

Bad Penguin  
by  
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FADE IN ON:

EXT. CLOVER CITY - NIGHT

Snow falls gently over the thriving metropolis. Vintage dirigibles float lazily overhead.

The city is divided into quarters by two highways that meet in the center. Connecting loops form a large cloverleaf.

Christmas music from a lone saxophone is faintly heard.

COOPER (V.O.)  
In the months following the end of  
World War 2, Clover City prospered.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Snow covers the festively decorated street. People bustle along the sidewalk, carrying wrapped boxes and bags.

COOPER (60), a thin black man stands on the sidewalk, playing jazz on a saxophone. He wears dark glasses and layers of old clothes.

His saxophone case rests at his feet. Change lays in it, as well as a white cane.

A Salvation Army Santa Claus rings his bell in the distance.

COOPER (V.O.)  
With our boys back home, the demand  
for consumer goods increased.

Department store windows display television sets, radios, household appliances, fashion and toys.

COOPER (V.O.)  
And with the demand, came the need  
to produce them.

INT. DEPARTMENT STORE - CONTINUOUS

Clerks cheerfully ring up sales in the crowded store.

COOPER (V.O.)  
Everyone was working. Everyone was  
happy.

A young GIRL (8) sits on SANTA's lap, talking to him (MOS).

Scores of kids stand in line, anxiously waiting their turn.

COOPER (V.O.)  
Things were perfect....

An air vent overlooks the scene. Through the metal slants, BRIGHT YELLOW EYES with RED PUPILS stare through.

COOPER (V.O.)  
Until he showed up.

The vent cover flies off the walls, hitting an artificial Christmas tree, nearly toppling it over. Bulbs POP in small explosions and the cover SLAMS to the floor.

An EMPEROR PENGUIN leaps from the vent. He somersaults in the air, spraying bullets from twin semi-automatic pistols.

People SCREAM as he lands near Santa's chair. The fat man and the little girl stare at him.

The Penguin stares back with hate-filled eyes as smoke rises from his guns' barrels. His dark arched uni-brow is separated by a bright red scar.

The magazines drop from the pistols. He slaps his guns on his belt where fresh magazines wait, reloading.

CLICK!

He aims the pistols at Santa.

PENGUIN  
Never got the pony I always wanted--

COOPER (V.O.)  
He told the department store Santa.

The store is dead quiet except for tinny music played over the speakers. No one moves.

COOPER (V.O.)  
"Every year, I asked for a pony and you never got me one. And I've been good. So good that it hurt."

A MAN steps over the velvet ropes, behind the Penguin, and quietly makes his way forward. People stare at him.

COOPER (V.O.)  
"Now you'll learn the pain I went through."

The man tiptoes closer.

Without looking, the Penguin gracefully swings a wing back--

BLAM!

--and shoots him in the knee. He goes down, SCREAMING.

COOPER (V.O.)  
"You all will."

He steps toward Santa. The little girl quietly CRIES.

COOPER (V.O.)  
"But I'll give you a chance, Santa.  
A chance to save your life."

He stops in front of Santa and aims the guns at his chest.

COOPER (V.O.)  
"I'll count to ten," he said. "And  
then I'm going to shoot."

Sweat pours from Santa's face. He SWALLOWS hard.

COOPER (V.O.)  
"You want to save your miserable,  
lonely life...? Use the girl."

People around them GASP. CRYING is heard in the distance.

COOPER (V.O.)  
"One... Two..."

Parents tightly hug their horrified children.

COOPER (V.O.)  
"Three... Four..."

Santa and the girl look at each other.

SANTA  
But I'm not Santa--

COOPER (V.O.)  
"Five... Six..."

The girl SOBS loudly.

SANTA  
I'm just a store employee--

The Penguin steps closer.

COOPER (V.O.)  
 "Seven... Eight..."

A woman faints in the background

COOPER (V.O.)  
 "Nine..."

Santa yanks the girl from his lap and holds her in front of him. GASPS are heard.

COOPER (V.O.)  
 "Ten!"

The Penguin swings his guns around trying to get a clear shot. Santa shields himself with the girl.

SHOPPER  
 (whispers)  
 He's using the girl--

SHOPPER 2  
 (whispers)  
 To save himself.

Urine rolls down the girl's leg, onto the floor.

SHOPPER 3  
 (whisper)  
 He's sacrificing the girl...

The Penguin continues his attempt at getting a clear shot.

COOPER (V.O.)  
 "I got a present for you, kid," he  
 told the girl. "One you'll keep  
 the rest of your life... Reality!"

The Penguin leaps onto the back of Santa's chair. He springs atop Santa's workshop and into the air vent, disappearing.

The crowd glares at Santa. He sinks slowly in his chair, still clutching the screaming girl.

EXT. STREET - MINUTES LATER

The Penguin runs from the store. Hitting a patch of icy sidewalk, he gracefully spins around a woman carrying a stack of giftwrapped boxes.

She SCREAMS, spinning around with him. Finally, she falls, gifts flying everywhere. He races down the street.

COOPER (V.O.)  
It's amazing how one flightless  
bird can raise so much ruckus.

The Penguin races by Cooper. The musician stops playing and listens as running webbed feet pass him by.

Cooper shakes his head before returning to his music.

EXT. DEERBORN STREET - LATER

A run down neighborhood. Apartment windows are boarded up and the garbage is piled high. The snow is dirty.

COOPER (V.O.)  
No one knew where he came from. Or  
why he was here. Or why he hated  
Christmas so much.

The DEERBORN TAVERN sits in the middle of the street. People huddle around a burning garbage can, struggling to keep warm.

INT. DEERBORN TAVERN - CONTINUOUS

The bar is old and in need of repair. Much like the patrons. Outcasts, poor, undesirables sit in the smoked-filled bar.

TINNY CHRISTMAS MUSIC plays on a radio behind the bar.

COOPER (V.O.)  
Hell, no one knows if there even  
was a reason for any of this.

Cooper sits at the end of the bar, beer in his hand. His sax case leans on the wall, next to him.

COOPER (V.O.)  
All that anyone knew was that he  
was here.

The Penguin sits next to him. He gulps down a shot and puts the glass in a pyramid with several other ones.

He chases the shot with a beer.

COOPER  
You know, that stunt you pulled  
cost me money, today.

The Penguin looks at him from the corner of his eye.

COOPER

Police cars showed up. Ambulances.  
I think even a fire truck did. You  
set the place on fire or something?

The Penguin CHUCKLES, sipping his beer.

COOPER

They showed up and they cleared the  
street. Told everyone to go on.

Behind the bar, MICKEY (60) opens the lid on an antique  
sandwich maker. A cigarette hangs from his mouth. He flips  
a grilled cheese sandwich from it and onto a plate.

COOPER

You know I make most of my money  
this time of year, right?

Mickey slides the plate in front of OZZIE, a sad-looking man.

OZZIE

Thanks, Mickey.

Mickey takes some change from him and walks off.

COOPER (O.C.)

People are nice to the poor blind  
colored man playing Christmas songs  
on his sax. You know that, right?

The penguin reaches into his (invisible) pocket and pulls out  
a wad of cash. He pulls a ten from it and places it in front  
of Cooper as the blind man raises his drink.

The money makes a soft FLAP on the bar.

The drink stops before reaching Cooper's lips.

COOPER

Did you just put money down in  
front of me? Did you?

He puts his drink down and turns to the Penguin.

COOPER

I don't need your charity. I work  
for a living. I'm a musician.

The Penguin looks at him, a little angry.

COOPER

I get paid to play my saxophone.

The Penguin looks angrier. The two stare at each other.  
People in the bar watch them.

COOPER  
Nobody ever wins a staring contest  
with a blind man. Not you. Not  
nobody. Put away your money.

Cooper slides the ten back over to the Penguin.

COOPER  
You wanna give your money away, buy  
the people here a drink. Or a  
cheese sandwich.

The Penguin looks at RUDY (65) on his other side. Rudy wears  
shabby clothes and smiles a pitiful grin at him.

The Penguin gives him 'the finger.' Rudy's smile disappears.

Mickey steps up to Cooper.

MICKEY  
Need another one, Cooper?

Cooper holds his near empty glass and gently swirls it.

COOPER  
Another one? Why not, Mickey. And  
one for my friend here.

Mickey pours a beer from a nearby tap.

MICKEY  
Did you hear that Gina-Lee is back?

COOPER  
Gina-Lee? I thought she moved out  
of Candletown when she married that  
club owner?

Cooper finishes his beer as Mickey places the fresh one in  
front of him. Mickey takes the empty glass away.

MICKEY  
Wasn't no club owner. Just a piano  
player. He was also married to two  
other girls. Fool couldn't afford  
to keep one wife, much less three.

COOPER  
That poor girl.

MICKEY  
 (to Penguin)  
 Screaming Turkey?

The Penguin holds up two 'fingers.'

MICKEY  
 Double? You got it.

He grabs a bottle and glass from behind the bar.

MICKEY  
 Gina-Lee's brother catches that  
 fool, won't be nothing left of him--

CHINNY (O.S.)  
 Hey, Wee Billy! I thought we was  
 in a bar!

CHINNY MONROE and WEE BILLY JEFFERSON (both 30), two slick-  
 looking hustlers, stand at the doorway, grinning. Both wear  
 expensive-looking zoot suits and hats.

Chinny stands a foot taller than Wee Billy

WEE BILLY  
 Yeah. Yeah. Yeah, Chinny! I  
 thought we was in a bar, too.

The two strut in.

CHINNY  
 But this is like--this is like a  
 funeral home.

WEE BILLY  
 (guffaws)  
 Funeral home! This place is  
 exactly like a funeral home!

They walk by patrons, who hide their faces, embarrassed.

WEE BILLY  
 I remember my gran'mama's funeral  
 and it was--!

Chinny puts his hand on Wee Billy's chest.

CHINNY  
 We don't need to know about your  
 dead gran'mama.

Wee Billy looks hurt as Chinny steps away.

CHINNY  
This is Christmas. A time for  
giving and a time for celebrating--

MICKEY  
And what the fuck you two fools got  
to celebrate?

He gives the Penguin his drink. The Penguin watches Chinny  
and Wee Billy suspiciously.

MICKEY  
Who gives you the right to come in  
here in them fool suits?

CHINNY  
Who gives us the right?

He walks over to the bar, reaching into his breast pocket.

CHINNY  
President Jackson gives us the  
right!

He SLAPS a twenty dollar bill on the bar.

WEE BILLY  
(guffaws)  
President Jackson! 'Cause he's on  
the ten dollar bill!

CHINNY  
He's on the twenty, you fool!  
(to Mickey)  
Wee Billy and I are successful  
businessmen who believe in sharing  
the wealth. The drinks are on us!

The patrons ad-lib SUBDUE CHEERING.

MICKEY  
I ain't taking your money!

The CHEERING abruptly ends as Mickey throws the money at  
Chinny. Wee Billy struggles to catch the fluttering bill  
before it hits the floor.

MICKEY  
It's dirty.

CHINNY  
Dirty?

Wee Billy quickly examines the bill with a confused look.

MICKEY

You don't think I know where that money comes from? Shit, we all know! You're selling 'H.' In our neighborhood. Both of you!

CHINNY

We provide a product. We don't force nobody to buy it!

Mickey leans over the bar, getting into Chinny face.

MICKEY

You both sell death. And I don't want you or it in my business. Now get out 'fore I throw you out!

CHINNY

Throw me out? You and what army?

The Penguin draws a switchblade--

SNICK!

Light glistens off the blade.

COOPER

Put it away.

The Penguin looks at him. Cooper just faces straight ahead.

COOPER

I said, 'put it away.'

The Penguin slowly lowers the knife.

SWEEPER (40) stands up from his stool, next to Chinny. He's a huge guy, big enough to rip a man's head off. Two medals hang over the breast pocket of his army fatigue jacket.

His right arm is missing; his jacket sleeve is rolled up and pinned to his jacket.

SWEEPER

If Mickey says you gots to go, then you gots to go.

ROBERTS (30) gets up from his stool. He's an obese man wearing an army coat that not longer fits him.

ROBERTS

Sweeper's right. You gots to go.

Roberts walks over to Sweeper and Chinny. The floor GROANS with each step he takes.

Chinny and Wee Billy look nervously at each other. Chinny looks back to Sweeper and Roberts and forces a smile.

CHINNY

Hey, let's all be cool. We just came in to spread some Christmas--

Sweeper and Roberts slowly step toward him.

SWEEPER

If Mickey says you gots to go--

ROBERTS

Then you gots to go!

Sweeper and Roberts corral Chinny and Wee Billy to the door.

CHINNY

Okay. Okay--

Wee Billy stumbles to open the door.

CHINNY

No need to get all crazy.

Wee Billy and Chinny are forced out the door. The door closes with a noticeable SCRAPE.

MICKEY

Beers and grilled cheese sandwiches are on me.

Everyone in the bar CHEERS.

MICKEY

For these two, you lazy-assed fools.

The CHEERS turn to GRUMBLING as Sweeper and Robert pat each other on the back and return to their stools.

The Penguin SIGHS.

COOPER

See? We been looking after our own long before you showed up.

The Penguin reluctantly nods as Cooper finishes his beer.

Mickey slaps two cheese sandwiches together and puts them in his sandwich maker.

MICKEY  
You want another one, Coop?

COOPER  
Just the bill, Mickey. I gotta be getting home.

Mickey steps up to him.

MICKEY  
Let's see. That's two-forty.

Cooper counts off two bills and some change.

COOPER  
Two-forty? Your prices going up?

MICKEY  
No. Just how much you two are drinking.

The two CHUCKLE.

Cooper grabs his saxophone and white cane and gets up.

COOPER  
Good night, Mickey.

MICKEY  
Night, Coop.

Cooper makes his way through the bar.

SWEEPER  
Good night, Cooper.

ROBERTS  
Get home safe.

COOPER  
Good night, boys.

He walks out the door and the bar goes quiet and lifeless.

Mickey pulls two grilled cheeses from the sandwich maker. He gives them to Sweeper and Roberts.

The Penguin lifts his drink to his mouth, looking around.

GEORGINA (40) sits at the far end of the bar, drink in hand and cigarette in mouth. She wears a slinky dress and more make up than a circus clown. An old man sits next to her, slumped over in a drunken state.

The Penguin smiles. She looks at him, swirling her drink with her finger. She slowly places her finger in her mouth.

The Penguin hops off his stool and disappears.

Georgina sips her drink when the man next to her is jerked off his stool.

THUD!

The Penguin climbs up smiling at her. She smiles back. He signals to Mickey, who brings them drinks.

GEORGINA

(slurred)

I love a man in a tuxedo...

She leans against him, sipping her drink.

EXT. RUN-DOWN RESIDENTIAL STREET - DAY

The street is lined with old apartment buildings. Curtains blow out of a partially opened window.

INT. GEORGINA'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Raggedy curtains blow out the partially-opened window.

An old accordion radiator HISSES steam, discoloring the adjacent wall. The furniture is old and mismatched.

Georgina lays in her bed, SNORING. An old blanket is draped across her torso.

A clock on an adjacent night stand reads 7:45.

The Penguin steps from the bathroom, a towel wrapped around his waist. He looks at Georgina.

Her hair is messy. Her makeup is smeared. She looks older.

He frowns.

Her legs stick out from the blanket. They're hairy and with varicose veins.

Her toenails are poorly manicured. There's fungus between the toes. She's missing two toes on one foot! WTF?

He frowns even more, with a quizzical look on his face.

'Damn. I slept with that?'

Georgina rolls over, exposing her privates to him. The Penguin grabs his towel and wipes his tongue with it.

He walks over to a nearby dresser, wiping his tongue further. He looks at Georgina and SHUDDERS.

On the dresser is a lady's purse. He looks at it. Then Georgina. Then the purse again. He reaches in it.

