is it?

JONATHAN  
Right. Okay. We'll get seeds.

JONATHAN picks up a carrier bag that he has laid near him,  
and walks off in a huff. He brandishes the bag in the air,  
turning back to JAN:

JONATHAN (CONT'D)  
I'm not wasting the loaf!

CUT TO:

**EXT. THE BENCH - DAY**

We see a bench surrounded by shrubbery. JONATHAN stomps into  
frame.

He sits down on the bench, takes the loaf of bread out of his  
carrier bag, and begins to eat it, biting at it in chunks.

JAN wanders into frame and sits down next to him defeatedly.

JAN  
Why do you do this?

JONATHAN  
It's what people want to see.

JAN  
Is it?

JONATHAN  
Everyone wants to know about birds.

JAN sighs.

JAN  
I had a dream last night, you know.  
I was in love with this beautiful  
woman who doesn't exist. She had a  
kid, but I didn't care, I just  
loved her. And I really felt it, in  
the dream. Genuine feelings. Like  
when you fall, and you feel it. And  
then I woke up, in my single bed,  
on my own, ready for another day of  
looking for fucking birds.

JONATHAN continues to chew at the bread like a dog with a  
bone.

JONATHAN  
I don't dream anymore.

JAN  
Hmm?

JONATHAN  
They stopped ages ago. I don't  
care.

JAN looks at JONATHAN with a confused look on his face --  
this is an unusual moment of lucidity.

JONATHAN (CONT'D)  
They're not real, are they? They  
don't mean anything.

He finishes the loaf.

JONATHAN (CONT'D)  
I'm gonna get seeds.

He leaves the frame. JAN is sat on the bench alone.

CUT TO:

We see flowers, and a wooden sculpture in close-up.

CUT TO:

Some time has passed. JONATHAN returns, breathless, with a packet in his hand.

JONATHAN  
They didn't have seeds, so I got  
Bombay Mix.

CUT TO:

**EXT. THE POND - DAY**

JONATHAN tosses the Bombay Mix into the pond. The duck is disinterested.

JONATHAN  
Do you reckon ducks can handle  
spice?

JAN  
Probably not.

We see the brothers from afar. They are stood at the edge of the pond, watching the duck, who ignores the Bombay Mix.

Cut to black.