

Rats With Wings

by
Ross Duggleby

The sun creeps slowly up the stone church wall.

The back door of the church jerks open. The feet of an old man, moccasin slippers and loose tartan pajama bottoms, steps out. This is ARTHUR WALSH, the church warden. He is muttering to himself.

ARTHUR WALSH

All an old man asks for is a good night's sleep... and again... again... this racket. And look at the state of this yard!

The churchyard is caked in splodges of white bird poop, on the floor, the gravestones, the flowers everywhere. The trash can next to the door is over turned, garbage is strewn across the floor.

He grabs a brush and starts sweeping, still muttering.

ARTHUR WALSH (CONT'D)

One night... that's all.

His brush crosses over a patch of bird poop on the floor, in the middle is the cut-out shape of a pigeon.

The camera stops, as if to investigate and looks to the right. A streaky trail of white poop leads down the path and through the wrought iron gate.

We follow the streaky drag marks to the gate, jump through the railings and out onto the street. We glance right, then left, spot the trail and continue.

The streaks continue down the street. A paper-boy skids past, music blaring out of his headphones. The camera dodges.

We pass between the feet of a couple talking to each other, continuing to follow the trail.

A dog sniffs its way down the street, we follow the trail as the dog stops cocks its leg and the camera dodges.

The trail eventually leads to an old abandoned house.

The camera pauses, and then tentatively follows the trail up the stairs, through a broken cat flap and inside.

The house is a run-down mess. Cobwebs and garbage everywhere.

Inside the house the trail stops at a FAT PIGEON, semi-conscious and lying on a tatty yellow pages. He is muttering incoherently to himself as two other pigeons scrub him down with nail brushes.

Around them, other pigeons sit battered and injured, cleaning themselves of poop. They are all members of the Livia pigeon-mafia family.

Sitting behind them a stout, old pigeon sits on an old shoe, head on his wing, clearly unhappy. This is DON LIVIA, head of the Livia family.

DON LIVIA
Someone will pay for this!

He slams down his wing with a CRASH, the other pigeons are startled, the fat injured one sits up suddenly as if suddenly lucid.

FAT PIGEON
Spicy Italian on Rye, hold the
onions.

His eyes roll up and he suddenly faints with a THUD.

3

EXT. PUBLIC PLAZA - MORNING

3

The sun rises over the city rooftops. Morning traffic begins to take to the streets.

We fly over the city and drop down to home in on a public plaza.

An OLD MAN is sitting on a bench throwing chunks of bread to the pigeons.

He talks to them lovingly.

OLD MAN
There you go my lovelies...

The pigeons bustle around collecting bread with their beaks.

We focus on a handsome pigeon, LUCKY. He picks up a piece of bread with his beak, then looks around nervously, tucks the bread under his wing and hurries towards a trash can.

The other pigeons cluck around him, also picking up the bread and surreptitiously tucking chunks under their wings.

Their movements are regimented and organized, each covering a fixed line of the plaza around the bench.

Behind the trash can, Lucky drops a few lumps of bread from under his wing.

Two other PIGEONS, members of the Columba family, are frantically moving chunks of bread from the pile into a paper fast-food bag.

COLUMBA PIGEON 1

Full load!

One of the pair calls out the order, then the two pigeons pick-up the bag in their beaks and fly upwards.

Another pair step-forward and continue bagging up the bread.

We follow the flight of the first pair, the fully-laden bag in their beaks. They are flanked by four large mean looking pigeons; security detail.

They fly over the city, the bodyguards glancing around to check for threats. They home in on a church roof and fly through a broken roof tile.

4 INT. COLUMBA CHURCH HIDEOUT - CONTINUOUS 4

Inside is a production line of action. A huge pile of bread is being systematically divided into smaller piles by the Columba pigeons and placed in empty burger boxes.

Opposite, a huge pile of trash is being sifted through by a group of other pigeons.

At the end of the room, a large godfather pigeon sits looking pleased with himself, this is DON COLUMBA, well-groomed, but old, with sagging jowls.

A RAT stands next to him, fanning him with a scrap of cardboard.

DON COLUMBA

Another day, another victory.

He laughs out-loud dramatically. The rat laughs with him, nervously.

5 EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING ROOFTOP - DAY 5

On a flat apartment building rooftop in the city a collection of cages are arranged under a makeshift plastic roof.

All the cages have white doves inside, except for one which sits empty.

They are all engaged in exercise activities. Some are doing press-ups, others sit-ups.

One trims his neck feathers carefully with a razor blade singing to himself.

DETECTIVE MACK

Why do doves suddenly appear...
every time, crime is near...

He continues to hum. All the doves have tags on their legs.

The door from the stairwell creaks open - an old man steps out. They all jump into normal dove positions and start clucking randomly.

This is GEORGE POTTERSWORTH, the keeper of the doves.

GEORGE

Good morning my beauties!

George holds a bag of feed and lovingly goes around each cage, carefully opening the doors and filling up the food bowls, the doves peck at the feed.

He pauses at the empty cage and touches a name plaque, it reads "Lucky".

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Two months and still nothing...
breaks my heart.

After he finishes feeding, he looks at his cages, smiles and then shuffles off back to the stairwell. He goes back through the door, pulling it shut behind him.

The doves relax, the shaving dove looks at the empty cage. This is DETECTIVE MACK, a rough and ready type, with a square jaw, he talks in a thick New York accent.

DETECTIVE MACK

How you think he's getting on?

6

INT. COLUMBA CHURCH HIDEOUT ROOF - CONTINUOUS

6

Lucky, the handsome pigeon from the plaza, stands in a corner of the roof space behind a curtain made from a rag of cloth.

He is carefully touching up his grey make-up in a broken shard of mirror with soot from a lump of charcoal. He meticulously dabs on grey with a cotton bud, when satisfied he stops and looks at himself.

LUCKY

(to himself)

You looking at me?

(he looks around
theatrically)

(MORE)

LUCKY (CONT'D)
 You looking at me? I don't see
 anybody else here-

A shout from outside disturbs him.

RAT
 All pigeons report now!

Lucky sighs, then psyches himself up in the mirror and
 tucks his yellow clip under his leg feathers.

He checks himself once more then heads out through the rag
 curtain.

DON COLUMBA
 Pigeons, these are good times. We
 are really turning the screw on
 the Livia. They can only claim to
 hold one territory fully now.
 This work is down to you - my
 trusty foot-soldiers!

The pigeons grin and cheer.

DON COLUMBA (CONT'D)
 So... what do we do at moments
 like this, when we are on top?

RAT
 (excitedly)
 We sit and chill out, put our
 feet up and enjoy-

Don Columba throws an rusty paper clip at the rat, it
 catches him on the nose.

DON COLUMBA
 Stupid rodent! That is exactly
 what we don't do. We keep on
 turning the screw! Rid this city
 of Livia once and for all.

The rat cowers, rubbing his nose.

DON COLUMBA (CONT'D)
 That, my rodent friend, is why
 pigeons rule the streets and rats
 rule nothing but filthy holes!

He paces down the line of pigeons.

DON COLUMBA (CONT'D)
 We must step up efforts. Squeeze
 every crumb out of this city and
 leave the Livia... and the
 rats... with nothing!

The pigeons cheer. The rat sulks.

DON COLUMBA (CONT'D)
 Now go soldiers - wreak havoc on
 these streets. Let no-one be
 uncertain about who runs this
 city - me, Don Columba!

The pigeons cheer again and start filing out of the church
 roof.

7

EXT. URBAN STRET - DAY

7

A trash can, full, has something rustling around inside.

A grubby pigeon pops his head up, in his beak is a chunk of
 hot-dog.

DIRTY PIGEON
 (muffled through hotdog)
 Bingo!

A woman about to drop a diet soft drink can in the bin
 screams and jumps away.

WOMAN
 Argh! Disgusting!

DIRTY PIGEON
 You love it darling!

The woman rushes away.

The pigeon pulls himself out of the trash and sits on top,
 his eyes widen as he soaks up the sight of the hot-dog.

He rubs his hands and takes a peck.

CARLO COLUMBA (O/S)
 Just can't beat good American
 hotdogs hey Lino?

LINO COLUMBA (O/S)
 That's right Carlo. American are
 best.

The dirty pigeon freezes with a chunk of hot-dog in his
 mouth. Carlo is perched on one side of the trash can, Lino
 on the other.

The dirty pigeon slowly flits his eyes from Carlo to Lino
 and then down to his hot dog.

CARLO COLUMBA
 Of course. You know who really
 loves hot dogs don't you?

LINO COLUMBA
 No Carlo. Why don't you tell me?

CARLO COLUMBA
Don Columba. He really loves a
good American hotdog.

The dirty pigeon gulps.

LINO COLUMBA
Oh, that's right! I think it's
his favorite right?

The dirty pigeon flits his eyes again, then dives his head
down trying to gobble down as much hotdog as he can.

Carlo and Lino dive into the trash can. All the pigeons
disappear under the trash in the fracas. Garbage flies out
in the commotion.

A business man, about to drop a sandwich box in the trash
can pulls back in disgust.

BUSINESS MAN
Gross! Man, I hate pigeons. Just
rats with wings!

A moment later Lino and Carlo both emerge holding a chunk
of hot-dog each, smiling.

CARLO COLUMBA
Next can?

LINO
Yes siree!

They hop out and flutter down to the next trash can.

The dirty pigeon pops his head out. He is a mess, and
furious.

DIRTY PIGEON
Damn wise-guys! Can't an honest,
law-abiding pigeon earn a living
in this city!
(suddenly excited)
Ooh! That sweet, young child
isn't looking at his sandwich!
Lunch-time!

He jumps out excitedly.

8

EXT. SUBURBAN GARDEN - DAY

8

An ELDERLY WOMAN fills up a nut feeder in her back garden.

ELDERLY WOMAN
Oh, I do love the spring!

She potters over to a tree and hangs the feeder on an old rusty nail with her stick.

She potters back to a deck-chair and sits down happily.

ELDERLY WOMAN (CONT'D)
How lovely, a chance to watch the birds happy in the garden.

She smiles, then instantly falls asleep and starts snoring loudly.

A couple of BLUE-TITS fly down onto the feeder.

BLUE-TIT 1
Never get salted these days.

BLUE-TIT 2
Clogs the tubes - gotta watch the blood pressure.

BLUE-TIT 1
Blood pressure, schmud pressure.
Its all about the taste man.

They begin pecking away.

A large grey wing taps one of them on the shoulder.

The blue-tit turns around slowly, his eyes widen as he sees two Columba pigeons staring back at him.

COLUMBA PIGEON 1
Make like a tree and leaf!

COLUMBA PIGEON 2
That's a good one, I like that.
Leaf! Haha!

Pigeon 2 laughs, Pigeon 1 feigns modesty.

COLUMBA PIGEON 1
I got a whole load of them.
Err... 'make like a drum and beat it?

Columba Pigeon 2 laughs again. The blue-tit looks nervous.

COLUMBA PIGEON 1 (CONT'D)
Oh yeah, then there's 'make like a strawberry and jam?

COLUMBA PIGEON 2
Nah, I don't like that one.

BLUE-TIT 1
Me too. Not so good.

Pigeon 1 is annoyed.

COLUMBA PIGEON 1
Get the hell outta here!

The blue-tits scamper off scared.

COLUMBA PIGEON 1 (CONT'D)
Crow bar?

Columba Pigeon 2 passes him a bent handleless screwdriver. He wedges it in the corner of the door and cracks it open.

Nuts pour out and rush onto the grass below.

COLUMBA PIGEON 1 (CONT'D)
(without looking down)
You forgot the bag again, didn't you?!

Columba pigeon 2 looks sheepish.

COLUMBA PIGEON 2
Err... be right back.

He flutters off towards a trash can.

COLUMBA PIGEON 1
(shouts after him)
How many times?! Honestly, if there's ever a price on your head, take it.

He takes a nut out of the feeder and eats it.

COLUMBA PIGEON 1 (CONT'D)
Never get salted these days.

He shrugs.

9

EXT. BEHIND BAKERY - DAY

9

Lucky and two other Columba pigeons fly down into the alley behind the bakery, they land on top of a dumpster and hide behind black garbage bags.

They watch as the back door of the bakery opens and a YOUNG MAN exits carrying two stacked trays. He tips off the trays into a dumpster and heads back in.

A pair of STREET PIGEONS fly down and land in the dumpster.

LUCKY
Come on guys.

He waves the two Columba pigeons to follow him and together they glide over to the dumpster.

They perch on the edge and peer in.

The two street pigeons are frantically stuffing the bread under their wings.

STREET PIGEON 1
Quickly. Quickly. Get it all. The Livia will be here soon.

LUCKY
Oh no they won't!

The pigeons look up at Lucky and the two Columba pigeons perched on the edge of the dumpster.

LUCKY (CONT'D)
We rule this patch. The Livia are nothing now.

The two street pigeons quake in the dumpster. They are terrified.

LUCKY (CONT'D)
Now, wing it over. 20%.

The street pigeon's face drops.

STREET PIGEON 2
20%! Come on, the Livia only ever take fifteen.

LUCKY
Like I said the Livia are nothing now. Don Columba owns you now.

The street pigeons are desperate.

STREET PIGEON 1
Please man. What if the Livia come asking as well?

LUCKY
They won't. Like I said, this is our turf now. If they do, then that 20% is what helps us protect you. Now wing it over!

The street pigeons reluctantly hand over some chunks of bread and smile nervously.

Lucky shakes his head.

LUCKY (CONT'D)
Ah, ah, ah.

He beckons for more. They reluctantly give it up and nervously escape.