EXT. RUN-DOWN RESIDENTIAL STREET - MINUTES LATER

The Penguin steps from Georgina's apartment building, counting a wad of bills.

GEORGINA (O.S.)  
You son of a bitch!

Georgina leans out her window, wrapped in the towel.

GEORGINA  
That's my money you took! Mine!

The Penguin continues down the street, counting the money and smiling. Georgina's SCREAMS fade off in the background.

EXT. CLOVER PARK ENTRANCE - LATER

An elaborate stone archway stands at the entrance, flanked on each side with a three foot high stone wall.

Inside, a large pine tree is surrounded by scaffolding. Work crews hang strings of Christmas lights along the branches.

A nearby sign reads: CLOVER CITY TREE LIGHTING FRIDAY 7:00.

Cooper stands on a metal grating by the park entrance. He plays Christmas tunes on his saxophone.

THREE KIDS, snowballs in hand, eye Cooper.

KID 1  
You sure we should be doing this?

KID 2  
It'll be funny. Don't chicken out  
on us.

Kid 2 packs his snowball tightly in his hands.

KID 1  
Yeah, but the guy is blind. He  
can't even see.

KID 3  
Yeah, that means he can't point us  
out to the cops.

A WHISTLE distracts them. They look to the side.

The Penguin stands next to a THREE TIER SNOWMAN. The snowman has a carrot and coal for a face and wears a top hat.

The Penguin looks at the kids and shakes his head.

KID 2  
Ehh. It's just a pigeon.

Kid 2 winds up for his pitch. Before he can throw, he is struck down by a snowball the size of a basketball.

His friends look toward the Penguin, who eats a carrot. The snowman is missing its head. The top hat is on its torso.

The Penguin stares at the kids. The kids look at each other.

KID 1  
You don't think...?

KID 3  
How could he? He got no arms.  
Just them little wings.

The Penguin looks at his wings, flapping them.

KID 3  
(whispers)  
I'm gonna do it.

Kid 3 packs his snowball one last time and--

SLAM!

--is flattened by a larger ball of snow than Kid 2 was.

Kid 1 looks at his friend and then to the Penguin.

The Penguin leans against the bottom tier of the snowman, now wearing the hat. The Penguin SNARLS, bearing teeth.

Kid 1 runs off. He gets about fifty feet when--

CRASH!

--the snowball the size of a truck tire SLAMS down on him. An arm sticks out from under the snow, twitching.

Cooper continues playing his saxophone.

The Penguin belly slides on the snow up to him. He sways to the music, mesmerized. A smile grows on his face.

Cooper finishes. The Penguin CLAPS.

COOPER  
That you, bird?

He SNIFFS the air in front of him. He wrinkles his nose.

COOPER  
What is that smell? You been  
eating bad fish all night?

The Penguin turns away, and scrapes his tongue on his beak.

COOPER  
Take a penny out of my case and buy  
yourself some Wrigley's, will you?

CRASH!

Cooper and the Penguin turn toward the park.

Work crew members stand over a large overturned box. Millions of shards of broken glass lay on the ground. The crew AD LIBS loud comments to each other.

COOPER  
Something wrong with the tree?

The Penguin glances over at the tree and GRUNTS.

Cooper sits on a wooden crate, behind him.

COOPER  
What's your problem with Christmas,  
bird? You're the only one who got  
a problem with it.

The Penguin walks around the sax case to Cooper. He stops at the subway grating. Faint wisps of steam rise from it.

COOPER  
Get over here.

He steps on the grating with a bare flipper and immediately backs off. A pained expression is on his face.

COOPER  
Grating hurting your feet? Might  
be painful to walk on barefoot, but  
it make a mighty warm spot for me.

The Penguin gently places a foot on it. He adds more weight to it and then places his other foot on it.

He stands there, looking at his feet. He seems satisfied.

Cooper pokes him in the belly. He then feels for his beak. The Penguin SLAPS his hand away.

COOPER  
Had to be sure it was you. Thought  
I was talking to you yesterday.  
Turned out it was a fire hydrant.

The two smile at each other. They talk (MOS).

COOPER (V.O.)  
I asked the Penguin what his  
problem was with Christmas. Didn't  
realize what I was getting into.

The muni-workers argue (MOS). People watch.

COOPER (V.O.)  
The Penguin said he was tired of  
the lies. And, to listen to him,  
Christmas was all about lies.

A YOUNG COUPLE walks by, wearing Santa hats.

COOPER (V.O.)  
There were lies about Santa Claus--

A muni-worker pulls a reindeer statue from a crate.

COOPER (V.O.)  
Lies about his reindeer--

Kid 2 stirs from under his large ball of snow.

COOPER (V.O.)  
Frosty the Snowman--

Workers unload statues from the nativity scene from a truck.

COOPER (V.O.)  
But when he started talking about  
Jesus, I said--

Cooper grabs the Penguin's beak and shuts it.

COOPER  
Hold it!

The Penguins at him, bug-eyed.

COOPER  
You wanna complain about Santa  
Claus, that's one thing--

He lets go of the Penguin.

COOPER  
But I ain't gonna let you badmouth  
Baby Jesus. I won't!

The Penguin looks at him, guilt in his eyes.

COOPER (V.O.)  
It was the first time I ever shut  
him up. Probably the first time  
anyone ever shut him up.

The Penguin talks to him (MOS).

COOPER (V.O.)  
He told me that Christmas was about  
faith. And he had no faith in  
anything. If he couldn't see it,  
or feel it, then it didn't exist.

The Penguin takes few steps away, looking down at his feet.

COOPER (V.O.)  
I asked him about love. 'Did that  
exist?'

The Penguin gently shakes his head, almost shameful.

COOPER  
What about friendship? You can't  
say that don't exist.

The Penguin turns around and looks at Cooper with sad eyes.

EXT. RUN-DOWN RESIDENTIAL STREET - DAY

Everything looks dirty.

An ELDERLY WOMAN forces a rusty shopping cart along the snow-covered sidewalk.

DAPHNE (25) leans against a building doorway, thin and sickly. Layers of makeup cover her face. Her poorly-fitted clothing is covered in patches and stitch work.

Footsteps, CRUNCH in the snow.

DAPHNE

Looking for a good time...?

She sees Chinny and Wee Billy walking up to her.

WEE BILLY

That's what we was gonna ask you,  
Daphne.

She forces a smile and straightens out her clothes, making herself more presentable.

DAPHNE

I been looking for you boys for a  
few days now.

CHINNY

We been looking for you, Daphne.  
We're here to collect.

DAPHNE

Collect? Now?

Chinny steps toward her.

CHINNY

We gave you some product on credit,  
remember? You said you'd have our  
money for it today.

She shifts her weight, looking uneasy.

DAPHNE

Yeah, but you see--

CHINNY

See? I need to see money.

WEE BILLY  
We need to see money, girl!

DAPHNE  
But I don't have it.

CHINNY  
Don't have it?

DAPHNE  
I been sick the last few days.  
Business ain't been good.

CHINNY  
Ain't good? You know what else  
ain't good?

He shoves her against the door.

DAPHNE  
Hey!

CHINNY  
You holding out on us ain't good!

He rifles through her coat pockets.

DAPHNE  
Chinny! Wait!

CHINNY  
Shut up!

He pulls out several bills.

CHINNY  
Lookie here!

DAPHNE  
Wait!

He tosses the money to Wee Billy.

CHINNY  
Count it.

DAPHNE  
I need that!

Wee Billy counts the money.

CHINNY  
Wee Billy. How we doing?

WEE BILLY

We good. With a dollar to spare.

He flamboyantly hands the single back to Chinny.

WEE BILLY

Here you go.

He gives it to Daphne.

CHINNY

And here you go!

DAPHNE

Chinny, please! Goldman's coming today. If I don't pay my rent, I'm sleeping on the street tonight.

CHINNY

Well let me help you out...

Chinny throws her to the now-covered sidewalk. Wee Billy jumps out of the way, smiling.

CHINNY

And tuck you in!

Wee Billy GUFFAWS. She SCREAMS

WEE BILLY

Tuck you in! I get it! You tucked her in her new bed! The snow!

Daphne flops around in the snow.

CHINNY

Let's get going, Wee Billy.

He steps down the stairs, fixing his jacket.

CHINNY

We got business elsewhere.

WEE BILLY

'Cause we're busy people.

The two start walking down the street.

DAPHNE (O.S.)

Help me... please.

CHINNY

Girl, ain't nobody gonna--

He and Wee Billy turn around--

CHINNY

Help you!

--and see the Penguin standing next to her. He and Daphne look at each other.

Wee Billy and Chinny slowly approach them.

WEE BILLY

What the hell is that?

CHINNY

It's a penguin, you fool. They live in the North Pole.

WEE BILLY

Then he must be lost, 'cuz this ain't the North Pole.

Wee Billy reaches out and pats the Penguin in the head.

The Penguin grabs his hand and throws him, martial-arts style. He lands in a slushy puddle with a loud--

SPLASH!

Wee Billy struggles to get up. The Penguin pushes his head into the slush with his webbed feet.

WEE BILLY

\*gurgle\*

CHINNY

What the--?

The Penguin looks at Chinny from the corner of his eyes.

CHINNY

You think that's funny? Shit. You may've surprised Wee Billy but you ain't surprising Chinny Ellington!

Chinny pulls a straight razor from his pants pocket.

SNICK!

He waves it menacingly.

Daphne reaches to the Penguin.

DAPHNE

Help me.

Chinny slashes at the Penguin. The Penguin sidesteps, avoiding injury.

He slashes again, cutting only air. He slashes again and again. Each time, the Penguin steps out of the way. Each time, he takes another step closer to his would-be attacker.

Wee Billy gets up from the slush. He brushes the dirty ice and water from his ruined suit.

WEE BILLY

Awwwwwww shit!

He sees Chinny fighting with the Penguin.

CHINNY

I'm gonna cut you like you was a Thanksgiving turkey, you son of a--

The Penguin punches Chinny in the nose. Chinny staggers, holding his hands to his face.

CHINNY

Motherfucker!

He readies for an attack.

CHINNY

I was playing with you before. Now I'm gonna cut ya.

Wee Billy grabs a garbage can lid and holds it like a shield. He pulls a blackjack from a pocket. He and Chinny, slowly circling the bird.

WEE BILLY

We gonna hurt you now.

The Penguin watches the two, constantly shifting his weight between his feet.

CHINNY

You ready Wee Billy?

WEE BILLY

Oh, I'm ready. I was born ready.

The two feign attacks. The Penguin keeps his guard up.

CHINNY

On the count of three, then. One!

The two feign more attacks.

Wee Billy stands with his feet far apart and his knees bent.

WEE BILLY

Gonna get you for what you done to  
my suit.

CHINNY

Two!

WEE BILLY

Gonna skin you and make me a suit  
outta you.

CHINNY

You ready for 'three,' Wee Billy?

WEE BILLY

Ready for a new suit!

CHINNY

Alright then. Thr--!

The Penguin slides between Wee Billy's legs.

CHINNY

Huh?

Wee Billy looks between his legs; his tie hangs low.

The Penguin grabs his tie and yanks. Wee Billy flies off his  
feet, flipping. He lands on his back with a loud, painful--

THUD!

WEE BILLY

Oooooooooohhh....

The Penguin jumps on Wee Billy's stomach--

WEE BILLY

Oof!

--and springboards off him, flipping high in the air.

CHINNY

What the--?

The Penguin lands a kick on Chinny's face.

CRACK!

Chinny drops the razor as he and the Penguin fall to the snow. It spins in the air, in cartoon fashion.

The Penguin grabs it and brings it down on Chinny's face. Chinny SCREAMS in pain as the Penguin slashes him.

Blood mixes with the dirty snow....

EXT. THE GREAT HALL - NIGHT

This restaurant is nestled in a ritzy neighborhood. Stone lions sit outside. The sidewalk is completely free of snow.

Valets open limousine doors and cheerfully greet guests.

INT. THE GREAT HALL - CONTINUOUS

Well-dressed patrons fill the restaurant. A piano player (the only non-white in the restaurant) plays Christmas music with a forced smile on his face.

TERRENCE (40), a tall, thin bartender, pours drinks with perfection. His bright red hair, bushy mustache and freckles are a sharp contrast from his pale complexion.

HALL (V.O.)

When you boys told me you could  
handle Candletown, I believed you.

INT. GREGORY HALL'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

GREGORY HALL (55) peers at the diners from a small window. He's a portly man, well-dressed. His face is cold and hard.

HALL

When you told me you grew up there,  
and that you knew everyone there, I  
believed you.

He turns from the window and closes it. His spacious office is filled with leather furniture and artwork.

He sits behind a mahogany desk and takes a burning cigar from a marble ash tray.

HALL

Now you tell me that you were both  
attacked by a penguin.

Chinny and Wee Billy sit on the other side of the desk. Wee Billy's clothes are a mess. Chinny's face is bandaged.

HALL

And this penguin stole your money  
and the heroin I gave you.

WEE BILLY

That's--that's what happened,  
Mister Hall.

CHINNY

(slurred)

Mister Hall. Sir. All you have to  
do is look at us. Look at my face--

HALL

I'm not denying something happened.

He takes a long drag on his cigar.

The room is deathly quiet while he exhales. Chinny and Wee Billy watch the smoke over their heads.

HALL

I just question the details.

WEE BILLY

We just--

Chinny puts his hand on Wee Billy's arm, silencing him. He gently shakes his head at him.

HALL

I read the newspapers about what  
happened in the department stores.  
About this 'bad penguin.'

Wee Billy SIGHS in relief, smiling.

HALL

I am meeting the mayor for dinner.  
I'll discuss this penguin with him.

Chinny and Wee Billy slowly get up.

HALL

Find out what you can about him and  
keep me advised.

CHINNY

We will, Mister Hall.

WEE BILLY

You can count on us, Mister Hall.

Chinny opens the door. Wee Billy walks out ahead of them.

HALL

I'm sure I can.

Chinny glances back, smiling. His smile vanishes as he sees Hall's look of anger. Chinny hurries out.

EXT. ALLEY WAY - CONTINUOUS

A rusty metal door swings open. Chinny and Wee Billy step onto a dirty loading dock.

CHINNY

We're in deep shit with Hall.

WEE BILLY

What you mean? He seemed cool.

The two walk down a few stairs and are at the end of a long narrow alley. Garbage lines the walls.

They walk toward the street.

CHINNY

He ain't cool with what happened.  
We gotta take care of this bird and  
get our money and shit back.

WEE BILLY

Know what you mean. Gotta get him  
back for what he done to my suit.

Chinny stops him.

CHINNY

Your suit? You're thinking about  
your suit? You stupid nigger!

He rips the bandages off his face.

CHINNY

Look at my face! Look at my face!

He is hideously scarred. Wee Billy is horrified by it.

CHINNY

Fucking penguin scarred me for life  
and you're worried about your suit?

Chinny slaps him--

SLAP SLAP SLAP SLAP SLAP

--in the head and face. Wee Billy shields himself with his arms, cowering.

CHINNY

We find this damn bird and get him  
for what he done!

Chinny puts his hand down. Wee Billy lowers his arms.

WEE BILLY

I know. We get him for stealing  
our money and dope--

Chinny raise his hand again. Wee Billy cowers.

WEE BILLY

And your face! And your face!

Chinny walks down the alley. Wee Billy hurries after him.

CHINNY

We find that bird and make an  
example out of him. Your cousin  
still got them guns?

WEE BILLY

G-guns?

CHINNY

Guns! We gotta kill that penguin.  
Or you want him cutting your face  
up like he done mine?

They walk from sight.

CHINNY (V.O.)

We do this and everybody will be  
respecting us and we're gonna take  
over Candletown.

WEE BILLY (V.O.)

(beat)  
And then I can get me a new suit.

SLAP!

CHINNY (V.O.)

Stupid nigger.

EXT. DEERBORN TAVERN - NIGHT

Flurries fall gently, covering the dirty street. TINNY CHRISTMAS MUSIC Pays in the distance.

