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Paulie

By Laurie Craig

The agency told you you had to pay
for your own uniforms, right?

(Heavy accent)

Yes, I to buy with money from job.

No, no, no. You can't start
a job without a uniform.

But how to buy when not been paid?

- You don't have any money?

- No.

This is why I take job.

To make money.

This is why I come to America.

- To be big shoot.

- Shot. Big shot.

I try not to live in past.

Only present tense since I come.

(Chuckling)

Yeah, but big shoot makes no sense.

This is the main building.

Administration, lecture rooms
and the laboratories.

It's just the floors in here.

Don't worry about the cages
or what's in 'em.

The research assistants feed them.

You know, they study animal behavior.

In cage,

only can behave like prisoner.

Word of advice, my man.

Try not to think so much,

and whatever you do,

don't bother the professors.

They're the real big shoots
around here.

Watch your step.

(Sighing)

This is purgatory.

I'll get the trash.

(Snoring)

What bird kind is this?

(Snorts) Huh?

The biting kind. Be careful.

(Growls)

Are you bird or dog?

What... What he's doing down here?
Paulie's an old project
for Dr. Reingold.
Didn't work out. Loss of funding
or something. I can't remember.
But he's not eat, I think,
and he lose his feather.
Don't worry about him.
Come on. I'll show you
where the incinerator is.
(Singing)
(Singing continues)
(Buffer starts)
(Singing)
I loved you
the first time I saw you
I always will love you
Marie #
You made me your fairy godmother.
So if I'm your fairy godmother,
I command you to go to sleep.
You gotta go to sleep, Marie.
Look, I'll be right here.
Good night, Marie. I love you, too.
OK, I'll see you in the morning.
- (Yelling)
- Hey, who are you?
What are you doing down here?
Get outta here!
Come on! Leave me alone!
And don't come back!
Virgil. First, he's singing.
Now he's talking.
Quit messing with that parrot
and get back to work
before you get us both fired.
M.A.
Hello.
"Food consists of seeds,
"nuts, bugs.
"Flocks are seen feeding
in mango trees,
"bearing ripe fruit."
(Door opens)

Mango.

Muchas gracias.

(Sighing) Let's see.

What shall I have for lunch tonight?

Now, here is some big banana,
very plump papaya...

and... some nice mango.

Oh, yes, this is a good one.

Nice and yellow on the inside.

Oh, yes,

this going to taste delirious.

You like mango, bird?

Hmm? It's very juicy...

and good for growing feathers.

Want a bite? Hmm?

Say "mango".

Mango.

Mmm. Oh, this good.

Mmm.

All right. Mango, mango, mango.

M-a-n-g-o. Mango.

Are you happy now?

(Gasps and coughs)

Oh, my God.

This is what you've reduced me to.

I've sold out for a piece of fruit.

(Gasping)

I can't believe it. You can talk?

Believe it, Tolstoy, but don't
forget the fruit, the mango.

Give it to me, you mop monkey.

- Oh.

- Bird?

(Bird) Oh, my Lord.

What your name is, bird?

Talk to me, bird.

Bird.

The, uh, skin test...

- Excuse me, you are Dr. Reingold?

- Yes, I am.

- I am Misha Belenkoff.

- Hello.

- I have to ask you about a parrot.

- Parrot?

The one in the...
down in-in-in dungeon.
Maybe is wrong word. Uh...
- There is a bird down there.
- Mm-hmm.
A green parrot.
Oh, the little conure.
Yeah. Is he still with us?
Yes, I come to tell you,
with great amazement,
he can talk.
- No, he mimics.
- Mimics? What is "mimics"?
He repeats what he hears.
He does not talk.
No, he understand.
He's intelligent, Doctor.
I know...
I appreciate your concern, Mister...
- Belenkoff.
- Belenkoff.
But, well, you see these people?
This is what they do.
And this is what I do.
Don't you think if we had an animal
with that kind of intelligence,
somebody would have noticed?
I know parrot talk. He sing song.
He understand speech.
He even insult me.
- He call me mop monkey.
- (Laughing)
He talk.
I can prove you to it.
Would you like some mango?
(Misha) Mango.
(Growls)
(Dr. Reingold) Speak.
(Squawks)
- Speak.
- (Squawks)
No, please, listen, sir.
Maybe if I explain better.
If I say...

I think you've said enough.
Let us do our job and you do yours.
Like, maybe, pick up the trash.
Great. Now we're both in trouble.
What is problem with you?
You know,
maybe they should stuff you,
scoop you out, fill you with foam
and glue you to fake tree.
You're lonely, I think. I am lonely.
In Russia,
I was teacher of literature.
In America,
I am cleaner of bird crap.
I miss words.
I miss my language.
I just would like someone to talk to.
- Join the club.
- What?
I said, join the club.
So I'm not crazy. You CAN talk.
- Of course I can talk.
- Then why you not?
Because talking
just gets you into trouble.
- Trouble? Why you say that?
- It's a long story.
I'm Russian.
I like long stories.
All right, Chekhov. Sit down.
(Sighing) It all started with Marie.
The one in the song.
Yeah. The one in the song.
(Indistinct talk)
(Woman) Marie!
Marie, come see
what your grandpa brought you.
- (Stuttering) G-G-Grandpa!
- My beautiful girl.
W-What d-did you bring me?
Look in the basket, sweetie.
(Paulie) 'I opened my eyes,
and there she was.'
B-Bird.

(Squawking)

(Paulie) 'I didn't know what this creature was, but I liked it.'

I thought I'd give her someone to talk to. I named him Paulie.

Pretty P-Paulie.

(Paulie) 'Pretty Marie.'