The Columba pigeons grin.

COLUMBA PIGEON 1

Let's get back. The boss will be super happy with this one. Right from under the Livia noses.

Lucky grins.

LUCKY

Nah... I've got other ideas.

The other two look confused.

LUCKY (CONT'D)

Sure, this is good. But we could do better. That whole place is filled with bread. I'm thinking a heist!

The two pigeons look worried.

COLUMBA PIGEON 4

But the Don said we can only take from pigeons, not from people!

LUCKY

That's because he doesn't want you numb-skulls messing it up and getting us into trouble. I've got an idea which will get us a bread bonanza! Now you in or not?!

They nod reluctantly.

10 INT. BAKERY - LATER

10

Its closing time. The BAKER is packing up the shop.

There's a crash at the back door. He frowns and heads out back.

He looks through the window and sees Columba pigeon 4 lying there, apparently unconscious.

BAKER

Oh dear, poor thing!

He opens the door and reaches down to pick up the apparently unconscious bird. As he is doing so, Lucky and the other pigeon slip in through the top of the open door and hide behind a cupboard.

The baker holds the pigeon. Unsure what to do. It spasms in his hands, he jumps, but then, realizing its still alive brings it into the back of the shop.

The other two hide, their backs flattened against the cupboard. The baker takes a paper towel and soaks it in warm water. He dabs it on the pigeons forehead. The pigeon feigns coming round.

The baker smiles. The pigeon opens its eyes and sits up. The baker opens the door and carefully puts it on the tarmac, it stands uneasily at first, then starts walking around.

The baker reaches back in for some bread scraps and gives them to the pigeon. He pecks away.

The baker smiles and closes the shop. He locks the back door and takes his coat off the rack, then heads through to the front of the shop.

He shuts off the lights and exits through the front door. Off-screen, the bell rings, the door is pulled shut and locked.

The pigeons step out of their hiding place and look around with wonder. They are surrounded by racks of bread and cakes, croissants and bagels.

Lucky grins.

LUCKY

Boy is the Don gonna be happy
with me!

He flutters up to the window sill and unlatches the catch.

COLUMBA PIGEON 3

How you know how to do that?

LUCKY

Err... you learn a lot on the
streets. Guess I saw someone do
it before. Get up here, help me
out.

Columba pigeon 3 flies up onto the window sill, they shove the window ajar. Columba pigeon 4 flies up to the gap.

COLUMBA PIGEON 3

Reno! You gotta see this man!
This is epic!

LUCKY

There's no time for that. Reno,
go fetch more guys. We're gonna
need them.

Columba pigeon 4 nods and flies off. The others hop down and start moving bread to the counter-top next to the window.

11 EXT. BEHIND BAKERY - LATER

11

Eight or so Columba pigeons form a line and pass bread between them, from the window sill to the dumpster, where others are bagging it up and taking it into the air.

Lucky pops his head out.

LUCKY

We're all done here. Lets roll.

He hops out with Columba Pigeon 3 and they force the window shut.

Lucky grins and rubs his wings together.

LUCKY (CONT'D)

Job well done!

They fly off.

12 INT. COLUMBA CHURCH HIDEOUT - LATER

12

Don Columba is asleep in a shoe box. The rat tip-toes over and taps him on the shoulder.

He stirs.

RAT

Err... sir, I think you're gonna wanna see this.

Don Columba rubs his eyes and sits up.

He looks across the room. In the middle of the space is a huge pile of bakery products, he can't believe it.

DON COLUMBA

Who is responsible for this?!

LUCKY

I am sir.

The Don is angry.

DON COLUMBA

This can not have been stolen from pigeons. You know the pigeon code - we can't steal directly from people?

LUCKY

Believe me Don, it was the perfect heist, they won't suspect a thing. And anyway, don't you see? The Livia are down, all but out.

(MORE)

LUCKY (CONT'D)

The pigeons of this city are terrified of you. What better thing to do than to give back to them, to make their fear become love?

The Don stares at Lucky.

DON COLUMBA

Lucky. Come over here.

Lucky looks nervous, and sidles over.

The Don's anger fades. A grin comes across his face.

DON COLUMBA (CONT'D)

The pigeons' hero, eh? I like that.

He raises his wing triumphantly.

DON COLUMBA (CONT'D)

Tomorrow, I become the pigeons' hero! Make those Livia look like fools!

The pigeons all cheer. Lucky sighs in relief.

13 INT. LIVIA HIDE-OUT - NEXT DAY

13

Don Livia sits looking glum. He plays with a small toy car in his wings.

TONY LIVIA, a young, dashing pigeon, comes in. He looks worried.

TONY LIVIA

Don Livia, I have some bad news.

Don Livia hurls the car across the room.

DON LIVIA

You think I need more bad news?! We've lost control of the city, what could be worse?

TONY LIVIA

It's the Columba sir. They... they are giving out bread on the streets.

Don Livia almost chokes.

DON LIVIA

Giving it out? Giving it out? What day is this when the Columba are GIVING bread out?!

He is furious and smacks over a tin can next to him. Tony jumps.

DON LIVIA (CONT'D)
Where, may I ask, did they get
this wonderful gift of bread,
which they are so kindly giving
out on the streets?

Tony Livia looks flustered.

DON LIVIA (CONT'D)
I'll tell you where, my dear
Tony.

He leans close into to Tony and whispers to him.

DON LIVIA (CONT'D)
They stole it from people.

Tony nods in agreement.

TONY LIVIA
Yes, Don. That's why I have an
idea.

The Don slouches down onto a burger box.

DON LIVIA
Well, come out with it.

TONY LIVIA
We should go to the cops.

The Don jumps up furiously, and smashes the burger box across the room.

DON LIVIA
Tony! Have you lost your mind?

He pauses for a moment, in thought.

DON LIVIA (CONT'D)
(his demeanor changes)
Though Don Columba has clearly
lost his to be going against the
age old code of not taking from
people. Maybe its time we lost
ours too?

DON LIVIA (CONT'D)
Do it Tony. Though not you, send
someone else. You're far too
precious to me to risk on
something so crazy as this.

Tony nods and leaves the room.

DON LIVIA (CONT'D)
 (to himself)
 Breaking the age old code hey?
 Well two can play at that game!

He grins.

14

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING ROOFTOP - LATER

14

The doves sit around in their cages. Some sleep, others chat.

Mack, sits chatting to DETECTIVE ALDO, a skinny, geeky looking dove.

DETECTIVE MACK
 Err... favorite brown?

DETECTIVE ALDO
 Oh that's easy man. Rye, always
 Rye. I do love me a bit of Rye.

Mack thinks for a moment.

DETECTIVE MACK
 Favorite Italian?

Aldo squeals in delight.

DETECTIVE ALDO
 Oh yeah! Green olive Ciabatta,
 now that's what I call a bread.
 Best with a little soaking of
 olive oil, reminds me of old
 Sicilia!

He purposely pronounces Sicilia in a thick Italian accent.
 DETECTIVE PRONTO a slim, jumpy type calls down from the
 cage above.

DETECTIVE PRONTO
 Reminds you of old Sicilia - hah!
 You got no idea where that even
 is.

Aldo jumps up annoyed.

DETECTIVE ALDO
 Shut up Pronto. I do too. Its...
 err, its over in west-side behind
 that big guy holding doughnuts.

The doves laugh.

DETECTIVE MACK
 No it ain't. Its down in South
 side, just past the lake.

Other pigeons, including Detective Harry join the conversation.

DETECTIVE HARRY

No man... its-

DETECTIVE Sharp, a straight-laced dove, stands up suddenly from his watch position.

DETECTIVE SHARP

Intruder alert! All doves to stations!

They all jump up and stand to attention in their cages.

DETECTIVE SHARP (CONT'D)

Who goes there?!

Livia pigeon 1 flutters cautiously up.

LIVIA PIGEON 1

I come with information.

DETECTIVE SHARP

What kind of information?

D.I. BARNES, an older smart, direct talking dove and the leader of the department steps forward.

D.I. BARNES

Thank you Sharp, let him speak.

Sharp nods. The Livia pigeon lands on the roof, the doves are all pressed against the side of their cages to hear. He keeps looking nervously over his shoulder.

LIVIA PIGEON 1

Its... its err. The Columba. They've been stealing.

DETECTIVE ALDO

Ha! I thought you said you had information!

LIVIA PIGEON 1

Not from us. From people... and not just a couple of loafs - a whole bakery!

The Livia informant is skittish. Barnes looks pensive.

D.I. BARNES

This is serious. Do you know the location?

LIVIA PIGEON 1

Somewhere in the centre. Hard to say, but its gotta be one of the places on the High Street.

(he glances skittishly around)

I gotta go, its not safe for me here.

He takes flight. Barnes thinks the situation over.

D.I. BARNES

OK doves. Listen up. This is not usual Columba behavior, so what's going on?

DETECTIVE ALDO

Maybe Don Columba has had a change of heart and is helping the needy?

The doves laugh.

DETECTIVE ALDO (CONT'D)

(defensively)

It's possible.

D.I. BARNES

No Aldo, its not. This is Don Columba we're talking about, just about the meanest pigeon alive.

(pauses for thought)

No, there is something going on here, we gotta find out what it is. How long til release?

Aldo grabs up a pair of kids binoculars and trains them on a distant church clock tower.

He lowers them then tries to replicate the clock hands with his wings, calculating as he does so.

DETECTIVE ALDO

Three pie slices sir.

Barnes rolls his eyes.

D.I. BARNES

OK, we got about fifteen minutes to get ready, so gather round.

The pigeons shuffle as close as they can in their respective cages.

D.I. BARNES (CONT'D)

We're going to split into three stake-out teams, two shifts each, one on each bakery.

Aldo is confused and is trying to work things out in his head.

D.I. BARNES (CONT'D)
Mack, you and Aldo take first shift on that little red place, I got a gut feeling that's the most likely so get your things together pronto.

DETECTIVE PRONTO
What things sir?

D.I. BARNES
No... Sorry Detective Pronto, I was talking to Mack and Aldo. I meant sort things out quick sharp.

DETECTIVE SHARP
Ready sir! Tell me what and I'm on it sir!

D.I. BARNES
Eh? Oh, Detective Sharp, no I meant hurry up.

DETECTIVE HARRY
Up-

D.I. BARNES
(interjects,
exasperated)
I did not say 'Harry'! Don't play games with me! Now! Go!

DETECTIVE MACK AND ALDO
(in unison)
Yes sir!

They start rustling around in their cages, preparing.

D.I. BARNES
Sharp, Pronto you're second shift. Harry, Loaf, you take...

15 TITLE: FOUR HOURS LATER 15

16 EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING ROOFTOP - LATER 16

The doves sit in their cages completely bored. They play aimlessly with things, WHISTLE or pace up and down.

DETECTIVE ALDO
Where is he?

D.I. BARNES
 Mission aborted I guess. Dammit!
 This is vitally important to our
 case!

The door to the stairway rattles and George emerges. The doves all jump up and stand ready for action.

GEORGE
 Oh my babies. I am so sorry, how
 could I leave you like this?

He smiles at the doves.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
 It's too late for your flight
 time now. Can you hold on til
 tomorrow?

DETECTIVE MACK
 I feel like he's not letting us
 out.

D.I. BARNES
 Let him have it boys!

The doves start going crazy, shaking their cages and jumping up and down. George is taken aback.

GEORGE
 My my. You really want to go that
 much? Well I guess so, but I hope
 you know you've got to be back
 before dark.

He opens the cage doors one by one, the doves calm down.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
 Go on then my lovelies!

He waves his arms and the doves take flight, soaring into the dimming evening sky.

George stands smiling at them go.

17 EXT. BEHIND DIFFERENT BAKERY - LATER

17

Mack and Aldo drop down on a nearby rooftop. They peer down into the alley.

DETECTIVE MACK
 Looks clear. Lets set up down
 there.

Aldo nods. They flutter over the parapet.

18

EXT. BEHIND DIFFERENT BAKERY - LATER

18

Aldo and Mack sit on the dumpster in a cardboard box. The bottom flaps have been folded open, through a slot they have a direct view of the bakery.

DETECTIVE MACK

So tell me. You Italian Americans, why you always pretend to be so... Italian.

DETECTIVE ALDO

Because we are. I got cousins in Venice.

DETECTIVE MACK

Yeah, seagulls in Venice Beach maybe! You don't even know where Sicily is, how can you say your Italian?

DETECTIVE ALDO

Its pronounced 'Sicilia'. What can I say? Romance is in the blood.

Mack laughs.

DETECTIVE ALDO (CONT'D)

You Irish are the same. You're hardly fresh off the boat.

DETECTIVE MACK

I don't claim to be Irish.

DETECTIVE ALDO

Only when it suits you hey?

DETECTIVE MACK

I only ever say 'I'm of Irish descent.'

DETECTIVE ALDO

Except when you're talking to the ladies hey?

DETECTIVE MACK

Yeah, like any ladies would wanna be shacked up with a detective dove, the freedom we get.

They both sigh and sit pensively.

DETECTIVE ALDO

Lucky was... he was lucky, finding Cher Ami.

DETECTIVE MACK
Luck ran out though hey?

They sit pensively for a moment.

DETECTIVE MACK (CONT'D)
So what you like? Green or purple
sheen?

DETECTIVE ALDO
I'd take what ever I get.

DETECTIVE MACK
Typical Italians!

DETECTIVE ALDO
You?

DETECTIVE MACK
Green all the way... I am Irish
no!

They laugh. Aldo suddenly grabs the binoculars

ALDO
We got action.

