

Sky's Calling

EXT Forest - Morning

We open looking over a forest, high above the tops of the trees before a bird flies into view, us staring up the back of them as she flies. We follow the bird as she quickly makes her way across the forest before swooping down towards one of the trees, closing her wings as she dives towards one of the branches.

She opens her wings as she gets close to the branch, slowing their descent as she stretches out their talons. We hear their talons scrape against the bark as she lands, her wings folding behind her as she settles on the branch.

EXT Nest - Morning

We see the bird holding a worm in her mouth as she hops forwards, towards a nest we can now see settled on the branch.

Before the bird can move closer a shape bursts out of the nest, a smaller bird who looks a lot like the first one standing up with a chirp, eagerly getting out of the nest with his own wings flapping. His mother leans down to give the little bird the worm which he quickly eats before flapping his wings more.

The little bird chirps again glancing at his mother. She takes a step closer looking somewhat concerned. The little bird flaps his wings once more before jumping forwards, accidentally

tripping over the edge of the nest and tumbling forwards, and landing on the branch with a soft thud.

His mother lets out a squawk of alarm quickly ducking their head down to nudge him, scanning him for injuries. Huffing he jumps back up, fluffing out his feathers as he swats his mother away with a wing as she tries to help him.

Ignoring her as she lets out a concerned call, he hops to the edge of the branch looking across the way at a close-by tree.

EXT - Nextdoor Tree - Morning

He sees a young Cardinal preening his bright red feathers, their adult plumage having grown in almost all the way. Finishing their preening their own mother tweets at him with a happy tilt of her head. Tweeting back his tail feather twitched before his wings beat the air, lifting him off the branch with only a slight struggle.

Diving sharply down for a few moments he suddenly swoops upwards, flying around the tree a few times singing(chirping) happily. Landing on the branch his tail feather twitched as his mother flaps over to him, preening the feathers on his head with a soft coo. He nuzzles her back before she lifts off the branch, taking to the air and hovering for a moment as she waits for him to follow. Joining her quickly he nods his head with a chirp as she flies off, him following close behind her.

EXT Nest - Morning

The little bluejay watches off with a mix of longing and jealousy, his wings giving a small flap. Hearing a tweet behind him, he looks over his shoulder to see his mother gesturing toward the nest, waiting for him to get back in it. Rolling their eyes he spreads their wings, wiggling his tail feathers as he prepares to try and glide to another branch.

Before he can a sharp chirp interrupts them and their mother hops forwards, staring at them crossly. Huffing he hops back towards the nest, settling into it with an annoyed expression. Turning their back to her he rests his chin on the side of the nest as she turns, flying off.

EXT Nest - Midday

After a while of the little bluejay sitting there a scurrying sound is heard above. He lifts his head up, cocking his head at the sound.

A squirrel is seen watching them from an above branch, black eyes focused on the shape curled in the nest. The squirrel moves forwards a few steps before standing up and continues peering as their tail twitches. Dropping back to all fours they quickly scramble to the trunk on the tree, slowly climbing down face-first, their eyes still locked on the hatchling.

The bluejay stands up hopping out of the nest, watching the squirrel back curiously letting a few friendly-sounding chirps. The squirrel makes the rest of their way down, arriving on the branch on which the nest is perched. The squirrel pulls themselves forwards, moving slowly at a slight angle as they move toward the bluejay.

The bluejay let out a tweet, jumping towards the squirrel with a smile. Halting several inches away from the bluejay he tilts his head, studying the bluejay closely. The squirrel suddenly scrambles back as a trill cuts through the air, the mother blue jay sweeping into the frame.

The little bluejay stumbles back as she flies after the squirrel as they dash along the branch and back up to the tree's higher branches, the mother bluejay trying to peck at them and beating her wings on them all the while. The squirrel escapes into the higher branches as the mother bluejay turns back, swooping back down to the branch and landing on it.

Blinking at her hatching crossly and chiding at him a few times before she nods towards the nest. Stamping a talon down the little bluejay flaps his wings in frustration, chiding back at her before turning and hopping into the nest, his feathers puffed out in anger.

Their mother flies off for a few moments, coming back with a few seeds and holding them out to the bluejay. He glares up at her before quickly eating the seeds, turning his head away as he resettles in the nest. Sighing, their mother carefully settles on top of him, looking out at the forest.

EXT. Nest - Next Morning

The little bluejay slowly awakens, yawning before sitting up and peaking out over the edge of the nest. He stands up preparing to hop out of the nest before their mother comes back, landing on the branch again with a worm in her beak. He devours the worm before scrambling out of the nest, looking out into the forest to catch a glimpse of the two cardinals disappearing from view, and flying out into the forest.

Chirping in envy he hops to the edge of the branch, looking out to a branch nearby. Lifting his wings he jumps forwards, spreading his wings as he glides towards the branch across the way.

