

TUCA AND BERTIE

Episode 1

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December 15, 2017 Draft
The Tornante Company

TUCA AND BERTIE

EXT. BIRD TOWN CITY PARK - DAY

It's a beautiful, sunny Saturday and the park is full of people enjoying themselves. The majority of the characters in this town are bird people, but there are also other anthropomorphic animals, regular animals, plant people, and even humans on occasion.

A flamingo woman suns herself on a towel. A dog man plays hacky sack. A crow man gives a rose to an anthropomorphic rose man. SOFT SERVO, a ice cream-dispensing robot, rolls into the park.

SOFT SERVO
(female robot voice)
Happy Summer! I am Soft Servo, a
city tourism board-financed ice
cream robot. Nurse at my nozzles,
children!

KIDS SQUEAL in delight. FOSTER, a big penguin kid, squirts soft serve out of the robot onto a cone. Two other kids wait in line behind him. Foster fills up his cone, then SQUIRTS ice cream directly into his mouth.

KID #1
Grooooooss!

KID #2
Come on, give us a turn!

Foster continues to pull the lever, letting the soft serve sploosh out onto the ground while blocking the other kids from getting any.

SOFT SERVO
Warning! Low cream levels detected!

KID #1
Aw what! Come on!

FOSTER
Haha! Nuh-uh, none for you
dingbirds!

The machine runs out of ice cream.

SOFT SERVO
Ice cream is now: depleted! Goodbye
until next Summer!

The robot shuts down.

KID #1
Nooo!!!

KID #2
That's not fair!

FOSTER
(mouth full of ice cream)
Ha ha shut up! Empathy is over!
Being a bully is cool again!

A tongue reaches out and snatches some ice cream off the top of Foster's cone. TUCA, a toucan woman wearing short shorts, reels it into her mouth.

FOSTER (CONT'D)
Hey!

Foster reaches into Tuca's beak and grabs the ice cream back. Tuca bops the bottom of his other arm, the ice cream cone flies in the air, lands in her beak, and she swallows the whole thing. The other kids APPLAUD.

TUCA
Yes, it is I, Tuca! Friend! Hero!
Connoisseur of snacks! Confident --
yet relatable -- wearer of short-
shorts!

She pounds her fist on Soft Servo and candy sprinkles spray out of the robot and rain down on the kids.

KIDS
Hooray! Weee!

FOSTER
Stupid toucan! That was MY ice
cream and you're gonna pay!

TUCA
Life lesson, kiddo: Nothing belongs
to anyone.

Tuca walks away, putting on sunglasses, as a COOL-AS-FUCK SONG starts playing. She gets on a bicycle hitched to a small trailer and peddles away.

HIPSTER GUY
Hey! That's my bike!!

Tuca rides around town, stopping to collect an old, busted chair, a lamp, and assorted other junk from the side of the street, piling them in her bike trailer.

Her phone RINGS.

TUCA
Bertieeeeeee!

INT. BERTIE AND SPECKLE'S APARTMENT / INTERCUT

BERTIE, a female song thrush, fidgets around the kitchen of a cozy apartment, pouring muffin batter into tins and popping them in the oven while she talks on the phone.

BERTIE
Tucaaaaaa, I miss you! Ahaha I hate change!! The apartment is so quiet and clean without you!

TUCA
I knooooow! I bring a lot of zest to my environment.

BERTIE
When do you wanna come over to get your things? You're not officially moved out until you've taken your last box of stuff, ha ha!

Camera pulls out to reveal a huge, bulging box in the middle of the apartment. SPECKLE, a male robin, walks over to the sofa and stubs his toe on Tuca's box.

SPECKLE
Ooooch! Sorry! Ow!

TUCA
Sure sure, I'll come get it later. I'm just picking out some decor for my new place.

BERTIE
Uh oh, are you getting junk off the street again? Those things are always covered in bugs and mystery fluids! Danger!!

Tuca tries to scrape some nasty goop off the lamp in her junk pile, then wipes her hand off on her shorts.

TUCA

Nooo... I am purchasing consumer goods... with my job money...

BERTIE

You don't have a job!

TUCA

Whaaat, just because I don't have a booring office job like you doesn't mean I'm not swimming in gigs! Furniture assembly, mobile notary, tour guide, cashing checks from my rich aunt, and... freelance junk collector!

A scary-looking moth suddenly flies out of a hole in the lamp and Tuca YELLS.

TUCA (CONT'D)

AHHH-nyhoooo I'll swing by our place --I mean your place -- later today.

BERTIE

Wow, it'll be so weird to not be roommates anymore...

TUCA

Yeah we've been living together for ages! We've had such good times!

FLASHBACK MONTAGE

We see Tuca and Bertie's living room cycle quickly through different scenes from the last six years:

- Tuca and Bertie move a couch into the living room. They scream as little bugs jump out of the cushions and swarm them.
- Bertie sprays the couch with bug spray while Tuca sprays her mouth with whipped cream.
- Tuca makes out with a hot Snake Guy on the couch.
- Bertie kisses the same Snake Guy and Tuca walks in on them!
- Tuca holds the Snake Guy down while Bertie punches him.
- Tuca and Bertie are both in party outfits, but Bertie's dress is long and conservative. Tuca cuts Bertie's dress shorter, now she looks cute!

