

**THE FLOWER GIRL**  
**BY QUINN AGNEW**

## INT. COTTAGE - NIGHT

An old leather bound book rests on a small wooden table lit by candlelight. The pages are yellowed and clean, brittle yet soft. Carved into the surface is the title of the book. It is:

### THE FOOLISH BOY

A hand, wrinkled with age, opens the cover. To reveal the sketched outlines of a family sketched in a black charcoal like substance. Two adults and five children. A woman's voice narrates.

#### NARRATOR

Long ago, in this very village. There lived a Foolish boy. The boy and his brothers and sisters were born to be the next generation of sinful Lumberjacks. A necessary evil to gather lumber from the all consuming woods.

The page is turned and we see a black sketch of a forest. The trees loom over the figure in the center. A gnarled ax in its hand.

#### NARRATOR (CONT'D)

The Foolish Boy was taught, as we all are, to fear and worship the woods. For only worship would protect the Lumberjacks as they performed their evil deeds. The Foolish boy would sing the hymns and recite the prayers, but the hymns he sang and the prayers he recited meant nothing to him.

The page turns and we see another sketch. A boy is standing in front of his four younger siblings with a finger pointed towards the sky and a hand outstretched to the young ones.

#### NARRATOR (CONT'D)

The Foolish Boy did not believe in the danger of the woods and had been spreading this heretical belief to his younger siblings until one day he had convinced them to go into the Consuming Woods with him so he could prove to the townsfolk that there was nothing to fear.

The page is turned to reveal a sketch of the Foolish Boy leading his siblings, all linked hand in hand.

#### NARRATOR (CONT'D)

The Foolish Boy and his siblings left at dawn. And when the light started to subside into dusk. Only the Foolish Boy had returned.

The page turns to reveal mangled sketches of indescribable figures that could only have once been the boy's brothers and sisters.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

One sibling heard the trees call to him,

The Page turns to reveal the Foolish Boy fallen to the ground with crudely drawn tears falling down from his eyes.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

As the Foolish boy fell to the dirt in torment he cried, "How could this have happened!" And in response the Wood whispered to him, "What do you believe in now?"

INT. COTTAGE - NIGHT

The Book is closed and we see an older woman (60). Her gray hair is packed tightly in a bun. She wears an old night gown which is almost as wrinkled as she is. She sits on a rickety bed next to two twin girls (12). They are identical in every way, from the length of their brown hair and the small beauty mark under the corner of their left eye. Identical except in eye color. One twin has piercing blue eyes while the other a deep emerald green. They wear matching night gowns.

THE GIRL WITH GREEN EYES quivers as she stares at the cover of the old leather storybook. THE GIRL WITH BLUE EYES yawns and looks away from the book.

GREEN

Momma, what happened to the Foolish Boy after that?

The girl's mother wraps her frail arms around her.

MOMMA

He took the teachings of the wood to heart and believed. His prayers and hymns from then on were truthful.

The Girl with Blue Eyes flopped down on the bed with a huff and whispers.

BLUE

Why would he?

Momma's face tightens and she turns to Blue.

MOMMA

I didn't quite hear that, I must be getting old. Did you say something dear?

Blue sighs and leans back up on the bed.

BLUE

I said why do you always read us this story?  
Every night its the same old stories.

Momma lets go of Green and crosses her arms.

MOMMA

Its important for children to learn from the  
mistakes of others. You need to fear and  
respect the woods.

Momma sighs and rises from the bedside. She turns around and crouches down to eye level of the girls. She reaches out and places her hands on the base of the girls skulls. They have no choice but to look at her. Momma's face softens.

MOMMA (CONT'D)

But, most importantly, I want you two to be  
safe and stay away from the woods. Promise  
me you wont ever go into the woods.

Green stares deeply into her mothers eyes, captivated by their concerned glare. Blue lowers her eyes away from them.

GREEN AND BLUE

I promise.

Momma's face relaxes completely and pulls the twins in for a hug.

MOMMA

I believe you.

She releases them and pulls them up.