You w-w-want some?

Just mix a little in there, OK?

O-OK.

G-Go down.

D-D-Do y-you like this?

G-G-Good.

G-G-Good boy.

(Chattering)

Marie, can you help Mommy?

This goes on the glass tray.

This goes in the star bowl, OK?

(Background music) # Lonely days are gone, I'm a-goin' home

My baby just wrote me a letter

I don't care how much money

I got with me

I got to get back to my baby...

(Mom) Hey, Jerry,

did you get something to drink?

- Here you go, guys.

- Oh, that's great. Thanks.

Marie, can you get that bird off the table?

Marie.

- Paulie's h-helping me.

- He's helping you. I know. I know.

Why don't you two go outside and play until Daddy gets here?

Y-Y-Y-You like that?

Wait t-t-t-till Daddy sees you.

(Cheering)

There she is. There she is.

She's growin'. Hi, Bunny.

- How's my big girl?

- Say hello to your daddy, Marie.

Handshake first, kiss later, OK?

Ooh, that's a strong handshake.

- (Squawking)

- Hey.

When did we get a bird?

G-G-Grandpa g-got him for me.

H-H-His n-name is Paulie.

(Music box)

P-Paulie w-wants a kiss, too.

OK.

I loved you the first time

I saw you

And I always...

will love you, Marie #

Good night.

(Door slams)

(Dad) I just cannot believe
you didn't tell me.

(Mom) I wanted to write you.

- Well, then, why didn't you?

- I didn't know what to say.

Is she getting any better?

Is it going away?

No, but it won't go away if you
put too much pressure on her.

I don't think

you put enough pressure on her.

I can't stand to see her suffer.

I can't stand it!

What happens when she goes to school?

Do you think she'll be made fun of?

Because I can guarantee you
that she will be.

You tell me.

What do you think we should do?

I just think all this "we love you
whatever you do" is not gonna help.

Great, great. We'll just order
her to stop stuttering? Is that it?

OK, y-y-you are

the fairy godmother,

a-a-and I a-am the princess.

We live in a big castle,

a-a-a-and I have

lots of princess dresses.

OK, fairy godmother,

m-make me talk right.

(Door slams)

A-A-A-A-And p-p-p-please hurry.

All right, Marie. Let's take
your time. There's no hurry, OK?

This is a?

But-ter-fly.

(Chuckles) Ball.

Um, I'll tell you what.

I'll let you take
these cards with you,
and maybe you'll feel more
comfortable practicing at home.

OK, relax.

Take a deep breath.

Let it out slowly.

Now say "house".

H-H-H...

- House, sweetie, house.

- Hey, how are my girls?

Good.

- How's it goin'?

- Good. Very good.

Good.

What are you workin' on?

Cup. That's right.

- Come on. You can say "cup".

- C-C-C...

That's right, baby. You can do
it. Look at me. Watch me. Cup.

C-C-C-C...

Cup.

Lila, just let her say it.

Why don't you just let her say it?

Look, I'm sorry. You keep
saying it for her. Let her say it.

I'm doing my best!

They told you to say the word?

I don't think so. Let her say it.

Am I supposed to leave
her there totally frustrated?

Cup.

- (Dad) Just let her say the word.

- Cup.

C-up.

Cup.

C-Cup.

You did it, Marie. You did it!

(Paulie) 'All it took was one word
and they shut up.

'I wanted to learn more.'

- What's that?

- Ch-Ch-Chair.

That's a chair. Give me some of that.

- F-F-Fence.

- Fence.

Fl-Flower.

- What about this?

- R-Rock.

Rock. What are those?

- Ew, bugs.

- Don't mind if I do. (Chuckles)

I'm going to the store.

Wanna take a ride with me?

N-N-No. Paulie i-i-is helping me...

learn some new words.

No, Bunny, birds don't talk,
and they don't teach, OK?

They just repeat what we say.

They don't understand.

P-P-Paulie understands.

Pretty quiet, aren't you there,
Professor?

I was quiet. I'm sorry I was,
but I was afraid of him.

And that's not all I was afraid of.

Come on. Birds fly.

You were afraid to fly?

I was afraid of heights.

- Until I learned a new word.

- What?

- (Gasping)

- What?

No, no, no...

(Paulie)

'I had no idea what it was.'

Bad idea. Very bad.

(Paulie) 'But something told me

it was hazardous to my health.'

I see claws and teeth and eyes.

And claws and teeth and eyes.

The claws! Look at those claws.

(Paulie) 'So this flea bag

got run of the place,

'and was allowed

to hang out on the couch

'where me and Marie used to watch TV.

'I was banished to

this very uncomfortable coat rack,

'which they called a "perch".'

(Meowing)

- (Meowing)

- Hey, kitty, kitty.

(Paulie) 'And so began

a lifelong trend of speaking,

'when I should've

kept my big beak shut.'

(Paulie) Here, kitty, kitty.

Come on outside.

Come on. We've got some shrimps

on the barbecue for ya.

Right heres. No. Keep... Hey.

Turn around and go outside, you
stupid hair ball. They're calling.

Go on. That's it. Go outside, Muffy
or Pumpkin, or duh...

I don't even know your name.

Uh, go, uh, go dig something up
or bury something.

Why are you coming towards me?

No, you...

That's not good. You don't wanna
be on the furniture.

It doesn't match your coat.

(Chuckles) Get down. Get down.

Get down from the furniture.

Get down. You don't even like salad.

That's...

- Ah! Look out!

- (Meowing)

Come on. Leave me alone, cat!

(Laughing)

I wasn't laughing at you.

Come on. Leave me alone.