- Tuca rides a motorcycle into the apartment, Bertie shakes her head "no."
- Tuca shoots up the apartment with a paint ball gun, Bertie covers her eyes.
- Tuca and Bertie scrub paint off the walls and fling water at each other playfully.
- Bertie tries to mix cake batter but the machine breaks, exploding batter all over the living room.
- Bertie mops the floor while Tuca licks batter off the walls.
- Bertie sobs on the couch while Tuca dances around, trying to cheer her up.
- Tuca sobs on the couch and Bertie offers her cupcakes.
- The entire apartment is completely flooded. It looks like a fish tank. Tuca and Bertie swim around underwater. What the?!
- Luau-themed party! Bertie hula dances while Tuca (wearing a coconut bra) drinks an entire punch bowl.
- Costume party! Bertie is dressed as a cute bat. Tuca is wearing a huge fake toucan head and guzzling booze!
- Bertie tries to comfort Tuca while she barfs into a wastebasket. Tuca looks up, laughing, then barfs again.
- Bertie sits on the couch with Speckle, looking worried as Tuca juggles eggs nearby (with many cracked on the floor)
- Christmas party! Bertie kisses Speckle under the mistletoe while Tuca runs around in a Santa costume.

END OF MONTAGE - BACK TO PHONE CONVERSATION:

BERTIE

Eeek we've been through so much!
This is the end of an era!!

TUCA

Eh, it's no big deal, I'm sure
we'll live together again at some
point!

BERTIE

Uh... I hope not? I mean, I'm kinda hoping things work out with my boyfriend moving in...

Speckle overhears this and gives Bertie a big smile and a thumbs-up as he stubs his toe on Tuca's box again.

SPECKLE

OUCH!!

TUCA

We'll seeeee! Bye!

Tuca hangs up.

SPECKLE

Is Tuca okay? I can help move this box of hers over there if she nee--

BERTIE

Nah, she's fiiine! I bet she's happy to have a space to herself, with nobody cramping her style!

SPECKLE

If that was a cramped Tuca, I'm scared to see her unhindered...

BERTIE

True!

SPECKLE

Well, now that the two of us live alone, I can finally cut loose and walk around here with my butt out!

BERTIE

That's why you're excited to live with me?

SPECKLE

Yep! Just my bare butt, though. No nuts unless you want 'em!

He pretends to unbuckle his pants. Bertie GIGGLES and covers her eyes.

BERTIE

Nooo... why does everyone I live with love free-buttin' it so much??

SPECKLE

Ah, I knew Tuca and I had a common bond! Hey, what do you think if I hang this picture up here?

Speckle holds up a cheesy photo portrait of himself smiling.

BERTIE

It's... a photo of your own face?

SPECKLE

Yeah, it makes me really happy! I think I look handsome in it.

BERTIE

That's... what mirrors are for...

SPECKLE

Come on, you get to have your things everywhere.

BERTIE

My things are cute! And don't have my face on them.

SPECKLE

(teasing)

Uh oh! We're moving in together and you're already sick of my face!

BERTIE

(nervous)

Ha ha, yeeeah if this doesn't work out you'll have to move back out...

SPECKLE

Yep, if we make any mistakes at all, we'll break up and never speak to each other again!

Bertie WHIMPERS with anxiety as Speckle HUMS happily and stubs his toe on Tuca's box a third time.

SPECKLE (CONT'D)

Owwww come on!

INT. TUCA'S APARTMENT - DAY

Tuca SINGS to herself while setting up her new apartment. She arranges the items she found on the street, plopping the broken chair in a corner and placing the lamp on top of it. She slaps paint on a wall, sweeps dust into a pile, and throws a rug on top of it.

TUCA
 (singing)
*Got some random crap/for my place!
 Putting freakin' things/in the
 space!
 Doesn't matter where they go...
 'Cause I live aloooooone!*

Tuca looks around, expectantly.

TUCA (CONT'D)
 Ugh I'm so boooored! Nobody's here
 to listen to my great songs and
 supply me with constant positive
reinfo-fo!

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Tuca leans out the window and pokes the bottom of the
 upstairs apartment's flower box with a broom handle.

TUCA
 Hey! Upstairs neighbor! Dapper Dog!

DAPPER DOG, a foppish hound, leans out his window.

DAPPER DOG
 Mmmhm...?

TUCA
 Wanna hear a totally-improvised
 banger?

DAPPER DOG
 Mayhaps, if you first indulge me my
 tale of woe. Ooowoooooh my sweetest
 Henry--

TUCA
 HARD NOPE.

Tuca SIGHS and leans back into her apartment.

INT. TUCA'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

TUCA
 I know, I'll go visit Bertie!

Tuca gets ready to leave.