INT. DEERBORN TAVERN - CONTINUOUS

Cooper and the Penguin sit at the end of the bar. Cooper has a grilled cheese sandwich in his hand.

He and the Penguin both have drinks in front of them.

COOPER  
 --so the doctor says, "If this is  
 my thermometer, then where'd I  
 leave my pen?"

He CHUCKLES. The Penguin stares at him, blankly.

COOPER  
 You don't think that's funny?

The Penguin shakes his head and quietly WHINES.

COOPER  
 "If this is my thermometer, where  
 did I leave my pen?" Come on.

The Penguin looks at him, confused.

COOPER (V.O.)  
 Faith wasn't the only thing that  
 the Penguin didn't understand. He  
 didn't get humor very much. He  
 tried, but maybe that's why--

OFFICERS DONOHUE and O'MALLEY enter into the bar, stereotypically Irish-looking. The place goes quiet.

Mickey pulls a grilled cheese sandwich from his sandwich maker and gives it to a customer.

MICKEY  
 Officer O'Mally. Officer Donohue.  
 What brings you here? Hope the  
 radio ain't too loud.

O'Malley pulls a sheet of paper from his coat.

O'MALLEY  
(thick brogue)  
We're looking for someone, Mickey.

Donohue pulls a paper from his coat and shows it to a patron.

DONOHUE  
(thick brogue)  
Hey, you seen this fella?

Donohue shows the paper to the patron.

INSERT - PAPER

On it is an artist's rendition of the Penguin.

BACK TO SCENE

The patron shrugs.

The Penguin grabs Cooper's fedora and glasses and puts them on. He grabs Cooper's cane and holds it up.

COOPER  
What did you do now?

The Penguin smiles like Stevie Wonder, swaying his head.

Mickey looks at O'Malley's paper. It's the same drawing.

MICKEY  
Looks like a penguin.

Donohue SNAPS the paper back as O'Malley shows the paper to others.

O'MALLEY  
We know it's a penguin! This one's  
been causing problems in the city.

MICKEY  
I read that in the paper. Didn't  
he blow up a department store?

Cooper turns to the Penguin.

COOPER  
Did you go back and blow up that  
department store?

The Penguin scratches his head, thinking.

O'Malley and Mickey talk.

MICKEY

Have you checked the zoo? Don't they got penguins at the zoo?

O'MALLEY

We spoke with the zoo people. They don't know anything about it.

MICKEY

Maybe them fool zoo people are behind this penguin. Maybe they let him out every night.

O'MALLEY

Why would they do that?

MICKEY

Maybe they're training him for a robbery. I seen this movie once--

O'MALLEY

What?

MICKEY

Is there any diamond or jewelry exhibits coming to the Clover Museum anytime soon?

O'Malley walks away, rolling his eyes.

O'MALLEY

Saints preserve save me...

Donohue holds the paper in front of the next patron.

DONOHUE

Have you seen this penguin?

He's holding it to the Penguin. The Penguin looks toward him, tilting his head as if trying to find a noise.

DONOHUE

I'm sorry. I didn't realize... wait a minute.

The Penguin looks at him through the glasses.

DONOHUE

Hey Ian. C'mere!

O'MALLEY

What's the matter, Shamus?

He holds up the drawing, next to the Penguin.

DONOHUE  
Notice a resemblance here?

O'Malley looks at the drawing and then the Penguin.

O'MALLEY  
A resemblance, yeah. Maybe. But  
this Penguin, here, is blind.

Donohue pulls O'Malley aside.

DONOHUE  
(whispers)  
How do we know he's really blind?

O'MALLEY  
Really blind? He's wearing dark  
glasses.

Cooper turns away and shakes his head.

DONOHUE  
Excuse me, sir. Would you mind  
taking off your glasses?

The Penguin just sits there.

O'MALLEY  
He doesn't know you're talking to  
him, maybe.

Donohue taps the Penguin on the shoulder. The Penguin looks  
around as if startled.

DONOHUE  
Excuse me, sir. Would you mind  
taking off your glasses?

The Penguin reaches for the glasses and hesitates.

O'Malley puts his hand on his gun.

The Penguin removes the glasses. His eyes have no pupils or  
corneas. They're yellow and blank.

He puts a pitiful expression on his face.

Donohue elbows O'Malley.

DONOHUE  
 (whispers)  
 I told you he was blind.

O'Malley takes his hand from his pistol. He shows the drawing to Cooper.

O'MALLEY  
 You there. Does this Penguin next to you look like this one here?

COOPER  
 I don't see any resemblance.

DONOHUE  
 What did I tell you?

The Penguin turns away from the cops. His eyes roll down. He has a pained look on his face.

Donohue gently pats O'Malley on the arm.

DONOHUE  
 Let's get out of here. Our shift's almost done.

Donohue taps the Penguin on the shoulder. The Penguin quickly puts the glasses back on.

DONOHUE  
 We apologize for bothering you.

The Penguin nods at the cops as they walk toward the door.

DONOHUE  
 I can go for a drink, myself. Get rid of this chill.

O'Malley opens the door. Flurries gently blow in. He and Donohue step outside.

O'MALLEY  
 Maybe we can come back here when we're done?

DONOHUE  
 (laughing)  
 Yeah. Like I'd be drinking with these shines.

The two LAUGH as the door closes behind them.

The bar is very quiet. COUGHING is heard in the background.

Cooper turns to the Penguin.

COOPER  
Can I have my glasses back, now?

The Penguin smiles and sways his head, again.

COOPER (V.O.)  
I been hearing a lot about the  
Penguin since he arrived in town.

The two talk (MOS).

COOPER (V.O.)  
He been causing a lot of problems  
for a lot of people.

The Penguin flaps his wings wildly, while looking at Cooper.

COOPER (V.O.)  
And you just gotta be in the wrong  
place at the right time to see it.

Cooper laughs. The Penguin smiles as he drinks his drink.

COOPER (V.O.)  
But, for some reason, he was just  
the opposite with me.

Cooper pours the last of his beer in his mouth. His cheeks bulge. He taps the Penguin on the shoulder.

Cooper raises his glass to his ear and pretends to pour. The Penguin watches. Cooper holds the glass below his mouth and squirts the beer into it.

The Penguin bursts out LAUGHING. He falls off his stool, hitting the floor with a loud THUD.

Cooper looks around, confused.

The Penguin lays on the floor, GIGGLING.

COOPER (V.O.)  
I was his friend.

The Penguin looks up at Cooper. There's innocence and happiness on his face.

And he bursts out laughing again.

EXT. DEERBORN STREET - DAY

Despite the fresh snow, the street still looks like shit.

COOPER (V.O.)  
And friends look out for each  
other.

INT. COOPER'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Cooper lays under blankets, his face buried in his pillow.

His bedroom is sparsely furnished. A small crucifix hangs over the bed. A night stand rests next to it. A saxophone case leans against the wall.

The FLUSHING of a toilet is heard.

Cooper's lifeless eyes open as he lifts his head.

COOPER  
If that's who I think it is, you  
better light a match.

The Penguin steps from the bathroom, newspaper under his wing. He lights a match and tosses it in the bathroom.

A fireball ROARS from the bathroom, just missing him.

He waddles into the bedroom. The THAPPING of his footsteps is heard. Cooper props himself up on his shoulder.

COOPER  
What time is it?

He reaches for an old clock on the night stand. He picks it up and feels around for the clock's hands.

COOPER  
Eight-fifteen? Bird, don't you get  
hung over like regular people?

As Cooper puts the clock back, he knocks something off the night stand. He and the Penguin both reach for it.

It's a dirty spoon.

COOPER  
I got it.

Cooper puts it in the drawer of the night stand.

COOPER  
Just something I never put away.

He closes the drawer. The Penguin curiously watches it.

Cooper sits up, pulling the blankets around him. The Penguin walks toward the window.

COOPER  
I see the landlord ain't putting  
the heat up, again. I guess you  
don't mind that, though, do you?

The Penguin hops up on the window sill.

COOPER  
Hold on a second, Penguin. I can't  
hang with you right now.

The Penguin looks at him, surprised.

COOPER  
Some personal business I gotta do.

The Penguin's face gets sadder.

COOPER  
I'll be by the park this morning.  
Why don't we meet then?

The Penguin hops off the window sill. He slowly drags himself past Cooper's bed.

COOPER  
Now don't be all mopy like that.

The Penguin leaves the room as Cooper sits up.

COOPER  
Meet me at eleven. Okay? Okay?

The door SLAMS in the distance as Cooper forces himself out of bed.

COOPER  
Don't be like this, bird! You're  
not my only friend!  
(muttering)  
Damn bird. Like a spoiled child.

He staggers and leans against the door frame, winded.

EXT. DEERBORN STREET - DAY

The Penguin drags his feet along the sidewalk. He passes by people without exchanging looks.

A truck SCREECHES to a halt as the Penguin walks in front.

BEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEP!

DRIVER

Move it slowpoke!

The Penguin looks at him before continuing on his way.

CHINNY (O.S.)

That's him. That's our penguin.

WEE BILLY (O.S.)

You sure it's that one, Chinny?  
Maybe it's another penguin.

Chinny and Wee Billy spy on the Penguin from an alleyway. They're dressed casually. Chinny's face is still bandaged.

CHINNY

How many Penguins do you think are walking around here?

WEE BILLY

I don't know. All penguins look alike to me, you know.

A police car casually drives by the Penguin.

WEE BILLY (O.S.)

See! Now, if that was the Penguin that messed up my suit, why didn't them cops stop and arrest him?

CHINNY (O.S.)

'Cause cops never do nothing in this neighborhood.

WEE BILLY (O.S.)

Damn straight. If that bird was in them white neighborhoods, the cops would be all over his feathery ass.

Chinny looks at Wee Billy in a moment of realization.

WEE BILLY

I blame it all on the Jews, if you  
ask me--

CHINNY

You're right, Wee Billy.

Wee Billy looks at him.

WEE BILLY

I know. My gran'mama use to say  
Jews are the reason why black folk--

Chinny smacks him in the chest.

CHINNY

Not your dead gran'mama. White  
neighborhoods! If that penguin  
screwed around in white neighbor-  
hoods, every cop in the city would  
be hunting him. You brilliant!

They watch the Penguin walk away.

WEE BILLY

(to himself)  
I'm brilliant.

EXT. CLOVER PARK ENTRANCE - DAY

The entrance is decorated. Crews work on the tree.

Cooper plays Christmas music at his spot.

The Penguin walks up to Cooper's change-filled saxophone  
case, with a pouty look on his face.

The Penguin listens. Passersby stop and watch the  
performance. Everyone smiles.

The music grows into a one man symphony. When Cooper  
finishes, the people APPLAUD.

People throw change into the case. Cooper smiles from ear-to-  
ear, tilting his hat.

COOPER

Thank you very much. Merry  
Christmas! Merry Christmas!

The Penguin pulls a few bills from his pocket and tosses them  
in the case. He resumes CLAPPING.

The people walk off, leaving the Penguin and Cooper alone.

COOPER  
That you, Penguin?

The Penguin stops CLAPPING.

COOPER  
I thought I heard your footsteps.  
Your flippers clapping is a one-of-a-kind noise.

The Penguin looks at his flippers and CLAPS a few time, listening intently to the sound.

COOPER  
C'mon over here, bird.

The Penguin steps to Cooper. The blind man rubs his hand on the Penguin's head, ruffling his feathers.

COOPER  
Sorry about this morning. I wasn't feeling right and I had some business that needed tending to.

The Penguin smiles.

COOPER  
How's the tree coming? They finish decorating it yet?

The Penguin looks toward the tree and GRUNTS.

COOPER  
You know, bird. You might actually learn to like Christmas if you gave it a chance.

The Penguin looks toward the tree again.

A life size Nativity scene is nearby. Large boxes are stacked up. On these boxes are the names 'MARY,' 'JOSEPH,' 'WISEMAN #1,' 'ANGEL,' etc.

The Penguin turns back to Cooper and SIGHS.

COOPER  
I know you can be happy. You were happy last night at the bar. Why don't you work off of that?

The Penguin smiles a little.

COOPER  
 You found the fun in a joke. Find  
 the fun in Christmas--

Two police cars race up the street, sirens BLARING and lights FLASHING. People follow them with their eyes.

COOPER  
 What's the sirens about? We got a  
 fire somewhere?

The Penguin looks around and shrugs his shoulders.

COOPER  
 Listen. Bird. I gotta be here a  
 little bit longer. How about  
 getting us some coffee?

The Penguin looks at him, nodding. Cooper takes some coins from his sax case, and holds it out.

COOPER  
 Come on. I buy. You fly.

The Penguin quickly flaps his wings. Strain shows on his face as he stands on his toes, straining to take off.

COOPER  
 Whaddaya say?

He stops flapping.

A crowd gathers. Ad-libbed CHATTER is heard.

PEDESTRIAN 1 (V.O.)  
 What's going on there?

PEDESTRIAN 2 (V.O.)  
 Didn't you hear?

Cooper stands up, as if looking around.

The Penguin looks around, but can't see around the crowd.

PEDESTRIAN 3 (V.O.)  
 Someone broke into the church.  
 They stole from the poor box!

PEDESTRIAN 1 (V.O.)  
 The poor box! That's terrible!

The Penguin climbs up on the park wall, near Cooper.

Police cars sit in front of a nearby church, lights FLASHING. A crowd swarms the steps. Police officers and priests stand by the large wooden doors.

COOPER

Who would steal from a church?

The Penguin walks along the wall, peering over the crowd.

Chinny and Wee Billy are in the crowd, smiling impishly.

PEDESTRIAN 2 (V.O.)

It's horrible!

PEDESTRIAN 3 (V.O.)

I'm going to be sick!

PEDESTRIAN 1 (V.O.)

This close to Christmas!

COOPER

This is going to get ugly. Now don't do anything foolish, Penguin.

He turns to the side.

COOPER

Penguin?

The Penguin is not there. He's on the wall, nearby.

PEDESTRIAN 3 (V.O.)

Why aren't the police doing anything about this?

Wee Billy looks around at the crowd. His eyes bug out as he sees the Penguin.

He taps Chinny on the shoulder, keeping an eye on the bird.

CHINNY

Not now, man.

WEE BILLY

Now, man. Now!

Chinny looks to Wee Billy, who points to the Penguin.

CHINNY

Oh shit.

Chinny and Wee Billy smile at each other.

CHINNY

(shouting)

The Penguin robbed the poor box!  
The one that shot up the department  
store the other day! I seen him!

GASPS and MURMURING are heard from the crowd. The people stir, angry looks on their faces.

COOPER

The Penguin?

The Penguin looks at Chinny, surprised.

Chinny points to the Penguin.

CHINNY

And there he is!

The crowd rushes the Penguin. One man grabs him around the waist. The Penguin slips free, shooting up in the air.

The Penguin lands on the wall, closer to Cooper. The mob pushes Cooper into the wall.

COOPER

Oof!

He hugs his sax tightly, as if protecting it.

People trample his sax case, breaking it. Change scatters.

Seeing this, the Penguin reaches behind himself and--

PULLS OUT A TOMMYGUN!

The crowd GASPS as he pumps the rifle with a loud CHI-CHUNK.

COOPER

No! Don't hurt them!

The Penguin looks at him. He slowly lowers the rifle, when--

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

Bullets WHIZ around the Penguin. One hits him in the shoulder. He drops the tommygun.

Two Irish-looking cops, O'SHEA and CLANCY (both 40) struggle through the crowd, smoking revolvers in their hands.

The Penguin holds his good flipper over his shoulder. He looks at his injury as the cops resume firing.

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

People in the crowd SCREAM and scatter.

COOPER

Nooo!

The Penguin leaps over the wall as the bullets WHIZ by. He runs through the snow as police whistles SHRILL.

Tripping over roots, he quickly gets up and continues.