Through the binoculars, three doves flutter down onto a
dumpster near the back door of the bakery.

DETECTIVE MACK
Gimme those.

He grabs the binoculars and trains them on the three doves.
Two are hiding behind some trash, the other takes flight
and flies straight into the back door window.

DETECTIVE MACK (CONT'D)
What on earth are they doing.

DETECTIVE ALDO
What? Let me see. What they
doing?

The pigeon lies on the floor, twitching. The back door
opens and the BAKER comes out. He looks down at the pigeon,
takes a stick and prods it. It twitches.

The baker looks around. He bends down to pick the pigeon
up.

The other two pigeons sneak in through the top of the door
opening.

DETECTIVE MACK
Cheeky little-

DETECTIVE ALDO
What? What are they doing.

DETECTIVE MACK
Shh!

The baker goes back into the bakery. Moments later he comes out and puts the pigeon on the floor. It walks around fine.

The baker smiles throws some bread down and closes the door. Moments later the pigeon takes off in flight.

They watch and wait. The lights go off in the window.

A moment later, the window slides open and a pigeon sticks his head out. He looks round and then pulls it back in.

A baguette emerges, sliding long ways out of the window, a pigeon emerges holding it.

DETECTIVE MACK (CONT'D)
We're on!

They leap out from behind the box and swoop over to the bakery. The pigeon spots them and desperately dives for cover, they corner him.

DETECTIVE MACK (CONT'D)
Taking from people huh? That's a Federal Offense.

DETECTIVE ALDO
Just out of curiosity, they got any green olive ciabatta in there?

COLUMBA PIGEON 1
I think they did. Let me-

He tries to move.

DETECTIVE MACK
Stay right where you are!

Another pigeon emerges from the window behind a large croissant, he lowers it.

LUCKY
What you doing out-

He sees the doves and freezes.

DETECTIVE ALDO
Luck-

DETECTIVE MACK

(interjects)

-what he's got in his hand - a funny shaped bread thing. Caught red-handed.

(He pauses, unsure how to react, then suggestively)

There is no way out.

He flits his eyes to the right, hinting.

Lucky frowns.

LUCKY

Err... yup. You got us officer. No way out of here.

He glances to his left and nods almost imperceptibly.

They stand awkwardly for a moment. Aldo looks confused as Mack and Lucky are trying to orchestrate their subtle escape.

The other pigeon also looks a little lost.

DETECTIVE MACK

Get them Aldo-

As he says it Lucky dives to his left. Mack dives as well and purposely misses. Aldo stands there lost.

The other pigeon sees his chance and flutters upwards. He joins Lucky in the sky.

COLUMBA PIGEON 1

Come on! Lets get out of here.

LUCKY

Hah! Stupid doves.

(awkwardly)

You need to err... keep praying if you want to catch a Columba.

The other pigeon frowns and waves Lucky away.

Mack looks up thoughtfully.

19

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING ROOFTOP - LATER THAT NIGHT

19

The doves are back in their cages. Barnes sits thoughtfully.

D.I. BARNES

So it was definitely Lucky?

DETECTIVE MACK
Plain as day sir.

D.I. BARNES
And he said - 'You have to keep
praying if you want to catch a
Columba'?

DETECTIVE MACK
That's right sir. I think it was
some kind of code.

D.I. BARNES
But what did it mean.

DETECTIVE ALDO
I think he just meant it would be
really hard.

D.I. BARNES
Aldo, shut up. There's more to
it, I'm sure.

In the background the church clock chimes eight o'clock.

There's a pregnant silence then suddenly:

D.I. BARNES (CONT'D)
That's it! The Columba - their
base, it must be in the church!

DETECTIVE MACK
You think so sir?

D.I. BARNES
I do, I know Lucky. I know how he
thinks. I'm sure that was his
meaning. Tomorrow we check it
out.

20 INT. COLUMBA CHURCH HIDEOUT - NIGHT

20

Don Columba sits looking at the city through a broken roof
tile covered by a piece of broken glass.

Lucky steps in nervously.

LUCKY
You wanted to see me Don?

DON COLUMBA
Yes Lucky. I did. Come closer.

Lucky edges closer.

DON COLUMBA (CONT'D)
 So, this incident today. Face to
 face with the police, yet you
 somehow managed to escape? I tell
 you Lucky, its all very
 convenient, no?

Lucky swallows nervously.

DON COLUMBA (CONT'D)
 You know why it seems convenient
 to me Lucky, this brilliant piece
 of evasion that you pulled off?
 (steps closer to Lucky)
 Why it seems somehow set-up?
 Orchestrated?

Lucky flits his eyes nervously, trying to think of ways to
 get out of the situation.

DON COLUMBA (CONT'D)
 I'll tell you why Lucky.

He stands face to face with Lucky.

DON COLUMBA (CONT'D)
 Because after your master-piece
 heist yesterday, I was looking
 for another reason to promote you
 to Capo - and here it is. Perfect
 and undeniable - now I'd be mad
 not to promote you!

Lucky smiles and nods manically.

DON COLUMBA (CONT'D)
 Well... say something.

LUCKY
 Err... thank you Don... Thank you
 so much. I won't let you down.

DON COLUMBA
 Oh you won't. (beat) Because you
 know what happens to pigeons that
 let me down don't you?

His face turns serious, Lucky nods frantically. Don Columba
 puts his wing on Lucky's face and smiles warmly.

DON COLUMBA (CONT'D)
 Now get out of here and do your
 job!

As he takes his wing off Lucky's face, Lucky quickly covers
 it with his own wing, nods and sidles out.

21 INT. COLUMBA CHURCH HIDEOUT - CONTINUOUS 21

Lucky steps out of the Don's corner. He is shaking.
He touches his face to check his make-up then scuttles off.

22 INT. LIVIA HIDE-OUT - MORNING 22

Don Livia is snoring in a pile of newspaper. Tony Livia enters.

TONY LIVIA

Don!

Don Livia jerks awake and looks around in panic.

DON LIVIA

Oh Tony, its you. I was having
a... Never mind. Talk to me.

TONY LIVIA

The cops caught them in the act,
Don.

Don Livia rubs his hands together in triumph.

TONY LIVIA (CONT'D)

Err... but they, err... they
escaped.

Don Livia cries out.

DON LIVIA

Nooo! How! Those useless damn
doves! They couldn't catch a
cold!

He looks around the room, a handful of miserable looking
pigeons are sitting around dozing.

DON LIVIA (CONT'D)

Look at us! Look how pathetic we
are! Accepting defeat like this!

He shakes his head defiantly.

DON LIVIA (CONT'D)

Oh no! We don't just accept
defeat like losers. We fight! My
grandfather would fall of his
perch if he could see us moping
around like this! Come on
pigeons! Time to take it to the
Columba!

The pigeons get up tentatively.

DON LIVIA (CONT'D)
Are you ready for this boys?

There is a half-hearted cheer.

DON LIVIA (CONT'D)
I said, are you ready to fight
for what's rightfully ours?
(corrects himself in a
mutter)
Well, kind of.

They cheer again, louder.

DON LIVIA (CONT'D)
Come on boys! We go at them right
at their heart! Let's roll!

The pigeons cheer and start making preparations.

23 INT. COLUMBA CHURCH HIDEOUT ROOF - LATER 23

The rat scuttles up in a panic.

RAT
(screams)
Territory four violated! All
pigeons prepare!

The church roof is all action stations, pigeons all around
are shuffling into a regimented line.

Don Columba strolls down the line defiantly.

DON COLUMBA
They never seem to learn, this is
our city! Yet again and again
they try.
(turns to the pigeons)
Go get 'em boys!

The rat holds open a roof-tile as pigeons let out a WAR CRY
and leap one by one through the hole, like parachutists
from a plane.

The rat squeals excitedly as they go.

RAT
Whoo! Go get 'em boys!

24 EXT. COLUMBA CHURCH HIDEOUT - CONTINUOUS 24

The pigeons, around twenty of them, fly in a tight triangle
formation, and soar over the city rooftops.

25 EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - CONTINUOUS 25

A small boy stops in the street, mouth agape staring at the pigeons in formation.

He points and pulls his mother's skirt, she ignores him and pulls him away.

26 INT. AN OLD WOMAN'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS 26

An old woman sits watching daytime TV, suddenly her signal goes and the TV turns to static.

She reaches over and starts beating the TV with her stick.

27 EXT. CITY ROOFTOPS - CONTINUOUS 27

The triangle of pigeons passes over a rooftop, knocking over TV aerials as they fly.

One grins and drops poop onto some laundry, he is quickly reprimanded by Lucky.

LUCKY
Save your ammunition, dammit!

28 INT. OFFICE BUILDING - CONTINUOUS 28

A group of businessmen are having a meeting. In the window behind them the Columba pigeons soar past the window in formation.

No-one notices.

29 EXT. PUBLIC PLAZA - CONTINUOUS 29

In the plaza a group of Livia pigeons are frantically raiding a trash-can, one spots the incoming formation and screams.

TONY LIVIA
Take cover!

The Livia pigeons leap off the trash can and frantically head for cover.

Some shelter behind the trash can, others dive into a bush, yet others waddle desperately towards a nearby bench, heads bobbing frantically.

The incoming Columba formation swoops over and bombards the area with poop in a co-ordinated air-strike.

One Livia pigeon is too slow to get under the bench and gets splattered, he lies there weakly waving his wing.

The Columba formation has split in two and the flanks are swooping round for a second drop.

Tony Livia barks orders from behind the trash can.

TONY LIVIA (CONT'D)
Quickly - go for the left!

He runs out, joined by three others, and they take flight, aiming for the heart of the left side of the Columba formation.

The left flank is disrupted and thrown into chaos. The four fly through them and soar into the city. A group of nine Columba desperately spin and lay chase.

The other half of Columba pigeons swoop back round, Lucky leading them.

LUCKY
They're covered, we have to land!

They swoop down to land facing the bench, suddenly the other Livia group leap into the air and splatter three of them with poop.

The Columba are thrown into chaos, some taking to the air to chase the attackers, Lucky and some others manage to take shelter.

A few are covered in poop and struggling to move, groaning as they try to heave themselves to cover.

30 EXT. CITY STREETS - CONTINUOUS

30

We follow the first group in their high speed chase through the city. Four Livia frantically pursued by a formation of nine chasing Columba.

They speed down the city high-street, ducking around signposts, electrical wires and traffic lights.

The front four constantly let out globs of poop which spin backwards into the chasing Columba formation.

The Columba spin and dodge to avoid the globules, one gets caught in the face and nose-dives into the street.

They continue to speed down the street, dodging between obstacles. A set of traffic lights turns red, they speed through.

They spin round a corner into a residential street, then right between two houses, a woman stepping out of her house screams and drops her laundry.

They soar over prim-suburban garden after garden. Speeding past the heads of people gardening or hanging out laundry.

Two Columba get tangled up in laundry on a line.

The chase continues, and the poop firing also. Tony Livia looks worried.

TONY LIVIA

I'm out!

He squeezes a couple of times, but nothing. Livia Pigeon 2 glances across at him and then crashes into a tree.

Three Livia are chased by six Columba, they spin left again, back into the city centre and drop down into a busy road of morning commuter traffic.

The six are catching them as they speed past obstacles.

A man steps out of a bank, in slow motion, Tony Livia screams.

TONY LIVIA (CONT'D)

Nooo!

He slams on the brakes, but too late and smashes straight into the open glass door. Two Columba drop down and grab him.

Two chased by four, they dodge traffic lights and street signs, but the four are catching. The leader of the two spots a bus.

LIVIA PIGEON 3

Follow me!

The other pigeon nods. They speed towards the back of the bus.

Almost about to hit the bus the leader pigeon shouts.

LIVIA PIGEON 3 (CONT'D)

Now!

They dive last minute and fly underneath the moving bus. The chasing four Columba slam on the brakes.

From inside the bus, children sit playing on the back seat, four pigeons slam into the back window and slide down.

No-one notices.

32 EXT. PUBLIC PLAZA - CONTINUOUS

32

A stand-off is in progress. A few dazed pigeons are lying around the ground covered in poop, others are sheltering behind objects and barking orders.

One of the defending Livia pigeons screams.

DEFENDING PIGEON

They got me pinned down!

Another makes a run from behind his cover - in slow motion, he charges across the ground at two attacking Columba pigeons, one is Lucky, they leap in the air and bombard him with poop, he collapses screaming.

The pinned down pigeon leaps in the air and flies away.

LUCKY

Let him go! Regroup!

They fly up onto the fountain. Two of them helping an injured friend.

LUCKY (CONT'D)

How are we for numbers?

COLUMBA PIGEON 2

Few men down boss, but the plaza is ours.

Three pigeons lie on the floor of the plaza covered in poop and waving their wings for help.

LUCKY

Get the guys, lets get back!

Six pigeons swoop down to the plaza and help the injured three.

33 EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING ROOFTOP - CONTINUOUS

33

All the doves are pinned to one side of their cages, desperately trying to see the action.

Aldo holds the binoculars. Barnes shouts out to him.

D.I. BARNES

Detective Aldo! What's going on?

Aldo looks on.

DETECTIVE ALDO
Looks like its over sir. Columba
held the turf.

D.I. BARNES
Any stragglers?

DETECTIVE ALDO
Can't confirm sir.

D.I. BARNES
(stressed)
We gotta get out of here and
investigate.

DETECTIVE SHARP
Due for release at fourteen
hundred hours Sir.

Barnes shakes his head.

D.I. BARNES
OK doves, we need all forensics
kits prepped and ready to roll.