TUCA (CONT'D)

Let's see, I'll put on my good walking shoes... better bring an umbrella... maybe I'll listen to a podcast on the way...

She carefully chooses a podcast on her phone, "Breakfast Talk."

TUCA (CONT'D)

All right, all ready!

Tuca marches out. As her PODCAST plays, we see a cutaway of the apartment building as Tuca leaves her place and walks downstairs.

BILLY EGGS (V.O.)

Well, from WEGG Bird Town, it's Breakfast Talk. I'm your host, Billy Eggs. Today's program: Hard boiled and soft scrambled, a story in four acts. Act one: A Birthday Shellebration...

It is revealed that Bertie and Speckle live literally one floor below Tuca's apartment.

INT. BERTIE & SPECKLE'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Tuca KNOCKS a complicated and specific beat on the door, then enters the apartment as Bertie pulls muffins out of the oven.

BERTIE

Hellooo stranger!

TUCA

Ahoyyyy! Oh my god you live so far away from me now! I'm exhausted!

BERTIE

Ha ha you're so lazy!

TUCA

Ooh!! why don't you let me install a fireman's pole in the ceiling so I can slide down anytime?

BERTIE

I'm pretty sure the landlord won't--

TUCA

Hey, Speckle's an architect -- I bet he'd love to get a big ol' pole in here! Where's he at?

BERTIE

Oh! He's taking a shower!

TUCA

Noooo, I didn't pack my toiletries yet! He's always using all my girly shampoos!

INT. BATHROOM SHOWER - CONTINUOUS

Speckle showers, surreptitiously sniffing and sampling different bottles of product, sudsing himself up with a loofah.

SPECKLE

Mmm, rose... and cinnamon... ahhh and this one is citrusy, yet so sweet... and so gentle on my décolletage! Oh how I wish I could buy these fine lotions for myself, but I just can't. Masculinity is a prison! And I have been sentenced... for life.

INT. BERTIE & SPECKLE'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

BERTIE

I'm surprised you like those shampoos.

TUCA

True! Smelling nice is very off-brand for me!

Tuca stuffs one of Bertie's muffins in her mouth.

TUCA (CONT'D)

Mmm, great muffins neighbor!

BERTIE

Hehe thanks neighbor!

TUCA

Ooh hey! Now we can do all kindsa neighbor stuff! Like, I can collect your mail! And water your cactus when you're out of town!

BERTIE
Oh no, my cactus passed away!

TUCA
What happened?! Did you over-water?

CUT TO:

Bertie looks at an obviously dead cactus, the pot filled to the brim with water.

BERTIE
Pricktina, just tell me what you need! Are you thirsty?!

She pours in more water, which overflows the pot and sloshes onto the floor. Bertie panics and pours in a can of soda pop, then a mug of coffee.

BERTIE (CONT'D)
Is this helping?!

CUT TO:

TUCA
You over-watered.

BERTIE
(tearing up)
Can a mother over-love her child?!

TUCA
Yes she can, and I'm the proof!
Anyways, what other neighbor stuff can we do... oo! I can borrow a cup of sugar! Neighbors are constantly borrowing cups of sugar. Here, gimme a cup of sugar right now.

BERTIE
You're going to fixate on this until I do it, aren't you?

TUCA
Yes. We aren't officially neighbors until I get that C.O.S... Cup-O'-Sug'!

BERTIE
Haha, okay okay!

TUCA

(chanting)

Bertie-ertie-ertie getting sugar
for her neighb!
Sweet sugar being got by that
hottie Bertie babe!

BERTIE

Hehe! I love when you make up theme
songs for me!

Bertie searches the kitchen cabinet and hesitates to grab a bag labeled "Bertie's organic super-good fancy rare confectioners baking sugar." Then she sees a small sugar bowl labeled, simply, "SUGAR."

BERTIE (CONT'D)

(to herself)

Huh. This must be Speckle's...

Bertie hesitates, looking back and forth between the two sugars. Then she grabs Speckle's.

BERTIE (CONT'D)

Here you go, Tuca!

TUCA

Cute! Thanks! Well, see ya later
neighbor.

BERTIE

Wait, do you wanna grab your last
box of stuff on your way out?

Tuca hoists the small sugar bowl in both hands.

TUCA

Can't! Hands are full!

BERTIE

Okay, well, it's kinda taking up
some space here, so--

TUCA

Jeez I'll get it later! Sorry to
inconveeeenience you.

BERTIE

It's okay, we're just trying to
tidy u--

TUCA

Sheeeesh. Relax about the box! I
will take care of it eventuallyyyy.

Tuca leaves. Bertie SIGHS. She looks at Tuca's box, hunches down to poke around in it, and finds a porn magazine, *Nerdy Seagull Hunks*. She flips through it and holds one spread up close to her face to see it better.

BERTIE
Huh, that's really specific!

SPECKLE (O.S.)
Hey Bertie?

Bertie startles and throws the magazine in the air.

BERTIE
NOT MY PORN!