O'Shea climbs over the wall, landing in the snow with a loud CRUNCH. Gun in hand, he looks around.

Clancy climbs over, blowing his whistle (attached by a lanyard to a jacket button). He slips and falls with a painful THUD.

The WHISTLING stops.

O'SHEA

(Irish brogue)

Up, you shanty-laced bastard!

Clancy pulls on the lanyard leading into his mouth. He GAGS as his face turns red.

O'SHEA

Well?

The whistle POPS out of his mouth. It swings from the lanyard. He inhales deeply, COUGHING.

CLANCY

(Irish brogue)

Do you see him?

He drags himself to his feet as O'Shea takes a few steps.

O'SHEA

No. But he left a trail.

O'Shea points to tracks in the snow. Every few feet, there are drops of blood.

EXT. CLOVER PARK ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

The Penguin runs through snow and brush, looking over his shoulder. He covers his wound with his good flipper. The SHRILL of whistles is heard in the distance.

He trips over a rock and falls down a snow-covered hill. Gaining control, he belly slides down, gaining speed.

He passes by kids on sleds who 'OOH' and 'AAH' at him.

At the bottom, he slides to a stop yards from an ice covered lake. People skate in the distance.

Forcing himself up, he looks at his injury. He scoops up some snow and places it on his shoulder, HISSING in pain.

An EIGHT YEAR OLD BOY, sitting backwards on a snow disk, slides up to him, GIGGLING.

He and the Penguin look at each other.

EXT. CLOVER PARK ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

Spectators crowd along the wall where the Penguin disappeared. CHATTER is heard.

Cooper stands among the crowd.

WEE BILLY (O.S.)

Man, this is workin' better than we thought, Chinny.

CHINNY (O.S.)

I know.

Cooper turns his head as Chinny and Wee Billy whisper to each other, SNICKERING.

CHINNY

All of Clover City's gonna be after that bird 'cause of what we done.

WEE BILLY

City's gonna give him a whipping. Just like the time my gran'mama caught me going into her purse--

CHINNY

Wee Billy, we don't be needing to hear about your dead gran'mama.

Wee Billy's smile disappears.

CHINNY

Let's get back to Candletown. We got business to do.

They walk off. Cooper 'watches' them as the crowd moves in to get a better look.

EXT. CLOVER PARK LAKE - CONTINUOUS

The Penguin races across the frozen lake as COPS chase him. He does so gracefully, sliding around startled skaters.

Reaching back, he draws a handgun and spins around.

The cops slide on the ice like drunks on a rocking boat, many falling on their asses.

O'SHEA  
(shouting)  
Come on! Up, you drunken shanty-  
laced bastards!

The Penguin slides toward the frozen shore, smiling. Twenty feet from it, his smile disappears.

IRISH COPS stand on the snow-covered shore, revolvers drawn.

SGT. QUINN stands in the middle of them, pistol in hand.

QUINN  
Freeze, Penguin!

The Penguin looks at him, raising an eyebrow.

A nearby COP snickers. Quinn looks at him, really pissed.

COP  
You said *freeze* to a penguin on the  
ice--

QUINN  
Shut up!  
(to Penguin)  
Put your gun down and surrender!  
We have you surrounded!

The Penguin looks around. The cops following him have regrouped. They stand behind him, weapons drawn.

QUINN  
Put it down, Penguin! I'm giving  
you to the count of three!

The Penguin looks around.

QUINN

One!

Spectators gather. Parents cling tightly to their children.

QUINN

Two!

The cops nervously hide behind their guns. The Penguin slowly lowers his gun.

QUINN

That's right, Penguin. Down.

The cop next to Quinn breathes a sigh of relief until--

BLAMM!!

The Penguin shoots into the ice, creating a hole that swallows him up.

His silhouette swims around under the ice.

The cops wildly shoot at the Penguin.

BLAMBLAMBLAMBLAMBLAMBLAMBLAM --!

QUINN

-- No! Cease fire --!

-- BLAMBLAMBLAMBLAMBLAM!!

Bullets punch holes in the ice, breaking it. Everyone is sucked into the water.

The Penguin swims away as the humans thrash in the icy water. His movements are like underwater ballet.

EXT. LAKESIDE - MINUTES LATER

The police pull themselves and skaters from the icy water. O'Shea hauls the shivering Clancy onto the ice.

O'SHEA

Up, you drunken shanty-laced  
bastard!

Clancy yanks him into the water with a loud SPLASH. O'Shea breaks the surface, shocked and shivering.

O'SHEA

Why the hell--?

CLANCY

(mocking)

Up, you drunken shanty-laced  
bastard! Up, you drunken shanty-  
laced bastard!

(normal)

Been listening to you say that for  
nine years. Fucking tired of it!

Skaters in the distance ignore the comical scene as they skate to a band, playing in a pavilion. It's a peaceful, Norman Rockwell-esque scene until--

BOOM!!

The ice in front of the pavilion EXPLODES. Everyone runs for cover as chunks of ice and water rain from the sky.

The Penguin steps from the water and onto the shore, dragging a bazooka. He leaves behind a trail of blood.

He leans against a tree and drops the bazooka. He looks at his wounds and lets out a pain-filled SIGH.

EXT. THE GREAT HALL RESTAURANT - LATER

People hustle and bustle along the sidewalk.

CHINNY (V.O.)

Now this is what I'm talking about,  
Wee Billy!

WEE BILLY (V.O.)

This is what we're talking about!

INT. THE GREAT HALL RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

Chinny and Wee Billy enter the empty restaurant, amazed by the decorum. Everything is set up for business. An elderly man slowly sweeps the floor.

CHINNY

Even the dirt in this place is high  
class. And with that penguin gone,  
this is where we're heading.

WEE BILLY

No more eating food from automats.

CHINNY  
 No more eating Mickey's grilled  
 cheese sandwiches!

Chinny leans up against the bar, looking proud.

CHINNY  
 It'll be prime rib and champagne  
 from now on.

TERRENCE (O.S.)  
 (thick brogue)  
 We're not looking for any more  
 kitchen help.

Chinny and Wee Billy spin around. Terrence steps from a door, behind the bar, carrying two cases of scotch. An Irish wool cap hangs off his head and a cigarette from his mouth.

He puts the scotch on the bar. He's very thin but all muscle.

WEE BILLY  
 Kitchen help?

TERRENCE  
 You the boys working for Mister  
 Hall in Candletown? Had your asses  
 handed to you by a wee bird.

WEE BILLY  
 Wasn't that little--

TERRENCE  
 Did he use his flippers to cut you  
 up like that? Or his little beak?

CHINNY  
 (authoritative)  
 Tell Mister Hall that Chinny Monroe  
 and Wee Billy Jefferson are here to  
 see him, boy.

Terrence grabs Chinny's tie and yanks down. Chinny's chin hit the bar.

Terrence pulls a dagger from his boot and stabs it through his tie into the bar, barely missing him.

TERRENCE

Call me 'boy' again and I'll carry you to your home just so your family can watch me kill you. Understand me, nigger?

HALL (O.C.)

Terrence, that's no way to treat business associates.

Chinny and Terrence look to the side. Hall casually walks down the nearby stairwell, conservatively dressed.

He lights a cigar. He slowly puffs on it, savoring it.

HALL

Misters Monroe and Jefferson are here at my request.

Terrence pulls his knife from the bar. Chinny jumps back. He fixes himself, trying to regain composure.

Wee Billy hides behind him.

HALL

Gentlemen, I do not have much time. To my office, please.

INT. GREGORY HALL'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Hall sits behind his desk as Chinny and Wee Billy sit across from him.

CHINNY

We appreciate you seeing us on such short notice, Mister Hall--

WEE BILLY

Yes we do--

CHINNY

But we don't appreciate being disrespected by your worker downstairs.

WEE BILLY

No we don't--

HALL

Shut up.

Chinny and Wee Billy look at him, stunned.

HALL

When we first discussed conducting business, you were told to enter my restaurant through the kitchen.

CHINNY

Well, yes--

HALL

Don't you think people would get suspicious if they saw two colored men coming into The Great Hall?

CHINNY

(through gritted teeth)  
You're right, Mister Hall and we apologize. But that don't give your bartender no right--

HALL

Terrence is very gentle with you downstairs. You'd do well not to irritate him.

CHINNY

We ain't afraid of no bartender?

HALL

You should be. Prior to working for me, he was in the I-R-A. Wanted for questioning in nine bombings of British military installations in and around Dublin.

CHINNY

Nine bombings?

HALL

And the murder of over six dozen British soldiers.

WEE BILLY

Six dozen British soldiers?

HALL

Watching your parents die at the hands of British soldiers does a lot to a boy. None of it good.

Chinny and Wee Billy look at each other, nervously.

HALL

Now then, you mentioned good news  
on the telephone...

EXT. DEERBORN STREET - NIGHT

The last of the sun's rays fall on this dreary landscape.

COOPER (V.O.)

The mayor all but closed the park  
down after what happened.

INT. COOPER'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Cooper sits by a window of his dark bedroom, playing his sax.

COOPER (V.O.)

I didn't feel like working after  
that so I came home. Half-expected  
him to be here. But he wasn't...

The music is the only thing with any warmth or soul to it.

COOPER (V.O.)

So I invited him.

A candle appears in windows across the street.

Soon, another one lights up.

And then another.

And then more.

COOPER (V.O.)

Most people think Candletown got  
its name because the people here  
can't pay their electric bills.

People place candles in windows.

COOPER (V.O.)

But it ain't so. Newspapers came  
up with the name during the first  
World War...

Candles are lit in doorways.

COOPERS (V.O.)

Clover City sent a lot of boys over to Europe. And their families turned to the Church for comfort.

More candles.

COOPER (V.O.)

They lit so many candles that the church ran out of them. So people brought their own.

The street looks like a cathedral.

COOPER (V.O.)

When the church ran out of room, they were lit in the street. Eventually, the city ran out of candles because one small neighborhood prayed so much--

The floor CREAKS behind Cooper. He turns his head.

COOPER

Is that you...?

The Penguin leans against the doorway, clutching his wound, looking like shit. He mouths some words.

COOPER (V.O.)

'Help me...,' he said.

He falls to the floor.

COOPER (V.O.)

I wasn't sure if he was asking me for help, or ordering me to.

Cooper puts his sax down and hurries to the Penguin.

COOPER (V.O.)

It didn't matter...

He picks the bed up and carries him to the bed. Cooper feels something wet on one of his hands. He smells his fingers.

COOPER

Blood?

The Penguins GROANS.

Cooper's hand gently glides across the Penguin's flipper. When he reaches the tip, he wraps his fingers around it.

The flipper bends around his fingers.

COOPER (V.O.)  
 Didn't know if he was gonna live or  
 die. I wasn't no animal doctor.

The Penguin looks at Cooper with half focused eyes.

COOPER  
 How bad is it?

PENGUIN  
 (weak)  
 They winged me.

Cooper 'stares' at him. After a moment, his lips curl upward in a faint smile. The Penguin sees this and smiles.

Cooper starts to say something, but stops and SIGHS.

He tries again but stops before he says anything. He bows his head in quiet shame.

COOPER (V.O.)  
 "You want to ask me something," he  
 said to me. "About the church?"

Cooper looks up, toward the Penguin.

COOPER  
 If you say you didn't do it, I'll  
 believe you.

COOPER (V.O.)  
 "I didn't," he said.

Cooper smiles.

COOPER (V.O.)  
 "I didn't know about it..."

Cooper's smile fades.

EXT. DEERBORN STREET - LATER

Chinny and Wee Billy walk along the street. They tightly clutch their coat collars, fending off the cold.

WEE BILLY  
 Can't believe how cold it got.

CHINNY

Forget the cold. If we don't get  
Mister Hall his money, things are  
gonna get real hot for us.

WEE BILLY

How the hell we supposed to raise  
nine hundred dollars in two days?

They pass an elderly man who practically jumps out of their  
way to avoid a collision.

CHINNY

Yeah. Thanks to that penguin.

Wee Billy looks around.

WEE BILLY

Hey, lookit!

Candles are lit through out the street.

CHINNY

So what? Damn niggers ain't paid  
their electric bills, is all.

They look around. Sax music is heard in the distance.

WEE BILLY

You hear that?

CHINNY

Saxophone music... I got an idea.

INT. COOPER'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Cooper plays in the dark bedroom. The Penguin is barely  
visible in the bed.

The music is soulful and reflective. The Penguin is thinks.  
It's seen in his eyes.

A BUZZING is heard.

The music continues.

The BUZZ is heard again.

Cooper stops playing.

COOPER

Who in the world?

He puts the sax down on his chair and leaves the room.

INT. COOPER'S APARTMENT - FRONT DOOR - CONTINUOUS

Cooper cracks open his apartment door. It CREAKS loudly as it moves. Two figures stand in the hallway.

COOPER  
Who's there?

CHINNY (O.S.)  
It's us, Cooper...

Chinny and Wee Billy stand in the hallway.

COOPER  
Chinny?

CHINNY  
We need to talk, my man.

COOPER  
Chinny, this ain't a good time--

He pushes the CREAKING door in, and enters.

CHINNY  
Ain't a good time for none of us.

Wee Billy stops in the doorway and keeps the door open. The only light in the apartment comes from the hallway.

Chinny holds Cooper against the wall.

COOPER  
What do you think you're doing?

CHINNY  
Listen old man. We need money and we know you got it.

COOPER  
I ain't got nothing.

CHINNY  
Don't fuck with me old man. This is your busy season and you been buying shit from us--

WEE BILLY (O.S.)  
Yo man--

Wee Billy feels the wall.

WEE BILLY

Where the fuck's the light switch?

COOPER

Do I look like I need a light switch?

Chinny shoves him against the wall.

CHINNY

Where's the light switch, old man?

COOPER

Light switch is in the ceiling.  
Look for the string.

A single bulb comes on from the ceiling. A string leads from it to Wee Billy's hand. He steps in. The doors CREAKS until it SLAMS shut.

WEE BILLY

I think I got it.

The apartment hallway is empty except for a table and chair.

COOPER

What the hell do you boys want?

CHINNY

Simple, old man. We're in tight with a guy for money. And you're gonna give it to us.

COOPER

Money? I ain't got no money.

CHINNY

Don't fuck with me! You got something. You always do.

COOPER

I don't! Been putting my money into war bonds and a bank account all these years.

Wee Billy walks to the card table. On it is a cigar box.

WEE BILLY

The bank? Sounds risky to me.

He opens the box and pulls out bank book

WEE BILLY  
Clover City Federal Saving?

COOPER  
That's my bank book. Now put it  
down and get out.

Chinny grabs the bank book and flips through it.

CHINNY  
Fourteen hundred dollars.

Cooper reaches out, looking for his bank book.

COOPER  
Give me that! Give me that!

He finds it and snaps it out of Chinny's hand.

COOPER  
After all I done for you boys, you  
should be ashamed! Chinny, you  
used to come here and hide from  
your daddy when he was drinking.

Chinny gives him a dirty look.

COOPER  
And Wee Billy. You use to come to  
me whenever Miss Sophie was sick.

WEE BILLY  
You always was nice to my  
gran'mama.

CHINNY  
Enough with your gran'mama and  
enough bullshit, old man! You  
always got money when you come see  
us. How come you don't got it now?

COOPER  
It's my money--

He pushes Chinny. The gesture was weak; Chinny hardly moved.

COOPER  
And you can't have it!

Chinny shoves him hard, knocking him into the table. The  
table breaks and Cooper CRASHES to the floor.

He takes out a switchblade and holds it to Cooper's cheek.

CHINNY

Old man, I want your money! And if you don't give it to me, I'm gonna make your face look like mine!

COOPER

What?

CHINNY

You heard me!

COOPER

I heard you. You just... that didn't make no sense.

WEE BILLY

Old man's blind, Chinny. He can't see what your face looks like--

CHINNY

Shut up!

