

LITTLE WINGSTERS
Episode X:
Big Brothers, Little Birds

by

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Episode X: BIG BROTHERS, LITTLE BIRDS

FADE IN

EXT. WINGHAVEN IN FRONT OF THE POSTBOX - DAY

On Winghaven, the blue-green grass waves gently around the 'H for Hello' landing spot. Behind the H in the grass, the Postbox tinkles out a message and COCO and INGA swoop down from the Keep to rescue the telex from their pet sheep IGNATIUS who's galloping over the horizon. Ignatius spots them, skids to a halt and then strolls past, with a yellow side-eye towards the post box.

IGNATIUS

Oh. Hello.

INGA

Hey Iggy - did you need something?

IGNATIUS

Just... Doing my rounds.

Inga tears off the telex which has issued from a slot next to the blank screen.

COCO

Oh look, Iggs - there's a telex -
would you like the ribbon?

Coco hands Ignatius the telex ribbon with one hand and surreptitiously spreads the fingers of the other hand, causing the telex ribbon to grow as big as a python. Ignatius wobbles off struggling to munch it without getting entangled in its coils. Eventually he falls over, trussed like a turkey, legs flailing, and tries to bite off the nearest bits. Inga turns away to hide her giggles.

COCO

(snorts)

Oops Iggy - sorry, I didn't mean
it to get so big. And now I can't
shrink it because then you'll
really be in trouble.

IGNATIUS

You've done enough. I'm fine.

Xuki pops into view next to them, and Coco and Inga forget about Ignatius as the screen lights up with Google Earth as a 3D hologram, turning as it protrudes half out of the screen.

MOYA (O/S)

Gather round, Wingsters - a bird
has just stunned itself against the
Smiths' window.

COCO

Can I make the screen bigger?

MOYA (O/S)

Yes, give it a try, Coco. Inga, you'll take the address. So make sure you both show up.

Coco stares at the screen intently, parting her hands with an exuberant flourish. The screen whooshes up and out, till it's bigger than the entire Winghaven planet, rocking and teetering like a blackboard on a football. Coco claps her hands to her mouth, staring up at the screen as if at a skyscraper.

INGA

That's a good start! If you don't make mistakes, you'll never make anything. Patience makes perfect. (nudges Xuki) Isn't that SO, Xuki?

Xuki shrugs and folds his arms.

XUKI

Not always. It is as it is - but keep going, Coco.

Coco laboriously and very slowly shrinks the screen down to the size of a postage stamp, forgetting to stop, in her fascination. As it contracts, the post box around it gets folds, all radiating from the tiny screen like an asterisk.

COCO

I forgot to stop. But look, it works!

Coco does a happy dance. Inga makes a cat's cradle with wool she fetches from the air above her and Xuki throws himself back on the grass, lies there with eyes closed and makes loud snores, as they wait for her to sort herself out. After a furtive glance at them, Coco tries again, giggling.

COCO

I know how to do it now.

Xuki turns over onto his tummy. Propped up on an elbow, he creates a geometric pattern in front of him, turning, forming and reforming above the grass with his right forefinger. He looks up from it, and leaves it turning there slowly, to join Inga and Coco as the screen finally shrinks to the right size. Xuki pats Coco's back too vigorously.

XUKI

Not bad, Shrimpy! Finally!

Coco staggers a little, recovers.

COCO

You pat too hard, Xuki - I'll teach you to pat.

MOYA (O/S)

Attention please! Here's the bird.
It crashed against their big
picture window and fell - stone
dead, they think. But it isn't.

The Wingsters all lean forward, and watch a sequence of stills:

- The bird on the screen, its little claws curled up in the air.
- Trevor's mom carrying it to the backyard on a paper towel.
- Mom placing the bird on top of a mop leaning against the wall, with a sharp look down at the cat.
- View of cat looking up with big, innocent eyes.

Xuki strokes his chin and turns to the others.

XUKI

Yes, that's a dangerous situation.
We need to secure the subject
against wild animals. Maybe with a
force-field, and...

MOYA:

No, the problem isn't the cat.

The stills now jump into full holographic life, and all the angels dodge backwards. The video on the screen shows the mother, her son Trevor, Chris his friend and little sister Casey in the back yard.

TREVOR

Okay, but Casey is going to mess it
up again. So - she can only watch
us playing, she can't play too.