Speckle, wearing a bathrobe, is looking around in the kitchen cabinet.

SPECKLE
Did you see my sugar bowl? I put it here an hour ago.

BERTIE
Ah, actually I lent it to Tuca...

Bertie nervously bites into a muffin.

SPECKLE
What? You gave her my Gamby's sugar?!

BERTIE
(talking with her mouth full)
Gimby?

SPECKLE
My Gamby Robin. That was her sugar bowl, it's been in our family for generations--

BERTIE
Oh no...

SPECKLE
--and when she passed away, we put her ashes in there.

Bertie does a spit take, spraying pieces of muffin at Speckle. He calmly takes the rest of her muffin out of her hand and sets it on a table.

BERTIE
Whyyyyy why why!!

SPECKLE
Well, it's a Robin family tradition to mix the remains of our loved ones with a seasoning that reflects the personality of the deceased.

BERTIE
Grossss... well actually, that's kind of nice??

SPECKLE
Gamby Robin was very sweet, so we mixed her with sugar! My aunt was mixed with paprika, if you know what I mean.

BERTIE
I don't know what any of this means!

SPECKLE
Why did you give it to Tuca?!

BERTIE
She asked! I just... wanted her to be happy...

SPECKLE
So why didn't you give her your sugar?

Bertie cringes hard.

BERTIE
Ohhh... it was just really expensive... and uhhh...

SPECKLE
You said you wanted me to move in. Now you're not letting me hang up my pictures, you're giving my stuff away... I just want to feel like I live here too.

BERTIE
Oh my goood, okay, don't worry. I'll be RIGHT back with your sugar. Freeze right there.

SPECKLE

Well, I'm not one to pass up a good freeze...

He FREEZES in place, his eyes darting back and forth.

BERTIE

I'm gonna fix this! Don't break up with meeeeeee!!

Bertie runs out. Speckle stays frozen.

INT. TUCA'S APARTMENT - DAY

Bertie KNOCKS at the door repeatedly until Tuca lets her in.

BERTIE

Tuca! I need that sugar bowl back. It was Speckle's and it's some kind of gross heirloom and, oh god, I really fudged things up. He's gently disappointed in me!

TUCA

Oh NO! That's horrible! Y'know this never would have happened if we'd just stayed roommates--

BERTIE

Tuca! The sugar bowl! Give it!

TUCA

I gave it to a neighbor!

BERTIE

What! Why??

TUCA

Because that's what neighbors do!

Bertie GROANS.

TUCA (CONT'D)

Plus it tasted like ashes, yech.

BERTIE

Noooooo! Who'd you give it to?

TUCA

Oh, I just lent it to that plant lady who lives across from me--

BERTIE

Oh my god, she is so cool, I can't believe you talked to her.

TUCA

I know right? I wanted to ingratiate myself, you know, 'cause I'm the new kid in the building.

BERTIE

Tuca, we've lived in this building for six years.

TUCA

The fifth floor is a tootally different thing. You fourth-floorers wouldn't get it. The hierarchy here is intense.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING HALL - CONTINUOUS

They leave Tuca's apartment and walk across the hall to knock on DRACA's door. Draca is a tall, sexy, anthropomorphic plant woman. She doesn't speak, she just rustles her leaves. She looks kind of like Rihanna, if Rihanna was a plant.

TUCA

Yo Draca, it's me again! Your fave new neighby.

BERTIE

Hiiiiiee. I'm Bertie, I live downstairs, uh. I've seen you around, your style is sooo radical, umm--

Tuca ELBOWS her.

TUCA

(to Bertie)

Be cool!

BERTIE

I can't! Uncoolness is one of my most fundamental traits!

TUCA

(to Draca)

Heeey, remember a little while ago I handed you some sugar and you rustled your leaves mysteriously? That was a nice little moment we had, huh?

Draca SHRUGS.

TUCA (CONT'D)

So, no big deal, but turns out we need that sug' back - do you still have it?

BERTIE

Nuuuuu worries if you don't! Or think that's bogus! I'm sorry, is "bogus" not a totally tubular word to use these days?

Draca rustles her leaves and motions for them to follow her inside her apartment.

BERTIE (CONT'D)

Eeeeeee! We get to see her house!

INT. DRACA'S APARTMENT - DAY

The apartment is dark, humid, and covered in turtles (real, not anthropomorphic). They're meandering all over the floor. Many of them have various household objects on their backs.

Draca steps gingerly around turtles on the floor, picking a drink off one, taking a sip, then setting it down on a different turtle, which wanders off.

BERTIE

Whoa.

TUCA

Sooo...

BERTIE

Uh, cool place you got here Draca!

TUCA

Really unique.

BERTIE

Tropical.

TUCA

Okay, I'll say it, you have too many turtles.

Bertie WHISTLES in agreement, nodding. Draca sits down in an armchair, picks a vape off a turtle and puffs it.

BERTIE

(to Draca)

Hey, um, did you put the sugar on one of these turts? I mean turtles. I'm sorry, I thought maybe "turt" would be a cool new way to say turtle...