MOMMA (CONT'D)

Lets pray now.

The three of them kneel in front of the bed and join hands side-by-side, just like the foolish boy did with his siblings. They start to pray

MOMMA (CONT'D)

Oh all consuming woods, we thank you for...

INT. COTTAGE - DAY

The twins are laying on the floor of the cottage. Papers lie in front of them with charcoal sticks scattered around. In the corner of the room, Momma sits in a rocking chair. With slow deliberate movements she is sewing a hole closed in a piece of garment. All is quite except for the CREAKING of the rocking chair. in the fireplace a low fire burns. A pot of bubbling liquid is licked by the flames.

Blue sways side to side and taps her finger on the floor as she stares at the blank paper. She looks over at her sister and then to Momma. She stands up quickly.

BLUE  
Momma, can we go play outside? I promise  
we won't go far.

Blue hides a shaking fist by bunching it up with her brown ratty dress. Momma looks up briefly to look at her, then smiles.

MOMMA  
Go ahead, but stay in the yard.

Blue's face lights up and she starts to gather up the drawing charcoal and paper.

BLUE  
Thank you Momma!

Blue picks her sister up by the arm. Green tries to resist but she is no match for her sister's boundless energy.

BLUE (CONT'D)  
Hurry up slowpoke!

GREEN  
But, I want to stay inside with Momma!

#### EXT. COTTAGE YARD - DAY

Blue is leading her sister by the hand. Paper is tucked underneath her arm and she grips the charcoal in her hand. The Cottage rests at the top of a small hill overlooking the village below. Beyond the perimeter of the village are plain grass and farmlands. At the edge of the land is the Consuming Woods. The Woods completely surround the village.

BLUE  
Finally, it's so stuffy in there.

Blue turns to her sister. The cottage looks small behind her.

GREEN  
Why couldn't we just stay inside?

Blue frowns at Green. Green keeps looking back at the cottage. Blue stops walking, the twins are halfway between the Cottage and the nearby grasslands.

BLUE  
Don't be like that, you know we can't play like  
we want when Momma is watching. Here.

Blue shoves a charcoal stick into Green's hand and throws the paper on the grass. The light has returned to her face and she lays down in front of it.

BLUE (CONT'D)

Come on, what kind of story are we gonna draw today?

Green lays down next to her. Her tense shoulders start to relax.

GREEN

A bird...

Green draws a bird on the paper. Blue draws another one next to it.

BLUE

Two birds...

GREEN

Sisters.

Green smiles at her sister. Blue draws a nest around the two sister birds. Crudely drawn interwoven in the nest are large circles with smaller circles in the center. A line from each intertwine with the nest.

BLUE

And they live in a nest with flowers.

GREEN

Flowers? What are those? Is that what these circle thingys are?

Green points at the circles in the drawing with her charcoal stick. Her face is scrunched in confusion. Blue looks up from the drawing and holds her stick to her chin.

BLUE

I don't really know. I over heard Momma and the Chaplain mention something about flowers last time he visited.

GREEN

I don't remember them talking about flowers?

BLUE

You were asleep silly.

Green furrows her brow. She adds her own circle to the nest.

GREEN

Why circles?

BLUE

Circles look fluffy. I'd like to think that flowers are warm fluffy things filled with nice happy thoughts.

GREEN

Fluffy? Circles aren't fluffy. If flowers are fluffy they gotta look like this.

Green drags her charcoal stick on the page. She starts in a circle but then moves the stick up and down creating random rounded hills in a circular motion, connecting back at the start.

Blue's lower lip starts to quiver in a pout.

BLUE

That does look fluffy.

Blue looks down at Green's flower and then away. Blue then quickly draws a circle in the center of Blue's version of a flower.

GREEN

Hey!

Blue watches her sister's reaction, her lips curling into a smug grin.

BLUE

Now its super fluffy.

The moment the twins eyes meet, they burst into a fit of giggles. Their mirth is cut short when Blue winces, her arm jerks across the paper as she pulls her hand towards her body and rubs her head. Green's smile falls and she looks down at the grass. Her left hand picks at the grass.