Casey sticks out her tongue as she follows them inside. All disappear, only for Casey to reappear again after a moment, to stroke the bird's chest. She suddenly gazes at the bird, and lays her ear to its chest.

CASEY

Please don't die, birdie. I can
feel your heart.

The boys come out. Freeze-frame with Casey in the foreground, her hands cupped over the bird, and looking at the boys in the background.

The picture whirls off and is absorbed by the Earth hologram.

MOYA (O/S)

Okay, Inga and Xuki- off you go.
Take Casey some patience, Inga. And
you, Xuki - pack some logic.

The two fetch their wings and messenger satchels from the coat-hooks set into the pole supporting the Keep, and strap them on.

INGA

Those pictures from Casey were so
clear. She must be very worried.

'Pop-pop!' and they're gone.

Coco idly pats Ignatius who's now disentangled himself, a last fragment of telex tape curling over his forehead as they watch Inga and Xuki on the screen popping into view next to Casey. She's heatedly arguing with Trevor and Chris. Coco makes the screen a little bigger and a little smaller again. Then she turns to Ignatius, pulling apart her thumb and finger at him.

IGNATIUS

Don't even think about it. I also
have powers, young lady.

EXT: CHILDREN'S BACKYARD - DAY

Casey shields the bird behind her, her arms out sideways, her face red, eyes blazing.

CASEY

I know he's alive so I'm gonna make
him better! But I just need my
first-aid box. You're not burying
him.

The boys look down at the shoebox Trevor's holding.

TREVOR

Just because you have a first aid
kit, doesn't mean you can fix
everything. Doctor Casey.

CASEY

I'll fix you, though.

She shouts at the kitchen door.

CASEY

Mo-o-o-om!

She sends Trevor a triumphant look. The bird's eyes open wide at her shout, pupils tiny and whirling around, and then close again, unobserved.

TREVOR

Okay-okay, no need to run to Mom
all the time - gee, what a baby.
Calm down, we're only playing.
Look, here's how we'll help you -
I'll lend you the box as a hospital
bed. Until it dies for real,
anyway.

(To Chris)

I'm always trying to help this
cluckberry and she's always getting
me into trouble. Dunno why I try.

CASEY

Oh. Well, that's probably okay.
He'll be safe there. I must get
cotton wool for his bed, so just
wait a bit.

TREVOR

Right - hurry up then.

They stand and gaze at the bird as she disappears into the
kitchen.

Inga swirls sparkles and a message to Trevor.

INGA

Trevor, Casey will get it moving
again; you must be patient.

Trevor looks up, inspired, and sneezes violently.

TREVOR

Chris, I've had a great idea - we
must try and get it moving again.

Casey returns. The boys have each picked up one of the
bird's feet and are swinging it back and forth over the box.
She screams when she sees them, and they drop it on the
ground in fright. The cat pounces on the bird as it flutters
into life and leaps up onto the wall with it. The bird
faints dead away, its head hanging down.

Casey jumps up and down and starts screaming. Inga and Xuki
are standing on her shoulders, holding onto her ears to
stay put, their legs floating off into the air, drifting up
and down.

Xuki looks at Inga.

XUKI

Hey, make her stop. I can't get
anything into her head like this.

Inga hovers behind Casey, swirls sparkles onto her and
presses down on Casey's shoulders. Casey sneezes and stops
her tantrum to cope with the sneezes. The two boys laugh at
her. Inga presses down on her shoulders again, and Casey

sits down, head on knees and yawns and yawns. The Wingsters are horrified, and whirl around her, not knowing what to do. The cat drops the bird and prepares to eat it.

Mom comes out to see what the problem is, grabs a sheet off the washing-line and throws it over cat and bird. The cat in the sheet falls off the wall. The boys shriek with laughter.

TREVOR

Check out the cat-ghost. Boo-meow!
Beaow!

CHRIS

Bow-wow! No that's a dog...

Coco pops into view.

COCO

Hey, I'm sure I can heal Casey's
sleepiness.

Coco kneels on Casey's head, and massages some sparkles from her bag into Casey's hair, singing loudly in her ear.

COCO

Ca-ca-ca-Casey/ Ca-ca-ca-Casey/ Tum
te tum te tum te tum/ it seems that
I/ Forgot the song...