WEE BILLY

Just trying to help. Is all--

CHINNY

Shut up!

WEE BILLY

Maybe you should try a different threat--

CHINNY

We's taking your money, old man. And nobody's gonna stop us, you hear...? How's that?

The floor CREAKS nearby.

Wee Billy and Chinny jerk their heads to the side.

The Penguin stands there, a bloodied bandage on one flipper. And a DOUBLE-BARREL SHOTGUN in the other!

WEE BILLY

Oh shit.

The Penguin stares at the two. His eyebrows arch sinisterly.

He cocks the hammers back on the rifle, smiling.

Wee Billy stares bug-eyed at the Penguin.

WEE BILLY  
Chinny? What should we do, man...?

CREAKING is heard.

Wee Billy turns and sees the apartment door SLAM shut.

Chinny's gone!

EXT. APARTMENT STAIRWELL - MOMENTS LATER

A ROAR echoes through the stairwell.

Wee Billy races down the stairs, bumping into the walls. He ducks as a spot on the wall over him EXPLODES.

The Penguin stands at the previous landing, reloading.

COOPER (O.S.)  
Penguin! Penguin!

Cooper hurries down the stairs, holding onto the guardrail.

COOPER  
Where are you, bird?

The Penguin WHISTLES and Cooper stops next to him.

COOPER  
You crazy? What the hell you doing shooting up the place like this?

The Penguin looks up him.

PENGUIN  
Protecting a friend.

He two look at each other in a frozen moment.

COOPER (V.O.)  
"And friends look out for each other," he said.

EXT. DEERBORN STREET - CONTINUOUS

Wee Billy races from the building, sliding onto ice and into a car. He runs comically down the street.

He slams into a man, carrying a bag. The contents fly in the air as he hits the ground.

MAN

Oof!

Wee Billy turns down an alley. He slips and falls, sliding on his back. He slams into a wall, legs up in the air.

He grabs his chest, PANTING. His face shows sheer terror.

CHINNY (O.S.)

You get him?

Wee Billy's face jerks to the side. Chinny lays on the ground a few feet away, in the same position.

INT. COOPER'S HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Cooper and the Penguin walk to his apartment door. The adjacent apartment door opens.

MISS CLARA (80) a scrawny woman with Coke bottle glasses, sticks her head out the door.

MISS CLARA

Cooper? Is that you?

She stares blankly ahead of her.

COOPER

Yes, Miss Clara.

A GIRL (5) sticks her head out the door.

MISS CLARA

Cooper. Was that--was that gunfire I just heard?

COOPER

No, Miss Clara. A light bulb fell on the floor in the lobby.

He opens his apartment door.

MISS CLARA

Oh dear. Somebody should go and clean that up. Before somebody gets hurt.

The Penguin walks by the girl, and into Cooper's apartment.

EXT. DEERBORN STREET - NIGHT

Chinny stands in a telephone booth, handset against his ear.  
Wee Billy paces frantically a few feet away.

CHINNY

I know I told you that the police  
killed the penguin, Mister Hall--

Wee Billy steps up to Chinny.

WEE BILLY

Let me talk to him.

Chinny waves him away.

CHINNY

But he ain't dead. We just seen  
him here in Candletown--

Wee Billy paces frantically.

WEE BILLY

Penguin's gonna be the death of us.

CHINNY

I know that, Mister Hall. I know  
that, sir--

Wee Billy steps up to Chinny.

WEE BILLY

Lemme talk to him. Lemme talk--

Chinny pushes him back. Wee Billy continues pacing.

CHINNY

But there's more than that, Mister  
Hall... But there's something--

WEE BILLY

That penguin ain't no penguin if  
you ask me. He's really a midget  
in a tuxedo with machine guns--

CHINNY

The penguin found out we was  
getting our drugs from you, sir.

WEE BILLY

(shocked)  
What?

CHINNY

I don't know how he found out,  
Mister Hall, but I swear me and Wee  
Billy didn't tell him...

Wee Billy jumps around the booth, trying to get Chinny's  
attention.

WEE BILLY

You crazy, nigger? Now you gonna  
go lying like that?

Chinny continues talking on the phone.

CHINNY

His exact words to me and Wee Billy  
was, 'Tell Gregory Hall I'm coming  
for him!'

Wee Billy continues dancing around the phone booth. His  
MUFFLED SCREAMING is barely heard.

CHINNY

Mister Hall, I know I have a good  
deal with you sir--

Wee Billy TAPS repeatedly on the glass as SCREAMS.

CHINNY

And I'd be foolish to ruin a good  
thing... Well, I think I know  
where he's hiding out, Mister Hall.

INT. COOPER'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Cooper helps the Penguin into bed.

COOPER

You like making enemies, don't you?

The Penguin GRUNTS.

COOPER

Anything I can get you?

COOPER (V.O.)

"Screaming Turkey," he told me...  
I thought the poor bird was just  
gonna drink himself to death.

Cooper walks to a nearby closet and opens it.

COOPER (V.O.)  
He'd just given up on himself.

Tattered coats hang inside it. Several liquor bottles sit on the floor, next to boots and some boxes. He squats down.

COOPER (O.S.)  
And then he asked for some needle  
and thread.

Cooper turns toward him, confused.

COOPER (O.S.)  
And that's when I realized...

INT. COOPER'S BEDROOM - LATER

Cooper holds a table lamp over the Penguin. The Penguin gulps some whiskey and pours some on his wounds, grimacing.

He puts the whiskey down and pulls out a slender dagger from his 'back pocket.' He picks at his wound, GROANING through clenched teeth.

COOPER (V.O.)  
He was gonna fix himself up. I  
couldn't believe what was happening  
in front of me.

Every few seconds he pulls the dagger out and looks at it. He digs back into his wound.

The Penguin tosses the dagger aside. He sticks his beak into his wound. He twists and turns his head, fishing around.

Finally, he lifts his head. His beak is covered in blood. He spits.

A bullet bounces on the floor with a loud TING!

He takes a drink from the bottle.

EXT. COOPER'S APARTMENT BUILDING - LATER

Snow falls, glistening under the street lights. SOFT JAZZ plays from a saxophone.

COOPER (V.O.)  
The Penguin stitched himself up  
after that. He must've done it  
right 'cause he survived.

INT. COOPER'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Cooper sits by the bed, playing. The Penguins lays still.

COOPER (V.O.)  
I guess his skills included fixing  
things up as well as destroying  
them. Amazing little bird.

The Penguin looks at him. Sweat pours from his tired face.

PENGUIN  
Cooper...

Cooper stops playing.

COOPER (V.O.)  
"Do you want to know why I hate  
Christmas?" he asked me... "'Cuz  
it killed my family."

Cooper looks at him, intently.

EXT. BREISS CITY ZOO - DAY

Cages line the zoo as far as the eye can see, each with an  
American flag over it. The ground is spotless.

COOPER (V.O.)  
The Penguin then told me about a  
zoo in Breiss, Virginia.

Mothers show their children around. The few men seen with  
families wear military uniforms.

AN ELDERLY ZOO WORKER, in a brown uniform, sweeps the ground.

COOPER (V.O.)  
The zoo where he was born.

Carved in stone over the doorway of a building is--

THE PENGUIN HOUSE

INT. PENGUIN HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

People gather by the glass walls. Behind them are a dozen  
penguin, waddling about and swimming. All have YELLOW EYES  
with BLACK PUPILS.

The exhibit is elaborate, resembling a South Pole landscape.

COOPER (V.O.)  
He didn't remember much about this  
zoo...

Two ADULT EMPEROR PENGUINS stand by the water's edge. A YOUNG PENGUIN leaps from the water and slides up to them. The three get close. The Young Penguin smiles.

COOPER (V.O.)  
But he remembers that he was loved.

EXT. BREISS CITY ZOO - DAY

There are very few visitors in the zoo. Most of the those in the walkways wear uniforms.

COOPER (V.O.)  
Problem was, the war was hurting  
the zoo business. They weren't  
getting visitors like they use to.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A DISTINGUISHED-LOOKING MAN looks out a window, surveying the area. He looks glum.

He steps away from the window and to a conference room where a dozen other people sit around a table. They all look glum.

Large charts rest on easels. Graph lines on these charts spiral downward.

COOPER (V.O.)  
And the government couldn't spare  
any money 'cause of the war effort.

The distinguished-looking man looks at the charts and SIGHS.

COOPER (V.O.)  
Because of this...

EXT. BREISS CITY ZOO ENTRANCE - DAY

A large sign hangs over the entrance:

CLOSED UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE

Children look at the sign, shocked and saddened.

COOPER (V.O.)  
The zoo ended up closing.

Flatbed trucks pull out of the zoo. Signs on them read:

DANGER: LIVE ANIMALS.

COOPER (V.O.)  
The penguins were all supposed to  
go to some zoo in New York--

The Young Penguin stares out of his cage, horrified.

COOPER (V.O.)  
But, someone did a mistake and one  
got separated.

On another truck, is a larger cage cramped with penguins.  
The Young Penguin's parents are pressed against the bars.

The trucks separate at an intersection.

COOPER (V.O.)  
And he never saw his family again.

EXT. CLOVER CITY ZOO - DAY

The truck rolls through the service entrance on a rainy day.

COOPER (V.O.)  
Six days later, the truck arrived  
in Clover City, not stopping once  
during it's trip across country.

The truck backs up to a dirty loading dock. Zoo employees,  
wearing red matching coats and pants, climb onto the truck.

COOPER (V.O.)  
The animals weren't fed or watered  
this whole time. Many were sick  
and dying.

One worker pulls a tarp off a cage and jumps back in horror.  
In it, a SNARLING wolf stands over its dead, half-eaten mate.

The cages are pulled from the truck. One employee drags a  
dead seal into a dumpster.

A FEMALE ZOOKEEPER opens a small cage. The Young Penguin  
lays inside, dirty and shivering.

The Female Zookeeper shakes her head and walks away.

COOPER (V.O.)  
And no one cared.

Zookeepers throw the carcass of a large cat into a dumpster.

INT. CLOVER CITY ZOO PENGUIN HOUSE - LATER

The Young Penguin is sprayed down with a pressure hose. He is knocked down by the blast.

COOPER (V.O.)  
As quickly as he arrived, he was  
cleaned up--

INT. PENGUIN EXHIBIT - LATER

A metal door slides open and the Young Penguin is shoved through it. He lands on his face as the door SLAMS shut.

COOPER (V.O.)  
And tossed in the spotlight.

The exhibit is a cinder block room, crudely painted with Arctic murals. A swimming area is filled with dirty water.

The Young Penguin gets up and waddles to two nearby penguins, smiling. The two look at him and turn away.

The Young Penguin's smile fades.

COOPER (V.O.)  
Where he was not wanted--

He waddles to an ELDERLY PENGUIN, standing in a corner. The Young Penguin brushes against him, smiling.

The Elderly Penguin spins around, startled. His face is gaunt. His eyes a blank white. His head darts around.

The Young Penguin backs away, horrified.

COOPER (V.O.)  
And where he didn't want to be.

The Elderly Penguin sniffs the air. He tilts his head downward, as if looking at the Young Penguin.

A loud CREAKING is heard. The Young Penguin spins his head around. The Elderly Penguin 'looks' in the same direction.

BLACK BOOTS (O.S.)  
 (slurred; muffled)  
 Here's your food, stupid birds.

A pair of BLACK BOOTS steps into the room. A bucket hangs next to them.

All the penguins hurry away. Small fish are thrown at them.

BLACK BOOTS (O.S.)  
 And stopping shitting in your pool.  
 I'm tired of cleaning it.

The Young Penguin starts waddling over, but the Elderly Penguin grabs him. The Young Penguin struggles, surprised.

Fish hit the penguins hard. Deep LAUGHTER is heard.

The bucket of fish is emptied. The penguins rush toward it when Black Boots kick the fish at them. They're pelted by these 'flying fish' as the LAUGHING continues.

The boots walk away. The CREAKING is heard followed by the SLAM of a metal door.

The Elderly Penguin releases the Young Penguin who runs to the food. He brings some to his mouth and stops.

He sees the Elderly Penguin sniffing the air and brings a fish to him. The Elderly Penguin sniffs it and eats it.

COOPER (V.O.)  
 The Young Penguin did the best he  
 could. And, in the end...

The Young Penguin retrieves more fish. He shares with the Elderly Penguin. The two smile.

COOPER (V.O.)  
 He made a friend.

INT. PENGUIN EXHIBIT - DAY

The two Penguins stand in their corner, smiling.

COOPER (V.O.)  
 The young penguin's fears of his  
 new home soon settled down as he  
 embraced his new family.

Other penguins slowly waddle around.

INT. PENGUIN EXHIBIT - LATER

The penguins hang out. A CREAKING is heard, followed by HEAVY FOOT STEPS. Black Boots steps into the exhibit.

BLACK BOOTS (O.S.)  
(slurred; muffled)  
Dinner time, you stupid shits.

A hand throws fish at the penguins, hitting several. The birds cringe until the footsteps walk away and the door CREAKS shut. They rush to the fish.

The Young Penguin (now bigger) carries fish to his friend.

He give a fish to the Elderly Penguin. The old bird smells it and frowns. The Young Penguin eats until the Elderly Penguin drops his fish.

COOPER (V.O.)  
But then it started all over again.

The Young Penguin picks it up and holds it up to his friend who slowly walks away. The Young Penguin's face falls.

The Elderly Penguin stops, turning as if to look at his friend. He SIGHS before walking off.

COOPER (V.O.)  
He was losing his family.

EXT. CLOVER CITY ZOO - DAY

Zoo employees, in their red uniforms, lazily hang Christmas decorations about the animal exhibits and trees.

INT. PENGUIN EXHIBIT - LATER

The penguins gather in the corner of the exhibit. The Young Penguin hurries through them, horrified by what he sees.

The Elderly Penguin lays on the ground. Limp. Lifeless.

The Young Penguin squats next to him and lifts his head. It rolls limply in his flipper.

A tear rolls down his face as metal CREAKING is heard.

BLACK BOOTS (O.S.)  
 (slurred; muffled)  
 Alright, stupid birds. Here's your  
 friggin' breakfast--

The penguins scatter, except for the Young Penguin. The black work boots walk up the Young Penguin.

BLACK BOOTS (O.S.)  
 What's this? A sick bird?

Black Boots nudges the Elderly Penguin with one foot. No response.

Black Boots kicks the Elderly Penguin. The Young Penguin looks at Black Boots, shocked.

BLACK BOOTS (O.S.)  
 He ain't sick. He's dead. Stupid  
 dead bird.

The Young Penguin shakes his head a panicky 'no.'

Black Boots crouches down and shoves the Young Penguin aside. The Young Penguin looks at the rotund figure from behind.

BLACK BOOTS  
 Well, gotta get rid of this thing  
 before we open.

The Young Penguin gingerly walks up to the handler.

BLACK BOOTS  
 Don't need no shit kids seeing no  
 dead penguin in here.

A pudgy hand slaps the Young Penguin, knocking him down. He shakes his head and feels his beak.

BLACK BOOTS  
 Outta the way, stupid bird!

The Young Penguin looks at him, a fat man with a dirty white beard. With his uniform, he resembles a SLOPPY SANTA CLAUS.

He grabs the Elderly Penguin by the neck and sits him up.

BLACK BOOTS  
 Your dead friend's coming with me.  
 (to Elderly Penguin)  
 You gonna come home with me?

He turns back to the Young Penguin and shakes the Elderly Penguin's head, saying--

BLACK BOOTS  
 (high-pitched)  
 Don't take me home! You'll eat me!  
 (regular voice)  
 That's right! Nothing beats a  
 roasted penguin dinner!

He shakes the Elderly Penguin's head around, mimicking panic.

BLACK BOOTS  
 (high-pitched)  
 No! Not roasted penguin dinner!  
 (to Young Penguin)  
 Help me! Help me!