They all nod and rummage around in their cages.

From underneath feed bowls or tufts of hay they take out
small collections of cotton buds, plastic magnifying
glasses and small plastic bags. Placing them carefully in
organized piles.

DETECTIVE MACK
What now sir?

D.I. BARNES
We wait... We just gotta hope
he's on time today.

34 INT. COLUMBA CHURCH HIDEOUT - CONTINUOUS

34

Tony Livia sits dazed, he is tied to a soda can. A bottle
of water is emptied over his head, he wakes with a start.

The rat stands alongside him looking mean. Don Columba
strolls out of the shadows.

DON COLUMBA
Well, well, well... If it isn't
Tony 'Hawk-eye' Livia himself...
Don Livia's favorite little
hatchling. What a catch indeed.

TONY LIVIA
You're not getting any-

The rat slaps him. He rights himself and shakes his head.

DON COLUMBA
 (In Tony's face)
 I do the talking here my friend!

He strolls around him. From behind the curtain, Lucky peers through, desperately interested in the events.

There are two gongs as the church clock sounds two o'clock.

Lucky glances in the direction of the noise, then cautiously steps out.

DON COLUMBA (CONT'D)
 So, what do we do with you? Give you a slap and send you back to Daddy? A little... encouragement if you will.
 (grins)
 Or do we just ship you off and send him your wing tips?

He lurches towards Tony, who shrinks backwards. The rat heaves him back up to sitting.

DON COLUMBA (CONT'D)
 Of course-

LUCKY
 Don?

Lucky is standing behind him.

DON COLUMBA
 What?! Can't you see I'm in the middle of something here?

LUCKY
 Permission to do a perimeter patrol?

DON COLUMBA
 Yes, yes... off you go.

Lucky scuttles off and flies out of the church tower.

35 EXT. COLUMBA CHURCH HIDEOUT - CONTINUOUS 35

Lucky flies out of the church tower roof-top, the clock shows two o'clock.

36 EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING ROOFTOP - CONTINUOUS 36

The doves are all standing to attention in their cages. D.I. Barnes strolls back and forwards in his cage briefing them, their heads all follow him.

D.I. BARNES

Columba are on top... their is no doubt about that. We gotta make contact with Lucky and find a way to bring this war to a head.

He pauses thoughtfully, the other doves heads stop as well. He starts again, the other doves heads follow him again.

D.I. BARNES (CONT'D)

If we can force them into an all out war, we can bring both families down. First we need-

The door opens and the old man steps out, they all return to normal dove positions and coo away, heads bobbing.

GEORGE

Time to fly my beauties...

He opens the cages one by one and they stand ready for flight.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Off you go!

They launch themselves into the air and take-off. The old man smiles in wonder as they soar into the sky.

37 EXT. NEARBY ROOFTOP - CONTINUOUS

37

The doves land on a roof close-by but out of sight from the watching old man.

D.I. BARNES

Right. Pronto, Johnson, go to the rendezvous point with Lucky, see if he shows today. Grey, get over to the church, see if there is any sign of Columba, Brown get to the Livia place. Everyone else with me to the plaza.

DETECTIVE DOVES

(in unison)

Yes sir!

They take off in their respective directions.

38 EXT. PUBLIC PLAZA - CONTINUOUS

38

The main group of detective doves land in the street near the plaza. They stand in a grid formation, Barnes at the front.

D.I. BARNES
 OK, we need a full perimeter
 patrol first, to check for spies.
 Sharp and Banks, head North-east,
 Harry and Jones-

A small girl walks past, mouth agape at the doves standing
 to attention in formation, she tugs at her mother's blouse
 to try to tell her. Her mother ignores her and pulls her
 away.

D.I. BARNES (CONT'D)
 Aldo and Loaf you're the last
 group, take the South-east. Re-
 group at 1430 hours. Understood?

The doves all answer in unison.

DETECTIVE DOVES
 (in unison)
 Understood, sir!

39 EXT. ALLEYWAY - CONTINUOUS

39

Lucky waits nervously behind a trash-can. There is a noise
 behind him, he is tense and holds out a fragment of mirror
 to see who it is.

There are silhouettes of two pigeons walking down the
 alley. They get closer, but he still can't tell.

He hears one of them clear his throat and then coo, like a
 dove. He sighs in relief and steps out.

LUCKY
 Hey guys!

Johnson and Pronto grin.

JOHNSON
 Lucky my man! How you doing?
 First time you've made the meet
 for a loooong time! How's life on
 the underground?

Lucky looks nervous still.

LUCKY
 Things are difficult guys, I
 gotta be quick. The situation is
 really serious right now.

They nod.

LUCKY (CONT'D)

They got Tony Livia - Hawk-eye! I think they're gonna whack him - I had to leave before I could find out, but it looks that way.

JOHNSON

This is serious.

LUCKY

Sure is - this is gonna bring all out war. I gotta get going guys. I dunno if I'm gonna be able to make the meet again, but make sure the boss knows - OK?

JOHNSON

And what you said about praying, the Columba hideout yeah?

LUCKY

Yeah, the church in the centre. In the rooftops.

JOHNSON

Right under our noses and we didn't even notice.

LUCKY

I gotta go.

They nod. Pronto puts a wing on Lucky's shoulder.

PRONTO

Good luck bro - we're proud of you. We'll get you out of there soon, I promise.

Lucky nods nervously. He smiles tensely and flies away.

40

EXT. PUBLIC PLAZA - CONTINUOUS

40

Aldo and DETECTIVE LOAF, a big fat dopey looking dove, patrol the south east corner of the plaza.

DETECTIVE ALDO

You know what we need?

DETECTIVE LOAF

Uh?

DETECTIVE ALDO

Greater fire-power, we need something that can really knock them for six - bam!

He swings his wing dramatically. Loaf nods.

DETECTIVE ALDO (CONT'D)
The question is, what-

They stroll on, Aldo is in thoughtful silence, Loaf looks dopey.

A young boy hurls a stone at Aldo, it bounces and hits him on his tail, he loses it and starts screaming at the boy.

DETECTIVE ALDO (CONT'D)
Ow! You little swine! I should come over there and knock your ugly little block off.

The boy giggles.

DETECTIVE ALDO (CONT'D)
(rattling on to Loaf)
Honestly, the little ones are the worst. The big ones don't seem to care about us, but the little ones! Oh, they are evil - chasing us, throwing stones at us. Don't they realize it hurt-
(it dawns on him)
That's it!

DETECTIVE LOAF
Uh?

41 EXT. PUBLIC PLAZA - LATER

41

D.I. Barnes stands next to a trash can as the other doves return. They stand in formation. Aldo and Loaf are the last ones back, they hurry into formation, Aldo is clearly excited.

D.I. BARNES
Sharp, Banks, all clear?

SHARP AND BANKS
(in unison)
All clear sir!

Aldo is dancing around excitedly, desperate to speak.

D.I. BARNES
Harry and Jones, all clear?

HARRY AND JONES
(in unison)
All clear sir!

D.I. BARNES
Aldo and Loaf, all clear?

DETECTIVE ALDO
All clear sir. Sir, sir, I've-

D.I. BARNES
Aldo remember who you are!

DETECTIVE ALDO
Sorry sir.

D.I. BARNES
Drake and Mack, all clear?

DRAKE AND MACK
All clear sir!

Aldo dances around desperately. Barnes ignores him.

D.I. BARNES
OK doves. We need the most thorough policing you've ever done. Footprints, feather fragments, ammunition samples. I wanna know every pigeon that was here - understood?

DETECTIVE DOVES
(in unison)
Understood sir!

Aldo still bounces around.

D.I. BARNES
OK. Sharp Banks - quadrant A.
Harry Jones - head to B. Drake
Mack - you take C. You two take
D.

He motions at Aldo and Loaf.

D.I. BARNES (CONT'D)
Any questions?

Aldo desperately tries to wave his wing, but Loaf thumps him on the back of the head.

D.I. BARNES (CONT'D)
OK doves. Into action. Report
back at fifteen hundred.

DETECTIVE DOVES
(in unison)
Yes sir!

They waddle off in their respective directions. Aldo stands exasperated.

- 42 EXT. PUBLIC PLAZA QUADRANT A - CONTINUOUS 42
Sharp and Banks stand next to some pigeon footprints in poop. Banks takes out a Kleenex and lays it on the footprint. Sharp rubs it carefully with his wing, before Banks lifts up the copy of the print.
Sharp nods with a grin.
- 43 EXT. PUBLIC PLAZA QUADRANT C - CONTINUOUS 43
Drake and Mack rummage through long grass. Mack picks up a feather and nods at Drake. Drake smiles and opens a small plastic bag.
Mack places it in.
- 44 EXT. PUBLIC PLAZA QUADRANT B - CONTINUOUS 44
Harry and Jones rummage around in a trash can. Harry spots some bread crumbs on the floor behind the can. They hop down and pick up samples, placing them in plastic bags.
- 45 EXT. PUBLIC PLAZA QUADRANT A - CONTINUOUS 45
Sharp and Banks stretch a measuring tape over the pigeon outline cut-out of poop on the plaza floor.
After taking the length, they shift ninety degrees round to take the width.
- 46 EXT. PUBLIC PLAZA QUADRANT C - CONTINUOUS 46
Drake and Mack re-enact a possible scene, studying the footprints as they do so. Trying to work out how it went down.
- 47 EXT. PUBLIC PLAZA QUADRANT B - CONTINUOUS 47
Harry and Jones follow a diminishing trail of bread crumbs, then check the direction against the sun.
They nod to each other in agreement.
- 48 EXT. NORTH-WEST CORNER OF PLAZA - CONTINUOUS 48
Aldo and Loaf walk side by side. Aldo looks glum. Loaf scoops up a sample of poop on a cotton-bud and slips it into a plastic bag.

DETECTIVE ALDO
Why you do that?

DETECTIVE LOAF
The boss told us to.

DETECTIVE ALDO
No... Not that. I mean stop me
telling them my idea?

DETECTIVE LOAF
I dunno.

DETECTIVE ALDO
You dunno?! This could change our
whole situation and you 'dunno'!

He quotes the word with his wings.

DETECTIVE LOAF
You move too fast. Its kind of
annoying.

DETECTIVE ALDO
Did you fall off your rooftop
when you were young, or were you
born this way?

DETECTIVE LOAF
Uh?

Aldo rolls his eyes. He stops next to a children's gravel
play area. Loaf wanders on without noticing.

Aldo takes up a pebble and hurls it at Loaf. He misses and
hits a small girl on the leg. She starts crying then looks
at Aldo.

Aldo looks guilty. The girl charges at him and chases him
across the play area, taking wild kicks in his direction.

Loaf notices nothing, and continues scooping up poop.

49 EXT. PUBLIC PLAZA - LATER

49

The doves stand in the plaza for a de-briefing.

D.I. BARNES
So doves, what do we have?

Aldo thrust up his wing, desperate to speak.

D.I. BARNES (CONT'D)
Harry?

Harry pulls out a bag of bread crumbs.

DETECTIVE HARRY
It was definitely a bread-racket
incident.

(MORE)

DETECTIVE HARRY (CONT'D)

Its the same bread that was distributed at the park, though unable to verify if it was the same distributor or just the same bread source.

DETECTIVE PRONTO

Also Sir, judging by the direction of the trail, we can only conclude that the Livia got some out of there before the Columba arrived.

D.I. BARNES

Good work guys.

Aldo jumps around desperately.

D.I. BARNES (CONT'D)

Mack - what you got?

Mack holds out a few bags containing feathers.

DETECTIVE MACK

Well we got a lot of samples. Must've been quite a scrap down there. I have yet to check the records, but its seems some pretty high-profile members were on the scene.

Sharp holds up his wing. So does Aldo.

D.I. BARNES

Sharp?

Aldo is intensely annoyed.

DETECTIVE SHARP

We can confirm the identity of Tony Livia sir. We got a very clear footprint - looks like he was right in the middle of things.

Barnes nods thoughtfully.

D.I. BARNES

Aldo go on.

DETECTIVE ALDO

I got it-

Mack interrupts.

DETECTIVE MACK

I can concur with that sir, the feathers here do seem to hold a lot of similar-

Aldo loses it, he grabs a small pebble and hurls it at Loaf. It hits loaf on the head, he stumbles uneasily for a moment, slumps down into a sitting position and rubs his head.

D.I. BARNES

Aldo! What the hell has got into you?! Anymore of this silliness and you'll be turning in your clip!

DETECTIVE ALDO

I'm sorry sir, but its really important.

D.I. BARNES

Assaulting another officer? Important?

DETECTIVE ALDO

This is it - our way to get on top - don't you see?

Loaf sits dazed.

DETECTIVE LOAF

Where am I?

D.I. BARNES

Aldo you have one chance to explain yourself, if not you're in serious trouble.

DETECTIVE ALDO

(takes a deep breath)

We need an advantage - something to give us an edge. This is it - these little pebbles - we can massively increase the impact of our fire-power if we ingest these.

Barnes looks unsure.

D.I. BARNES

Are you suggesting...

DETECTIVE ALDO

Look!

(hurries over to a dazed Loaf)

Even this big numb-skull felt it!
(MORE)

DETECTIVE ALDO (CONT'D)
Think what it would do to a err..
normal pigeon.

Barnes nods thoughtfully.

D.I. BARNES
You might have a point. We do
need some kind of edge on these
gangsters.
(pauses for thought)
Where did you get these?

50 EXT. CHILDREN'S GRAVEL PIT - MOMENTS LATER

50

The doves all stand in a line at the edge of the gravel
pit. Most look a little worried, Aldo is super-excited.

