

BIRDSONG

Written by

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TEASER

INT. GRANNY BIRDSONG'S COTTAGE - BLUE RIDGE MOUNTAINS/MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

Lightning illuminates the combined kitchen/living room of an early twentieth-century two-room mountain cabin. A wood burning stove dominates the kitchen, newspapers are stuffed into cracks in the old walls, and dried herbs hang from the ceiling. A witch's cottage, but the witch owns a 70's floral couch facing a TV with rabbit ears.

GRANNY LOUVIN BIRDSONG, 60's, weathered like a corn husk doll come to life, stirs something bubbling on the stove. YOUNG SARAH BIRDSONG, 7, wears her strawberry blonde hair in a long braid. She'd be an angel if not for those knowing eyes. She organizes dried herbs, stuffing them into various pint jars.

The elder Birdsong and the last of their bloodline both wear blunt fairy cross pendants, visible against their homemade dresses.

SUPERIMPOSE: "20 years ago"

GRANNY
One more time now.

SARAH
One crow for sorrow, two crows for mirth, three for a funeral, four for a birth. Five crows-

They both look to the TV as a SPECIAL ALERT plays.

REPORTER (ON TV)
We're thirty-one hours now into the search for missing 7-year-old twins Levi and Lincoln Bannion.

Loud KNOCKING causes both to look up. Granny looks far away at something that isn't there, frowns.

GRANNY
The deputy won't be happy.

Granny, trailed by Sarah, opens the door to DEPUTY DWIGHT MILLER, 20's, pink-cheeked and hopeful. His soaking wet poncho, streaming breath and solid bulk thrust the real world into their cozy haven.

DWIGHT
Miz Birdsong.

Off her severe look, Dwight removes his hat hastily.

DWIGHT (CONT'D)

Ma'am. I know you've heard about them missing boys. Can you... do you... see anything?

GRANNY

Lord help, I wish I did. All we can do is pray, son.

Dwight slumps the slump of a man who has just blown Plan C. Granny closes the door.

SARAH

What did he mean, Granny? Why can't you find them boys with the Reckoning?

GRANNY

Only the good Lord knows His plans. And He didn't see fit to show me where those boys are.

SARAH

Why not?

GRANNY

It just don't work that way, Sarahbee. We ought never ask for more than the Lord provides. Especially us.

INT. GRANNY BIRDSONG'S COTTAGE - BLUE RIDGE MOUNTAINS/MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

Sarah now sleeps under a quilt on the same 70's floral sofa. Wet footsteps GLOP across the floor. Sarah's eyes fly open. We see what she sees. LINCOLN BANNION, 7, bluish skin, leaves in his hair and leeches on face and arms. He's terrifying.

Sarah clutches at her fairy cross, her mouth open but no sound coming out.

LINCOLN

My brother. Please.

Sarah masters herself, still thumbing the cross. This is scary, but not wholly unexpected in her world.

SARAH

Did he die?

LINCOLN

No. I did.

EXT. BANK OF THE CANE RIVER - NIGHT

A POLICEWOMAN drapes a blanket around YOUNG LEVI BANNION, 7,
and the twin of his brother, the spirit.

She hugs Levi to her chest to prevent him from seeing as two
EMTs wheel his brother past in a small bodybag.

END TEASER