- (Hissing)

- Stop!

- Stop it, you bad cat!

- Stupid hair ball.

- Shoo!

- Yeah, shoo!

I don't think she can

tell the difference

between fantasy and reality.

Come on.

You know what she said?

Are you ready for this?

She said the bird told her

the cat started it.

- (Lila) She said that to you?

- Yeah.

Well, she's five years old.

It's her imaginary friend.

I don't know.

She doesn't have any other friends.

She hasn't made

any other attachments.

I just...

I really think that we should

consider getting rid of the bird.

I don't know, Warren.

She loves that bird.

She loves that bird.

(Paulie) Now where we goin'?

You have to learn how to fly, Paulie.

No, I don't want to.

- You h-have to.

- Why?

So in case you ever go away,

y-you can fly back to me.

- Away?

- We h-have to be together, r-right?

- Right.

- Then f-fly.

(Groaning) Oh. You again.

Come on, Paulie. D-Don't look down.

Look at the stars.

N-Now spread your wings.

OK.

Don't look down. You could do it.

If it's so easy, why don't you do it?

- OK, I'll show you.

- All right, come on.

Hey, good shot. You almost got him.

Anything?

Wow.

OK, now spread your wings.

D-Don't look down.

OK, ready? One, two, fly!

Come on. Now, fly. Come on, fly.

Whoa, Marie. Look out!

- Marie! Help us, somebody!

- Help!

It's Marie! Help!

(Marie screaming)

- Oh, baby.

- My God.

(Warren) Are you OK?

(Marie crying)

(Paulie) 'Marie couldn't talk.

The dad couldn't listen.

'The mom couldn't cope.

'So they got rid of me.'

(Marie) Paulie!

(Paulie) Marie.

- Paulie!

- Marie.

Marie, come back.

- Paulie!

- Marie!

- Paulie!

- Marie!

Paulie!

(Sobbing) Fly back to me!

Paulie!

Paulie, I love you! Fly back to me!

(Marie sobbing)

Fly back to me, Paulie!

So they bring you here?

Nah, no. It wasn't that easy

hitting rock bottom.

I did a bunch of things.
First, I did a stint
as a window display
in a place called Bloomingdale's.
And I was in a brochure
for Costa Rica.
I did some work as a magician's
assistant doing children's parties,
but when Zintar fell on hard times,
he had to choose
between me and the cape.
Guess which one he pawned.
What's new, pussycat,
whoa, whoa, whoa #
Shut up, you goddamn flying rat,
shut up.
Pussycat, pussycat,
you are delicious
And if my wishes
could all come... #
May you're uncomfortable in there?
Maybe you need a change.
How about this nice toaster oven
for top brown only?
Come on, Artie.
We haven't pawned anything all day.
Let's catch the number nine
at Belmont. I'm bored.
- You and me both.
- I wanna go home.
Get on line.
Yo, Artie, today is your lucky day.
Right. Fresh outta the showroom,
right? Where's the receipt?
- Lost it.
- Ten bucks.
Ten bucks? Come on, gimme a break.
I'm trying to upgrade
the level of your merchandise.
(Paulie) Hit the brakes, ugly.
Cute. Do you train the bird
to insult your customers?
No, I could tell you're ugly
all by myself.

- How'd he do that?
- He watches television.
What an angle.
I could see how his unique skills
could really...
come in handy
to an intelligent guy, huh?
(Paulie) Yeah, I'll let you know
when I see one.
How much you want for him, Artie?
A lot more than ten bucks, baby.
You'd have to grift for more
than a year to make his numbers.
OK, which of you three
is the proprietor?
Very funny, toots.
What do you got there?
Oh, this is my easel.
It's a very fine one.
My late husband got it for me,
and I really hate to part with it,
you know?
Yeah, whatever. Dead husband aside,
do you wanna pawn or sell?
Well...
The real question is,
are you prepared to throw in
that potholder on your head?
Well, that was extremely rude.
Did you teach him that?
No. That's the thing.
The dirty mouth is all his.
What are you looking at?
You know,
I think I'll take him with me.
Well, I don't think so, lady.
See, I saw the bird first.
Oh, no, no. I'm afraid you are not
the right owner for him.
Somebody has to teach
this beautiful bird some manners.
Might as well be me.
What's wrong with my manners? (Burps)
(Paulie) All right.

Let me out now, Grandma.

- Very funny. Let me go. Joke's over.

- Hey, stop that.

Keep it up

and you'll be in a cage yourself.

- Come on, would you let me out?

- Hush.

Padre, you see this broad?

She's a kidnapper. Let me out!

Somebody check this lady's purse.

I bet she's got a hamster in there.

- Get out. Scram.

- Thank you. Jeez.

- Where are you going?

- Home.

- Are you gonna walk all the way?

- That's right.

Well, why don't you fly?

It's a lot faster.

Can't fly.

Cha, cha-cha-cha, cha...

You can talk, but you can't fly.

All right, see you around.

All right. See ya.

- (Bell ringing)

- (Squawking)

(Humming)

Uh, you know what?

I thought it over, and I'm back.

Besides,

I don't know where she lives.

- Where who lives?

- Marie.

She's all alone,

and we're supposed to stick together.

Do you think you could use

a little bit of help?

Yes.

- Yes, what?

- Yes, toots.

- Mm, "yes, please".

- Man, you're needy.

Alweather, Alweather, Alweath...

Alweather!

Oh, are we in luck. There's only one Alweather in this book, and it's pretty close by.

What do you say we just go over and surprise her?

Recognize anything?

That's it. That's the house.

That's it, that's it, that's it.

That's the one!