Barnes takes a breath.

D.I. BARNES
OK Doves, commence 'Operation Eat
Stones'

Aldo excitedly starts shovelling stones into his beak. Loaf
tries a few then smiles, he seems to like them.

The others are more tentative, but have to follow orders.

As they eat, Grey returns. He looks confused and asks Mack
what is going on.

DETECTIVE MACK
Err... its called 'Operation Eat
Stones'

DETECTIVE GREY
Err... Yeah I can see that. Why?

Aldo hurls a small pebble which bounces off Grey's wing.

DETECTIVE GREY (CONT'D)
Ow!

Aldo grins.

DETECTIVE ALDO
That's why!

D.I. BARNES
Grey - what's your update?

DETECTIVE GREY
(rubbing his wing)
Can't say for sure if its the
main hide-out, but definitely
some activity going on in the
church roof.

D.I. BARNES
 OK, lets hope the guys can meet
 up with Lucky and ask him what he
 meant.

He waves Grey towards the gravel, he starts eating it
 tentatively.

51 EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING ROOFTOP - LATER 51

The doves fly slowly in and land heavily and clumsily. Loaf
 is gliding in, constantly losing altitude, he smacks into
 the parapet and grabs on with a wing.

A group of doves waddle over to help him. They heave him up
 and over the parapet, he falls on to the rooftop with a
 heavy thud.

The doves sit around looking uncomfortable, holding their
 bellies.

D.I. BARNES
 Aldo, are you sure this is going
 to work?

DETECTIVE ALDO
 (confidently)
 My calculations support the
 theory sir.

52 TITLE: HALF AN HOUR LATER 52

53 EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING ROOFTOP - LATER 53

The doves all lie around the rooftop groaning and clutching
 their bellies.

DETECTIVE LOAF
 The pain...is...too...much.

D.I. BARNES
 Aldo you idiot! This is a
 disaster.

In the background someone farts. The doves are all
 suffering terribly.

Pronto and Johnson fly down onto the roof. They look around
 with confusion.

DETECTIVE JOHNSON
 Err... sir, we managed to meet
 Lucky...
 (MORE)

DETECTIVE JOHNSON (CONT'D)

He confirmed the church location
and he also says the Columba have
Tony Livia, they're going to
whack him... sir, what is going
on here?

Barnes is furious. Someone farts loudly.

D.I. BARNES

That stupid... Never mind. Hawk-
eye Livia hey, this is serious.

He groans in pain, then belches loudly, a small pebble
shoots out of his beak. He blushes.

54 INT. COLUMBA CHURCH HIDEOUT - CONTINUOUS 54

Lucky creeps back into the Columba hideout. Don Columba
glances at him, but thinks nothing of it.

Tony Livia is still tied to the can and unconscious.

The rat plucks out one of his wing tips and puts them in a
tuna can. He wraps it in a scrap of newspaper and two big
pigeons take it and set-off through the hole.

55 INT. LIVIA HIDE-OUT - LATER 55

The newspaper package is slammed down in front of Don
Livia. He looks at it bleakly.

He slowly eases back the newspaper then gasps.

He pulls out the feather from the tuna can and swipes the
can across the room, it rolls out through a hole in the
broken porch door.

LIVIA PIGEON 3

What does it mean boss?

The boss is holding back emotion. He is furious.

DON LIVIA

It means... Tony... he sleeps
with the fishes.

LIVIA PIGEON 3

He sleeps with fishes? Why he
wanna do that? Fishes are gross,
all slimy and-

The boss grabs him by the throat.

DON LIVIA

Not like that you fool! It
means... it means he's gone.

Livia Pigeon 3 gulps.

56

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING ROOFTOP - LATER

56

The pigeons are trying to haul themselves into their cages, farts keep ringing out.

Brown flies in and lands. He is out of breath.

DETECTIVE BROWN

Boss! Boss! I saw a delivery...

(panting)

From the Columba - looks like they got someone pretty big. I saw a tuna can - you know what that means right?

D.I. BARNES

A tuna can?! So the Columba have whacked Tony? This is big.

(he groans)

Quick, help us into the cages, he'll be here any minute.

Brown, Pronto and Johnson help drag the suffering doves into the cages.

Intermittent farts keep ringing out. They are dragging Loaf into his cage when the roof door starts rattling.

DETECTIVE JOHNSON

Quickly!

The door opens and the George steps out, smiling. The doves all try to look normal. The old man counts them.

GEORGE

All there my beauties. Wonderful!
Eat up your feed like good doves!

Someone farts. George glances but then dismisses it. He closes the cages and heads back down through the door.

57

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING ROOFTOP - EVENING

57

The doves all sit slumped in their cages, uncomfortably.

D.I. BARNES

This is it boys.

Someone farts.

D.I. BARNES (CONT'D)

The war is starting. This is serious.

Someone else farts.

D.I. BARNES (CONT'D)
We got to be there when this goes
off.

Another huge fart.

DETECTIVE LOAF (O.S.)
Sorry boss!

Barnes shakes his head in frustration.

58 INT. COLUMBA CHURCH HIDEOUT - NIGHT 58

The pigeons lie around sleeping. Moonlight cuts through the broken tiles and into the roof.

Lucky opens his eyes and glances around. The other pigeons all sleep soundly. He sits up carefully and checks the scene.

He gets up as silently as possible, and tip-toes towards the hole in the roof. A floor-board creaks. He pauses, holding his breath.

The rat stirs and rolls over. Lucky waits then tip-toes further towards the hole.

He pauses for a moment then launches into the night sky.

59 EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING ROOFTOP - CONTINUOUS 59

The doves all sleep in their cages. Intermittent farts squeak out.

Lucky flaps up, he stands on the parapet and looks around the rooftop, reminiscing.

60 EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING ROOFTOP - DAY 60

FLASHBACK

The doves all sit around the rooftop, the cages are open and they are at leisure.

Barnes steps up and clears his throat.

D.I. BARNES
Doves, attention please.

He stands slightly awkwardly.

D.I. BARNES (CONT'D)
 I'M happy to introduce our newest
 recruit, though its... well its
 not exactly what you may be
 expecting.

He steps aside to reveal a beautiful female dove. This is
 CHER AMI, she is stunning. She waves shyly to the other
 doves.

Lucky stands captivated, he can not believe her beauty.

Mack looks at Lucky and laughs.

DETECTIVE MACK
 Looks like Lucky'S been hit by
 the thunder-bolt!

The doves laugh, Cher Ami blushes. Lucky shakes himself out
 of the trance and laughs nervously.

D.I. BARNES
 Right, we have work to do guys
 (beat) and girls.
 (giggles nervously)
 We need to sweep west-side. The
 Livia have been playing up over
 there, lets try get a feel for
 the situation. Mack and Sharp,
 you take 2nd street. Cher Ami,
 you go with Lucky to 3rd.

DETECTIVE MACK
 Lucky by name, Lucky by nature!

The doves laugh. Lucky blushes.

61 EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - LATER THAT DAY

61

Lucky and Cher Ami walk down the street in an awkward
 silence.

Lucky is desperate to break it.

LUCKY
 So... err... you always wanted to
 be a detective, when you were a
 chick I mean?

Cher Ami giggles and nods.

LUCKY (CONT'D)
 There's not many girls in this
 line of work.

CHER AMI

I think its exciting (beat) and worthwhile.

LUCKY

Guess so. My family have always been detectives, I never really thought about it much - just jumped on the bandwagon!

He laughs nervously.

CHER AMI

Can't say my parents were to keen on the - Oi!

Lucky jumps. Cher Ami has spotted a YOUNG LIVIA PIGEON pulling a sandwich from a shopping bag in the back of a car.

CHER AMI (CONT'D)

Stop where you are!

The young pigeon freezes, glances at Lucky and Cher Ami then straightens up.

YOUNG LIVIA PIGEON

Officer. This isn't what it looks like. I was err... I was just-

He tips over a bottle of fizzy drink which falls from the car boot and explodes on the floor, spraying Lucky and Cher Ami.

The young pigeon flaps into the air and flies over the startled two.

LUCKY

You lay chase, I'll try cut him off.

Cher Ami nods and flies up after the pigeon. Lucky flies off down the side of the house.

Cher Ami and the pigeon are in a high-speed chase. They speed down the street, dodging parked cars and lamp-posts.

He flies past a rose and slaps it with his wing, sending the petals into Cher Ami's face.

She continues to chase. He looks over his shoulder and dives down through a sprinkler as it turns. Cher Ami dodges the water and keeps in chase.

He can't shake her. He glances to his left then spins sideways, down the side of a house. Cher Ami chases.

He dips steeply down, under a gate and then soars back up.

Over his shoulder he sees Cher Ami swoop up from under the gate.

He is desperate and as he passes the corner of the house he lets out a globule of poop.

It is spinning back towards Cher Ami when Lucky suddenly emerges from the other side.

He dives at high speed and grabs Cher Ami, pulling her away from the oncoming poop, missing it by a matter of inches.

They tumble down and roll across the garden. They come to a stop in a flower bed, surrounded by flowers.

Lucky lies on Cher Ami. She blushes.

Lucky smiles and stares into her eyes.

CHER AMI

You, you saved-

She sits up suddenly, throwing Lucky off.

CHER AMI (CONT'D)

He's getting away!

She takes flight again. Lucky sighs, shakes his head and follows.

63

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING ROOFTOP - SOMETIME LATER

63

The doves swoop in and land on the roof.

D.I. BARNES

Good work doves. At ease.

They settle down in their cages or in groups around the roof.

Cher Ami sits on her own on the parapet. Lucky spots her and wanders over nervously.

LUCKY

Hey Cher Ami. You err... you mind if I sit down?

Cher Ami smiles.

CHER AMI

Of course not.

Lucky settles down next to her. They look across the city.

LUCKY

So... how you finding life in the department?

Cher Ami smiles.

CHER AMI

Everything I dreamed of. Having a partner like you is the butter on the bread!

Lucky blushes.

LUCKY

I'm not going to lie, you're a much nicer partner than those... those bird-brains!

In the background Loaf is blindfolded. Mack hangs a rough straw mock-up of a cat as Loaf takes wild swings at it with a stick.

The doves all laugh, Loaf takes another huge swing and the stick flies out of his wings and over the parapet.

There is a distant scream and a crash of cars. The doves rush to the edge to see.

DETECTIVE ALDO

Good work Loaf, you numb-skull!

There is distant arguing.

DETECTIVE MACK

Man, they ain't happy!

Lucky looks at Cher Ami and shakes his head, they laugh.

The door rattles and George steps through. The doves all jump into normal dove positions.

George ushers them into their cages and starts closing the doors.

Lucky and Cher Ami make their way across. Lucky smiles at Cher Ami as he hops into his cage. The door shuts.

Cher Ami is about to get in her cage when George bends down and picks her up.

GEORGE

Not you my little beauty. You're far too precious for this outdoor life.

She panics, not knowing what is happening. George smiles and shuts her cage, still holding her in his hand.

He turns and heads to the stairway.

LUCKY

What... what is going on?!

CHER AMI
 (screams back)
 Lucky! Help me!

LUCKY
 Cher Ami! No! Don't take her!

George steps through the door and closes it behind him.

LUCKY (CONT'D)
 Cher Ami! No!

He frantically rattles his cage.

LUCKY (CONT'D)
 (emotional)
 Please no. Not Cher Ami.

He weeps.

END FLASHBACK

64

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING ROOFTOP - BACK IN PRESENT

64

D.I. BARNES
 Intruder! All doves to action
 stations.

Lucky wakes from his reminiscing with a start.

The doves all try to heave themselves into standing
 positions, but struggle.

LUCKY
 Its me!

D.I. BARNES
 Oh my god, Lucky! You're alright!
 (worried)
 Why are you here? Isn't it
 dangerous?

LUCKY
 I had to come. I had to tell you
 Tony Livia is alive, the Columba
 are setting a trap, they want to
 lure the Livia in.

Barnes nods excitedly.

D.I. BARNES
 That makes sense. Make the Livia
 attack them out of anger -
 carelessly, then they have the
 upper hand.

He clutches his belly and groans.

LUCKY
You OK sir?

Barnes looks up.

D.I. BARNES
We have a... a situation.

DETECTIVE ALDO
Lucky, you gotta help us.

D.I. BARNES
Shut up Aldo! Its your fault
we're in this mess!

He turns to Lucky.

D.I. BARNES (CONT'D)
He's right though Lucky. We need
you to get us something...
something to help us... you
know... loosen up.

Lucky looks nervous.

D.I. BARNES (CONT'D)
I know - its not a good time, the
last thing I want to do is
disrupt the whole operation, but
we're really suffering here.

Lucky shrugs.

LUCKY
I'll see what I can do.

Barnes smiles. The other doves cry out weak thanks.

Someone farts.

Lucky takes flight.

65 EXT. PHARMACY - NIGHT

65

A large advert in the window shows an elderly man grasping
his stomach under the words 'Pipes Blocked Again? Try Help-
U-Go!'

Lucky shuffles up trying to be surreptitious.

He glances up at the top window, it is slightly ajar. He
glances around to check the scene.

66 INT. PHARMACY - CONTINUOUS

66

The silhouette of a dove struggling through the window can be seen against the streetlights outside.

Lucky pops through and tumbles clumsily down into a display of vitamins. Bottles crash around and roll across the counter. He desperately grabs them to quieten them.

He sits for a moment, listening. Nothing.

He glances around and spots the display for Help-U-Go.

He shuffles over and takes a medicine box from the display, pauses for a moment, then takes another four.