Black Boots bursts out in a maniacal HO HO HO.

An arched uni-brow forms over the Young Penguin's eyes. His pupils turns bloody red as he bites Black Boots' hand.

Black Boots HOWLS as he backhands the Young Penguin--

BLACK BOOTS  
 --Stupid little shit--!

--Sending him reeling into the wall. He hits his head hard on the cinder block wall with a loud CRACK!

Black Boots pulls a switchblade knife from his pocket and SNAPS it open. He approaches the Young Penguin.

The Young Penguin lifts his head. There's blood on the wall and between his eyes. He looks angry, like the Penguin.

BLACK BOOTS  
 I'll be taking two of your corpses  
 out today!

The Young Penguin takes two fish from the ground and twirls them around like nunchuks. Around the body. Under his flippers. Over his head.

Black Boots gets closer. The Young Penguin throws the fish, hitting him in the eyes.

BLACK BOOTS  
 Arrgh!

He staggers about, wiping his eyes.

BLACK BOOTS  
Gonna kill you!

Black Boots steps on a fish. He slips and hits the ground hard. The knife falls out of his hand.

The two look at the knife. And then each other.

Black Boots reaches for the knife.

BLACK BOOTS  
Gonna make a fuckin' hat outta you!

The Young Penguin leaps. In a mid-air somersault, he grabs the knife and sticks it in his enemy's hand.

He CRIES out as the Young Penguin lands by the water's edge.

BLACK BOOTS  
Now you're dead!

He pulls the knife from his hand and rushes his opponent.

The Young Penguin sidesteps, grabbing Black Boot's arm. He flips him in the water. The knife falls from his hand and onto the ground.

Black Boots splashes in the deep water.

BLACK BOOTS  
Help! Help! I can't swim!

The Young Penguin watches him sink. His bloodied hand is the last bit to disappear below the surface.

The Young Penguin hurries to the Elderly Penguin's side and holds him. Tears roll down his cheeks.

He turns to the other penguins.

COOPER (V.O.)  
And that's when the young penguin realized--

They're oblivious to what happened.

COOPER (V.O.)  
He was truly alone.

The Young Penguin kisses the Elderly Penguin's forehead and gently puts him down.

He crosses the exhibit, picking up the knife. The other birds eat as a metal door CREAKS and SLAMS shut.

An ice-covered hand bobs in the water.

INT. COOPER'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Cooper sits next to his friend, holding the Screaming Turkey.

Things are quiet. Solemn.

COOPER (V.O.)

Then he told me about his weapons.  
Knives. Clubs. Guns. Explosives.  
Chemical weapons. Poisons.

He brings the bottle to his lips and drinks hard from it.

COOPER (V.O.)

He could kill every man, woman and  
child in Clover City if he wanted  
to. God help me if I ever repeat  
where this bird keeps everything.  
Or how he got it all.

INT. GREGORY HALL'S OFFICE - DAY

Hall hangs up the phone on his desk. He leans back in his chair and takes his cigar from the ash tray.

HALL

Commissioner McDonald has assured  
me that his best men are being  
dispatched to Mister Cooper's home.

Terrence sits in a chair in front of the desk.

HALL

I want you there. This penguin is  
not to survive the night.

TERRENCE

I understand. And the niggers?

HALL

More trouble than they're worth.  
Take care of the bird, then take  
care of them.

TERRENCE

Yes, sir.

Terrence leaves as Hall draws deeply on his cigar.

INT. COOPER'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

The only light comes from a stove burner. Cooper lifts a coffee pot from it and fills two cups.

INT. COOPER'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

The Penguin sits up in the bed, as Cooper put a cup down on the night table. The Penguin picks it up.

COOPER

I don't use cream or sugar, myself.  
So I hardly ever keep any here.

The Penguin sips his coffee.

COOPER (V.O.)

Then the awkward silence began. I  
really didn't have anything to say  
at this time, but I knew he did.

The Penguin takes another sip and then talks to Cooper (MOS).

COOPER (V.O.)

He asked me about Chinny and Wee  
Billy. Heard them talking to me  
before about money.

Cooper sits quietly, head tilted low. He fidgets a little.

COOPER (V.O.)

Then he asked me about the syringe  
and the spoon he found.

Cooper walks toward the window. He puts his mug on the sill.

COOPER (V.O.)

Couldn't lie to him, so I told him.

He faces the Penguin and talks (MOS).

COOPER (V.O.)

Been using the stuff on and off for  
twenty years. Used to buy it from  
a guy named Rico. Now it was  
Chinny and Wee Billy.

Cooper waves his hands around, pleading his case.

COOPER (V.O.)  
 I told him I wasn't like the  
 others. Used it only when my  
 arthritis was bothering me fierce.

The Penguin stares at him.

COOPER (V.O.)  
 Can't play when my fingers are all  
 tight. And when I can't play, I  
 can't pay my rent. Can't eat.

He faces the Penguin, anxiety written on his face. The  
 Penguin's expression doesn't change.

COOPER  
 Say something!

RED FLASHING LIGHTS flicker from outside the window.

PENGUIN  
 We have company....

EXT. COOPER'S BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Police cars and vans pull up in the street, cherries spinning  
 on their roofs. Uniformed officers climb from the vehicles.

INT. COOPER'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

The two look at each other.

COOPER  
 Sounds like a lot of them, too.  
 What do we do?

The Penguin shuts off the lamp. The room is dark, except for  
 the occasional red flashes.

PENGUIN (V.O.)  
 You go next door.

EXT. ROOF TOP - CONTINUOUS

A figure sits on a dumbwaiter shaft, rifle in his hand. He  
 aims it across the street.

INSERT - COOPER'S WINDOW - THROUGH CROSSHAIRS

Cooper talks to the Penguin, sitting in bed (MOS). The Penguin turns the light off.

Nothing is seen in the window.

BACK TO SCENE

The figure lowers the rifle from his face. It's Terrence.

TERRENCE  
Goddamn birdie.

Terrence peers over the roof, watching the police.

DING DONG!

INT. COOPER'S APARTMENT BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Cooper presses the doorbell of his neighbor's door.

DING DONG!

The door opens. Miss Clara's eyes peer over the chain.

MISS CLARA  
Heaven's Cooper, what are you doing here at this hour?

COOPER  
I, er, heard the police outside and I wanted to be sure you were okay.

MISS CLARA  
The police? Dear me.

COOPER  
Wouldn't be neighborly if I didn't check on you.

MISS CLARA  
Thank you, Cooper. I was about to put tea on. Would you like a cup?

COOPER  
That would be lovely, Miss Clara.

She closes the door and reopens it, without the chain.

MISS CLARA  
Come in, please.

Cooper walks in, feeling the wall. The door closes.

UNIFORMED OFFICERS race up the stairs, whispering led by a RED-HEADED SARGENT.

RED-HEADED SARGENT  
(whispering)  
Shh! If this bird gets away, the  
Commissioner will have our shields.

They tip-toe to Cooper's door. The Red-headed Sargent gestures for silence. He puts his ear to the door.

IRISH COP  
(whisper)  
Anything Sarge?

He turns back to the others and mouths the words:

ONE. TWO. THREE.

The cops BUST the door down, rushing into darkness.

COP (V.O.)  
Where're the lights?

COP 2 (V.O.)  
Why's it dark?

CRASHING and BREAKING is heard.

COP 3 (V.O.)  
Oww! What the hell--?

COP 4 (V.O.)  
Get off of me!

O'SHEA (V.O.)  
Get up, you drunken shanty-laced  
bastards!

CLANCY (V.O.)  
Shut the fuck up, O'Shea!

COP 5 (V.O.)  
I think I see him!

COP 6 (V.O.)  
Shoot him! Shoot him!

RED-HEADED SARGENT (V.O.)  
Nobody shoot!

COP 78 (V.O.)  
Did somebody say shoot?

RED-HEADED SARGENT (V.O.)  
No shooting--!

A BARRAGE of GUNFIRE echoes through the building.

INT. MISS CLARA'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Cooper and Miss Clara sit in her. MUFFLED GUNFIRE is heard.

MISS CLARA  
Did you hear that Gina-Lee moved  
back home?

COOPER  
Matter of fact, I did. Poor girl.

Bullets rip through the walls, leaving large holes. Plaster falls onto the table where the two sit. Glassware SHATTERS.

Miss Clara holds her cup. A bullet shatters it.

MISS CLARA  
This wouldn't be happening if they  
had coloreds on the force.

COOPER  
You may be right, there.

EXT. ROOF TOP - CONTINUOUS

Terrence sits on his perch, watching muzzle flashes from Cooper's apartment.

TERRENCE  
Bye-bye little birdie.

The clouds break, allowing the moon to shine through. Something moves on Cooper's roof.

TERRENCE  
Eh?

A silhouette stands on the roof's edge. It aims a strange rifle down at the street and squeezes the trigger and--

THWIPP!

A grappling hook flies through the air, tethered by a thin cable. It wraps several times around a street light.

The figure leaps off the roof, clutching the rifle, as a bullet ricochets off the ledge.

Terrence pulls the bolt back on his rifle. The shell ejects and he quickly reloads.

The figure swings dangerously close to street level. Cops jump out of the way, SCREAMING, as it WHIZZES by.

The figure swings up and lands on the rooftop. It's the Penguin. He drops the rifle and hops off, waddling past Terrence.

TERRENCE  
(to himself)  
Jesus, Mary and Saint Joseph.

The Penguin disappears into shadows.

Terrence quietly climbs down from his spot. He follows the Penguin around a corner--

And into darkness!

He looks around. Plenty of places to hide.

TERRENCE  
Here birdie, birdie, birdie.

Faint tracks disappear into the darkness.

TERRENCE  
I'm professional, birdie. I'll be quick about it. Won't prolong it.

He pulls a Zippo from his pocket and flicks it. The flag of Ireland is painted on the side. It lights his way.

He follows the tracks, rifle in one hand and lighter in the other.

A zeppelin floats lazily overhead, eclipsing the moon.

TERRENCE  
If'n it was up to Mister Hall, he'd have you cooked in a pie. With you still alive.

He turns a corner, passing various rooftop structures.

TERRENCE

Gotta meet me halfway, birdie.  
Don't make me go looking for you.  
The cold's no good for my bones.

Terrence brings the rifle up. The Penguin stands on the roof's edge, his silhouette lit against the grey sky.

TERRENCE

There's a good little birdie.

He squeezes the trigger.

BLAM!

And his target shatters into little pieces. A crude snow sculpture of a penguin.

TERRENCE

(looking around)  
Wanna play games? Do ya?

He ejects the spent shell and loads. He walks along. Snow and ice CRACK with each step he takes.

He spins around and fires another round--

BLAM!

Another snow sculptor.

TERRENCE

Playing Terrence for a fool, eh?

He reloads and continues along. As he passes, the Penguin's head pop out of the darkness, wearing night vision goggles.

INSERT - PENGUIN'S P.O.V.

Terrence walks away, looking around. Seen though the grainy green filter of the goggles.

Terrence spins around and fires at the Penguin. The goggles flare up brilliant green as--

BACK TO SCENE

The Penguins rolls from the darkness, throwing his now broken and smoking goggles aside. Terrence pulls back on his rifle's bolt.

Gracefully opening a butterfly knife, the Penguin slashes Terrence's hand. Terrence muffles a SCREAM.

TERRENCE

Ya bastard!

He jerks his hand for a painful second before reloading and looks around.

The roof is quiet... Almost too quiet.

The Penguin slides from behind Terrence, slashing his Achille's tendon. He collapses, SCREAMING, dropping his rifle and lighter.

Terrence reaches for his rifle, fingers crawling in the snow.

The Penguin blur whizzes by, slashing Terrence's arm. Terrence rolls over, slapping his good hand over his injury.

TERRENCE

I swear to God, I'll kill you, you little shite!

He crawls to the rifle, looking over his shoulder.

As his fingers brush his rifle, the Penguin rushes by, swinging his knife. Terrence pulls back as the rifle is kicked into the shadows. He SCREAMS.

Two severed fingers lay in the snow.

He gets on his knees, clutching his bloodied hand.

TERRENCE

Come out, and face me! Come out and fight! Don't hide, you coward!

Yellow eyes with red pupils appear from the shadows. The Penguin waddles into the light, holding Terrence's rifle.

TERRENCE

You think I'm afraid of you? You think I'm afraid of dying?

The Penguin steps closer.

TERRENCE

I killed so many, me and Death are close friends. What can you do?

The Penguin spins the rifle around and slams the butt against Terrence's head--

CRACK!

Blackness...

EXT. ROOF TOP - LATER

Groggy eyes wake up to a snow-covered roof, blinking. Looking around, they see the Penguin sitting on the roof's edge, reading a newspaper by a kerosine lantern.

The Penguin looks up, to meet his eyes and lets go of the paper. The sheets fly in the wind like bats in the night.

The Penguin carries the lantern to Terrence, tied tightly to a clothes line frame, naked and shivering.

TERRENCE

What the hell, little birdie?  
What'd you do with me clothes?

The Penguin puts the lantern down and pulls a pack of cigarettes from his 'pocket.' He puts one in his beak and lights it with a Zippo.

TERRENCE

Gonna leave me here to freeze?

The Penguin places a second in Terrence's mouth and lights it. The lighter has the Irish flag on it.

TERRENCE

My lighter? Was wondering where  
that was.

Terrence takes a drag.

TERRENCE

Now what? Think you're gonna get  
old Terrence to talk?

The Penguin shrugs casually.

TERRENCE

Well screw that, little birdie!  
I've been beaten and tortured for  
months without talking. You might  
as well kill me.

The Penguin reaches into his 'pocket' and pulls out a leather roll.

Holding onto one end, he tosses it aside. It unrolls, revealing small pockets filled with various tools of torture.

Picks. Serrated blades. Scaling knives. Barbed hooks. Channel locks. Clamps. All glisten in the faint moonlight.

Terrence's eyes grow big.

TERRENCE

Bloody hell, birdie! What the fuck you planning to do with those?

The Penguin picks up a curved knife.

TERRENCE

It ain't gonna work. Whatever you have in mind.

The Penguin puts it back and pulls out a drill. Flipping the switch, the drill HUMS to life,.

TERRENCE

It's so cold out, I don't even feel anything.

The Penguin puts it back and pulls out a multi-bladed device. He turns it on.

Every few seconds, a small ball of fire spits from it.

The Penguin looks him in the eye. He looks down at his crotch and back to his eye again.

The Penguin turns a dial on the device. The fireballs are replaced by a thin blade of blue flame. A second dial starts the blades spinning through the fire.

PENGUIN

It's not that cold.

Terrence looks at him. His cigarette falls from his mouth.

The Penguin smiles sinisterly.

EXT. COOPER'S APARTMENT BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

The police drag themselves from the building, bruised and beaten. Two are carried out on stretchers.

The Red-Headed Sargent staggers onto the street, holding a tissue to his bloody nose.

RED-HEADED SARGENT

If I ever find out which of you bastards fired first up there--

A CAPTAIN steps up to the Sargent, who salutes him.

POLICE CAPTAIN  
 (thick brogue)  
 Lot of gunfire up there, Tommy.  
 With shooting like that, I expect  
 to see some penguin filet.

RED-HEADED SARGENT  
 Penguin wasn't there, Liam--

The Captain gives him a stern look.

RED-HEADED SARGENT  
 I mean 'Captain.'

POLICE CAPTAIN  
 All those shots and no Penguin?  
 Sounded like the Easter Rebellion  
 up there.

He leans over the sargent.

POLICE CAPTAIN  
 I expect a full report on my desk  
 before you go home tonight.  
 Understand me?

RED-HEADED SARGENT  
 Yes Captain.

The captain steps up to a waiting police car. The Sargent quickly salutes him.

POLICE CAPTAIN  
 (muttering)  
 Don't know why I let you marry my  
 sister....

