

EXERCISE D,
OR, THREE STRANGE COMPANIONS AND A COMPANY OF THREE STRANGERS
OR, WING FOOL
OR, WIND EGG
OR, **PARROTS**

Written by

Alex Pitcher

EXT. ENDLESS FIELDS. SUNRISE - 5:15 AM

Hills. Covered in golden wheat. The wind ebbs and flows.
Evocative of a van Gogh pastoral.

The silhouette of a man in overalls, weathered boots, and a straw hat swings a scythe. This is Billy Beggar, 50s.

Super: 2004.

Billy carves his way up a hillock. There is a gnarled tree at the center--the only tree that can be seen in any direction.

NOON

The sun blasts into camera and flares in an impossible, alien pattern. The blade of the scythe comes up, then down.

Sweat drips down Billy's face in droves. His eyes bloodshot, he stops swinging and wipes his brow with his sleeve. It comes away DRENCHED.

The hillock on which Billy stands is now barren. All of the wheat has been cut down.

Billy walks to the base of the hillock where a large WHEELBARROW sits with four or five empty burlap sacks.

Billy kneels onto the ground, starts stuffing wheat into a sack.

GOLDEN HOUR - 4:30 PM

The wheelbarrow, laden with five bulbous burlap sacks, wobbles and clanks as Billy pushes it down a dirt path. Billy approaches

A FARMHOUSE

He passes a large shed, reaches the farmhouse, wheels the barrow up to the stoop.

Billy takes a handful of wheat and strips the seeds from the stalk into a tin bucket.

EXT. AROUND BACK OF FARMHOUSE. CONTINUOUS

A rusty hand-cranked pump, hanging on the handle is a COLANDER. Billy approaches with his seed bucket, places it underneath the spigot, and pumps water.

He swirls his hands inside the bucket, uses the colander to sieve out the seeds.

INT. FARMHOUSE KITCHEN. NIGHT

The oven dings. The coils inside burn orange.

The farmhouse is clearly aged, yet tidy. The kitchen itself is clean and sports well maintained vintage appliances.

Billy pours the seeds onto a baking sheet, puts the baking sheet into the oven.

Billy treads upstairs...

INT. FARMHOUSE HALLWAY. CONTINUOUS

He passes a shut door, straw pokes out from underneath. A cacophony of SCREECHES and CLANGING come from within.

Billy ignores it, reaches the room at the end of the hall, his

BEDROOM

He puts his boots away, drops his hat on the dresser.

He plops onto bed, the RUCKUS from the other room can still be heard. He reaches to the bedside table, there are two small clumps of cotton. He jams them into his ears and lets the moonlight lull him to sleep.

EXT. FARM HOUSE. NIGHT

The windows are dark except for the kitchen, which glows a dim orange.

INT. BEDROOM. SUNRISE

Empty. The blankets are unmade.

INT. KITCHEN. THAT MOMENT

Billy opens the oven and takes out the baking sheet. The seeds have been roasted to dark gold perfection.

Billy removes a tarp from a small HAND-CRANKED MILL. He places a funnel into the top sphincter, pours some seeds into it, and turns the crank.

The seeds in the funnel churn about as they are ground up--siphoned into the machine to be pressed into SMALL PELLETS

Which drop down into a channel that splits into two--leading into either of two clay bowls.

The bowls are full. Billy takes one, pours some milk into it, sits, and eats quietly.

SCREECHING and CLATTERING from upstairs.

Finished, he picks up the OTHER BOWL.

INT. HALLWAY. CONTINUOUS

Billy walks up to the CLOSED DOOR and enters.

INT. BEDROOM. CONTINUOUS

Plastered floor to ceiling with newspapers, hay, and bird shit. A wooden rod is suspended horizontally from the ceiling by two chains.

Upon which perches:

THREE PARROTS

One green, one blue, and one purple. They screech over each other:

GREEN	BLUE
Billy Beggar. Billy Beggar.	Sirloin. T-bone. Short rib. Brisket.

PURPLE
(*screeech!!!*)
Meanie mustard mustang.
(*sccrreeeeccch!!*)

Billy picks up an empty bowl off the floor and replaces it with the bowl of pellets. The parrots DIVE-BOMB it and peck at the food ravenously.

Pellets fly out and bounce around the floor.

GREEN
Sirloin. T-bone. Short flank. Short
rib.