He waddles back towards the window, with the boxes stacked up in front of him.

67 EXT. PHARMACY - CONTINUOUS

67

The boxes drop down to the street one by one. Lucky can be heard struggling through the window, then he pops through and flies down to the street with a crash.

He sits up slightly dazed. He hears a grating metallic sound, he panics and jumps up, flattening his back against the shop wall.

The grille alongside him is being loosened and then falls towards the floor. TRICKS jumps out of the hole and grabs the grille just before it clangs on the pavement.

Lucky jumps out.

LUCKY
(sternly)
Who goes there?

Tricks freezes and glances at Lucky. Then glances guiltily behind him. There is a pile of boxes of sleeping pills in the hole.

LUCKY (CONT'D)
(unsure)
You... you are under arrest for
theft.

He hoists up his leg feathers, showing his clip with a shiny gold star.

The other pigeon smiles coyly.

TRICKS
Officer, I understand that this
looks bad. But, there is a
question I need to ask.

Lucky nods.

TRICKS (CONT'D)
That pile of boxes behind you...
what exactly is that?

Lucky looks guilty, flitting his eyes at the boxes.

LUCKY
(with uncertainty)
This is police business.

Tricks peers over Lucky's shoulder.

TRICKS
Help-U-Go? And a lot of it.
What's up? The whole department's
'Pipes blocked again'?

He mocks the advert then laughs to himself. Lucky stares at him.

TRICKS (CONT'D)
Err... they are aren't they?

Tricks burst out laughing.

TRICKS (CONT'D)
The whole department? What they
eat? A load of stones!?

He snorts a laugh. Lucky stares back at him.

TRICKS (CONT'D)
They did?! Oh this is great. Wait
til I tell the wife.

He is in hysterics. Suddenly Lucky slaps a clip on his leg.

LUCKY
You're coming with me.

Tricks stops laughing.

TRICKS
Come on man. Let's talk about
this.

LUCKY
Grab those - lets go.

He makes Tricks pick up the Help-U-Go and drags him off.

Tricks is sat on a burger box. A light flashes across his face.

Lucky is trying to angle the shard of mirror to reflect a streetlight in Tricks's face.

Tricks blinks uncomfortably.

TRICKS
Is this really necessary officer?

LUCKY
You were caught red-handed - you have a lot to answer for.

He clears his throat.

LUCKY (CONT'D)
OK. Full name?

TRICKS
Tricks.

The mirror falls over.

LUCKY
Dammit!
(resignedly)
OK. What are you up to?

TRICKS
Its these gangsters man. They're getting out of hand.

LUCKY
What you going to do with a ton of sleeping pills - put them all to sleep?

Tricks shakes his head.

TRICKS
I'm going to tell you, because I respect you. But you gotta let me go afterwards, I gotta protect my family man.

Lucky nods for him to continue.

69

EXT. PARK - DAY

69

Tricks walks through the park with a female pigeon. He pecks at a piece of bread and offers it to her lovingly.

TRICKS (V.O.)
I was with the wife. Walking through the park. Minding my own business.

The bushes rustle and two hard looking pigeons jump out, they grab Tricks and his wife.

TRICKS (V.O.)
They came out of nowhere. Said I
was on Columba turf.

One holds his wife and one slaps Tricks in the face. He is furious with shame and pain.

TRICKS (V.O.)
They let us go, but threatened
us. If we ever went back they'd
come after me.

Tricks and his wife fly frantically across the park.

70 EXT. CITY ROOFTOP - CONTINUOUS 70

Tricks and his wife land on a roof-top looking back at the park.

They stand there panting in fear.

71 EXT. SUBURBAN STRET - DAY 71

Tricks walks nervously down the street towards some trash cans.

TRICKS (V.O.)
A few days later, I was trying to
find something to feed the
squabs, I got five of 'em man.
Freshly hatched, they gotta eat.

He rummages around in the trash, finding a chunk of burger. He takes it in his beak and hops down to the street.

TRICKS (V.O.)
Then one of the tall wingless
things.

LUCKY (V.O.)
People?

TRICKS (V.O.)
Yeah man, people, that's it man -
a small one, but still a lot
bigger than me. He threw this
thing at me.

A small boy throws a firecracker at Tricks and giggles. It explodes at his feet.

TRICKS (V.O.)

It was terrifying man. Pure hell
in a little white ball, and the
noise... man, I was already
nervous, but this... I was out of
my mind!

He dives behind the trash can and hides. The little boy
runs off giggling. Tricks psyches himself, then flies after
the boy.

72

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - CONTINUOUS

72

The boy runs down the street and into a house.

TRICKS (V.O.)

I followed him. He went into one
of those big boxes they come out
of.

LUCKY (V.O.)

A house?

TRICKS (V.O.)

I dunno man. Anyway, I watched
him. He must've flown when he was
in there, coz later I saw him on
the higher level.

The boy dumps a bag of fire-crackers on his window sill.
There is a distant call from his mother.

BOYS MOTHER

Dinner Jack!

The boy runs out of his bedroom.

TRICKS (V.O.)

So I swooped down to take a look.
They looked harmless, little
balls of paper.

Tricks holds a stick and pokes the fire-crackers. They do
not do anything.

TRICKS (V.O.)

I grabbed them and flew man. I
mean really flew, fast as I
could.

73

INT. GRIMY ROOF-TOP - LATER

73

Trick's wife sits trying to quieten five baby pigeons. They
are dozing off to sleep.

Suddenly there is a huge bang in the background. The babies all wake up and start crying, his wife sighs.

TRICKS (V.O.)
I worked it out man - they bang
when you hit 'em see. I mean
really bang.

Tricks smiles apologetically at his wife.

74 INT. GRIMY ROOF-TOP - NIGHT 74

Tricks in the moonlight surrounded by bits of trash, working on his design.

TRICKS (V.O.)
I worked day and night on that
thing man - I had to protect my
family.

75 EXT. ALLEYWAY - CONTINUOUS 75

Tricks sits on the burger box. Lucky listens.

TRICKS
You know how it is man. You're a
good looking guy, must be a
Mrs...?

LUCKY
Lucky.

TRICKS
Yeah, a Mrs. Lucky. You gotta
protect your family man.

Lucky looks rueful.

LUCKY
What did you call it, this thing?

TRICKS
I called it a 'Very Powerful High-
Speed Poop Attack Delivery
System'.

LUCKY
Catchy. So what's the medicine
for?

TRICKS
Let me show you man.

LUCKY
OK, but we gotta be quick. I got
somewhere I gotta be.

They pick up the medicine and fly down the alley.

76

EXT. GRIMY ROOF-TOP - LATER

76

Tricks and Lucky land on the rooftop. They put the medicine down.

TRICKS

Wait here. I'll just be a second.

He squeezes through a hole.

Lucky sits on the roof, he looks nervously across the city at the church tower, lit by the moon.

Moments later, Tricks squeezes back out with his weapon in-hand.

He holds it up for Lucky to see. It is a drinking straw with a metal tube at one end and other adjustments and attachments.

TRICKS (CONT'D)

Watch this.

He takes out a medicine capsule and loads it in one end, then he drops a fire-cracker in the metal tube. He takes a used matchstick and slides it in after the fire-cracker.

TRICKS (CONT'D)

Name something. Anything you see on this roof. I'll hit it.

LUCKY

Err... that chimney there.

Tricks faces the chimney and takes aim. Then he jams the matchstick down into the chamber.

There is a huge bang and the poop capsule flies out of the straw, slamming straight into the chimney.

Lucky stands in amazement.

LUCKY (CONT'D)

That is... that's amazing...

Tricky grins.

TRICKS

You ain't seen nothing yet man. I'm working on improvements. Found some great parts - this thing is going to be mean when I finished.

The church clock clunks round to five and tolls five long chimes.

Lucky looks panicky.

LUCKY

Tricks. I trust you. You wanna protect your family, the best way is to help us. We're close to breaking this thing, and with your Very Powerful High-Speed Poop Attack Delivery System we might have the edge we need.

Tricks nods.

LUCKY (CONT'D)

You gotta take this thing, and take this medicine. Go to my HQ, tell them lucky sent you.

TRICKS

You want me to walk into police HQ with a fully-loaded Very Powerful High-Speed Poop Attack Delivery System?

LUCKY

That's exactly what I want you to do - just after fourteen hundred hours tomorrow.

Tricky looks confused.

LUCKY (CONT'D)

2 o'clock?

He looks at Tricks. Tricks shrugs.

LUCKY (CONT'D)

When you hear that thing make two big noises, you leave. OK?

Lucky gestures towards the church tower. Tricks nods.

LUCKY (CONT'D)

I got a feeling the department won't be getting very far tomorrow anywhere.

(he plucks a wing feather)

Take this. Tell them Lucky sent you.

He glances nervously at the church tower.

LUCKY (CONT'D)
I gotta go. You gotta do this
man.

Tricks nods.

TRICKS
I'll do it, I promise!

Lucky smiles and flies into the sky. Tricky watches him go.

77 INT. COLUMBA CHURCH HIDEOUT - LATER

77

Daylight is creeping over the horizon. Lucky lands on the church eaves and peeks through the hole. The pigeons seem to all be asleep.

He walks in silently.

RAT
Mr. Lucky? How's the morning air?

Lucky gulps nervously.

LUCKY
Yeah, nice. Needed some fresh air
you know.

The rat nods knowingly.

RAT
I bet you did.

Lucky smiles and sidles off.

78 EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING ROOFTOP - LATER

78

George opens the door and heads over to the cages.

GEORGE
How are you today my beauties?

He opens the doors of the cages one by one. The doves all sit there, unable to move.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
Come on my lovelies. Fly!

They all sit motionless. Unable to move.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
Oh dear. What has happened here?

He picks up Mack and squeezes him. A fart squeezes out.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Oh dear. Let old George go and get something for that.

He replaces Mack and heads back into the stair-way.

The doves sit lazily in their cages.

Tricks lands cautiously on the parapet.

Aldo spots him.

DETECTIVE ALDO

Ah! Intruder. Quick. Intruder.

The doves all jump into action, awkwardly grabbing their bellies.

Loaf lets out a war cry and runs at Tricks, but straight into his cage walls. He collapse backwards in a heap.

TRICKS

Easy, easy Lucky sent me.

He steps nervously closer.

D.I. BARNES

How do we trust you?

TRICKS

He gave me this.

He holds out a wing feather, the wind takes it and it blows away.

Tricks grins awkwardly.

D.I. BARNES

Very convenient. All doves to stations!

TRICKS

Wait, wait. I also brought this.

He steps aside and shows them a pile of Help-U-Go.

TRICKS (CONT'D)

I heard you were... having a few problems.

He fails to cover a snigger. The doves aren't impressed.

D.I. BARNES

Alright, alright. Very funny. OK, so say we trust you. What on earth is that other thing?

Tricky picks up his gun.

TRICKS

This is what Lucky wanted me to show you. Its a Very Powerful High-Speed Poop Attack Delivery System.

D.I. BARNES

Looks dangerous.

TRICKS

It is. He said it can help you get the edge against the mob.

D.I. BARNES

The last time we tried that we ended up like this.

He grabs his stomach and lets out an apologetic fart.

D.I. BARNES (CONT'D)

OK. Lets get that medicine over here, quick sharp.

Tricky rips open the medicine boxes and distributes one capsule to each dove. They eat them and sit quietly feeling their stomachs gurgle. Squeaky farts squeeze out.

Barnes sighs and looks more comfortable.

D.I. BARNES (CONT'D)

Well then, show us the err... The thing.

Tricky looks excited, he jumps up and sets up the gun ready for action, the other doves watch him in inquisitive wonder.

TRICKS

OK. What you want me to hit.

The door suddenly creaks open, the old man steps out holding some medicine. He freezes, staring in disbelief at the doves surrounded by boxes of laxatives and Tricky holding a make-shift gun.

They all stand frozen for a moment. Suddenly the gun goes off.

The capsule hurtles towards the old man and catches him straight in the forehead. He falls backwards and tumbles down the stairs.

DETECTIVE ALDO

Wow!

They hurry over and peer round the corner of the door. The old man is lying in heap at the bottom.

They stand in silence.

D.I. BARNES
This is very serious.

Someone farts.

79 EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING ROOFTOP - CONTINUOUS

79

The doves stand awkwardly looking down the stairs.

D.I. BARNES
Well, I guess we got our freedom.
But how do we eat?

DETECTIVE LOAF
(moans)
I don't wanna eat...

D.I. BARNES
Not now! I mean forever, you
fool. If you remember he brought
us everything we lived off.

TRICKS
Man, its alright for some hey? We
gotta scrap around for every
err.. scrap.

The doves ignore him.

DETECTIVE ALDO
Well... by my calculations, he
comes up through that door
everyday with our food right?

DETECTIVE DOVES
(in unison)
Right.

DETECTIVE ALDO
So he must have like a tonne of
that stuff down there right?

D.I. BARNES
I suppose so.

They peer down, the apartment door is ajar.

80 EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING ROOFTOP - MOMENTS LATER

80

The doves stand to attention in front of Barnes. The
renegade Tricks is among their ranks.

D.I. BARNES

OK doves. This is where things come to a head. The two families are about to go to war, we've got our freedom and now we have our secret weapon.

Tricks grins, feigning modesty.

D.I. BARNES (CONT'D)

Firstly we need someone to head over to the Livia. We need to let them know Tony Livia is still alive.

He points at Harry.

D.I. BARNES (CONT'D)

Harry. Your my man. Be careful, things are tense.

Harry nods and takes off.

