

FADE IN:

EXT. SUBURBAN DUCK POND - DAY

The pond ripples and cattails sway in the afternoon's gentle breeze. A gaggle of about twenty ducks paddle around, play on their backs, enjoy the gorgeous day.

ANGLE ON A BOY'S HAND

holding a small loaf of bread. Another hand tears off a piece of bread, tosses it high in the air...

IN THE MIDDLE OF THE POND

A handsome, slick male duck, TREVOR, 17, looks up - the bread has caught his eye.

TREVOR

Humans.

The ducks perk up. Like a game of telephone, they pass the word down the line...

DUCK 1

Humans.

DUCK 2

Humans.

DUCK 3

Humans.

DUCK 4

Humans.

The ducks right themselves, race toward the bread.

AT THE EDGE OF THE POND

A mother and young son tear up the bread and toss it to the ducks, now in a feeding frenzy. Trevor dives in.

TREVOR

Come to me baby. This one's mine.

Another male duck, KURT, 17, swims in.

KURT

Mine.

They bill-fight for the bread, pulverizing it to pieces.

A THIRD DUCK charges, hip-checks Kurt, and steals the bread.

The pond is a hotbed of feeding excitement - the ducks dive, swim, fight, eat and revel in the copious bounty of bread.

EXT. CATTAILS AT THE EDGE OF THE POND - DAY

A piece of bread lands inches from one of the cattails. A smallish duck pokes out his head. He's MAL, 16, plain brown and grey. Mal eyes the bread and meekly decides to go for it. Before he even gets close, his bill nervously starts to CLATTER.

A huge green duck swoops in, grabs the bread, and is gone.

MAL  
(calling after the thief)  
All yours. Not hungry anyway.  
Enjoy.

A second piece of bread lands near Mal, this time a little further out. He hesitates, then sticks out his neck. Another duck swoops in and takes it.

MAL (CONT'D)  
(to the duck, long gone)  
Just seeing if you were fast  
enough. You passed the test.

Mal tries to pull in a third piece of bread with his wing. A bright green duck whisks it away in a nanosecond.

MAL (CONT'D)  
Ya pig! That one was covered in  
mold.

Trevor and Kurt swim up to Mal.

TREVOR  
Hey, Mal. When's the last time  
you've eaten?

KURT  
What is it? Like a week?

MAL  
No. Not a week. 6 days and four  
hours.

KURT  
Get in there, man.

TREVOR

Unless...you're too scared of a  
mommy and her little boy...

MAL

Scared!? Please. I'm just, y'know  
dieting. Trying to slim down for  
the flight south.

TREVOR

We haven't migrated in 16 years,  
Mal. You've never even left the  
pond. Not with the constant bounty  
of whole wheat, white, rye, and  
rock hard baguettes. Now c'mon. You  
can't be a duck and afraid of  
humans. You'll starve.

(to the crowd)

Hey everyone, back off, let Mal get  
some.

MAL

No, listen, Trevor, that's okay,  
I'm fine, I'm good...

The ducks back away from the mother and son, and make an  
aisle for Mal.

KURT

(pushing Mal)

Go.

TREVOR

He who is afraid to traverse the  
water, shall not get the day old  
bagel.

MAL

(reluctantly swimming out)

Yeah, well, whoever said that has  
never been on the wrong side of a  
duck blind.

Trevor gives Mal a shove, and he swims reluctantly past the  
cattails.

Mal makes his way toward the little boy, who holds out a last  
piece of bread, just for Mal. All the ducks watch.

DUCK 1  
(to Duck 2)  
Bet you three pieces of  
pumpnickel he's back in the  
cattails empty-handed in less than  
10 seconds.

DUCK 2  
Five seconds.

ANGLE ON MAL

Mal's bill starts to clatter. He looks at the boy's face,  
calm and sweet. Mal relaxes - his bill stops clattering. The  
boy's hand reaches further. Mal's bill reaches up.

AT THE OPPOSITE END OF THE POND

A huge YELLOW BUS pulls up.

The ducks look up. Their eyes widen.

The bus squeaks to a halt. A sign on the bus reads "New York  
City."

The breeze kicks up a bit.

DUCK 1  
(seeing the bus, quietly  
to Duck 2)  
Humans.

DUCK 2  
(to Duck 3)  
Humans.

DUCK 3  
(ominous)  
Those aren't just humans.

ON THE FAR EDGE OF POND

The bus door flies open.

DUCK 3  
Those are teenagers.

ANGLE ON THE BUS

Fifty teenagers holding bags of bread push, shove and scream  
their way toward the edge of the pond.