BLUE
(*sccrreeeeccch!!*)
Meanie mustard mustang
(*sccrreeeeccch!!*)

Billy walks back out. The birds continue to screech:

PURPLE
Shoddy shingles. Crumbling clay.

GREEN
Slipping slate and a rotting roof.

INT/EXT. FARM HOUSE. DAY

Billy dons his hat and exits. As he closes the door with a THUD -- A couple SHINGLES fall off the roof.

Billy turns, looks wearily at the broken shingles in the dirt.

ROOF

Billy wobbles atop a ladder, inspecting the roof. A stack of new tiles in his hands.

ENDLESS FIELDS OF WHEAT

Billy is on his knees, digging out weeds from between wheat stalks with his fingers. He starts to crawl forward...

Stops abruptly--

Billy's POV: TIRE TRACKS AND FLATTENED STALKS.

Billy stands up. The tracks continue on into the distance.

MONTAGE:

--Billy following the tracks...

--over a hill

--down a hill

--over another hill

END MONTAGE

Billy finds himself at the bottom of a basin. He stops abruptly. He squints up.

The rumble of an engine ROARS in the distance....

Billy waits.

A NEON YELLOW MUSTANG soars over the hillock and starts doing donuts around Billy.

Billy stands dumbfounded.

The Mustang comes to a stop. The driver-side door opens and out steps a man in a hoodie, sweatpants, and flipflops.

DRIVER

Yooooo!

Billy says nothing. The Driver approaches, hand outstretched.

DRIVER (CONT'D)

This is, like, out of this world.
You've got like no idea.

Billy does not take the driver's hand.

DRIVER (CONT'D)

Call me Theo.

Billy remains deadpan. The passenger side door opens and another man gets out. He wears a Hawaiian shirt and khakis. This is Clarence.

CLARENCE

Is it him?

THEO

It's him.

CLARENCE

(TO SOMEONE INSIDE)

It's him.

Another man stumbles out--this is Hector.

Theo snaps his fingers.

Hector double-takes, grabs something from the back seat and runs over.

He hands Theo a small, aged, leather-bound BOOK. Theo opens the book in the middle and hands it to Billy:

The brittle yellowing page contains some text and a picture--an ancient looking sepia photograph of Billy Beggar.

Billy looks up.

THEO

You're, like, famous! Hahaha.

BILLY

...

THEO
Listen, I get this is like crazy
and stuff, but we're chill. You
know?

BILLY
...

THEO
We've got an extra seat if you need
a lift home.

BILLY
...

Billy blinks. Turns and walks away. The lads gawk at him.

HECTOR
(*whispers*)
So what now?

THEO
Please do not breathe on me Hector.

INT/EXT. MUSTANG. DAY

Theo drives at a meek 5 mph. He stares ahead at BILLY--who continues to walk down the path and doesn't seem to mind the following Mustang.

The other two passengers sit and watch quietly.

Hector reaches over to the RADIO and turns it on, flips through several channels. It's all STATIC.

THEO (CONT'D)
Hector.

HECTOR
Sorry.

He turns off the radio and glances at Clarence, who shakes his head.

INT/EXT. FARM HOUSE. LATER

Billy walks up the stoop and enters the living room. He takes off his boots.

Theo stops the car, gingerly walks up to the front door.

He peers inside, spots Billy sitting on a leather chair, smoking.

Billy eyes Theo, then nods.

Theo awkwardly enters.

Theo meanders about, examining the books, the fireplace, and most importantly, the screeching from upstairs.

Theo sits. Then stands. Then sits again. Then stands again.

THEO
Can I see them?

BILLY
Afore being fed?

Billy chuckles.

Theo signals Hector, who retrieves a COOLER from the trunk and stumbles inside. He drops it in the living room.

Theo opens the lid; dry ice mist wafts out.

Inside there are four ZIPLOCK BAGS full of eyeballs.

THEO
We've brought, uh, goat, deer, cat
and human.

BILLY
Whatever for?

THEO
They eat eyes.

Theo's eyes flick upstairs -- *screeeeech!!!* Billy feigns confusion.

Theo yanks out his book, flips to a page demarcated by a post-it note. He begins to read.

THEO (CONT'D)
"It is rumored in the northern
region that the paragons favored
the sight of lower creatures for
sustenance."