TUCA

I like it! Bertie Bertie, let's check these turties!

Tuca and Bertie search through the turtles, shouting out the objects they find on top of them.

TUCA (CONT'D)

Mouthwash! Fertilizer!

BERTIE

Fashion magazine! Dirty dishes!

TUCA

A tiny house?

BERTIE

A love letter... it's to another turtle!

TUCA

Ha ha this is great!

Draca casually takes her shirt off and lies back in her chair with her bare tits out, unconcerned with the frantic activity around her.

BERTIE

This is hopeless, I don't see the sugar anywhere!

TUCA

Oh yeah, the sugar, right! Huh, the window is open. I wonder if...

She steps over to the window and looks out.

TUCA (CONT'D)

Bertie! Look!

They see a long drain pipe on the side of the building. A little turtle crawls out the bottom, onto the street. The sugar bowl is on its back.

BERTIE

Stop that turt... le!

TUCA
Let's get down there!

They both run towards the door. Bertie pauses.

BERTIE
Um, have a pleasant afternoon
Draca, thank you for having us
over. Maybe we can hang out sometim-
-

Tuca pulls Bertie out of the apartment. Draca rustles her leaves and waves goodbye.

INT. STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

Tuca and Bertie race down to the fourth floor, past Bertie's apartment. As they run past her front door, Bertie YELLS.

BERTIE
Hey Speckle I almost have the sugar
back just hold on a few more
minutes DON'T DUMP ME!!!!!!

INT. BERTIE & SPECKLE'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Speckle is still frozen.

SPECKLE
O-ay! Buh I hah to pee??

INT. STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

Tuca and Bertie run down to the third floor. BRUCE, a creepy buzzard, is coming out of his apartment as they run by.

BRUCE
(flirty)
Hey ladies...

TUCA
Not now Bruce!

BERTIE
Can't chat, Bruce! We're trying to
chase down some sugar!

BRUCE
Ooh why don'tcha give ME some
sugar.

TUCA

Ugh, Bruce, give it up! I am NEVER gonna sleep with you, again! That was just a one-time thing I did twice!

BERTIE

What! You slept with Bruce?!

TUCA

He's the main reason I'm sober now!!

BRUCE (O.S.)

When you relapse, I'll be waaaaiting!

TUCA

Ugh!

BERTIE

(titillated)

Sick!

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Tuca and Bertie run out onto the street and look around for signs of the turtle. Bertie spots a flier hanging low on the wall, near the drain pipe.

BERTIE

Look at this, "Slow Walker's Awareness March - A plodding promenade! Open to all amblers, moseyers, and strolling enthusiasts."

TUCA

I bet that little turt is sauntering all up in that! Let's go!

EXT. CITY STREET - MINUTES LATER

Tuca and Bertie catch up to the march and wade into a crowd of extremely slow-moving people.

TUCA

OH MY GOD, WHY IS THIS A THING. I hate it immediately!

SNAIL

Welcome to our promenade! Us slow walkers love to live in the moment and savor every step!

OLD BIRD

This city has gotten too fast-paced!

SANCTIMONIOUS BIRD

We're raising awareness.

TUCA

This is terrible, I'm so bored! I wish I could live my entire life on fast-forwards!

BERTIE

Huh, I dunno, this is kinda nice. I think I've been missing a lot of stuff?

SNAIL

Yes, exactly! Smell the daffodils...

OLD BIRD

Listen to the sound of the wind in the trees...

TUCA

(getting into it)

Okay, my boobs actually feel really good right now and I don't think I would have noticed them if we were rushing.

SNAIL

That's not quite--

BERTIE

Yeah me too, I'm actually having a great tit day?

SNAIL

Uh...

Tuca sees the turtle up ahead.

TUCA

Bertie, it's that dirty turtie!

The two of them start to run and push through the crowd towards the turtle.

TUCA (CONT'D)
Coming through!!

BERTIE
Excuse us!!

The snail blows a WHISTLE at them.

SNAIL
Hey! This march has a strict speed
limit, nothing above one mile per
hour!

Tuca and Bertie roll their eyes and run in slow motion as
HIGH ENERGY ACTION MUSIC plays, until they've almost caught
up to where the turtle is walking.

Suddenly, Foster, the kid Tuca stole ice cream from earlier,
walks by and locks eyes with her.

TUCA
Hey theeeere, little buddy...

Foster scoops the turtle and sugar into his backpack.

TUCA (CONT'D)
Wait! That's our turtle! And
sugar!! You can keep the turtle.

Foster grins at Tuca.

FOSTER
Life lesson: Nothing belongs to
anyone!

He turns and sprints away.

BERTIE
What the hell?!

TUCA
Noooo! Why do I keep picking fights
with children! They always get the
upper hand!

Tuca and Bertie chase after him.

EXT. PASTRY PETE'S BAKERY - DAY

Foster runs into the bakery.