Oh, dear.

I'm sorry, dear. They've moved away.

- Away?

- Mm-hmm. To Los Angeles.

All right, well,

let's get back in the cab, huh?

Oh, no. It's clear across the country. It's 3,000 miles.

Please.

I'm afraid "please" just won't work in this situation.

(Woman) But, what's the matter with New Jersey?

It's nice, if you give it a chance.

(Thunderclap)

Why does your house have wheels?

Houses are cheaper with wheels.

I was thinking more along the lines that houses with wheels can go places.

Well, not anymore, I'm afraid.

Earl and I used to travel all of the time, you know?

But things change.

He had even crazier ideas than you have.

We always used to talk about going to the Grand Canyon, but we just never got that far.

Earl said that if you stand right at the edge just when the sun comes up, it's like seeing the first sunrise in the whole world.

- He was kind of poetic, wasn't he?

- For an ex-Marine.

Hmm, you miss Earl.

- Oh, let's not talk about that.

- You miss Earl.

Eat your dinner.

Like I miss Marie.

(Sighs)

- Ready?

- Ready!

(Engine starts)

- So long, Jersey!

- So long, Jersey!

(Paulie chattering, whooping)

(Paulie) 'I thought flying was scary
until I drove with Ivy.

'Now, that's scary.'

Ah, yes. You and I are right here,
and Marie is right there.

Right there. Well, not...

You know, not literally.

This is a map - an atlas.

It's a book full of maps.

I'll teach you about books.

(Paulie) 'Ivy was a great teacher.

'She was a philosopher, an explorer.

'Unfortunately,

she also thought she was a singer.'

He has tramped upon the vintage

where the grapes of wrath are stored

He has loosed

the fateful lightning... #

Please. I'm a bird. I have a small

brain, and it's about to explode.

His truth goes marching on

(Paulie) Let's try something

a little more classby.

(Both) # What's new pussycat,

whoa, whoa, whoa

What's new pussycat,

whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa

Pussycat, pussycat,

I've got flowers

And lots of hours

to spend with you

So go and powder

your cute little pussycat nose... #

(Paulie)

So when will we get there?

(Ivy)

Maybe that's the wrong question.

Maybe we should be asking,

"What are we gonna see
along the way?"

"What wrong turn are we gonna make..."

"that will take us
someplace unexpected?"

"Will the weather be for us,
or will it be against us?"

"Will we lose faith?"

"Will we get there, or won't we?"

- You're scaring me.

- (Chuckling)

It's good to be scared sometimes.

Put your wings up.

That's it. Very good.

You should learn how to fly, Paulie.

The last time someone suggested
that, it didn't work out so good.

You're missing out on something
that's probably pretty great.

Hey, why don't you try it
and let me know.

- Are you tired?

- A little bit.

(Paulie) The desert is fun.

What is the biggest desert?

It's the North Pole. It doesn't
have to be hot to be a desert.

It just has to not have rainfall.

Could we stop at
the world's largest ball of twine?

That'd probably be more
fun than Mount Rushmore.

There's a truck up ahead.

Don't those guys ever get tired?

Ivy, look out! Get outta the way!

Oh!

(Sighing) Oh.

(Paulie) You know, maybe your

house shouldn't have wheels.

Oh, dear.

All right, all right.

I'll go get some help.

You stay here. You know, it's...

Don't be frightened.

Let's see.

(Paulie) 'For all

of her pleases and thank yous,

'words weren't

really that important to Ivy.

'It's what she saw that mattered.

'Seems to me, the way it works out,

'it's the things you love most

that are the things they take away.'

(Ivy) The doctor says

I really mustn't drive any more.

You'll just have to

go ahead without me.

Los Angeles is due west from here,

right into the setting sun.

I can be your eyes.

I can watch the road for you.

Besides, I can't go without you.

Oh, of course you can.

I'm not very good at good-byes, dear,

so I think you should go now.

Just right now. And you send me

a postcard when you get there.

(Ivy) Where did I put that comb?

Oh.

Thank you.

(Paulie) 'And so I stayed.'

(Ivy) We nearly home yet?

(Paulie)

Go to your left here. There you go.

You know what you are, Paulie?

You're my seeing-eye parrot.

You've been a dear friend to me,

Paulie.

We're birds of a feather, you and I.

Betwixt and between, that's us.

So what do we have tonight?

Is it pretty?

Oh, very pretty.
There's more orange now,
and it's getting darker.
Just a little gold left.
The sun must almost be set.
- Can you see any stars yet?
- Not yet.
(Paulie)
'And then one day, the cat got her.'
Oh.
(Paulie) 'There are
things in life you put off,
'because you think
you're gonna do them later.
'But the real thing Ivy taught me
'is you gotta live
like there may not be a later.
(Paulie) 'I found a tree,
and I spent the night.
'Cos I wanted to be there
in the morning...
'for the very first sunrise.'
So, you flew all the way here?
(Paulie) Yep, all the way.
- Is long way to go by yourself.
- Tell me about it.
So what you did next?
Ivy introduced me
to a lot of wonderful things,
but, you know, she left
one very important thing out.
(Woman singing opera)
(Yawns)
(Singing continues)
Hmm?
(Bird giggling)
(Laughing)
(Female) Hola.
Hi, I'm Paulie. Uh, Paul.
Could you help me?
I'm a little lost.
Me llamo Lupe.
Soy una pajara muy bonita.
Huh? Uh, maybe we got off

to a bad start.

Look, my name's Paulie, and I'm
a little lost. I need some help.

Hey, wait. Where you going?

Hey, wait for me.

