

Establishing shot. A deciduous forest in the Eastern USA. Near one of the trees is a little nest/house on the ground. The cozy little house is covered in straw and leaves.

In front of the house are five whippoorwills: the father and mother, two older children, and a younger boy. The youngest is a little distanced from the others.

Deep in the Willoughby Woods lived a family of whippoorwills: Whippoorwill Walter, Whippoorwill Winifred, Whippoorwill Wesley, Whippoorwill Whitney,

Close-up of the youngest: a somewhat grumpy
looking young whippoorwill who wears a bright
green and purple scarf.

and Whippoorwill Wallace.

A bunch of whippoorwill children - including Wesley and Whitney - are playing kickball while Wallace lounges on a hammock drinking a soda. Another soda bottle has been discarded beneath him. Buzz - a bright-eyed American Red Squirrel - is scampering down the tree.

Nearby, Winifred is unsuccessfully trying to get Wallace's attention. She is holding a full garbage bag.

Whippoorwill Wallace didn't like doing what the other whippoorwills did. Nor did he like doing what his parents asked him to do.

Wallace, scowling, wings folded. Winifred points at a messy room strewn with clothes, wrappers, and toys. A toy wooden sword lies on the ground.

When his mother asked, “Will you clean your room?”
Whippoorwill Wallace replied: “Whippoor-won’t.”

Wallace sticks his tongue out, disgusted. In front of him is a bowl of gnat stew. Tiny little wings can be seen sticking out of the gravy.

Walter points a feathery finger at Wallace. Wesley and Whitney roll their eyes as they continue eating.

When his father told him, “Will you eat your dinner?” Whippoorwill Wallace replied:
“Whippoor-*yech*-won’t!”

Winston has some grey feathers and carries a knobbly walking stick which he shakes at Wallace. He wears an earthtone colored bowtie.

In the background hangs a coat of arms with the slogan: Where There's a Whippoorwill, There's a Way.

“Wallace, you whippersnapper,” warned Grandfather Winston, “when will you learn? A whippoorwill is as a whippoorwill does and *you* are a whippoorwill-won't.”

Wallace - with fall colors in the background - carries a stuffed backpack as he trudges through the forest underbrush on his way to school.

Buzz the squirrel tags along with Wallace. Wesley and Whitney, both cheerful, walk ahead of them with their friends, Terry the Woodland Vole and Murray the Northern Green Frog.

And so, by the time Whippoorwill Wallace went to school he had come to be known as a
“whippoorwon’t.”

Wallace and other whippoorwills are in choir,
conducted by wild-haired Wagner. The other
birds sing "Whippoorwill." Wallace scowls and
mutters "Whippoor-won't."

**When the other whippoorwills sang nicely in choir,
Whippoorwill Wallace wouldn't.**

A disgruntled Wagner is all afluff. He bounces up and down, feathers flying in his frustration as he waves his baton at Wallace.

The other whippoorwills still sing "Whippoorwill." Wallace has turned to the side. Scowling and with wings folded, he again mutters "Whippoor-won't."

**“One of these days,” warned Whippoorwill Wagner,
“you’ll wish you’d learned.”**

Combined picture with next page:

In the thick underbrush, a number of whippoorwill eyes and an open mouth can be seen as the birds camouflage themselves.

On an easel is an art deco poster of a menacing looking hawk in a searching pose. The caption reads: He Can't Catch What He Can't See.

When the whippoorwills were supposed to be learning to camouflage themselves, Whippoorwill Wallace wouldn't.