Theo shuts the book triumphantly. Billy gestures for the book. Theo hands it to him.

Billy looks at the cover: *"Modern Oddities of America, True and False* by Connor O'Ferris"

BILLY
Connor, you fool.

Billy stares at the name for a moment too long, as if reminiscing.

THEO
So? What do they eat?

Billy breaks out of it -- hands the book back to Theo.

CUT TO:

EXT. HILL. DAY

Theo, Hector, and Clarence swing scythes. They are clearly suffering from exhaustion. Billy lounges in the wheelbarrow and watches them.

Clarence curses to himself, shakes his head.

THEO
(*whispers*)
Shut it!

EXT. WATER PUMP - FARM HOUSE. DAY

Billy stands over the three strangers as they rinse and sieve their buckets of seeds.

INT. KITCHEN. DAY

Theo closes the oven, looks towards Billy, but Billy is already heading up the stairs.

Theo walks over to the couch and collapses onto it.

Clarence is laid out on a futon.

Hector sits in a loveseat and stares at the ceiling.

The ever present SCREECHING from upstairs refuses to let them sleep.

BEDROOM

Billy, cotton in his ears, snores over the racket.

EXT. FARM HOUSE. NIGHT

The stars shine through the darkening sky.

INT. KITCHEN. MORNING

Wheat pellets drop down into the bowls.

INT. MUSTANG. MORNING

Clarence opens the glove compartment and withdraws a DECK OF CARDS.

INT. HALLWAY - PARROT ROOM. DAY

Billy leads the three strangers up the stairs. Theo holds a bowl of pellets. He opens the door, and THEO enters.

The parrots are going crazy, flapping back and forth, scratching the strangers. Hector yelps.

GREEN
Billy Beggar. Silly
strangers.

PURPLE
Sirloin. Tongue.
(scrreeech)
T-bone. Flank.
(scrreeech)

BLUE
Billy strangers. Silly beggars.

BILLY
Swiftly! Swiftly set down the bowl!

Parrots scratch and tear at Theo's eyes.

He practically drops the bowl and the parrots dive towards the scattered pellets, gobbling them down feverously.

A period of relative calm.

THEO
What now?

Billy shrugs.

GREEN
Theo Blatty. Theo Blatty.

PURPLE
Clarence Cromwell. Clarence
Cromwell.

BLUE
Hector Stallworth. Hector
Stallworth.

The bros exchange excited glances. Theo gestures to Clarence, who takes out the deck of cards, shuffles, and hands the deck to Theo.

Theo holds his hand over the deck. Looks at the Parrots.

GREEN

Seven clubs.
Sloppy silly slips.

And picks up the card.

REVEAL a three of diamonds.

Theo shoots Billy a questioning glance.

BILLY

Silly slip.

Theo reexamines the card--and realizes that he had accidentally picked up TWO CARDS. Behind the three of diamonds is in fact the SEVEN OF CLUBS.

Theo grins and hands Clarence the deck. Theo sits down next to the parrots. Who hop backwards and quickly rearrange themselves around the food bowl.

PURPLE

Downward turn.

(*screeech*)

Wayward turn.

(*screeeeeeeech*)

BLUE

Collapsing, crashing,
crumbling.

PURPLE (CONT'D)

Sirloin. T-bone. Short flank.

Tongue. Foot.

BLUE (CONT'D)

Markets maketh man.

(*eyes Theo*)

Market man.

GREEN

Subprime mortgage bonds.

PURPLE

Falling, failing, flopping.

BLUE

Defaulted, destroyed, loaned and
lost.

GREEN

Bear Stearns: broken, stinking,
sinking.

PURPLE
Dow Jones downward drops.

BLUE
Droops, drowns, halved, harried.

THEO (to Clarence and Hector) Write this down!	PURPLE American Home Mortgage.
---	---

GREEN
American homes mortified.

THEO
But when? When?

PURPLE
End of day. End of play.

BLUE
SIRLOIN. SHORT RIB.

GREEN
T-BONE. SHORT FLANK.

PURPLE
Downward turn.
(*screeech*)
Wayward turn.
(*screeeeeeeech*)

GREEN (CONT'D)
Lehman brothers: lousy,
bankrupt.

BLUE
POP. POP. BURSTING. BURSTING.
POP. POP.