A UNIFORMED OFFICER opens the back door. The Captain climbs in and the door is closed behind him. The car drives off.

RED-HEADED SARGENT  
 'Cause I got the bitch pregnant,  
 that's why.

EXT. CANDLETOWN TENEMENT - DAY

Just another neighborhood shit hole.

CHINNY (V.O.)  
Wee Billy! Wee Billy! Where you  
hiding, fool?

INT. WEE BILLY'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Wee Billy throws clothes into a suitcase, on his bed, as  
Chinny enters the bedroom.

CHINNY  
Hey man, I been looking for...  
What are you doing man?

WEE BILLY  
It's called leavin'. I'm leavin'.

He closes the suitcase and drags it past Chinny and out of  
the room. A shirt sleeve hangs from the suitcase.

CHINNY  
Leaving?

Chinny follows.

Wee Billy carries his suitcase into his living room and puts  
it next to a second one.

The living room is filled with expensive-looking but  
mismatched furniture. Everything centers around an enormous  
turntable/radio cabinet.

WEE BILLY  
Leavin'! That means I'm here now,  
but I ain't here tomorrow. Hell, I  
ain't here an hour from now.

CHINNY  
What are you talking about?

WEE BILLY  
When we first started, we said we'd  
do it so long it wasn't dangerous.

CHINNY  
Yeah, so--?

WEE BILLY  
Well, it's dangerous--

CHINNY  
It ain't dangerous--

WEE BILLY  
Oh, it's dangerous--!

CHINNY  
It ain't dangerous--!

WEE BILLY  
Knock. Knock... Who's there...?  
It's dangerous!

CHINNY  
Will you knock it off! Listen to  
yourself! Listen to yourself!

The two look at each other.

CHINNY  
We been together since we was  
babies. And now things are getting  
good, you wanna split us up?

Chinny puts his hands gently on Wee Billy's shoulder.

CHINNY  
We always been a team, remember?  
Shined shoes together as kids.  
Dated girls together. Worked as  
runners for Big Leo's before those  
Italian dudes shut him down.

WEE BILLY  
That was fucked for sure.

CHINNY  
And when we went to that juvie  
center, no one messed with us.  
Why? Cause we stuck together!

WEE BILLY  
I remember when my grandmama saw me  
at the center the first time. She--

CHINNY  
Don't bring your dead grandmama  
into my story, man. She ain't in  
it... Remember how we helped each  
other get out of the Army--

WEE BILLY  
Yeah, by pretending I was slow and  
you was my caretaker.

CHINNY

Yeah. Pretending... Point is, we stuck together and stayed outta the war, unlike Sweeper who came back missing his fucking arm--

WEE BILLY

Poor Sweeper.

CHINNY

Poor Sweeper had nobody to keep him out of the war. But we had each other and we still got our arms.

Chinny puts his hand on Wee Billy's shoulder.

CHINNY

And when Mister Hall came to me with his job offer. I could'a kept it all to myself, but I didn't. I wanted you as my partner, right?

WEE BILLY

Right--

CHINNY

And you know why, right?

WEE BILLY

'Cause friends stick together?

CHINNY

'Cause friends stick together! When you started buying all this snazzy furniture, didn't I help you carry it up?

WEE BILLY

Yeah--

Chinny points to a sofa.

CHINNY

When you bought that fine leather sofa, who helped you carry it up the stairs?

WEE BILLY

You did.

Chinny points to the large cabinet stereo.

CHINNY

And when you bought that cabinet  
record player radio, who helped you  
carry it up here?

WEE BILLY

You did.

He points to the Penguin, in the corner, holding a katanna.

CHINNY

And when you bought that Penguin  
with the sword, who helped you--

Chinny and Wee Billy look at each other.

CHINNY

Fuck me...

The two turn to the Penguin as he gently steps over to them,  
ninja-style.

Wee Billy looks frightened; Chinny just looks frustrated.

CHINNY

What the fuck do you want?

WEE BILLY

Chinny, don't anger the penguin  
with the samurai sword.

CHINNY

No! This bird's been messin' with  
us since we ran into him on the  
street. You want us, bird? Come  
get us!

WEE BILLY

Don't talk crazy, Chinny. Don't  
talk crazy.

CHINNY

This bird fucked my face up! He  
robbed us of our money and product--

WEE BILLY

He did ruin my suit--

CHINNY

What the fuck else can he do to us?

He leans over and into the Penguin's face.

CHINNY

C'mon bird! Show us your worst!

The Penguin puts the sword on the floor. He pulls something from his pocket and unfolds it.

He drapes it over his face.

It's Terrence's face! The Penguin's eyes are seen through Terrence's eye holes. His beak sticks through the mouth.

Chinny and Wee Billy stare in horror. The Penguin's eyes blink through his 'mask.'

The three lean into each other, in disbelief.

The Penguin SCREAMS a blood-curdling cry.

Wee Billy and Chinny SCREAM. They spin around and race to the door. They slam into it with a resounding THUD and fall comically to the floor on their backs.

The Penguin leans over them, still wearing the mask.

PENGUIN

(brogue)

I think I got you beat, boy... But that could change, you know.

The mask falls off the Penguin and onto Chinny's face.

EXT. UPSCALE STREET - NIGHT

The serenity of this beautiful street is ruined by the RINGING of a telephone.

INT. GREGORY HALL'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

A princess phone RINGS on a small table in the darkened room. A hand reaches out and turns on a small Tiffany lamp. The phone is bathed in soft light and the hand grabs it.

Hall brings the phone to his ear. He wears silk pajamas.

HALL

(groggy)

Hello...? What? Police?

He sits up in his bed. The room is furnished for royalty.

HALL  
 They found what...? All of it?  
 What time did this happen?

His WIFE (50) lies on the other side of the bed, sleeping. A frilly mask covers her eyes.

HALL  
 Well, who let them in my office...?  
 Jesus Christ!

He gets out of bed and steps into his leather slippers.

HALL  
 Well, call my lawyer. No, not  
 Rubinstein! Levitts! Tell him to  
 come over right away.

He SLAMS the phone down and puts his robe on. He storms toward the bedroom door. His wife doesn't move.

He opens the bedroom door and is shocked to see CONNELLY, LOUGHLIN and FORD, in the doorway, in trench coats and fedoras. CONNELLY, has a raised fist, as if to knock a door.

RUTHIE, (65) stands behind them, a thin black woman in a prudish robe.

CONNELLY  
 Gregory Hall?

HALL  
 Yes.

The three flash badges from inside their lapels.

CONNELLY  
 Clover City Narcotics--

LOUGHLIN  
 You're coming with us-

FORD  
 Downtown!

Hall looks at Ruthie.

RUTHIE  
 (southern drawl)  
 I'm sorry Mister Hall, but they  
 pushed themselves passed me.

CONNELLY  
 You'll have to deal staffing  
 problems later, Mister Hall--

LOUGHLIN  
 After you answer a few questions--

FORD  
 Downtown!

Connelly SLAPS the cuffs on Hall with a loud CLICK.

EXT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - LATER

The gothic-looking building is surrounded by police cars.

REYNOLDS and COYNE (both 40), two uniformed Irish cops, drag CALGIONE (35) a very Italian-looking man with slick black hair and thin mustache, through the double doors.

INT. HEADQUARTERS FRONT DESK - CONTINUOUS

Coyne and Reynolds bring Calgione to the desk.

SERGEANT O'DOULE (50), a red-haired heavy set cop, sits at the desk, tapping a pencil on his desk.

O'DOULE  
 (brogue)  
 What you got here, boys?

REYNOLDS  
 (brogue)  
 We found this greaseball in the  
 alley behind Royal Liquors, loading  
 up the back of his car--

CALGIONE  
 (Italian accent)  
 Presents for the orphans at Saint  
 Anthony's.

O'Doule TAPS away with his pencil.

COYNE  
 (brogue)  
 He was filling his car with cases  
 of whiskey.

O'DOULE  
 For the orphans?

CALGIONE  
Ahh, I would'a left some for you  
micks--

O'Doule drops his pencil.

O'DOULE  
I dropped my pencil.

He disappears behind the desk to retrieve it. Coyne and Reynolds hit Calgione several times with their nightsticks.

They stop when O'Doule comes back up.

O'DOULE  
Mustn't lose my favorite pencil.

He looks at Calgione, who is badly beaten.

O'DOULE  
Anything else you'd like to say?

CALGIONE  
(slurred)  
No sir.

O'DOULE  
Book him! See what else he done.

STANLEY LEVITTS (45), an uptight-looking man with thick glasses and a hook nose, steps up to O'Doule.

LEVITTS  
Evening Sergeant.

O'DOULE  
Mister Levitts. What brings you  
out this night?

Levitts hands him an envelope.

LEVITTS  
A letter from the mayor's office--

EXT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - LATER

Snow falls gently.

LEVITTS (V.O.)  
Demanding the immediate release of  
one of Clover City's most prominent  
citizens, Gregory Hall.

Levitts and Hall walk through the front door. Levitts' trench coat hangs over Hall's shoulders.

LEVITTS

I'll be meeting with the D.A. first thing in the morning.

HALL

I've never been so humiliated in all my life.

The two step to a limousine. A uniformed CHAUFFEUR opens the door for them.

LEVITTS

(to chauffeur)

Mister Hall's restaurant.

The two climb in and the door is closed behind them.

INT. LIMO - CONTINUOUS

Hall looks furious; Levitts is very much in control

LEVITTS

The tip regarding the heroine supply allegedly found at your restaurant came from someone known only as 'Penguin.'

HALL

The Penguin? The bird that's been terrorizing the city?

LEVITTS

I believe so.

HALL

A bird isn't a reliable source. I'm innocent.

LEVITTS

The police reportedly found twenty pounds of heroin in your office.

HALL

The Penguin obviously put it there! He's wreaking havoc through out the city. I'm a victim of his madness.

LEVITTS

How could a bird have the resources to plant twenty pounds of heroin in your restaurant?

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

The limo drives down the street.

HALL (V.O.)

How would I know? I'm an innocent business man. A pillar to the community. And a personal friend of Mayor Johnson.

LEVITTS (V.O.)

The police are estimating the street value at--

HALL (V.O.)

I know the street value! Shut up!

The car disappears in the distance.

INT. THE GREAT HALL RESTAURANT - LATER

The restaurant is dark.

Hall and Levitts step in. Hall reaches over the hostess booth and flips a switch. The lights come on.

Chairs rest upside down on otherwise bare tables. Dirty glasses are stacked on the bar. The place seems soulless.

INT. GREGORY HALL'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Hall hurries into his office. Levitts follows. Furniture is out of place. Paintings and animal trophies rest on the floor. Desk and cabinet drawers are open.

The rug is pulled up, revealing a large hole in the floor. It's empty.

Hall SIGHS, shaking his head.

LEVITTS

Anything you need me to do?

HALL

Just make sure the charges are  
dropped, Levitts. I need to be  
alone for now.

Levitts slowly leaves.

LEVITTS

Alright then. I'll speak with you  
tomorrow, Gregory. Good night.

He closes the door behind him.

Hall drags himself behind his desk and sits down. He looks  
very old. He slowly closes the drawers of his desk.

CREEEAK....

Hall looks up. He reaches under his desk and to an empty  
holster, taped in place.

He rolls his eyes in disgust.

HALL

I know you're there. Come out. I  
have a gun.

A closet door CREAKS open.

TERRENCE (O.S.)

(weak)

Please don't shoot, Mister Hall...

HALL

Terrence?

TERRENCE

Aye...

Hall walks toward the closet and opens it.

Terrence is huddled on the closet floor, hiding behind two  
hanging clothing.

HALL

What are you doing in there?

He pushes the clothes aside. He GASPS.

Terrence is huddled on the floor, naked. He hides his face  
with his bloodied hands.

TERRENCE

I waited til they left before I  
snook in. I'm sorry, Mister Hall.

Hall steps back, horrified.

TERRENCE (O.S.)

But that little bird... Never seen  
anything like him.

Terrence crawls from the closet, naked. He's all cut up.  
Muscles and veins are exposed on his abraded face.

Hall turns toward the closet.

TERRENCE

He enjoyed it.

HALL

I'm going to call an ambulance,  
Terrence. Get you to the hospital.

He hurries toward his desk and picks up the phone.

TERRENCE (O.S.)

No one ever made me talk before.  
Never in my life.

He reaches for the phone rotary and stops. He turns to  
Terrence. He gently hangs up.

TERRENCE

Whole time, he stared at me.  
Smiling.

Terrence slowly and painfully stands up. He covers his  
privates with a jacket from the closet.

HALL

This penguin. Where is he?

TERRENCE

Don't know...

He drags himself to a wet bar.

TERRENCE

But I know how to find him... How  
to lure him out.

He turns to Hall and points to a bottle.

TERRENCE  
 Could I...?

Hall nods.

Terrence pours a drink with shaky hands. He downs it. Some dribbles down his sliced-up chin.

TERRENCE  
 He has a friend...

CUT TO:

A WESTERN UNION TELEGRAM. CLOSE UP.

A brief message reads on it.

COOPER (O.S.)  
 And they want me to play at the  
 tree lighting ceremony? The  
 telegram says that?

INT. COOPER'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Cooper sits in his dark kitchen, wearing a heavy coat. The room looks like a bomb hit it.

The Penguin holds the telegram, nodding. He wears a candle-powered miner's helmet.

Faint rays of sunlight enter through the broken window.

COOPER  
 They always have the Clover City  
 Symphonic Orchestra play at the  
 lighting ceremony.

The Penguin shrugs.

COOPER  
 You don't have anything to do with  
 this, do you?

The Penguin shakes his head.

COOPER  
 Better not find out you did. One  
 of the tuba players is a friend.

The Penguins sweeps some dirt into a dust pan.

COOPER (V.O.)  
 I wondered about the Penguin. Did  
 I come into his life so I can help  
 him with something?

He tosses the dirt out the window and keeps sweeping.

COOPER (V.O.)  
 Or did he come to help me?

The Penguin tosses another pan of dirt out the window.

COOPER (V.O.)  
 If I can get him past the holidays,  
 I can show him people are good.

OUTSIDE VOICE (V.O.)  
 Hey! Who's throwing shit?

The Penguin leaves the kitchen.

COOPER (V.O.)  
 The way he felt about Christmas,  
 though, it's easier said than done.

He waddles back in, carrying the saxophone. He gives it to  
 Cooper, smiling.

COOPER (V.O.)  
 And then the solution came to me.

COOPER  
 You know, bird, maybe I will play  
 at the tree lighting. It'll be  
 good for the both of us.

The Penguin claps like an excited child.

COOPER  
 But you gotta promise me something.  
 Gotta promise you won't be shooting  
 or hurting no one.

The Penguin looks him in reluctance.

COOPER  
 You promise and I'll play. Okay?

The Penguin nods, CLAPPING.

COOPER  
 Alright, we got a deal.

Cooper plays soft music. The Penguin resumes sweeping, with a big smile on his beak.

EXT. CLOVER CITY PARK ENTRANCE - NIGHT

A well-dressed crowd gathers by the park entrance. Police circle the crowd. Festive CHATTER is heard.

Carollers, donned in gay attire, sing by the entrance.

Cooper walks through the crowd, wearing an old tuxedo. He carries his sax case with his one hand.

COOPER

Excuse me... Excuse me... Merry  
Christmas... Excuse me...

The Penguin leads him through the crowd, wearing an elf-hat and matching tie. He frowns as people bump into him.

COOPER

This is what Christmas is really  
about. People having a good time.

The Penguin finds himself face-to-face with a FAT WOMAN's ass. He leans from side-to-side, trying to get around her, but can't. She's that friggin huge!

COOPER

Sure it's crowded. That just means  
everyone's having a good time.

The Penguin tries getting around the woman when--

FFAAAAAAAARRRRTTTT!!!!

Nausea grow on the Penguin's face as he changes colors. He uses his hat to fan the cloud away, GAGGING weakly.