He lands on the branch successfully, happily jumping before letting out some cheerful tweets.

His mother watches them quietly as he glides between a few more branches.

The little bird makes their way over to the end of one of the branches, gazing out over the forest eye longingly looking over the way the leaves sway in the wind, and lifting his wings up to feel the breeze, his eyes closed for a few seconds. He's interrupted by his mother letting out a sharp-sounding chirp, gesturing with a wing from them to come back to the branch with the nest on it.

Ignoring her with an annoyed expression he jumps upwards, his wings flapping hard as he starts to fly away from the branch.

Their mother swoops into the frame chirping loudly and blocking his path, hovering with her great wings outstretched. She slowly flies towards him forcing him back onto the branch, squawking crossly at him.

She continues to scold them for a few more seconds as he backs away, their feathers flattening as he seems to shrink before she sharply points towards the nest with a wing. The little bird takes another step back before turning unhappy and flying toward the nest.

He lands beside the nest, huffing, before slowly taking one step then the other over the side of the nest. He sits down in it as his mother lands in front of the nest, chirping again before leaning forwards to nuzzle them. He pulls away after a second with a sharp-sounding chirp, turning his

head away. Blinking sadly the mother bird gets into the nest herself, settling down on it, the little bird disappearing from view under her.

EXT Nest - Next morning

The mother bird hops out of the nest soon after the sun has risen, hopping forwards a few times. She stops and looks over her shoulder at the little bird whose head is peeking out from the nest, watching her. She tweets out a few notes before her wings lift her up and fling out into the sky, soon disappearing from view.

The little bird hops out of the nest themselves as soon as their mother is no longer in sight, tail feathers wagging. He scans the sky thoroughly before moving towards the edge of the branch, wings fluttering eagerly. Jumping upwards, his wings flap quickly as he hovers above the branch. Flapping harder he flies forwards, leaving the branch behind as he flies a few feet away from the tree.

He flies further out, tweeting happily as he makes his way toward the rest of the forest before a gust of wind sweeps over him. He struggles, wings beating frantically, getting blown sideways before the wind overtakes him. He finds himself tumbling down towards the ground, wings beating as he tries to turn himself upright again. His back hits a branch, a sharp chirp escaping him before he slides off the branch he hit, continuing to plunge downwards, smacking into a few more branches on the way.

EXT Forest Floor - morning

He hits the ground with a final thump, having landed on his back. Coughing, as he lays there for a moment before slowly twisting around and standing up. As he looks around the forest floor, his feathers are a mess from the fall. It's a lot darker down there than it was above the branches of trees towering over the hatchling and thick plant life surrounding the small clearing he landed in. Craning their neck up he stares at the tree above him finding the closest branch seemly miles away for him.

Shaking their feathers out his tail wiggles before he jumps upwards his wings flapping as fast as he can make them as he tries to fly up to the branch. He is only able to make it about a foot high before his wings give out and he falls back to the ground. Huffing he tries a few more times but is unable to get anywhere close to the branch.

Giving up he looks around the clearing hopping forwards with a chirp, his head tilting. The undergrowth subtly rustles behind him, the little bluejay snapping his head towards the sound. A few moments later a grey mouse slips out of the leaves pausing to look at the hatchling for a moment and stopping to clean their whiskers. After they're done the mouse begins to scurry off, crossing the clearing and ducking under a bush. The bluejay hatchling lets out a tweet before scrambling after them, hopping and flapping their wings in an effort to keep up.

Making his way through the undergrowth he finds himself in another small clearing, the mouse standing next to the hole in the ground. The mouse turns to look at the hatchling again for a moment before entering the hole and disappearing from sight. The hatchling quickly hops over the hole leaning down and peering an eye down it in curiosity. He pulls back after a few moments with a chirp before looking around the forest again.

Glancing around the clearing he hears a scurrying sound and spots a pair of chipmunks running along the roots of trees. The chipmunks both pause to look over at the hatchling as they move toward the chipmunks. Blinking at the bluejay they watch them for a few moments before continuing to run along the roots, climbing up the trunk of its tree.

The bluejay hops toward the tree roots, flapping his wings as he scrambles onto the tree roots where the chipmunks had been. He makes his way over to the tree trunk, tilting his head up to stare up at it, feather deflating as he does. Sighing he hops down from the tree roots, shuffling his talons as he stares around the forest again.

A bright-colored butterfly drifted into view, their wings silently carrying them over to a flower. The bluejay hatchling hops forwards till he is within a foot of the butterfly watching them as they drink from the flower, wings flickering. The butterfly lifts upwards again, beginning to fly away as the bluejay follows after them. The hatchling ducks underneath a thick patch of undergrowth, doing his best to pull their wings in to keep their feathers from getting clipped by its branches.