D.I. BARNES (CONT'D)

Then we need two teams for two operations. The first Operation 'Go Out And Find All The Stuff Needed To Make Very Powerful High Speed Poop Attack Delivery System' and the second Operation 'Steal Food From The Guy Who Raised Us And Now Lies Dead At The Bottom Of The Stairs Because Of Us'

He looks around the group.

D.I. BARNES (CONT'D)

OK. Volunteers for the second operation.

The doves all shuffle around nervously, avoiding eye contact.

D.I. BARNES (CONT'D)

Come on Doves!

Still no takers.

D.I. BARNES (CONT'D)

OK, Aldo, you and Loaf with me for the second operation.
(he points at Aldo)
You have some serious making up to do and we may need some err... strength.

He looks at Loaf, who grins moronically. Aldo holds his head in his hands.

D.I. BARNES (CONT'D)
The rest of you follow our friend here and find as much material as you can.

He motions to Tricks, who salutes cheesily.

81 INT. STAIRWAY TO OLD MAN'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS 81

The three venture down the stairs tentatively. George's body lies motionless. Aldo is welling up with tears.

DETECTIVE ALDO
What have we done?

D.I. BARNES
Its not good Aldo, but pull yourself together. We have the biggest mission of our lives to get through here.

They flutter over the old man and land in the doorway. They peer round the corner nervously.

The apartment is old fashioned and messy. Dirty plates and garbage lie around unattended.

They tip-toe in.

D.I. BARNES (CONT'D)
Look at this place.

He ventures further in.

DETECTIVE LOAF
Sir, I think you should look at this.

He turns around and sees Loaf holding a sobbing Aldo to his chest. On the wall is an array of photos of the doves.

The photos start from numbered eggs and then through named hatchling photos to photos of them as adults now.

The old man features in some, beaming in happiness alongside the different doves.

There are also photos of Cher Ami, with the man lovingly cradling her in his hands.

D.I. BARNES
Lucky's girl. Man that was a long time ago.

Aldo is sobbing uncontrollably.

DETECTIVE ALDO
What have we done?!

He flops himself down onto a nearby object. Its a Polaroid camera and he is dazed by the flash and whir of the camera as he leans on the shutter release.

He staggers back terrified. The others are also taken aback.

Suddenly the stuttering machine slides out a blank white image. Aldo screams and jumps into Loaf's arms.

Barnes looks inquisitively at the image and then at the ones on the wall. It starts to fade in with an image of him startled by the camera flash.

D.I. BARNES
Amazing! Aldo look at this!

Aldo peeks over from Loaf's cradling.

D.I. BARNES (CONT'D)
This... thing... it makes these pictures, look.

He stubs a wing towards the image. Aldo expression changes from sadness to amazement.

Suddenly, in the background they hear a soft cooing. They freeze.

D.I. BARNES (CONT'D)
What on earth...? Follow me boys.

Barnes cautiously leads them through the apartment, listening carefully for the origin of the cooing.

They round the corner as a golden glow lights up their faces.

DETECTIVE ALDO
Wow!

They look on at the beautiful golden cage, through the glow they see a beautiful white dove radiantly illuminated.

DETECTIVE ALDO (CONT'D)
We're in heaven!

CHER AMI
Aldo you idiot. Its me! What took you guys so long to find me down here?

The glow fades and they look on at the dove in the cage.

D.I. BARNES
Cher Ami? Is that you.

CHER AMI
Present and correct sir!

D.I. BARNES
What? Why? Why are you here?

CHER AMI
The old man, he keeps me here.
Thinks I'm his special one. Where
is he anyway?

The doves look nervous.

D.I. BARNES
Err... we'll explain later. You
might have to keep your eyes
closed on the way out.

CHER AMI
Oh dear... what have you done?

Barnes shakes his head.

D.I. BARNES
We don't have much time. Loaf,
get up there and help the lady
out. Where is the food stock?

Loaf flies up to open the cage. Cher Ami hops out and
stretches.

CHER AMI
Oh, that feels good. He keeps it
over there, in that box.

Barnes motions for Aldo and Loaf to investigate.

CHER AMI (CONT'D)
What is going on sir? Where is
Lucky.

D.I. BARNES
I'll have to tell you en route.
Things are coming to a head, we
don't have time.

They head over to help with the food.

The other Doves are grouped around Tricks as he explains
the gun.

TRICKS

We need lots of these long things
with a hole in the middle.

He holds up a straw, the doves nod.

DETECTIVE MACK

I know just the place. I'll lead
a team.

He takes Sharp and Banks and flies off.

TRICKS

Good. And we need these.

He holds up a medicine capsule.

TRICKS (CONT'D)

I know where, but I have another
mission I need to be on, you guys
are going to have to follow my
instructions.

Grey and Brown nod.

TRICKS (CONT'D)

We also need these.

He holds up a matchstick.

TRICKS (CONT'D)

And I need two volunteers to come
with me on my special operation.

Pronto and Johnson volunteer.

TRICKS (CONT'D)

Excellent. OK lets get to it.

The remaining doves huddle round as he describes where to
get the medicine capsules.

83 INT. COLUMBA CHURCH HIDEOUT - CONTINUOUS

83

The pigeons are all lined up. Lucky is among their ranks.
The rat stands at the end.

Don Columba is furious. He strides up and down the line. He
stops and turns to the pigeons.

DON COLUMBA

We got a rat!

Everyone spins their heads dramatically to look at the rat,
he giggles sheepishly.

DON COLUMBA (CONT'D)
 (sighs)
 No, not a real rat you idiots. A
 rat, an informer, a snitch.

The pigeons start grumbling angrily. Lucky pats his leg to make sure his clip is hidden and swallows hard.

DON COLUMBA (CONT'D)
 My guy in the Livia camp, he
 tells me they know our friend
 here is still alive and flapping.

He yanks a bag off Tony Livia's head, his beak is tied shut. He looks around terrified.

The Don continues to stride down the line.

DON COLUMBA (CONT'D)
 It seems they're prepared to fly
 everything they've got at us to
 get him back, but we're gonna be
 ready.

Tony Livia starts mumbling angrily. The Don pulls the bag back on and slaps him over the head.

DON COLUMBA (CONT'D)
 OK boys. Time for war!

He cackles manically as the pigeons jump into action preparing for battle.

84 EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - CONTINUOUS

84

Tricks leads Pronto and Johnson onto a rooftop opposite the young boy's bedroom.

The silhouette of the boy can be seen inside, running around manically.

TRICKS
 OK guys. You see down there. We
 got to get in there and get
 ourselves some hell balls. Be
 careful, that guy in there is
 lethal - and he can fly.

They nod. Tricks takes off and they follow him.

85 EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - CONTINUOUS

85

They land on a tree nearby.

TRICKS

OK, wait here. I'm going to go
in, take a closer look.

He takes off and swoops cautiously to the window sill. He lands and peeks around the corner.

The young boy is inside repeatedly smacking an action figure into a dinosaur and screaming manically.

Tricks takes a breath, sweat beads slide down his brow.

He peeks again. The boy grabs a pez dispenser from his desk, clicks the clown head top and a pez shoots out into his mouth.

Tricks' face lights up. He takes off back to the tree.

TRICKS (CONT'D)

OK boys, we got to play this
right.

(stubs a wing towards
Pronto)

You're going to have to go in
there, distract him. We'll follow
and grab the goods.

Pronto looks nervous.

DETECTIVE PRONTO

Err... What do I do?

TRICKS

Just be crazy.

Pronto shrugs uncertainly.

TRICKS (CONT'D)

OK, lets go.

They take off towards the house.

86

INT. YOUNG BOY'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

86

The boy is kicking a pile of blocks and screaming.

Pronto enters sheepishly. The boy does not notice. Pronto coughs weakly to get his attention. The boy turns round.

Pronto stands on the floor by his desk. He is terrified.

The boy pulls a bag of fire-crackers from his pocket and grins. Pronto swallows hard.

The boy starts manically hurling them at Pronto, who flies desperately upward to try to get away.

The boy chases him, grabs a toy airplane and hurls it at Pronto, it smashes on the wall.

Tricks flies through the window onto the desk, Johnson follows him.

TRICKS

Take this.

He points at the pez dispenser.

TRICKS (CONT'D)

Get it out of here. I've got some business to sort out.

The boy continues to chase Pronto manically. He has grabbed a baseball bat from next to his bed and is swiping at a terrified Pronto.

Tricks takes a breath and goes in. He lands on the flailing boy and pulls the bag from his pocket. The boy turns round in disbelief.

He screams and swipes at Tricks. As he does so Pronto dives onto the boys face.

The boy can't handle it. He screams crazily, grabbing at both Tricks and Pronto.

In the background his mother's voice is screaming out for quiet.

Tricks pulls the bag free and flies for the window. The boy still flails manically. Pronto manages to break free and follow Tricks.

87 INT. YOUNG BOY'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

87

The mother swings open the door.

MOTHER

What is going on here?

The boy sits in a trashed room wailing uncontrollably.

YOUNG BOY

Birds... there were crazy birds.

He sobs. His mother stomps over.

MOTHER

I'll give you crazy birds!

She grabs him and smacks his bum. He cries out loud.

MOTHER (CONT'D)

You're grounded, for a month!

The boy sits there crying.

88 EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - CONTINUOUS

88

Johnson is on the tree holding the pez dispenser. Tricks and Pronto fly up and land.

TRICKS

You OK?

Pronto nods, panting.

TRICKS (CONT'D)

You did great. Come on.

They fly away.

89 EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING ROOFTOP - LATER

89

Barnes, Loaf, Aldo and Cher Ami finish hauling bags of food from downstairs. They sit down heavily, exhausted.

CHER AMI

Where is everyone?

D.I. BARNES

The families are going to war,
the team are getting ready.

CHER AMI

And Lucky, he's with the team
yeah?

Barnes glances at Aldo. Aldo jumps up nervously.

DETECTIVE ALDO

Loaf come on - we forgot the
picture making machine.

Loaf is lazily slumped against the food bags.

DETECTIVE LOAF

I'm comfy. Can't we get it later.

Aldo kicks him. Loaf hauls himself up, annoyed.

CHER AMI

(suspiciously)

Something tells me I'm not going
to like this.

Barnes sighs.

D.I. BARNES

He's undercover, deep in the
Columba family.

CHER AMI

On my!

D.I. BARNES

He's fine. Or he was fine when he met Tricks last night. But things are pretty tense in there, we don't know how things will pan out when this war comes to a head.

CHER AMI

Oh.

(sits thoughtfully)

Who is Tricks?

D.I. BARNES

He's our secret weapon.

Mack, Sharp and Banks swoop down clutching a load of drinking straws.

DETECTIVE MACK

Cher Ami! Where... how are you?!

She blushes as the other pigeons fuss over her.

D.I. BARNES

We pulled her from the old man's apartment.

DETECTIVE MACK

Wow. What was it like down there?

CHER AMI

You know...

Loaf and Aldo stumbled up the stairs with the camera.

DETECTIVE MACK

What on earth is that?!

The newly arrived pigeons are in awe of the contraption.

DETECTIVE ALDO

You haven't seen what it can do yet.

DETECTIVE LOAF

Yeah, check this out.

He pulls the picture of Barnes from behind his back and shows it to the guys. They all burst out laughing. Barnes grabs it angrily.

D.I. BARNES

Give me that!

Grey and Brown swoop down carrying boxes of sleeping pills.

D.I. BARNES (CONT'D)
Where's Tricks?

DETECTIVE GREY
He went with Johnson and Pronto
to get the hell balls.

D.I. BARNES
OK. Whilst we wait for them, the
rest of you prepare the
ammunition.

They salute and carry the medicine boxes over to the coops.

Aldo and Loaf sit on the parapet emptying the capsules over
the edge of the building. They pass the empty capsules to
the others, who pack white poop into them and line them up
in match-boxes.

Johnson, Pronto and Tricks swoop down.

They land alongside the production line.

D.I. BARNES (CONT'D)
Excellent boys! Tricks you are in
charge of production. The guys
have started with the ammunition,
you tell them what else needs
doing.

Barnes notices the pez dispenser.

D.I. BARNES (CONT'D)
What on earth is that?

TRICKS
Its a side project sir - I need
to work it up.

D.I. BARNES
OK. I guess I'll trust you. Get
to it.

He nods and starts instructing the doves.

90 EXT. COLUMBA CHURCH HIDEOUT - EVENING 90

The clock strikes eight. Thunder claps, heavy rain starts
to fall.

91 INT. COLUMBA CHURCH HIDEOUT - CONTINUOUS 91

Don Columba walks down the line of pigeons, eying each one.

DON COLUMBA

One of you fools thinks you can
cheat old Don Columba here.

He stops in front of a pigeon and leans right into his
face. The pigeon gulps.

Rain starts dripping down from the rafters. Lucky stands at
the end of the line as the Don strides up and down
furiously.

DON COLUMBA (CONT'D)

So then. Which of you pathetic
fools is it?

A rain drop falls, the camera follows it down as it lands
on Lucky's wing and the soot runs off, leaving a bright
white streak. Lightning flashes.

Don Columba spins round in slow motion, the streak is
illuminated on Lucky's wing.

DON COLUMBA (CONT'D)

Looks like we found our rat. Get
him!

The other pigeons pounce. They grab Lucky, smudging his
soot. They drag him over to Don Columba.

The Don grabs his foot and pulls out his clip.

DON COLUMBA (CONT'D)

A dove? You scum! I trusted you!
If I could spit, I would spit in
your face! Tie him up with Livia.

They drag him over and dump him alongside a tied up Tony
Livia.

