

**Nest for the Holidays**  
a short screenplay by Jenny Kirlin

INT. MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY. EARLY EVENING

PLUME, a plump pigeon, blinks, but sits otherwise motionless. He is sandwiched between a stuffed belted kingfisher and a seaside sparrow, surrounded by thirty other elaborately posed stuffed birds behind a large glass pane. Above the glass pane is a sign that reads, "Birds of North America." PLUME is extremely uncomfortable. The sounds of footsteps approach. He holds his breath as a security guard passes by.

The sound of a circuit breaker shutting down. Lights out. The echoing footsteps of a security guard grow more and more distant. Security check complete.

PLUME stretches his wings and adjusts his neck front and back. He looks around. Something is missing. He hangs upside down off the nest, but can't find it. He flies through an open tile in the ceiling, out of the display and circles the perimeter of the room. Across the corridor, he sees what he is looking for:

DOVEY, a beautifully colored ornate fruit dove, is perched atop a palm tree inside the Central Asian exhibit. Dangling from her beak is a child's pink toy bracelet. She is draping it over a drooping branch. She notices PLUME and stops. Her beak reddens with embarrassment. PLUME lands next to her and the delicate branch bends with his weight.

PLUME  
(skeptical)  
What were you doing?

DOVEY  
Decorating the palm tree for Christmas.

PLUME  
Why?

DOVEY  
I miss my tree back home. I'm nest-sick.

PLUME  
A Christmas *palm tree*?

DOVEY  
There's no pine in Indonesia.

PLUME looks around the exhibit. Sure enough, there are no pine trees.

PLUME  
Huh.

DOVEY starts sniffing and tiny squeaks escape from her beak.

PLUME (CONT'D)  
Don't squeak, Dovey. Please.



PLUME lifts the draped toy bracelet from the tree with his beak and places it over DOVEY's head and it falls nicely around her neck.

PLUME (CONT'D)

You're pretty.

More squeaking.

PLUME (CONT'D)

(moving to take it off)

Does it hurt??

DOVEY shakes her head "no" and smiles a little. PLUME stops and smiles back. After a moment...

PLUME (CONT'D)

I have an idea! Come with me!

DOVEY

Where are we going? It's dark.

PLUME

New York is famous for Christmas! I want to show you!

PLUME flies excitedly out of the exhibit. DOVEY reluctantly joins him. The two pigeons fly down the spiral ramp of the Scales of the Universe exhibit, swoop through the legs of the T-Rex skeleton and soar over the giant whale. They squiggle through the abandoned mail slot at the back entrance.

Outside, the weather is crisp. PLUME flies slightly ahead as they pass through the trees at the entrance to Central Park and over the skating pond.

DOVEY

(calling ahead to PLUME)

It's cold, Plume!

PLUME races ahead and dives down low. DOVEY follows. PLUME weaves expertly between the skaters, while DOVEY nearly misses all of them. The ice spray from a little girl's blade flies up and hits PLUME in the face. DOVEY stifles a laugh and keeps following.

Past the skating pond, PLUME and DOVEY fly over the white lights outlining the zoo and atop the roofs of the kiosks at a holiday gift market at Columbus Circle. Below, an OLD WOMAN SHOPPER points up at the pair of pigeons.

OLD WOMAN SHOPPER

A bat!

DOVEY scowls. The small crowd around the old woman watches the pair as they soar down the row of leather gloves, marionettes, pant-skirts and hand-made soaps for sale.



PLUME  
(calling back)  
Come on, Dovey! Can't you smell that??

PLUME follows his beak to the very edge of the row. Just in front of him is the ginger snap and cider house! He lands on a table of tourists nearby. The startled tourists knock over their drinks and snatch up their bags. DOVEY joins PLUME. She tries a few of the ginger crumbs the tourists left behind and washes it down with cider from a puddle on the ground next to a dropped cup.

PLUME burps loudly. DOVEY snorts and flies above the table. PLUME, weighed down with a full belly, lifts himself into the air and pokes slowly ahead. DOVEY follows him through the red stoplights to the glass towers of the Time Warner building. PLUME bursts into the revolving doors, frightening a YOUNG COUPLE.

INT. REVOLVING DOORS. EVENING

The YOUNG COUPLE flail their arms and scream as PLUME bounces off the glass and feathers go everywhere. He can see DOVEY in the next section. She is laughing.

INT. TIME WARNER BUILDING. EVENING

PLUME and DOVEY fly free of the doors, laughing, as the YOUNG COUPLE straightens themselves out. PLUME makes a beeline for the escalator hand-rail and rides up. DOVEY lands next to him. PLUME puffs out his feathers and scrunches up his neck.

PLUME  
Ho! Ho! Ho! Have you been a good little dove?

DOVEY  
Yes, weirdo.

All of a sudden, DOVEY'S eyes go wide. Over PLUME'S head, DOVEY can see the snow-topped red roofs of Santa Claus' Workshop. The escalator hand-rail reaches its end and PLUME propels himself up and over to Santa's display. DOVEY lingers by the escalator, staring in awe at the man in the big red fat suit. PLUME goes back over and grabs her wing and flies her past the long line of children. They perch on the arch above Santa. PLUME brushes off some leftover crumbs from DOVEY's feathers.

PLUME  
You ready?

DOVEY  
YES!

A red-headed girl with giant freckles slips off of Santa's lap. Immediately, PLUME and DOVEY dive down and land on puffy red. They call out their Christmas wishes at Santa:

PLUME  
Easy Bake Oven!

DOVEY  
Bicycle!



Before SANTA knows what hit him, PLUME and DOVEY are up and over the railing and diving down and back through the revolving doors and over the circle of traffic at Columbus Circle, laughing all the while.

A QUICK MONTAGE:

PLUME and DOVEY snatch a beak-full of oats from horses costumed as reindeer lining Central Park South.

PLUME is frightened by an FAO Schwartz animatronics giraffe wearing an elf hat.

DOVEY flies into a tourist's picture in front of St. Patrick's Cathedral.

CLOSE ON:

PLUME and DOVEY land on a branch. Christmas music below. DOVEY smiles at PLUME.

DOVEY

Thank you, Plume.

PLUME

We're not done yet!

In unison below, we hear...

CROWD

"4-3-2-1"

Suddenly, PLUME and DOVEY are BLINDED by a huge burst of light! DOVEY squints her eyes and snorts with laughter. The crowd below cheers and applauds.

DOVEY looks around in awe. Thousands of tiny light bulbs of every color imaginable surround the two birds and shoot up in bright streaks through the tiny branches between them.

DOVEY

What is this place??

PLUME

It's your tree!

Pull back to reveal PLUME and DOVEY in the middle of the giant Rockefeller Center Christmas tree. DOVEY smiles from ear to ear and a tear rolls down her beak.

She bends her head and lets the pink toy bracelet slip off her neck. She picks it up with her beak and drapes it over the edge of one of the branches. PLUME smiles.

PLUME

Merry Christmas.



EXT. ROCKEFELLER CENTER. EVENING

PLUME and DOVEY fly out from the giant pine. Below them, Rockefeller Center is full of life. Crowds surround the base of the tree and stretch for blocks in every direction. The stores are lit up and decorated for the holidays. The flags of the world whip back and forth next to silver and gold colored Christmas flags. The ice rink glows white and full of tourists. A mix of “Joy to the World” and cab horns fill the air.

FADE TO BLACK