All my friends know the Low Rider #
(Squawking)

(Man) Hey, you guys, knock it off.

What are you doing? What's going on?

Oh.

Hey, you, come on down here.

Yeah, you. Come on.

OK, what's your story?

Uh, yes. Uh, I'm looking for
someone named Marie Alweather.

But I'm afraid I may be lost.

Can you tell me where I am?

(Chuckles)

You're in L.A. East L.A.

L. A? L. A! Oh, my gosh, I made it!

I made it! L. A! I don't believe it!

I don't believe it. You can talk?

They talk.

Them? (Chuckles)

They don't talk. I say "taco."

They say "taco."

- (Together) Taco, taco, taco.

- Are they OK?

Sure, they're OK.

I don't know about me.

I'm talking to a bird.

OK, I'm talking to a bird.

- Is her daddy's name Moe?

- Uh-uh. Warren.

Oh.

Well, I'm sorry, amigo. Such
an Alweather is not in this book.

Maybe they have an unlisted number.

(Squawking)

Hmm. Pero, sabes qu?

You know what I was thinking?

- Can you carry a tune or dance?

- What do you mean?

Get ready to turn. Da. Turn.

(Humming)

OK, that's it. Come on.

(Humming continues)

- (Squawking)

- No.

(Sighs) Tell you what.

Why don't we have one guy on each end, and then Lupe in the middle?

OK, uh, Chaco, uh, Paco, hello?

- Come on. Talk to them.

- I'm trying.

- Talk to them in parrot.

- What?

Talk in parrot,
so they'll understand.

- Talk parrot? Right.

- Yeah. Come on now.

OK... (Whistling) Hey,
where you going? What'd I say?

- Man, what did you say?

- I don't know. I don't talk parrot.

Hey! Hey, Paulie! Where did you go?

Hey, all of you! Get your little
feathered butts back in here.

We gotta rehearse.

You think this stuff just happens?

(Clears throat)

Uh, I really like you a lot.

(Yellow bird)

I really like you a lot.

Wow. I'm so glad you feel that way.

(Giggling)

Wow. I'm so glad you feel that way.

- Are you listening?

- Are you listening?

- Or are you just repeating?

- (Laughing)

(Misha) Well, women can be tough.

(Paulie) Tell me about it.

So, how do you know
if you've met the right one?

Well, for me...

Let me see.

She would be pretty, but smart.

She would have books on her table
and flowers in her hair.

- And...

- And lots of golden feathers.

Well, yes, important
to have high standard.

- So, Misha, you got a girlfriend?

- No.

Well, once. Little bit.

What? How do you have
a little bit of a girlfriend?

- Well...

- This is interesting. Go on.

Before I'm coming to America,
there was girl.

We were student together
at university.

Sure, we talk about books.

We even fight about them.

She was very smart. And stubborn.

I say book mean one thing.

She say, "No, Misha.

Book mean other thing."

One time, she act in play...

in front of whole school.

I was working behind curtain,
in dark.

I see her on stage.

She had little flowers

in her hair...

and the light make them all...

different color.

And I say to myself,

"My God, she's beautiful.

"Maybe too beautiful for me,

but I will tell her how I feel."

Afterward,

when I'm come near to her...

She stole your words away.

Yes.

She marry my best friend.

He told her how he feel.

At wedding,

she take me aside and say,

"Misha, I always like you best,

"but I was afraid...

"afraid of your silence."

It's important to speak up.

So, you're going to tell me

what happened to Lupe,

or shall I go sweep more floor?

(Paulie) OK, OK.

(Singing in Spanish)

(Paulie) 'So I had a girl in L.A.,

all the mangos I could eat.

'Everything was going great.

But you know how it is.

'Soon as you think you're OK,

'the past comes back to bite

your tail feathers.'

- Come on. Let's go, will ya?

- Yeah.

(Singing in Spanish)

Come on, come on. Sit down.

What are we doing here?

You never take me any place nice.

What are you talking about?

This is nice. Look at this.

Because you're a loser, that's why.

Would you stop with the loser.

I'm not a loser.

I'm just lookin' for the right angle.

Angle. Listen to you.

Hey, could I get a drink today, huh?

(Continues singing in Spanish)

Any drink, please. Somebody.

Did you see that?

I think I know that bird

from somewhere.

Hey, taco guy! Come on!

Come over here! Yeah.

Hey, I'll give you \$50

for that green parrot over there.

- What? For Paulie?

- I don't know. Yeah.

No, I'm sorry, seor,

he's not for sale.

He's a parrot.

He could get lost
or get eaten by a goat.
This way, you got something
to show for him.
Like I said, thank you,
but he's not for sale.
You know what?
Maybe you can help me, though.
My bird is looking for his friend,
Marie Alweather.
Do you know anybody by that name?
- Alweather? In East L. A?
- S. S.
- What a jerk.
- OK, well, gracias.
Come on, taco man.
I'm just joking around.
Come on. 50 bucks.
Everybody wants
a piece of the action, huh?
You know, I was thinking
about costumes, you know?
What about
a little fruit hat for Lupe?
You know, like that...
what's her name... Dolores Del Rio.
What's the matter, my friend?
Mm, I know. You're thinking
about Marie, huh?
No, I was thinking about Lupe
wearing nothing but that fruit hat.
You are some kind of weird bird,
my friend.
But tonight, we sing, hmm?
Have a big time.
(Paulie)
'Ignacio was all right for a human.
'He knew me better
than I knew myself.
'I hadn't forgotten Marie,
but I got a little sidetracked.
'I had the prettiest parrot in L.A.
interested only in me,
'I was in show business, and

for once in my life, I was a bird.'