PURPLE (CONT'D)
Goldman Sachs. Sunken gold.

BLUE (CONT'D)
CRASH. CRASH. SIRLOIN. SHORT
FLANK. CRASH. CRASH.

GREEN
Loose laws and livings lost.

BLUE (CONT'D)
DESPAIR. BEWARE. TAKE CARE.

THEO
When do I sell!? When??

BLUE
T-Bone.

The parrots go quiet. The food bowl in front of them PICKED
CLEAN.

THEO
WHEN!!!!

Theo storms forward. The parrots flutter away--Billy lurches
forward, puts Theo in a headlock.

Theo relents, puts his hands up.

THEO (CONT'D)
I'm chill. I'm chill.

Billy loosens his grasp.

Theo stands up, shoots the birds an ugly glare and exits. His companions follow him.

Billy watches them go. Concerned.

INT. KITCHEN. NIGHT

Dinner. Everyone has a bowl of PELLET CEREAL in front of them. Billy scarfs down his own serving.

The bros pick at their cereal suspiciously. Theo's eyes drift upstairs--the SCREECHING in full throttle--then to the SPARE BOWL of pellets on the counter.

BILLY
Desirous of seconds?

THEO
Hm? Oh. Haha. I'm good.

BILLY
Excellent.

Theo and Clarence exchange conspiratorial glances.

INT. LIVING ROOM. NIGHT

Billy sits in his leather chair and smokes his pipe. The three bros sit on the couch and watch.

Billy, done smoking, begins to exit.

HECTOR
Night bro.

Theo shoots Hector a scathing glare.

Billy stops at the foot of the stairs, redirects slightly, and readjusts a PAINTING on the wall. *Then* exits.

All three bros listen intently to Billy's footsteps as he walks into his bedroom. They hear a doorknob turning, the squeaking of hinges, and the door shutting.

INT. BEDROOM. NIGHT

Billy sits in bed, smoking again. Eyebrows knit. Thinking.

He looks at the CLUMPS OF COTTON on the nightstand.

INT. LIVING ROOM. LATER

Theo watches the ceiling, ears perked. A moment passes.
Nothing but parrot noise.

He turns to his companions. Nods.

HALLWAY

Theo tucks a CHAIR under the DOORKNOB of Billy's bedroom.

KITCHEN

Hector takes the HAND CRANKED MILL and runs out of the room.

INT/EXT. MUSTANG - RIGHT OUTSIDE THE FARMHOUSE

Hector pops open the hatchback and puts the MILL inside. He
TAKES OUT a metal BIRDCAGE.

CLARENCE seats himself at the wheel and starts the engine.

HALLWAY

Standing in front of the PARROT ROOM, Theo snaps his fingers
at Hector, who passes him the SPARE bowl of pellets.

Theo composes himself, then enters...

BLUE

Silly. T-Bone. Theo Blatty.

GREEN

POP. POP.

PURPLE

There you go.

(screeech)

There you go.

(screeech)

They scratch at his head. He puts the bowl down. They dive
and collectively eat.

GREEN

T-Bone. T-Bone. Sirloin. Short
flank.

HALLWAY

Billy's door--still barricaded with the chair. We slow pan down the hallway to reveal a LARGE PAINTING. Beat. It trembles... *Click...* and SWINGS FORWARD.

PARROT ROOM

With the parrots "focused" on Theo, Hector creeps around their flank, bird cage in hand. He unclips the bottom base plate and the wiry top of the cage.

WHAM! HECTOR slams the top part of the BIRD CAGE over the parrots, trapping them inside.

 BLUE
Very bad!
 (*screeeeech*)
Very bad!
 (*screeech*)

 PURPLE
T-Bone! Sirloin!
Flank! Chuck! Brisket!

Hector closes the cage. Theo YANKS it out of Hector's hands.

 THEO
Shhhhhh!!!

 GREEN (O.S.)
VERY BAD! VERY BAD! SCREECH
SCREECH!

 PURPLE (O.S.)
UH OH UH OH

Theo bolts towards the door, as he steps across the threshold
--

Billy's scythe ARCS DOWN and plants itself in the top of Theo's SKULL. The blade disappears down Theo's neck and chest.

Theo, instantly dead, drops the cage, which rolls backward towards Hector's feet. Hector stares in horror.