92

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING ROOFTOP - CONTINUOUS

92

The doves stand in a line. They are paired up, each pair
with one dove brandishing a freshly made poop gun,
carefully propped up on their shoulders like soldiers in a
regiment. The other pigeon in each pair has a match-box
strapped to his back and holds a matchstick in his wing.

Aldo has the children's binoculars strapped to his back.

Barnes walks down the line.

D.I. BARNES

This is it doves! The final
showdown... Where is Tricks?

DETECTIVE ALDO

In the coop boss. Working on his thing.

D.I. BARNES

OK. Where was I? Yes, this is it doves. The final showdown. Our information tells us that the Livia will attack tonight, to try to get Tony back. Our objectives - first to capture the bosses. Second to rescue our own - Lucky.

He stops alongside Cher Ami.

D.I. BARNES (CONT'D)

(quietly to Cher Ami)

You sure you want to go in?

CHER AMI

Absolutely sir! Lucky needs me.

D.I. BARNES

You hear that boys? Lucky needs us.

They cheer.

D.I. BARNES (CONT'D)

It is our duty to Lucky, our duty to ourselves and our duty to the law-abiding pigeons of this city not to fail.

They cheer louder.

93

EXT. ROOFTOP NEAR THE CHURCH - LATER

93

The doves are lined up behind a parapet. Aldo peers through the binoculars.

D.I. BARNES

Aldo - what do you see?

DETECTIVE ALDO

Hard to say sir. Nothing moving just yet.

The rain keeps coming down.

CHER AMI

Sir - I think that's them.

The doves look across, they see a group of 20 or so Livia emerge from the rooftops, heading towards the church in formation.

D.I. BARNES
Aldo, confirm!

DETECTIVE ALDO
Negative sir, I can't see a
thing.

He is holding the binoculars right in Loaf's back.

D.I. BARNES
Aldo you idiot, give those to me.

He grabs the binoculars from Aldo and observes the Livia.

D.I. BARNES (CONT'D)
They've landed. Hang on, I think
they're sending in a scout.

In the distance one pigeon heads in towards the church.

They watch. Nothing happens.

Moments later the scout returns to the Livia group.

DETECTIVE ALDO
What's going on sir?

D.I. BARNES
I have no idea. They're...
they're turning around.

The Livia turn around and fly back across the rooftops.

D.I. BARNES (CONT'D)
I don't like this one bit.

He lowers the binoculars and stands in deep thought.

DETECTIVE ALDO
What do we do sir?

D.I. BARNES
I have no idea. What game are
they playing?

CHER AMI
What about Lucky sir? We have to
get him out of there.

D.I. BARNES
We can't blow his cover too
early. But you're right, we need
to at least see what's going on
in there.

He pauses for thought.

D.I. BARNES (CONT'D)
 Mack, you take Sharp and Banks
 and scout around see what is
 going on. Aldo you keep tight
 surveillance on the Columba.

Mack salutes and flies off with Sharp and Banks.

94 EXT. COLUMBA CHURCH HIDEOUT - CONTINUOUS 94

The three doves cautiously close in on the church rooftop,
 taking cover in trees and behind chimneys.

They watch the rooftop, but there seems to be no movement
 inside.

They cautiously fly up to the roof, flattening their backs
 against the tiles.

DETECTIVE MACK
 (whispered)
 We need to find a way in.

They tiptoe around the eaves, checking the roof for loose
 tiles.

They find a hole.

DETECTIVE MACK (CONT'D)
 Sharp stay here. Me and Banks
 will go in. If we coo three
 times, you give the signal to the
 team.

Sharp nods. Mack sucks in a breath and the two head in.

95 INT. COLUMBA CHURCH HIDEOUT - CONTINUOUS 95

Mack and Banks step through the hole and into the church
 roof.

It is dark and completely abandoned.

They move slowly through cobwebs and around a pile of
 trash.

Mack peeks over to survey the scene.

DETECTIVE MACK
 (whispered)
 Seems clear.

Lightning flashes, a bright white dove is illuminated in
 the centre of the roof-space, he has a bag over his head.

DETECTIVE MACK (CONT'D)
I think I have visual contact on
Lucky. You stay here, I'll go and
investigate.

Banks nods as Mack steps slowly out.

He moves through the darkness towards the silhouette of the
dove tied to a can in the middle of the space.

He is close and calls to the dove in a hushed whisper.

DETECTIVE MACK (CONT'D)
Lucky? Lucky, is that you?

Lightning flashes - the dove is illuminated, so is a large
patch of white powder around the tied up dove.

Mack frowns, he disturbs the powder with his foot, it wafts
up and he sneezes. A puff of white powder blows off the
dove.

DETECTIVE MACK (CONT'D)
It's a trap!

The lights suddenly go on and dozens of Columba dive down
from the rafters bombarding Mack.

He is caught in a hail of poop and is floored by the
bombardment.

Banks and Sharp come charging in, Sharp swings round his
poop gun and tries to take some shots. Its blocked and he
gets bombarded by the Columba.

Banks dives towards some trash, but gets caught in the
fire.

Suddenly Tricks pops through a hole in the roof.

He holds an immense, double barrel poop gun, with the clown
pez dispenser mounted on top and a wheel mounted on the
side.

TRICKS
Say hello to my little friend!

He spins the wheel, which turns a cog attached to the
clown's head by an elastic band. The clown's head bobs up
and down as he starts pumping out high-speed poop capsules.
The Columba are picked off in the hail of fire.

The other doves arrive with their poop guns, working in
pairs to load and fire.

The Columba are in complete disarray, the doves totally
have the upper-hand but suddenly, from behind they are
ambushed by the returning Livia.

The Livia are over-coming the doves with close range bombardments, the guns are too slow to be effective.

Tricks swings round

TRICKS (CONT'D)

Take cover!

The doves flatten themselves on the floor as Tricks lays waste to the air-born Livia with the pez gun.

CHER AMI

Where is Lucky?

Barnes spots some dark smudged footprints leading towards a hole in the floorboards.

D.I. BARNES

Follow me.

The battle continues as more Livia arrive.

TRICKS

I'm out!

His pez dispenser pops up empty.

DETECTIVE LOAF

Arrgggh!!!

Loaf charges across the scene, poop splatting across him, he dives towards Tricks holding a matchbox and tosses it to Tricks.

Loaf gets taken out in a hail of poop.

Tricks catches the box and tips more capsules into the dispenser.

Reloaded, he continues his fire.

96

INT. CHURCH RAFTERS - CONTINUOUS

96

Barnes and Cher Ami tip-toe through the floor-space, following the dark smudged trail. The commotion continues upstairs.

They come to a hole and peer through.

Don Columba is dragging Lucky across the abandoned church hall.

Barnes motions to Cher Ami.

D.I. BARNES

Pass me that.

She tosses over the top of a broken bottle.

Barnes puts the narrow end to his mouth.

D.I. BARNES (CONT'D)
 (In mock, loudspeaker
 voice)
 Don Columba, we have you
 surrounded.

It echoes around the space. Don Columba looks around.

There are helicopter noises, followed by Barnes voice.

D.I. BARNES (CONT'D)
 There is no escape, give yourself
 up.

Barnes is wafting his wing frantically by the bottle mouth-
 piece to imitate a helicopter.

Cher ami looks at him and shakes her head.

DON COLUMBA
 Likely story!

He keeps dragging Lucky towards the altar.

D.I. BARNES
 Dammit, he didn't buy it!

Cher Ami rolls her eyes.

D.I. BARNES (CONT'D)
 Come on.

They jump through the hole and flutter down to the church
 aisle below.

Don Columba holds Lucky by the throat. Lucky sees Cher Ami.

LUCKY
 Cher Ami!

DON COLUMBA
 Shut up pretty boy. One more word
 and I'll snap your neck.

Cher Ami frets nervously as Barnes advances slowly.

D.I. BARNES
 There is no way out. Your men
 have been over-powered.

Don Columba backs off, dragging Lucky.

DON COLUMBA

Impossible! My men are the finest foot-soldiers in the city! You're men are nothing but a handful of poxy doves. How could you possibly be winning?

From up in the rafters comes a shout.

DETECTIVE ALDO

Because of this!

He holds an adapted long range gun. He fires.

The capsule flies in slow motion towards the Don.

He screams as the pellet catches him right between the eyes and explodes in poop.

He falls backwards dazed.

Lucky breaks free. Cher Ami charges forward to embrace him.

Barnes rushes over to the dazed Don and clips him.

D.I. BARNES

Say bye-bye to your empire!

Lucky and Cher Ami embrace.

LUCKY

Where have you been? I've missed you so much.

Cher Ami smiles.

CHER AMI

I'll fill you in later, we still have work to do.

They kiss quickly. Lucky smiles.

97

INT. COLUMBA CHURCH HIDEOUT - CONTINUOUS

97

The mafia pigeons have been overrun. They are all tied up in a huddle in the middle of the church roof, covered in poop.

The doves stand around them brandishing their guns.

Barnes returns with Lucky, Cher Ami and Aldo. They drag Don Columba and push him into the huddle.

Tony Livia is still in the middle with the bag over his head.

TONY LIVIA
What's going on? Who won?

Barnes pulls the bag off Tony Livia's head.

D.I. BARNES
We did wise-guy!

He pulls the bag back on.

TONY LIVIA
(muffled)
Oh! Dammit!

98 EXT. ELECTRICAL STORE - NEXT DAY

98

The televisions in the window show the news.

NEWS REPORTER
Last night, a bizarre series of
events unfolded downtown, where
an entire Cafe of people were
found sleeping at their tables.

The TV switches scenes to the cafe. Reporters surround the
incident.

People sit with their faces in their food, snoring loudly.

Police have cordoned off the area. The footage is from the
previous evening.

The scene switches to a scene of a reporter outside the
cafe filmed the following morning.

SITE REPORTER
Strange events indeed. Yesterday
evening, in this usually busting
street cafe, this waitress came
out to find all the customers
fast asleep in their food.

WAITRESS
It was really crazy. All of them,
snoring like babies. I've never
seen-

The reporter cuts in, the waitress is miffed.

SITE REPORTER

Police have cleared the cafe of any wrong-doing and have linked the incident, strangely enough, to the rooftop, to an apparent assault on a Mr George Pottersworth, who was found unconscious at the bottom of his stairs this morning by a neighbor.

The reporter is outside George's apartment. She knocks. George opens the door with a large bruise on his head and a patch over his eye.

SITE REPORTER (CONT'D)

Hello sir, the doctor's reported you are suffering from memory loss, is this true?

GEORGE

What? I err.. I don't remember anything about memory loss.

SITE REPORTER

We have heard that you are a pigeon fan and have a number of them on your rooftop?

GEORGE

Oh yeah, I guess from all these photos I must really love these guys.

He shows the reporter in to the apartment and motions towards a wall of photographs of pigeons.

All the mafia are there, both Don Columba, Don Livia, Tony Livia and a number of other gangsters.

The scene cuts to the rooftop. The reporter stands next to the cages with the furious pigeons inside.

SITE REPORTER

This incident must've really worried these little guys - they must've thought they'd lost their loving carer?

GEORGE

Oh, yeah. I think so. I'm never letting these guys out of my sight again. I'm gonna take really good care of them up here!

SITE REPORTER

In the end no harm done. A happy man and a happy flock!

Don Columba scowls.

SITE REPORTER (CONT'D)

Back to you.

The TV returns to the studio. The camera starts zooming slowly out from the shop window.

NEWS REPORTER

In strangely coincidental news it seems that the recent vandalism and fouling of public places by the overwhelming scourge of pigeons to hit the city has had no reports of incidents for the first day in months.

A different site reporter stands outside the church.

SITE REPORTER 2

Yes Lesley. I'm here at Greenborough Community Church, talking to its warden, Arthur Walsh.

(To Arthur)

You say this is the first morning in months you haven't woken up to a churchyard caked in pigeon poop?

ARTHUR

Yes indeed. Every morning, there'd be foul everywhere, but today its clean as what I left it yesterday.

SITE REPORTER 2

Any ideas why that could be?

ARTHUR

(scratching head)

I dunno really, its strange.

SITE REPORTER 2

There you have it viewers. Strange stuff in a strange day.

The camera pans back where Lucky and Cher Ami stand arm in arm watching the news in the window. They smile, turn to each other and kiss.

LUCKY

We should get back.

Cher Ami smiles and they take off.

99 EXT. CITY ROOFTOPS - CONTINUOUS 99

They fly through a bright sunny sky, playfully swooping and diving.

100 EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - CONTINUOUS 100

They fly past the young boy's window. He sits looking out glumly as other kids play outside.

101 EXT. COLUMBA CHURCH HIDEOUT - CONTINUOUS 101

They swoop up into the sky and dive down towards the church.

They land on the eaves and kiss again.

102 INT. COLUMBA CHURCH HIDEOUT - CONTINUOUS 102

The church roof is cleaned up and bright. Lucky and Cher Ami hop through the hole.

The other doves are chilling out in their new home. They have sofas fashioned out of tissue boxes where some of the guys relax, Mack swings on a makeshift swing, singing the same song to himself.

Tricks splashes around in an old pot full of water with his chicks and his wife.

In the rafters Loaf laughs dopily as Aldo chases him with Tricks gun.

DETECTIVE ALDO
(imitating Tricks)
Say hello to my little friend!

He imitates firing off rounds, Loaf imitates getting hit and drops out of the sky, taking flight just before he hits the floor, laughing as he does so.

Lucky and Cher Ami smile to each other.

CHER AMI
Come on then, I'll tell you all
about it...

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END