(Lupe) # Estoy loca

(Ignacio) # She's crazy

Mucho crazy

Estoy loca por ti, mi amor

No te vayas

Don't go away

Ven aca

She's to stay

(Lupe) # Estoy loca por ti, mi amor

Estoy loco, estoy loco

She is crazy, very loca

Estoy loco por ti, mi amor

No te vayas, ven aca

Don't go away, you heard her

Estoy loco por ti, mi amor...

Cops? Yeah, how ya doin'?

I don't normally do this.

I'm just trying to be a good citizen.

You know what I mean?

I'm down here at this taco stand,

and I gotta be honest,

it's pretty disgusting.

There's no floor,

no roof, no bathrooms.

And I gotta be honest, there's gotta

be 1,000 maniacs running around here.

There's rats the size of footballs,

and a guy's serving alcohol

to children.

Is that allowed? I didn't think so.

Why don't you come and help me out?

I'm tryin' to do a good deed.

I am crazy, I so crazy

She's crazy, so crazy

I am crazy for you, my love

Don't go away, I'm here to stay

No te vayas, ven aca

'Cause I am crazy for you,

my amor

I am crazy for you, my love

Estoy loca por ti, mi amor

(Vocalizing)

(Music ends, audience cheering)

Police! Hey, look! It's the cops!
Come on! Let's get out of here!
(Screaming, chattering)
(Paulie) Hey, what's goin' on?
Where's everybody goin'
Go on! Get out of here!
Lupe, you dropped your hat!
(Paulie) Come on!
Come on, let me out of here!
Where am I?
Would you let me out of here,
please?
- Who are you?
- I'm Benny. You don't remember me?
- Think back. The pawn shop?
- Where's Ignacio?
Who knows? He's probably
halfway to Guatemala by now.
- Why?
- Because he's an illegal.
Oh, yeah?
And what does that make you?
(Sighs) Look, pal.
You're going about finding
your friend Marie the wrong way.
You got dreams, man.
I respect that. I got dreams.
You're never gonna find your friend
from singing under sombreros.
If you want something,
you gotta do more than just dream.
You gotta get out there.
You gotta take it.
- Take it?
- Yeah, take it.
That's the only way
we'll get a piece of the pie.
- I like pie.
- What?
I said, "I like pie."
Yeah, I like pie, too.
Look at the size of this place, man.
(Engine shuts off)
- You're not gonna kiss me, are ya?

- What? Get outta here.

If you wanna find Marie, you're gonna need lots of the green stuff.

- Green stuff?

- Yeah, green stuff.

- Money.

- What for?

What for? For phone books.

That's how you find somebody. You gotta look 'em up in a phone book.

It's very expensive.

It's not like somebody comes and drops a bunch on your doorstep.

Come on, Benny!

Hey, what if she ain't in the phone book? That's what...

Then you gotta hire some private detective or something.

I don't know, pal.

It's a very expensive operation.

Don't worry, though.

We'll find Marie.

Just gotta come up with the right plan.

(Paulie) 'Benny had a lot of plans.

'Most of 'em stunk, but the one about hiring a detective was good.

'I figured, for the right amount of green stuff,

'any detective worth his trench coat could find her.

'So, we became a team.'

Five, zero, seven, zero.

- Oh, jeez, I'm sorry. Excuse me.

- Watch where you're goin'.

I'm sorry. Excuse me. OK.

(Paulie) 'Benny said money was the most important thing in the world.

'So, deep down, people would understand if you stole it.

'Towards the end of the month, the pickings were always a little slim.

'I don't know if that's cos they spent it all or cos we stole it.'

(Beeping, buzzing)

Move it along, fella.

You're broke. Come on.

(Paulie) 'But the real problem
in all of this was Benny.

'He was a small-timer
any way you looked at it.

'Jumpin' up and down over 20s
when there were bigger fish to fry.'

- (Seagulls screeching)

- (Benny and Paulie laughing)

Get 'em! Get 'em!

I gotta tell you, Paulie. God!

You are the greatest thing
to ever happen to me, man.

Hey, thanks, man.

No, I'm serious, Paulie.

You're the best.

Excuse me, I don't mean to interrupt
your little testosterone festival,
but the bird hasn't made us
that much money.

Hello? What are you talking about,
"that much money"? We're doin' great!

I should be, like,

lounging by a pool in a mansion,

wearing a mink coat and,

like, 18-karat diamond earrings.

She's right. We're wasting our time,
when there are rocks to be gifted.

- What do you know about diamonds?

- We met in a pawnshop, Einstein.

You can tell a real diamond
from a fake?

Yeah.

I've seen shot glasses

cut better than that.

I cannot believe you, Benito.

You're gonna get me a real diamond,

and you're gonna help him.

Diamonds?

Ruby, it's a little out of my league.

Your league, but not his.

(Ruby) Park right there.

(Benny) Where?

(Paulie) 'Finally, these
canary brains got the right idea.

'A couple of night flybys
and I found the perfect target.

'We stopped by Ruby's favorite
restaurant for a burrito

'before the big heist.'

(Paulie) Would you hurry up?

- 'That was a bad idea.'

- (Paulie) Hurry up. Pull over.

(Farts)

(Paulie) Sorry.

Paulie, would you excuse us
for a minute, please?

- OK.

- There you are. All right, come on.

I'll talk to you in a second, pal.

(Benny) Do you think
that's a good idea? A chimney?

It's not exactly parrot-friendly.

He could twist an ankle.

What is your problem, Benito?

He's a freakin' bird! Just tell him.

- Now?

- Now!

All right.

- That Ruby's high maintenance.

- (Chuckles) Yeah.