BERTIE

Whoa, Pastry Pete's Patisserie!
Pastry Pete is soooo brilliant...
did you know he won a Tasty Num-
Nums Award last year for combining
crullers and bundt cakes? They're
called "crunts"!

TUCA

Oooooo you've got a cruuuush on
hiiiiim, Speckle better watch out.

BERTIE

I do not! Shut up! I'm telling
you... ya gotta try those sweet,
crusty crunts.

TUCA

Ew!

BERTIE

Come on, let's go!

INT. PASTRY PETE'S - CONTINUOUS

The bakery is a clean, modern interior with shelves full of marvelous pastries: eclairs made to look like hot dogs, brioches with bird faces on them, purple loaves of bread, petit fours shaped into tiny cracked eggs, all stamped with a special "PP" insignia.

Bertie gawks at all of these treats in wonder, then sees a framed art photo on the wall of a french baguette strapped into a dildo harness.

BERTIE

Oh!

Foster is sitting behind the counter with the turtle. The sugar is nowhere to be seen. Tuca storms up to the counter.

TUCA

GIVE US BACK OUR SUGAR, YOU HALF-
WET, HALF-DRY, FULL-SLIME BOOGER.

Foster stares back at her, expressionless.

BERTIE

Heeeey kiddo, we really need that
sugar bowl back, so can you tell us
where you put it?

Foster continues to stare.

BERTIE (CONT'D)
Did you eat it??

TUCA
I'LL BEAT IT OUT OF YOU GRAIN BY
GRAIN, I DON'T GIVE A F--

PASTRY PETE (O.S.)
What's going on here, why are you
yelling at my nephew?

PASTRY PETE is a handsome and extremely intimidating penguin man in his late 40s, wearing a chef's jacket. He's holding the sugar bowl. Bertie GASPS when she sees him.

BERTIE
Peestry Pet! I mean, Pastry Pete!

TUCA
That's our sugar! The brat stole it
from us.

PASTRY PETE
He would never! My nephew is a
perfect angel and he says he found
this on a public street turtle.

FOSTER
(in the brattiest voice
ever)
That's right Unky Petey!

TUCA
This child is a spoiled pile of
soft serve assface!

Pastry Pete stares at Tuca. Foster bursts into tears.

FOSTER
Waaaaaah! Unkyyyyyyyyyy!

EXT. PASTRY PETE'S - DAY

Pastry Pete holds the door open as Tuca and Bertie walk out.

PASTRY PETE
And stay out of my bakery!

BERTIE
Ok but I might come back in to buy
an éclair--

He slams the door. Bertie sits on the curb, dejected.

BERTIE (CONT'D)

Ughhhh Speckle is gonna hate me!
The first seed of resentment has
been planted!! This is my first
time living with a boyfriend and
I've already totally fricked it up!

TUCA

Hey, don't worry! Worst-case
scenario... you guys break up and
then I can move back in!

BERTIE

I don't want that!! I want to live
with my boyfriend!

Tuca is taken aback by this.

TUCA

So... this is really permanent...

BERTIE

I hope so.

TUCA

Why are you doing this to me??

BERTIE

This isn't about you!

TUCA

Everything was great when we lived
together! But now it's all "Tuca,
get your box of stuff out of the
way! Tuca, erase yourself from the
apartment we shared for six years
so I don't have to be reminded of
you while I'm living my perfect
life with my boyfriend!"

BERTIE

I never said--

TUCA

Now you're settling down and doing
this normie life plan bullshit and
you're gonna get married and have
babies and host dinner parties
where you serve things like
crostini and bruschetta -- well,
you're not fooling me! Those are
just toast!

BERTIE

...What?!

TUCA

And you never wanna have fun adventures anymore! You'd rather stay at home and be boring!

This stings.

BERTIE

I don't want to be boring. I'm scared. I finally met a guy who's actually nice to me and I'm worried I'll ruin everything. I'm worried I'll lose you. I'm worried this sweater makes me look like a bell pepper. I'm just a big pepper fulla worries!!

TUCA

That sweater is legit very good. More of a chili pep--

BERTIE

I just want to know everything is going to be okay so I can relax! Ugh, right now there's nothing I'd rather do than go home, putter around, watch tv, bake a big batch of croissants--

TUCA

Croissants...

BERTIE

Uh oh, you're getting that look you get whenever you have a dumb ide--

TUCA

I have an amazing idea! Follow me!

She grabs Bertie and drags her back inside the bakery.

BERTIE

Nooooo...!

INT. PASTRY PETE'S - CONTINUOUS

Tuca KICKS in the door and marches up to Pastry Pete.

TUCA

Hey Pastry Puff! Bertie here would like to challenge you to a CROISSANT BAKE-OFF!

BERTIE

(whispering)

No no no what are you doing? He's a professional, I'm not good enough!

TUCA

Bertie is the best chef in the whole world and she can kick your ass and we're having a really big fight right now but she's my best friend!

PASTRY PETE

I don't really see how that's relevant...

TUCA

If Bertie's croissants are better than yours, you gotta give us back our sugar.

BERTIE

This is a bad idea!