Casey looks up with a sudden burp, untangles the cat and grabs the bird back. It is looking a bit worse for wear. Mother goes back inside on hearing her cell ringing.

MOM

You boys behave now and leave Casey
and the bird alone.

Inga hovers above, dips into her bag and swirls some blue sparkles down into Casey's head. Casey sneezes. She holds the bird to her ear, then turns to the boys with a hiccup as Xuki lands on her shoulder, adding sparkles and touching her head on each side of her ear as he speaks into it.

XUKI

Now - remember that day Chris
knocked himself out against the
tree on his skateboard?

She hiccups again.

EXT. WINGHAVEN IN FRONT OF THE POSTBOX - DAY

Coco and Ignatius watch the screen as a picture of the stunned Chris flashes over Casey's head, followed by muffled conversation between the children in the background.

IGNATIUS

(sneering)

No na-a-a-a-avigation skills. None
a-a-t all, thaaa-a-a-aat one.
Thaa-a-aaat poor tree. I don't
haaa-a-a-ave time to watch this
violent a-aaction stuff.

Coco smiles at him and starts to tickle and tease him.

COCO

Our fluffy little tickle-sheepy!

Ignatius snorts, turns and flies up to the top of the Slynaps Tree, where he settles like a dog, going round and round a feather-stalk a few times before flopping down.

IGNATIUS

My work is always being
interrupted. But the planet must be
kept tidy and trim!

COCO

Ah... Iggie. You know we can't do
without you. Keeping the grass so
short, and tidying up the telex
ribbons... Winghaven wouldn't be
the same without you, you cute
fluffywuffy.

Ignatius almost allows himself the glimmer of a smile, then remembers himself and gazes haughtily up at the stars. He folds his wings and tucks his head under one of them.

The planet's 'song' swells.

EXT: SMITHS' BACKYARD - DAY

Trevor and Chris are listening to Casey in the backyard.

CASEY

Guys, imagine Chris being buried
just because he was unconscious for
too long.

Chris looks thoughtful. Xuki turns to Inga with a thumbs-up.

INGA

(to Xuki)

Great, but give her some facts to
work with. Then she can shut down
that know-it-all Trevor. Because
you also know it all.

XUKI

(looks at Inga sideways)

Well I got the Chris memory through
to her. But now she needs to get
creative.

He looks upwards.

XUKI

We need that bright blue kind of
crazy. Punky - could you -

There's a popping sound behind the hedge; Punky flies over it on his skyboard, loops past Xuki, zips in between the three gesticulating children in a blur and floats along behind Casey. She paces up and down, trailing cotton wool from her hand and gesturing at Trevor to put the box down so she can put the cotton wool into it. He keeps pulling it away to tease her.

PUNKY:

I thought you'd never ask!

He flutters just behind Casey on his skyboard, wobbling along with the occasional burst of speed to keep up as she paces up and down. Trevor watches her, grinning as he holds the shoebox high over her head. Chris has his arms folded and watching Trevor, but he's looking worried.

Coco is on Casey's shoulder, leaning on Casey's head with one elbow, looking back and laughing at Punky, making cranking motions with her other hand.

XUKI

What's Coco doing here? This is a
sensitive operation. We can't have
her here.

COCO

Xuki, aren't you being such a big
bossy boy again?

INGA

Yes, Xuki - give Coco a break.

XUKI

I'm just trying to teach her and
show her the proper way...

INGA

Guys - let's look after Casey. We
can fight later.

Punky is zooming behind her, making sharp turns when she turns on her heel to pace in the other direction in her frustration. Once he's not quick enough, and she walks straight through him.

She farts and adjusts her nurse's cap, the boys roaring with laughter. She threatens them with a big fake syringe.

TREVOR

Oh we're really scared. Please
Doctor, don't do it!

CHRIS

I'm poop-scared!

They collapse into more laughter. Punki now hovers above her, his skateboard streaming sparkles which dissolve in the air. Leaving his skateboard to land on her shoulder, Punki spirals a thought into the back of Casey's head. She lets out another loud fart as she bends over the bird again. The boys laugh even louder and fan their noses. Casey ignores them, her face lit up as she turns to them.

CASEY

Is there a bird book in the house,
or should we Google it?

Trevor stops in his tracks, almost at the bird, looking from the box in his hand to the bird and back to Casey.