GREEN

Your head is hurting again.

BLUE

What of it?

GREEN

It's the third time this week, I'm worried about you.

BLUE

It's nothing, it always goes away.

Blue forces a smile for her sister.

BLUE (CONT'D)

Y'see? It's already fading.

Green doesn't look up at Blue.

GREEN

You're lying. Why won't you tell Mamma?

Blue tenses up.

BLUE

And what would Mamma do? What can she do?

GREEN

Maybe... Maybe Mamma know someone from the village who can help? Maybe the Chaplain could help?

Blue glares at Green. Green sheepishly meets her gaze.

BLUE

We're not even allowed to go into the village. Why would anyone there want to help us? I wouldn't be surprised if they don't even know we exist.

Blue pushes herself onto her feet and Green hurries to do the same.

GREEN

Don't say that! I'm sure they know we exist. The Chaplain is always coming to visit us, so that must mean others know about us.

Blue looks down at her feet, face tied in a grimace.

BLUE

You don't know that.

GREEN

You don't either.

Blue's face relaxes as her hand falls from her head.

BLUE

I know... it's just...

Blue gestures to the village below the hill.

BLUE (CONT'D)

It's right there... And we're stuck here on this hill. I can't help myself from thinking why?

GREEN

Mamma says...

Blue cuts Green off.



## BLUE

I know what Mamma says! She says we're not ready to go in the village. But what does that even mean? And when will she think we're ready?

From the distance Momma is calling them to come back to the cottage. The girls separate and Blue wipes her sister's eyes. She smiles and heads off to the cottage. Green watches her go and then turns to gather the drawing sticks. Picking them up, she reaches for the drawing they made and stops. One of the birds in the nest has a jagged black line scored through.

## INT. COTTAGE - NIGHT

Blue is laying in bed gazing at the dark sky through the window. A sliver of moonlight pours through the window in a line that snakes across the girls. Green is softly snoring. She looks at her sister and softly pokes her shoulder. Green doesn't react. Blue looks back to the window and delicately slips from under the covers and onto the floor.

Blue maneuvers around the bed and reaches her hand into the space between the fabric and the wooden wall. Her hand pushes through a small cut in the fabric and she pulls out a parchment paper and stick of charcoal. She then tiptoes to the open air window, it is barely head height, and tosses the stick and paper over. She places her hands on the edge and pulls her self outside.

## EXT. COTTAGE YARD - NIGHT CONTINUOUS

Blue lands softly on the coarse grass and picks up the paper and charcoal. She looks around at the midnight coated yard and listened for sounds from the cabin. No one else was awake. Satisfied, Blue quietly makes her way to the side of the hill that gives her the clearest view of the forest. She sits down and looks up at the moon. Motionlessly, silently, she stares at it before taking a deep breath and looking down at the Consuming Woods. She winces and rubs her temples.

The Moonlight outlines the edge of the forest. Blue positions the paper on her lap and starts to draw.

## INT. COTTAGE - EARLY MORNING

Daylight has slowly begun to creep in the window. Green's sleep is disturbed by a soft thud followed by rustling. Then the bedsheets are lifted at the edge and Blue climbs in. Green rubs her eyes and peeks over her shoulder at Blue. She is facing away. Green turns away and goes back to sleep.

## INT. COTTAGE - MORNING

The door to the twins rooms creak open as Momma steps in. She is fully dressed.

MOMMA

Girls get up, we have a visitor today.

Green and Blue grumble and don't respond. Momma pulls the covers off of the girls.

GREEN

Noooooooo

MOMMA

Don't you 'nooooo' me. The Chaplain is coming for another visit and today and I need you two to get dressed.

Blue tries to reach for the pulled off covers with her eyes tightly shut.

BLUE

I'll get dressed later.

Momma folds her arms across her chest.

MOMMA

You'll get dressed now. You need to look presentable for the Chaplain.

Blue starts to rub the sleep from her eyes and stops and mouths the words "Chaplain".

BLUE

Chaplain? He's coming now?