PASTRY PETE

Well, by the chef's code, I cannot turn down a cooking challenge...

He turns to look towards a framed document on the wall, "The Chef's Code," containing rules such as:

- Accept every cooking challenge.
- Make vegetables hot and keep fruit cold.
- Seriously, nobody likes hot fruit.
- Never utter the word "mayonnaise." Acceptable synonyms: remoulade, aioli, or creamy-cream-a-roux.
- If it's brown, cool it down! If it's yellow, you've got a custard, fellow!
- When in doubt, grill a trout!

PASTRY PETE (CONT'D)

So we shall have... a croissant tourna-*mant*!

BERTIE

Eep!

PASTRY PETE

If you win, you'll get that sugar bowl. And if I win... you need to baby-sit my nephew.

BERTIE

Huh?

They look over at the kid and he's shaking the turtle while LAUGHING maniacally.

FOSTER

AHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!!! DIE!!!!

TUCA

PASS.

PASTRY PETE

(gesturing to Bertie)

I'd want the song thrush to watch him. Obviously not YOU.

TUCA

We agree to your terms!

MONTAGE

- Bertie and Pastry Pete both furiously mix dough and knead it, glaring at each other. They're sweating. It's hot!

- Tuca tries to wrestle the turtle away from FOSTER.

- Bertie and Pastry Pete bump into each other as they both put their dough in the fridge. They're maneuvering in a tight space and Bertie's back is pressed against a wall.

PASTRY PETE

Ahem...

BERTIE

This... just needs to chill for a bit...

PASTRY PETE

Because that's a vital step in baking croissants. Of course.

They continue to stand too close, trapped together. There's a weird energy between them.

BERTIE

(too loud)

I just wanted you to know that I
also know.

- Bertie and Pastry Pete roll out their dough. His hand grazes hers while reaching for the flour and she blushes and stops working for a moment, lost in a horny fog. Tuca jumps in to coach her.

TUCA

(chanting)

Bertie-ertie-ertie gotta get that
dough rolled!
Crush it, little Bertie, win back
that sugar bowl!

Bertie shakes out of her fog and jumps back into dough-rolling.

- they cut their dough into triangles, Tuca holds one up to her crotch like a g-string and gyrates.

- They put their croissants in the oven.

While waiting for the croissants to cook, Bertie wanders over to Tuca, who is sitting on the counter feeding scraps of dough to the turtle. FOSTER has been tied up with a chef's jacket and there's a mixing bowl on his head, temporarily subduing him.

BERTIE

Oof, couldn't you have picked
something simpler for this
competition?

TUCA

You're the one who said croissants!

BERTIE

Ughhhhh.

TUCA

Hey, so, uh, I'm sorry about what I
said. I'm really excited for you
and Speckle. And you're not boring,
you're a magnificent little weirdo.

BERTIE

Yeah? You know... you're still my
best friend. I need you! You pull
me out of my comfort zone.

TUCA

Aww! And you always let me eat your snacks!

Bertie LAUGHS at this, then frowns.

TUCA (CONT'D)

What's wrong?

BERTIE

I'm still mad! Even though we just made up, I still have an upset feeling!

TUCA

Aw, that's okay buddy. Here, wanna punch some dough?

Tuca hands Bertie a ball of raw dough.

TUCA (CONT'D)

Just hit this.

Bertie starts punching it.

BERTIE

Ungh! Nyah! Ugh!

TUCA

There you go. Better?

BERTIE

Yeah. Thanks!

Bertie punches the dough again softly.

TUCA

Whoa, wow. Too much. Take it easy.

Bertie smiles and pokes the dough with a finger.

TUCA (CONT'D)

She's out of control. Somebody stop this woman. She's on a rampage!

Bertie LAUGHS. A kitchen timer DINGS.

BERTIE

Eek! They're ready!

INT. PASTRY PETE'S - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Bertie and Pastry Pete stand at the counter with all their croissants piled on two plates.

TUCA
(tasting Pete's croissant)
Let's see... hmm... very
croissanty.

PASTRY PETE
Wait, why are you the one judging
this competition?

TUCA
(tasting Bertie's
croissant)
Wow. Yes. This one is even
croissantier! Dare I say,
croissantiest. And best.

PASTRY PETE
This is absurd!

Pete grabs one of Bertie's croissants and bites into it. He acts disgusted at first, then his expression changes.

PASTRY PETE (CONT'D)
Hmmm. What bakery do you work at?

BERTIE
Oh! I don't work at a bakery.

PASTRY PETE
A restaurant then?

BERTIE
No, I work at a magazin--

PASTRY PETE
Ah, a gourmet food magazine! Which
one?

BERTIE
Actually it's just a magazine
publisher? I do mostly data
processing?

PASTRY PETE
I see. Here's my card. Call me if
you ever want to quit the desk job
and come work for me.

BERTIE

Buh?

Pastry Pete smiles at her for the first time and hoo boy is it sexy. She MELTS.

PASTRY PETE

You're a croissant sauvant!

BERTIE

Weh!?