 GREEN (CONT'D)
Unfetter and understand.
 (*screeech!*)

 PURPLE
Farmer forgives.

 BLUE
If you free us.

 PURPLE
Farmer forgets.

BLUE
Please return us.

Hector looks back up at BILLY, who is struggling to extract his blade from Theo's skull.

Hector ain't buying it.

BLUE (CONT'D)
Heady Hector's heading hellward.

Hector lunges for the cage, picks it up, doubles back, and DIVES out the window--

EXT. BEHIND THE FARMHOUSE - ROOF

Hector slips and slides across the roof, shingles breaking off around him. He claws about but his fingernails can't find purchase -- all the tiles give at the slightest touch.

Hector braces himself as he hurtles off the edge of the roof--

And lands HARD, rolls in the grass, heaving, the wind knocked out of him. The birdcage bounces down nearby a CLANG and a SHRIEK.

INT. PARROT ROOM

BILLY finally dislodges his scythe from Theo's skull and rushes down the stairs.

INT/EXT. MUSTANG - FRONT OF THE FARMHOUSE

CLARENCE sits quietly at the wheel -- tapping his fingers nervously. He hears a distant cry, broken, almost a croak.

HECTOR (O.S.)
Heeeeeeeelpppp!

Clarence perks up, on alert.

EXT. BEHIND THE FARMHOUSE. - NIGHT

Hector pulls himself to his feet, immediately collapses with a YELP.

He crawls forward and rolls the bird cage in front of him with his hands.

HECTOR
CLARENCE!!!

--SCRREAAAK

Hector whips around to see Billy at the threshold of the back door, scythe in hand.

--GRRRRRRRRMMMMMM

The MUSTANG FISHTAILS AROUND THE CORNER behind Billy, screeching to a halt.

Billy turns, eyes meet Clarence's.

Clarence takes it all in: the bloody scythe, Hector writhing on the ground, the birds SQUAWKING in their cage.

Beat.

And Clarence SLAMS THE GAS--

Billy lunges out of the way, but the Mustang clips him and sends him flying.

Clarence SLAMS THE BREAKS, pulling up next to Hector.

CLARENCE

Get in.

Hector looks up at his savior in relief. Tosses up the birdcage, starts to pull himself up.

IN THE DRIVER'S SIDE MIRROR: Billy picking himself up, left arm dangling.

BACK TO HECTOR, struggling in.

BACK TO THE MIRROR: Billy moves towards the car.

BACK TO HECTOR, finally pulls himself up, and Clarence throws the car in reverse--

RAMS INTO BILLY. THUD.

Billy gets sucked into the wheels, body OBLITERATED INSTANTLY. An eyeball pops out, skull cracks, limbs twist.

Billy is dead.

They zoom away.

INT/EXT. MUSTANG - ENDLESS FIELDS. CONTINUOUS

Traumatized, HECTOR stares at the birds in front of him, which wreak havoc inside their cage, chewing at the wires and scratching at his fingers.

GREEN
End of day. End of play.

PURPLE
Flank. Sirloin. Chuck.
Brisket. T-bone.

BLUE
Delta Financial Corporation.

GREEN (CONT'D)
Dead, failing, collapsing.

CLARENCE
What are they talking
about!!?

PURPLE
Flank. Sirloin. Chuck.
Brisket. T-bone.

HECTOR
I don't know!

BLUE
Downward! Hellward!

CLARENCE
Just shut them up! Just shut
them up!

GREEN
Just shut them up! Just shut
them up!

PURPLE
Flank! Sirloin! Chuck! Brisket! T-
bone!

Hector shakes the cage. The parrots yelp.

HECTOR
Stop it!

BLUE
Flank! Sirloin! Chuck!
Brisket! T-Bone!

HECTOR (CONT'D)
Stop!

GREEN
Flank! Sirloin! Chuck!
Brisket! T-Bone!

HECTOR (CONT'D)
PLEASE!

Clarence eyes something off to his right--in the fields--a dark shape--

CUT TO:

EXT. FARM HOUSE. THAT MOMENT

With Billy -- His face is smashed beyond recognition.

Blood percolates through the soil.

CUT TO:

INT/EXT. MUSTANG. NIGHT

The parrots are at it still. CLARENCE flicks on his BRIGHTS--
TO REVEAL a HERD OF GRAZING COWS RIGHT IN FRONT OF THEM.