Hey, but after tonight, we'll have
enough money to find your Marie.

Come on,

who's the coolest bird in L. A?

- Get out of town.

- Paulie's my main man. Right?

Dude.

Go on, Paulie.

Get the jewelry for us.

Go ahead, buddy. Go ahead.

Here comes Santa!

(Grunts and coughs)

(Sneezes)

(Paulie) 'The most important thing
'is to leave nothing that links you

to the scene of the crime.'

(Panting)

- (Snoring)

- 'Concentration is everything.

'First, you have to identify
your target.'

(Muttering)

'It was a box full of cheesy costume
jewelry, except for one pendant.

'I figured 1920s 14-karat gold's
gotta be worth 950.'

(Grunting)

(Benny) What's taking him so long?

(Ruby) I don't know.

(Grunting and groaning)

Come on. Come on.

Come... (Yells)

Maybe I should go, you know?

See if he's OK, you know?

- I'm gonna go see if he's OK.

- Benny!

Hold it right there. Turn around.

Put 'em up! Drop it!

What are you doing
with Grandma's necklace?

Uh... I'm taking it.

Paulie. Paulie.

Oh! (Grunting)

- (Yelling)

- (Screaming)

Grandpa!

- (Ruby) What is going on?

- Open the window!

Don't leave me! I'm stuck in here!

Benny, the kid's got a weapon!

Benny! Benny! Benny, where ya goin'?

Benny! Benny!

(Paulie) 'Benny taught me
a lot of things,

'but there was one thing

he never mentioned.

'What we were doing was wrong,
and you always pay.'

- (Paulie) I said I was sorry, pal.

- Here he is.

Come on, would you

let me out of the box?

- He talked up a storm on the way.

- I'm sure.

- Take a look at this little fellow.

- Jeez.

Oh.

Little conure.

Does he have a name?

Yeah, Paulie.

- So, he flew down your chimney.

- Well, that's what he told me.

Ah. (Chuckles)

Well, many parrots have quite

extensive vocabularies,

but there's a difference between

cognizant speech and parroting.

(Paulie) "Aviator Supply Center."

He keeps talking

about a Marie Alweather.

- (Paulie) Hey.

- I think she might be his owner.

Well, that's not unusual, either.

Lots of people train their birds

to repeat names...

and addresses in case they get lost.

- I'm sure that's the case.

- Do you have a phone book?

- Pardon?

- Please?

He's very polite.

I'm sure that's

just a trained response.

But I'd like to keep him here

a few days...

and maybe, uh, run some tests.

Build him up a bit.

He looks a little undernourished.

But, uh, don't worry.

You did the right thing

bringing him here, Gerald.

- We'll take good care of him.

- OK.

I want you to understand
what it is we do here.
Mostly we just listen and we watch.
You see, there's this gap
between animals and humans.
And the gap is called speech.
Now, if that gap could be bridged,
we could truly understand each other.
Won't you consider helping us?
Tell you what. I'm gonna have
you moved out of here tonight.
And I promise you,
I will take you to see Marie
when we're done.
Maybe I'm the one
who should be locked up.
You promise?
I promise.
(Man) We're going to
ask you some questions.
We'd like for you
to identify the picture.
- What is this?
- Duck.
- What is this?
- Kite. Umbrella.
I don't see
how this is bridging the gap.
I know this is frustrating,
but we have to follow protocol
to prove that you're capable
of cognizant speech.
Everyone can see that I can talk.
- What is this?
- Now, what is that word again...
for a dish composed of meat,
fowl, fish or vegetables,
covered in a layer of paste
and baked?
Oh, yeah. It's a pie. Then again,
a pie can be a magpie,
a collection of rules, a copper coin
or what you call a fine lookin' lady.
And if you don't believe me,

look it up, blondie.
Pie can also mean a whole, as in
the pie of which we crave a piece,
like the whole enchilada,
the big salami, the grand prize.
The talking bird which you hope
will make you rich. That kind of pie.
Me! I'm the pie here.
And if you don't mind...
taking your fingers
out of me for a moment,
I'd like to get some lunch,
you lab rat!
How do I score that?
You said that?
I told you,
talking just gets you into trouble.
No. It's not that.
It's how you say things.
You have to be careful.
Woman say, "You like my hat?"
You say,
"No, make you look like floor lamp."
You get punch in nose.
I got worse than that.
- (Snoring)
- (Door opens and closes)
(Dialing phone)
(Reingold)
Yes, Dr. Manning, he's asleep.
- Yeah, this will put us on the map.
- (Grunt)
This will change everything.
I'm telling you,
he is the most extraordinary
creature I have ever encountered.
Yeah, well,
I have grant committees
from the N.I.H. and the N.S.F.
Some guy from the National Geographic
is talking about a special.
(Chuckling)
Mmm.
Actually, I have located the owner.

It's Marie Alweather.

- She lives in Cambria, California.

- Marie?

Uh, yes.

Yes, I understand.

No, I agree.

There's no legal requirement
that we have to return him.

He's the property
of the Institute now.

(Paulie) What?

- So, I'll see you tomorrow.

- (Paulie) Property?

OK. Bye-bye. (Hangs up)

It is the thing that makes us us.
And because language is so tied...
to what it is to be human,
we have always been urged not
to attribute human characteristics,
like consciousness
and logic and feelings,
to our non-speaking animal subjects.
Until now.

What we are proposing...
is a multidisciplinary
research program,
that will not only unlock
the mystery of animal communication,
but get to the heart
of language itself.

And just as every journey
starts with a single step,
this program starts with a single,
extraordinary subject.

- Hello, Paulie. How are you today?