PASTRY PETE

Make sure not to eat that card,
it's made of a very thin, toothsome
wafer, with sugar ink. It took me
ten years to learn how to make it.

Bertie is stunned. Tuca elbows her.

TUCA

Dude!! Don't let me eat that card,
mmkay?

BERTIE

(to Pastry Pete)

Thank... you...?

PASTRY PETE

Now, you can take back your sugar.

They all turn to look back towards the kitchen, where BAKER BARB, an older bakery employee, is WHISTLING to herself while she pours the contents of the sugar bowl into a cake mixer. She looks up, sees Tuca and Bertie's looks of horror, and stops whistling.

INT. BERTIE AND SPECKLE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Bertie is presenting Speckle with a pink cake box, opened towards him. Inside is a gray cake with flower decorations. Very pretty! But gray.

BERTIE

Oh, "unfreeze"!

Speckle relaxes.

TUCA

Surprise!

SPECKLE

My gamby is a cake now?

BERTIE

(super nervous)

Baked by the Tasty Num-Nums Award-winning inventor of the crunt, ha ha...

TUCA

We brought croissants too! Made out of regular ingredients, not dead people!

SPECKLE

Ah, jeez.

An OLD BIRD WOMAN FACE appears in the cake.

GAMBY ROBIN

Speckle... is that you...

SPECKLE

GAMBY?!

GAMBY ROBIN

Speckle, my boy! My dearest grand-peep!

TUCA

Uhhh...

BERTIE

Ummm...

SPECKLE

Oh my god, I can't believe it's you!!

GAMBY ROBIN

I'm so glad I was baked into a cake so I could say a proper goodbye and tell you I'm proud of you. Now, Speckle, please eat me.

SPECKLE

What?!

GAMBY ROBIN

Gobble me up, sweet child! I'm trapped between the worlds of the living and the dead and I need you to eat me so my soul can finally rest!

SPECKLE

I can't..!

GAMBY ROBIN

Be a good boy and eat your gamby.

TUCA

(chanting)

Yeah! Eat the ghost cake! Eat the ghost cake!

SPECKLE

Okay...? Uh, I guess I can try a little... if that's what you want, Gamby?

Speckle eats the cake.

SPECKLE (CONT'D)

(weeping softly)

Oh, Gamby, boooohoo! You're actually really delicious!

TUCA

Can I have some??

BERTIE

Shh! Tuca!

GAMBY ROBIN (O.S.)

Ohhoooho Speckle! Sliding down your throat tickles!

SPECKLE

Settle down Gamby!

Speckle looks down at his belly.

GAMBY ROBIN (O.S.)

Now would you drink some gin and club soda so I can have a party down here?

SPECKLE

Gamby be quiet!

TUCA

Wow, so this all worked out pretty great, huh?

Speckle narrows his eyes at Tuca. Gamby GIGGLES in Speckle's belly and he HICCUPS.

BERTIE

Oh god, Speckle, I'm sorry I gave your sugar away!

(MORE)

BERTIE (CONT'D)

If you don't want to live with me anymore, I understand!!

SPECKLE

Don't want to live with you?! Of course I want to live with you!

BERTIE

Really??

As Speckle talks, watercolor animation depicts the scene he's describing.

SPECKLE

Yeah! You know when you're coming home late at night...

BERTIE

Yeah?

SPECKLE

...and everything inside looks so warm and yellow, and everything outside is so blue? I love thinking about how, from now on, this little piece of yellow is for us... our warm home together.

Watercolors fade away.

SPECKLE (CONT'D)

That's pretty gooey, huh?

Bertie's eyes are sparkling with tears and snot is dripping from her nose.

BERTIE

Baaaauughh!

They embrace.

TUCA

Awwwww you guuuysss... okay, I'll jet so you can get all mushy... I guess I'll finally get my box of stuff out of your way. Then I'll be all done moving out.

SPECKLE

Great idea!

BERTIE

Y'know... if you want to leave your box here, you can?

SPECKLE

Honey...

BERTIE

We've got room! Then you can just come over whenever you need anything in it.

TUCA

Yeah??

BERTIE

Sure!

TUCA

Aw, that would be great! Let's see, it only has my toothbrush, my daily medication--

BERTIE

Oh, well, you don't have to leav--

TUCA

All my underwear, my sex toys--

SPECKLE

You can just take it--

TUCA

No no, this will be great! My epipen, smoke detector batteries, bike pump, old porn, new porn, frying pan, screwdriver...

CAMERA PULLS OUT slowly as Tuca lists items, then PUSHES BACK IN on Speckle's tummy.

INT. SPECKLE'S TUMMY - CONTINUOUS

GAMBY'S GHOST stands with a crowd of different foods Speckle has eaten: a chicken leg, a bunch of crackers, a pair of apple slices, and a sandwich.

GAMBY ROBIN

Alright gang, let's get this wingding bash-a-roo a-ragin'!

FUN MUSIC BLASTS as Gamby dances joyfully with all of the foods!

THE END.