	PURPLE		GREEN
FLANK!		FLANK!	

Clarence SWERVES around a cow--who doesn't seem to notice.

	GREEN (CONT'D)		BLUE
SIRLOIN!		SIRLOIN!	

A pair of cows up ahead--Clarence yanks on the wheel, almost losing control--

The car FLIES BETWEEN the Cows, barely missing them.

	BLUE (CONT'D)		PURPLE
CHUCK!		CHUCK!	

ANOTHER COW DEAD AHEAD, it MOOS.

	GREEN		PURPLE (CONT'D)
BRISKET!		BRISKET!	

CLARENCE twists the wheel--barely dodging--

Now in a direct path of A BULL, HUGE, MASSIVE HORNS-- too close to react--

--and they SLAM into its broadside--

	ALL PARROTS
T-BONE--	

The animal's huge body gets lifted over the hood of the Mustang and CRASHES INTO THE WINDSHIELD--CRUSHING CLARENCE AND HECTOR. Glass shards everywhere. Metal TWISTS. Torn bits of bull SPRAY blood. Parrots SCREECH.

The car--bull on top of it--RAMS into the TREE. Clarence is thrown forward. Smoke rises from the engine block.

HOLD.

Flames tickle the footwell. Clarence -- blood down his forehead -- blinks awake. He looks to the passenger seat:

Hector has been impaled in the forehead and stomach by the bull's horns.

CUT TO:

EXT. FARM HOUSE. NIGHT

Billy's mangled body, twisted at multiple impossible angles.

HOLD.

Billy JOLTS UPRIGHT--GASPS. Shocked, in pain, filling his lungs with air.

He examines his broken leg. His shaking fingers pull it over. He yells as he corrects its angle.

He feels his fractured, disfigured face.

He RESETS his nose, smooshes together his fractured skull, until he looks like a somewhat healthy human again.

He looks around and spots his eyeball.

He picks it up and pops it back in to its socket.

Billy's POV: some dirt obscures his vision.

He blinks and rubs his eye.

CUT TO:

INT/EXT. MUSTANG. NIGHT

Clarence spots the BIRDCAGE, half crushed, crammed between the passenger's side door and Hector's corpse.

He shakes himself into action, reaches forward and pushes on the bull's head, trying to dislodge the horns from Hector. It doesn't budge.

Clarence hears a familiar SCREECH.

BLUE
Clarence Cromwell. Clarence
Cromwell.

CUT TO:

INT/EXT. FARMHOUSE - KITCHEN. NIGHT

Billy struggles to his feet. He finds his SCYTHE and turns around. In the distance, twinkle of fire beneath the gnarled tree.

CUT TO:

EXT. MUSTANG - ENDLESS FIELDS. NIGHT

The fire is spreading. Clarence pushes with all his might on the Bull, nothing. He coughs--the fire is catching on the cow's fur and the smoke billows into the night air.

PURPLE

Nice try. Clarence Cromwell. Nice try.

He tries again, both hands, face flushed with the exertion.

Nothing.

Clarence collapses back into his seat. Breathing heavily.

Beat.

Clarence blinks.

He hops out, runs around the car, and opens the passengers seat. The birdcage clatters out.

BLUE

Well done! Well done! The steak's well done!

Clarence looks down at the half-crushed cage. Green feathers and viscera poke out of the destroyed portion.

BLUE (CONT'D)

Friend is felled. Green is gone.

PURPLE

Please return us.

BLUE

Farmer forgives.

PURPLE

If you free us.

BLUE

Farmer forgets.

Clarence peers in the distance. Chews his lip. After a moment of deliberation, he picks up the cage and starts limping away, as fast as possible.

BLUE (CONT'D)
(with a touch of
incredulity)
 Clarence Cromwell! Clarence
 Cromwell!

DAWN BREAKS.

WITH BILLY

Slowly pursuing Clarence, limping -- he can JUST make out Clarence in the distance: a tiny dot.

WITH CLARENCE

Tripping and tumbling down a hill. He picks up the birdcage and scrambles up the next hillock.

WITH BILLY

Billy can see Clarence's figure faltering.

CLARENCE looks behind and sees Billy's figure, steadily approaching.

PURPLE
 End of play, Clarence Cromwell!

CLARENCE
 Shut up!

Clarence keeps going--gasping for breath. He tumbles again.