- (Squawk!) Paulie want a cracker!

(Laughing)

I thought you liked mangos the best.

(Paulie) Paulie want a cracker.

(Chuckling) Well, we can get
a lot of crackers later.

Let's, uh, take a look
at the flash cards.

(Paulie)

'They wanted a talking bird? Fine.

'I was gonna give them

a talking bird.'

- What is this?

- Up yours.

- What is this?

- Up yours, jackass!

- (Indistinct chattering)

- This is just opening-night jitters.

- What are you doing?

- Up yours!

- Why are you doing this?

- You promised.

Liar. Liar!

Liar! Liar! Liar!

Liar! Liar!

- Close the door!

- (Gasping)

Can't have him

trying to fly away again.

He could seriously injure himself.

(Grunting)

I'm just gonna cut a few primary
flight feathers. It won't hurt.

No. Oh, come on. (Grunting)

- This is for your own good.

- Don't! (Grunting)

(Paulie) 'They were cutting me.

'They were taking away the one thing
that made me different from them.'

(Crying) No!

(Paulie)

I never talked to anybody again.

Then when I started biting people,
they moved me out of the sun.

When was that?

I can't even remember.

(Door opens)

(Virgil) Wrap it up down there.

Don't forget to lock up.

We will find your Marie.

That's what they all said.

Now, we'll get you out, Paulie.

What... What are you...

What are you doing, Misha? Come on.

I don't think you know

what you're doing.

They could have you deported.

Come on, Misha.

You're making too much noise.

You're destroying laboratory
property. They're gonna fire you!

Misha.

(Panting) Come, Paulie. Come on.

Don't be afraid.

Come.

Come, Paulie.

Let's go.

You tell me Dr. Reingold

find where Marie lives.

Maybe address is still in his office.

Not in "Paulie" file.

Not in "Parrot" file.

Not in any bird file.

Look in the human file.

Look under little girls.

- Look in the "Marie" file.

- "Marie?"

Alweather. Alweather!

(Misha) Marie Alweather. M.A.

What? What is it?

"M.A."

M.A. Marie Alweather.

Cambria, California.

Hello?

Excuse me, please.

Sorry I'm calling so early.

Does Marie Alweather live there?

(Paulie) Marie?

Can you tell her I found Paulie.

Marie! Marie! Hey, Marie, it's me!

- Shh.

- Marie! Marie! It's me, Paulie!

(Laughing and cheering)

No, uh, l-l-I'm telling you...

- Paulie. I found him.

- Marie! Marie! Marie!

What do you think you're doing?

Uh, I've come cleaning office. So...

But I later come back.

What's the bird doing

out of his cage?

Well...

Get the bird.

Come on.

- Look, just grab...

- No. No!

- (Squawking)

- No! Hey!

- What do you think you're doing?

- I'm taking him.

- You're what?

- I'm taking him where he belongs.

He belongs to the Institute.

No, he belongs to little girl

who needs him.

And you knew.

You knew it all the time.

Paulie, come.

Who do you think you are?

I am Mikeal Andreovich Belenkoff.

And you are a liar and a coward

and a very rude man.

And you're fired.

No. No. I am not fire.

- I am quit.

- You...

(Paulie) Uh-oh.

Stop that man!

It's locked!

- (Knocking)

- Get out of the way!

Get somebody!

(Reingold) Open this door!

Open this door!

(Reingold) Don't do this!

- Paulie.

- Wait.

- Come. Come.

- Wait!

- Where you are going?

- Come on. Help me.

(Squeaking)

(Loud animal noises)

(Woman) Yeah, it's just
about half a mile down the road.

Bye. Good luck.

I think this is the one.

I can't breathe.

Look.

(Paulie) It's her. Misha, it's her.

(Misha) Now I can't breathe.

(Paulie) Marie? Marie?

- No, no, no. Please, please, wait.

- It's not her.

- Not?

- It's not Marie.

(Door closes)

(Sighs)

- Maybe it's wrong house.

- It's always the wrong house.

Paulie?

Paulie, is that really you?

It's me, Paulie. It's Marie.

No.

Paulie, don't be afraid.

I just grew up, that's all.

Go away. Leave me alone.

Paulie?

I'm sorry. We are in shock.

- Paulie, come back here.

- It's not Marie. It's not her.

(Marie) # You're the song

that the tree sings

When the wind blows

You're a flower

You're a river

You're a rainbow...

Marie?

I loved you the first time

I saw you

And I always will love you, Marie

Marie!

You got big!

Mm-hmm.

- You flew.

- What?
- You flew, Paulie.
- I did?
- Yes, you did!
- How? His wings were clipped.
The feathers must have grown back.
They always do.
No.
- You can fly.
- No.
Oh, yes, you can.
Whoo-hoo!
(Paulie laughs)
Oh, this is my little neighbor,
Kimmy.
Remember the parrot I told you about,
who helped me when I was little?
- Uh-huh.
- He's home.
- Can I play with him sometime?
- Yes.
I can't thank you enough.
You're welcome.
- So, I will go now.
- Oh, no, no. Please don't rush off.
- Won't you come inside?
- No, it's OK.
Uh, you will have much to talk about.
Uh, goodbye. Goodbye, Paulie.
Misha, where you goin'?
She has flowers in her hair.
- (Sighs)
- I bet she has books on her table.
- Paulie...
- What is he talking about?
I'm not always sure.
Misha, don't be afraid to speak.
I'd love it if you stayed.
You know, I would like that.
I would like that very much.
Paulie, how did you find me?
(Paulie) Well, it's a long story.
- It's the only kind he knows.
- (Chuckles)