Making his way out from under the undergrowth he hops faster as he begins to lose sight of the butterfly, their bright wings becoming lost in the tangle of plantlife surrounding them. Calling out after them his wings flap frantically in an effort to propel them faster before he ends up tripping and tumbling across the dirt.

Coughing he pulls himself up, shaking the dust out of their feathers, scanning the area for signs of the butterfly but they're no longer in sight. Sighing he plops down in the dirt staring up at the sky and treetops high above them.

A few moments later, his head turns towards a scraping sound coming from one of the trees behind him. He stands up, slowly turning around a squirrel sitting on the tree roots. The camera zooms in close to the squirrel, the little bluebird reflected in their black eyes, as all the sound cuts out, slowly fading back in as the scene continues. The bluejay tilts his head hoping forwards as the squirrel slowly moves towards them. The squirrel creeps forwards a few more feet silent, stopping and tilting their head. The bluejay chirps softly shifting their talons as he stares back at the squirrel.

The squirrel tenses, crouching slightly, eyes still locked on the bluejay before they suddenly startle turning and darting away into the undergrowth. The sound of a creature crashing through the bushes erupts behind the bluejay and he turns to see a possum barreling towards him.

Shrieking, the bluejay flaps his wings harshly, scrambling out of the way, just avoiding the possum's jaws snapping onto his tail feathers. The hatchling runs frantically towards the undergrowth, his wings flailing and flapping to try and lift him into the air. The possum gives chase behind him.

Ducking under the surrounding plant life, the bluejay twists around the tangle of leaves stems, and branches, the possum snapping at him, their teeth and claws nearly grazing them as the hatchling flees.

Breaking out of the undergrowth the bluejay sprints, his wings still flapping and feathers puffed out, skidding to the side as the possum lunges out of the undergrowth after him, losing traction in the dirt, the possum's claws tearing at the ground as they scramble for a grip. Dashing forwards the hatchling leaps over a tree root kicking up dust as he tries to find another bush he can slip under, possum right on their tail.

The hatchling almost gets to a bush before a shriek rips from him as the possum's paw strikes him, sending him flying. He sails across the clearing before tumbling across the ground for a few moments and smacking into the base of a tree with a harsh thud. Coughing and wheezing the bluejay shudders, blinking rapidly as he struggles to focus in front of them.

The tree is smeared with blood where the hatchling's head hit the bark, a few drops of blood also running down their head. He let out a series of soft, frantic chirps as the possum slowly makes their way toward them, step by step. Growling, the possum's claws rake the ground as they grow close, their teeth baring as they prepare to lunge, the bluejay cowering and pressing his back hard as he can against the tree trunk as he trembles.

The possum starts to lunge forwards but before it can touch the bluejay hatchling a sharp, trilling is heard and a blue blur flies toward the possum's face. The possum hisses, stumbling, the now clear mother bird peaking at it. Screeching at the top of her lung she pecks at the possum a few more times, flapping her wings in their face before turning and flying towards the hatchling. She picks the hatchling up in her talons before flying off as fast as she can, taking them above the tree tops.

EXT Nest - Dusk

The mother bird carefully places the hatchling in the nest before landing beside it chirping sharply at him for a few seconds. The little bluejay cowers away from her, tears prickling at the corners of his eyes before he curls up into a ball. Mother bird nudges him gently before slowly getting into the nest and settling on top of him, staring out into the sunset.

EXT Nest - Midday

The mother bird stands on the branch watching the little bluejay who is sitting in the nest looking down, his feathers messy. She hops closer to them leaning towards them and nudging them with a soft tweet, trying to fix his feathers up. The hatchling pulls back from her before sighing and climbing out of the nest.

The little bluejay stands behind the nest, his head hanging as he shuffles his talons. He hops forward to peek over the edge of the branch for a moment before chirping and backing towards the nest again, climbing back into it.

Their mother hops towards him again tilting her head as she watches him. Chirping she gestures with a wing for him to come out of the nest. Slowly the bluejay hatching gets up once more, climbing out of the nest and standing in front of his mother. She tweets at him with another cock of her head before the little bluejay starts sobbing, his frame shaking where he stands. Their mother pulls him close to her with her wings, wrapping them tightly around him as he cries.

Once his tears die down his mother pulls back nuzzling them gently before hopping to the edge of the branch. Twisting her head around she flaps her wings before jumping forwards and gliding to the nearby branch. Turning to face the little bluejay she waves a wing for him to join her. Hesitating a moment he carefully hops to the edge of the branch staring down at the ground before lifting his head up to meet his mother's gaze. Taking a deep breath he leaps out into the air, gliding over to join her on the other branch.

Landing beside her he look at her before she nuzzles them once more before moving to glide to

the next branch, the bluejay hesitantly joining her. Nodding towards another branch she gestures for the hatchling to go first, following closely behind him as he glides towards the next branch, making sure he makes it alright. Tweeting at them she glides towards the next branch alongside them watching the hatchling and trying to help him when needed.