TREVOR

You're changing the subject now.
And you should say 'excuse me'. We
can hardly breathe. Such a baby!

The two boys laugh and do a high-five, but follow Casey into the house.

Coco sends a thought as she raises her arms aloft, balancing with difficulty on top of Casey's head.

COCO

Nice work, Punki!

Then she flutters behind Casey and her hand fetches up sparkles from her bag which she spirals into Casey's head.

COCO

The big kids don't always know it
all. Little ones have ideas too.

Casey burps and giggles. Then Coco flies back and joins the other three to collect her own high-fives. The four are so busy doing fancy flying with high-fives as they fly in after the kids through the door, that they collide with each other and soon land in a heap of tangled wings, satchels and accessories. They pick themselves up to find they're all wearing each other's wings etc, some of which are upside-down.

INT. SMITHS' HOME, DINING ROOM - DAY

The boys fetch down a large bird book, silently tussling over who should carry it. While they're still tugging, Casey goes outside again.

CASEY

I'm just getting the bird so we can
match it up, Mom.

MOM

Use a paper towel, Sweetie. It's probably dead and full of germs.

TREVOR

Or you can use my shoebox!

MOM

Are you starting again, Trevor?

But Casey takes it, puts her cotton wool in the bottom and goes outside with the serviette, Trevor following.

EXT: SMITHS' BACKYARD - DAY

Casey appears with the box, Trevor close behind, with Chris's head under his arm, which he rubs in vigorous circles at the crown. Chris protests mildly.

Coco is hovering over the bird and sending sparkles into its prone body. As Casey gently drops the serviette over it, after a sharp elbow towards Trevor's ribs to remind him to keep his distance, the bird flutters suddenly and flies off, leaving a dropping on Trevor's head as the serviette drifts down.

Casey shrieks as the serviette lands over her face, fetches it off, then starts giggling at Trevor's dirty hair. Coco joins her, pointing and looking at the other angels to join in the fun.

Casey picks up the serviette, and waves it after the departing dot.

CASEY

Bye, little birdie! Bye! Safe home!

Casey looks at the serviette.

CASEY

Well we don't need this anymore.
But maybe you do, Trevor, hey?

Trevor turns and runs inside, dropping the shoebox, nearly knocking over Chris.

CHRIS

I found the lid - look. Hey, Casey
- did the cat get the bird? Where
do all these feathers come from?

CASEY

It's all good, thanks Chris. He's
alright again, just like you were.

Then she looks up, searching the sky for the bird.

CASEY

Thank yoooo!

A whirl of sparkles surrounds her. Trevor comes out, a smear across his forehead, looks up too, then back at her, shrugs, and puts the box on the wall. Chris sends the lid whirling at Trevor like a numchaka but Trevor ducks.

EXT. WINGHAVEN - DAY

The Wingsters are back in front of their screen, responding to her upturned face.

WINGSTERS (IN UNISON)

Glad to help, Casey!

They turn to high-five each other as the view zooms out, leaving just the Earth slowly turning on the screen, as Winghaven drifts through space. Coco and Inga show off their loot - the serviette, and the shoebox, to Ignatius.

INGA

Iggy, do you want a new bed?

IGGY

Only if it has a lid.

INGA

Okay, we did bring that too.

IGGY

And it must have a bell on it. To protect me from sudden tickles while I'm sleeping.

INGA

Coco will see to it.

MOYA (O/S)

So my messy little messengers are back. Good work, everyone!

Coco fetches a bell out of thin air and adds it to the lid. Delighted with her result, she adds bells all around it.

INT. WINGHAVEN, MOYA'S CHAMBER - DAY

The Wingsters are seated on the cushion around Moya who curls up like golden smoke out of her armchair, splashes down around them with a sound like a crashing wave, then ripples outwards in golden flames. Coco jerks up her legs, falling over backwards, laughing and shrieking. All laugh with her.

MOYA

It's time for the Song of Wings!

EXT. WINGHAVEN, OUTSIDE POSTBOX - DAY

Ignatius bleats away like a broken trumpet into the postbox slot as the song echoes up. When the song ends with a loud 'HEY!!!' Ignatius falls over backwards in shock, gets up, peeps through the letterbox, then wanders off and jumps into his box. He reaches behind it, retrieves the lid, and covers himself, all the bells tinkling.

THE END

FADE OUT