BILLY'S LIMP begins to lessen, and soon, he's walking confidently towards the panicked Clarence.

The parrots claw at Clarence's fingers. Clarence drops the cage.

He pulls down his sleeve and with the added protection, picks up the cage again.

Billy grows closer.

CLARENCE (CONT'D)
 No! No!

Clarence--with the last of his energy--begins to RUN.

Billy maintains his steady gait.

Clarence mounts the top of a hillock and looks around.
Endless fields of wheat in every direction.

A prison of open space.

Clarence, knowing he's lost, turns around.

Billy approaching, steady as ever, just a few yards away.

Clarence gathers the last of his strength, breathes deep--

AND CHARGES, SCREAMING.

Billy doesn't even blink.

Clarence raises the bird cage as a makeshift weapon, SWINGS wildly. Billy sidesteps.

Clarence turns and swings again. Billy dodges and pushes Clarence down.

Clarence stumbles into the wheat, the bird cage goes clanging.

Clarence crawls backward through the wheat. Billy approaches.

CLARENCE (CONT'D)
Stop. Please.

Billy stands over him.

CLARENCE (CONT'D)
I have money. It's yours. Have my money. All my money.

Billy tightens his grip on his scythe.

CLARENCE (CONT'D)
I'm sorry. I'm so sorry.

Billy raises his scythe.

CLARENCE (CONT'D)
I said I was sorry!

The parrots jump in the cage.

BLUE
Sorry! Clarence Cromwell's sorry!

PURPLE
Slicing scythe.
(screech)
Sliding scythe.
(screech)

BLUE (CONT'D)
 Clarence Cromwell clunks his
 khakis.

PURPLE
 Start of day.
 (screech)
 End of play.
 (screech)

CLARENCE
 But I am--

Billy brings down the blade.

Kathunk.

Billy recomposes himself and wipes his brow.

EXT. ENDLESS FIELDS - TREE HILL. NOON

The tree is charred and black.

Billy approaches the remains of the Mustang. He drags
 Clarence's body with one hand and carries the bird cage--with
 Green's corpse still inside--in another.

Blue and Purple are perched on his shoulders

Billy loads Clarence's body into the Mustang. He wedges
 himself between the nose of the mustang and the tree and
 pushes. After a few moments of strained concentration, the
 Mustang begins to roll backwards down the hill.

Billy pushes the car across the fields and hillocks.

Reaching the FARM HOUSE,

Billy slowly steers the car towards the

SHED

Billy opens the shed's double doors and walks in. It's dank
 and musty. He pulls a CHAIN and the floor lowers itself into
 a ramp down the mouth of A GIANT UNDERGROUND CAVERN.

Billy pushes the car down the ramp and tucks it near the
 mouth of the cave.

We track backwards, deeper into the cave to reveal rows of
 vehicles and piles of skeletons. Cars, motorbikes, pick up
 trucks. Cobwebs everywhere.

Track backwards further: vehicles begin to look more like antiques from the 70s. Streamlined coupes and mustard yellow convertibles.

Deeper still into the cave and the vehicles get even older. Old pinwheel cars from the 40s. An old VW Buggy.

And soon--some Ford model T's.

And after that, WAGONS and horse skulls.

After *that*, webs and dust...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BEDROOM. DAY

BLUE and PURPLE, with little splints on their wings, hop around BILLY who sits at a desk with twine and tools.

He reaches into the bent birdcage and scoops out the GREEN PARROT's body, flattened and bloody.

Montage: Billy works at the Green Parrot's body with tools. He unflattens it, sticks the feathers back, and mends the broken beak with some super glue.

The repaired body sits dead. Billy wipes his brow. The other parrots hop around the Green parrot.

Billy sighs.

And then--the Green Parrot shakes itself awake!

BLUE
Hello! Hello!

PURPLE
Bonjour! Bonjour!

It wobbles to its feet. And begins to hop with the other parrots.

GREEN
Billy Beggar. Savior Beggar.

The parrots flutter up and jump on top of Billy's head.

They chirp and chant his name.

Billy looks out the window. Weary.

And the sound of chirping parrots fades away, replaced instead by a low breeze, brushing over the fields. Endless wheat swaying back and forth. There's a small ebb. A pause.

And a gust resumes the flow.

CUT TO BLACK

THE END.