A nearby MAN looks at him. He nudges a WOMAN next to him.

MAN

Say, isn't that the Penguin from  
the newspapers?

The Penguin looks at them. He quickly puts the hat back on as the woman looks at him.

WOMAN

That's not him. Newspaper didn't  
mention anything about a hat.

They turn away as the Penguin leads Cooper off.

The two reach a line of police barricades. The Penguin starts moving one when--

IRISH-LOOKING COP (V.O.)  
Hey! No crossing the police line.

The COP pushes the barricade back. A second COP steps up.

COOPER  
Sorry, Officer. My son was just helping me get to the stage area.

IRISH-LOOKING COP  
Stage area? Ri-i-i-ight...

COOPER  
I'm Benjamin Cooper. I'm playing tonight at the tree lighting.

IRISH-LOOKING COP  
Really now?

He reaches into his jacket and pulls out the telegram. He gives it to the cop who looks it over.

IRISH-LOOKING COP  
I guess you are the entertainment, tonight. Alright then--

The Cop gives the telegram back to Cooper and pulls the barricade aside.

IRISH-LOOKING COP  
Hurry up.

The Penguin leads Cooper through the space and the cop moves the barricade back.

2ND COP  
The short one was his son? Don't see it.

IRISH-LOOKING COP  
Ehh. They all look alike to me.

The Penguin leads Cooper to a back stage where people rush around. REBECCA (30), a festively-dressed woman with a clipboard, turns to them.

REBECCA  
May I help you?

COOPER

Yes ma'am. I'm Benjamin Cooper--

She flips through the clipboard.

REBECCA

Mister Cooper. We have you down as our opener, tonight. Are you nervous? All these people staring at you when you play?

COOPER

Won't be looking at them, ma'am.

REBECCA

(awkward)

Oh...

COOPER

I hope you don't mind my asking, ma'am, but who hired me for tonight? I'd like to thank him.

REBECCA

Why, that would be our organizer. Here he is now--

She turns to a well-dressed man passing by and gently taps him on the shoulder. He turns around--

It's Gregory Hall!

REBECCA

Mister Hall, this is Benjamin Cooper. He'll be opening tonight--

HALL

Mister Cooper. It's a pleasure to meet you.

Hall smiles, shaking Cooper's hand. The Penguin looks at him suspiciously.

HALL

I heard a lot about you. You're an extraordinary musician.

COOPER

I'm flattered, Mister Hall.

HALL

(to the Penguin)

And which of Santa's elves is this?

The Penguin looks at him in disgust.

COOPER

This is my boy, Benny. He helps me  
get around.

Hall takes off his hat and dramatically waves it about the  
Penguin.

HALL

Pleasure to meet you, boy. Hope  
you're excited about tonight.

INSERT - BACK STAGE - THROUGH CROSSHAIRS

Hall waves his hat about the Penguin.

TERRENCE (V.O.)

There you go, little birdie--

BACK TO SCENE

EXT. TELEPHONE POLE - CONTINUOUS

Terrence hides in shadows, strapped to the top of the pole.  
He looks through the sight of a rifle.

TERRENCE

Your disguise may fool some people,  
but not Ol' Terrence.

INSERT - BACK STAGE - THROUGH CROSSHAIRS

Hall puts his hat back on.

BACK TO SCENE

EXT. TELEPHONE POLE - CONTINUOUS

Terrence wraps his finger around the trigger.

INSERT - BACK STAGE - THROUGH CROSSHAIRS:

The Penguin is dead center in the cross-hairs.

BACK TO SCENE

EXT. TELEPHONE POLE - CONTINUOUS

Terrence gently squeezes the trigger.

INSERT - BACK STAGE - THROUGH CROSSHAIRS

Another figure steps in front of the Penguin, blocking him from Terrence's view.

TERRENCE (V.O.)  
What the-?

BACK TO SCENE

EXT. BACK STAGE - CONTINUOUS

Hall and Cooper talk.

HALL  
--Looking very forward to tonight.

MAYOR JOHNSON (40) steps up, dressed in his tuxedo.

JOHNSON  
Gregory, are we ready to begin?

INSERT - BACK STAGE - CROSSHAIRS

Johnson talks with Cooper and Hall. He blocks Terrence's shot of the Penguin.

TERRENCE (O.S.)  
Move over, stupid bastard. You're blocking my shot.

BACK TO SCENE

EXT. BACK STAGE - THROUGH CROSSHAIRS

Johnson and Hall walk away, out of the crosshairs, leaving Cooper alone.

The Penguin is gone!

TERRENCE (O.S.)  
Hey--

The scope moves around, scanning the crowd.

TERRENCE (O.S.)  
Where'd the birdie go?

BACK TO SCENE

EXT. BACK STAGE - CONTINUOUS

Cooper places his sax case on a nearby table. He pulls his instrument out.

COOPER

Gonna to be a special night for  
both of us, Bird. My big break  
here in Clover City. Your chance  
to learn what Christmas is about--

He turns from side to side, looking concerned.

COOPER

You with me, Bird...?

Rebecca steps up to him.

REBECCA

Mister Cooper, we're ready for you.

COOPER

Now? Have you seen my boy?

REBECCA

We'll find him for you--

She takes his jacket sleeve and leads him away.

JOHNSON (V.O.)

(amplified)

Merry Christmas, Clover City.

EXT. STAGE - CONTINUOUS

The crowd erupts in APPLAUSE. Thousands of smiling spectators listen to the mayor's words.

Rebecca leads Cooper by a large manger scene.

JOHNSON (V.O.)

This year will be a very special  
Christmas here, in Clover City  
because, this year--

The Penguin stands atop the manger, dressed like an angel. He stands perfectly still, eyes darting around.

Johnson stands in front of the large unlit tree, speaking into a microphone in front of him.

JOHNSON

Santa Claus has brought our family members back from overseas.

The crowd APPLAUDS again. Johnson smiles.

JOHNSON

War is over in Europe and Asia and our family members--man and woman, white and black--are home.

The crowd APPLAUDS again.

INT. DEERBORN TAVERN - CONTINUOUS

The lifeless crowd of regulars sit.

Sweeper sits at the bar, wearing his Army jacket. He stares at the radio, holding a beer with his one hand.

JOHNSON (V.O.)

(static)

It's time for Clover City to celebrate the return of all its heroes.

Georgina sits next to him, face on the bar, SNORING.

JOHNSON (V.O.)

(static)

Without further ado, we officially begin 1945's Christmas season in Clover City.

APPLAUSE is heard through the static.

Georgina's dentures fall out of her mouth and onto the bar. Sweeper looks at them briefly, before returning to the radio.

The APPLAUSE is replaced by *SILENT NIGHT*, played by a single saxophone.

EXT. CLOVER CITY PARK STAGE - NIGHT

Cooper stands in front of several microphones, playing *SILENT NIGHT*. The unlit tree borders the rear of the stage.

The crowd falls into somber silence. Parents put supportive hands on their kids. Lovers gently take each others' hands.

The Penguin listens from his perch. He looks at ease.

Cooper changes the tempo and adds a jazzy flavor to it. The crowd welcomes the change and sways to the music.

Mayor Johnson snaps his fingers to the music. Gregory Hall looks on, disgusted.

The crowd swings to the music as Cooper moves around the stage, performing his jazzman ballet.

INSERT - CROWD - THROUGH CROSSHAIRS

The crosshairs feverishly sweeps the area. No Penguin!

TERRENCE (O.S.)  
Where are you, little birdie?  
Terrence ain't got all night.

The crosshairs scan the Nativity scene. Terrence's view of the angel, atop the stable, is blocked by a string of lights.

BACK TO SCENE

EXT. STAGE - CONTINUOUS

The Penguin remains on his perch as Cooper continues his thing, taking advantage of the stage.

He dances his way to the back of the stage, near the tree. He swings a leg out and kicks a low hanging branch.

Several glass balls fall from the tree, hitting the stage with a POP! POP! POP--!

--Sounding like gunfire!

Terrence swings his rifle toward Cooper, firing prematurely.

BLAM!

The bullet hits Cooper in the leg. He falls, SCREAMING.

The crowd GASPS.

The Penguin leaps from his perch, drawing a double-barrel derringer.

The crowd GASPS as he rolls across the stage, stripping off his angel costume.

WOMAN IN CROWD  
(screams)  
It's the Angel of Death!

The woman faints. SCREAMS are heard.

IRISH COPS struggle toward the stage, but are forced back by the panicky crowd.

The Penguin fires at Terrence. One shot hits his harness straps. Terrence drops a foot, jerking to a stop. He swings as he fires another round. It hits the stage inches from the Penguin and Cooper.

The Penguin reloads.

COOPER  
No! Don't kill anyone, Bird--!

Terrence reloads.

COOPER  
It's Christmas!

The Penguin rushes to Cooper, shielding him.

COOPER  
Don't do this! Please!

Terrence fires again, hitting Cooper in the leg again. He SCREAMS!

The Penguin returns fire, hitting Terrence twice.

The Penguin sees Hall standing off stage, smugly savoring a cigar. Enjoying the show.

Cops rush to the stage, guns drawn.

COOPER  
Everybody, please!

The Penguin sees the cops. He looks at Cooper and quickly rolls him off the stage. Cooper disappears into the tree.

The Penguin looks at the cops surrounding him.

IRISH SARGEANT  
Alright men, get him!

Dozens of rounds are fired at him. He leaps away as the stage is ripped up by bullets. More gunfire follows him as he somersaults across the stage--

And directly to Hall! The restaurateur looks shocked.

The Penguin leaps on Hall's chest. Two rounds hit the restaurateur in the gut. He falls like a ton of bricks.

The Penguin reloads when--

BLAM!

He looks down on his chest. Blood oozes out. He looks around.

The cops frantically reload. Staggering, he turns to Terrence who is reloading. With a shaky flipper, he aims--

BLAM!

Terrence goes limp. He hangs from the pole.

The Penguin falls to the stage. Blood flows around him.

IRISH SARGEANT

We got him, men! We got the  
Penguin!

The cops cheer wildly and pat each other on the back.

COOPER (O.S.)

Nooooo!

The cops look and see Cooper crawling along the stage. His glasses are off, exposing his lifeless eyes.

COOPER

Stop cheering! All of you! He  
didn't deserve this.

Cooper keeps crawling, feeling around the stage.

COOPER

Where is he? Where? Where's my  
friend?

Everything goes silent as Cooper finds the Penguin. He cradles him in his arms, crying like a baby.

COOPER

He was my friend and you killed  
him. All of you did!

The Penguin opens his eyes slightly and GROANS.

COOPER

You're alive? You're alive! We'll get you to a doctor, Bird. Get you all fixed up--

PENGUIN

It's too late for me...

COOPER (V.O.)

He said. "But thanks for lying, anyway."

The whole city is quiet in mournful awe.

COOPER (V.O.)

"You're right. Sometimes lying is good... It's comforting... when the truth isn't..."

Several cops take off their hats in respect.

The Penguin pulls out two envelopes from a breast pocket and puts them in Cooper's hand.

PENGUIN

Merry Christmas...

COOPER

A Christmas present? I didn't get you anything?

PENGUIN

You did--

The Penguin talks (MOS). His eyes are tired and weak.

Tears flow down Cooper's face.

COOPER

"You did... Friendship," he told me. "Friendship... And a little peace of mind."

IRISH COPS surround the pole where Terrence's body hangs. His raw, disfigured face is visible for all to see.

Two cops step over to Cooper. They try taking the Penguin. Cooper pulls him to his chest, hugging him tightly.

COOPER

No! You don't touch him!

The cops jump back.

COOPER  
You got no right!

He pulls the Penguin's face next to his, CRYING.

More people gather around, with sad-looks on their faces.

SPECTATOR (V.O.)  
It's just a bird--

SPECTATOR 2 (V.O.)  
--They shot a sweet little penguin--

SPECTATOR 3 (V.O.)  
--Just protecting that musician--

SPECTATOR 4 (V.O.)  
--That blind musician--

SPECTATOR 5 (V.O.)  
--Who would kill a bird on  
Christmas--?

YOUNG SPECTATOR (V.O.)  
--Mommy, I'm scared.

Cooper rocks the Penguin in his arms.

COOPER (V.O.)  
The Penguin died in my arms that  
night and, despite how it happened,  
he died in peace.

The crowd grows around them.

COOPER (V.O.)  
He died knowing he had a friend.

EXT. CLOVER PARK ENTRANCE - DAY

Fresh snow lays on the ground and the tree is brightly lit.  
People pass by and kids play in the snow.

COOPER (V.O.)  
Wasn't too long before most people  
forgot the nastiness of that night.

Two kids build a snowman. Nearby, a kid finishes a snow  
sculpture of a penguin.

COOPER (V.O.)  
 Almost everyone... Those two envelopes that the Penguin gave me contained some very special papers.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

A road crew, in prison stripes, digs ditches along a road. Chinny and Wee Billy are in the crew. They look miserable.

COOPER (V.O.)  
 The first had signed statements from Chinny and Wee Billy, saying that Gregory Hall was supplying the City with illegal drugs.

Chinny stops digging and turns to Wee Billy.

CHINNY  
 Man, this work is killing me.

Wee Billy turns to him.

WEE BILLY  
 I know what you mean. But, as my grandmama use to say, "When you put your back into your work--"

CHINNY  
 Wee Billy, the last thing I wanna hear about is your dead grandmama.

Wee Billy raises his shovel and--

KLANG!!!

Knocks Chinny out with it.

EXT. CLOVER CITY PENITENTIARY - DAY

A huge ugly gothic block of concrete and despair. Guards patrol the yards with rifles and dogs.

COOPER (V.O.)  
 Gregory Hall was quickly convicted for his crimes--

INT. PENITENTIARY MESS HALL - CONTINUOUS

Scores of men, in prison stripes, stand in line with trays in their hands.

A steel ladle drops a scoop of gruel onto a steel tray. Grey gravy splashes on a slice of bread and some carrots.

COOPER (V.O.)  
And sentenced to eighty years in  
the Clover Penitentiary.

Gregory Hall looks down on this tray, in disgust. His hair is messy and he has a day's growth on his face.

EXT. CLOVER CITY HOSPITAL - DAY

An ambulance drives into the emergency room driveway. People walk in and out of the main door.

COOPER (V.O.)  
As for me, well, the Penguin left  
me a couple of special things in  
that other envelope...

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Patients are wheeled around in wheelchairs and gurneys by nurses in pristine white uniforms.

COOPER (V.O.)  
Savings accounts, in four of Clover  
City's banks, totalling.... Well,  
totalling a whole lot of money.

INT. PATIENT'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A doctor and two nurses stand around a patient's bed.

COOPER (V.O.)  
He also left me something else...  
His eyes. I didn't know it but  
Penguin eye balls are completely  
compatible with people eyes.

The doctor unwraps gauze bandage from the patient, sitting up in bed. A thin black man.

COOPER (V.O.)  
Knowing he was going to die, he  
gave me his. The Penguin who hated  
Christmas gave a poor musician a  
new start on life.

The bandages are removed revealing Cooper as the patient.  
Only small pads of cotton, taped over his eyes are left.

COOPER (V.O.)  
Like all Christmas stories, there  
is a moral, here, though not  
everyone may know it.

The doctor reaches for the pads of cotton.

COOPER (V.O.)  
It may be that you can always find  
good in everyone.

Cooper sits there with YELLOW EYES with BLACK PUPILS. He  
looks around the room.

COOPER (V.O.)  
Or it could be that good will  
always triumph over evil.

The doctor talks to Cooper (MOS). Cooper looks at him,  
smiling and nodding.

COOPER (V.O.)  
Or it might just be--

Cooper looks directly at the camera and smiles an evil grin.  
His pupils turn red and his eyebrows arch.

COOPER (V.O.)  
Don't fuck with the bad Penguin!

FINAL FADE OUT