Momma nods.

MOMMA

He'll be here before midday.

Blue and Green both sit up and look at each other. Green's is a look of dawning excitement. Blue's is one of confusion and worry.

INT. COTTAGE LIVING ROOM - DAY

Blue and Green are standing side by side in the middle of the room in front of the front door. Momma is fussing with their clothes and running a small wooden comb through their hair. The comb catches on a knot in Green's hair.

GREEN

Ow

MOMMA

Oh hush, you'll be fine.

The knot is rather large and Momma tugs a few more times before muttering under her breath.

MOMMA (CONT'D)

Oh bless it.

Three sharp KNOCKS emanate throughout the cottage. Momma gives one last tug on the comb in Green's hair before giving up on the difficult knot and attempts to smooth the girl's dresses one last time before standing straight and forces a smile.

Momma turns to the door as three more KNOCKS ring out.

MOMMA (CONT'D)

Coming!

Momma's voice edges on singsong as she moves to the door. She fumbles with the latch and then opens it.

MOMMA (CONT'D)

Right this way.

The Chaplain strolls through the open doorway and past Momma. His cloak is dark and his white shirt underneath is embroidered with twisting brown lines that resemble tree branches. Around his neck is a necklace made of thick grass. He stops in front of the girls and smiles. He towers over the two. Green stares with wide open eyes, she shifts her weight from one foot to the other, mouth slightly open in a silent 'wow'. Blue does not meet the man's gaze. She holds her hands behind her and squeezes one with the other.

The Chaplain crouches down and places a hand on both of their shoulders. He looks from one girl to the other. Gently taking hold of Green's chin he rotates her head around and tilts his head. He doesn't blink. Green's brow furrows in confusion. The Chaplain releases her chin and does the same with Blue. She puts up a little resistance. The Chaplain remains unbothered and coerces her head around before releasing Blue.

CHAPLAIN

Wonderful.

Blue shivers. Momma is standing by the open doorway. She lets out a breath and smiles. The Chaplain stands up to tower over the girls. He turns to Momma and cups her face with both hands by her jawline.

CHAPLAIN (CONT'D)

You've done a wonderful job so far.

Momma's whole body relaxes with relief.

MOMMA

Thank you Chaplain.

CHAPLAIN

I trust you have tea ready?

Momma fidgets in the Chaplain's grasp.

MOMMA  
Just have to get the fire roaring.

CHAPLAIN  
I see.

Blue takes Green's hand in hers and squeezes tightly.

The Chaplain releases Momma and walks to the fireplace. He looks around the room and drags Momma's rocking chair over to the fireplace. As Momma rushes to start a fire in the fireplace she stops and suddenly turns to the girls.

MOMMA  
Girls go sit by the fireplace with the Chaplain  
while I ready the tea.

#### INT. COTTAGE LIVING ROOM - DAY

A pot of water is boiling in the fireplace. A mess of herbs, grasses, and roots twirl and bob with the bubbles. Momma gently stirs the tea with a ladle and scoops up the dark amber liquid. She pours it into a cup and hands it to the Chaplain. He takes the steaming cup and gently blows.

The girls sit across the floor from the Chaplain on the other side of the fireplace. They watch as he takes a slow sip of the steaming tea. Momma pours three more cups and hands two to the girls. She sits at the chair in front of the fireplace. The Chaplain lowers the cup from his mouth, a satisfied smile stretches across his face. Green and Blue both set their cups down in front of them. Momma transfers her cup from one hand to the other, gently blowing on it.

CHAPLAIN  
Why don't you drink? This is some lovely tea  
you've made.

Momma smiles weakly.

MOMMA  
Just waiting for it to cool a bit.

CHAPLAIN  
Nonsense.

The Chaplain stares at Momma.

CHAPLAIN (CONT'D)  
Tea is best served hot.

Chaplain takes another sip from his still steaming cup. His eyes never leaving Momma. He leans forward and gestures with his cup and a small nod towards her hot tea. Momma nods and brings the cup to her lips. She hesitates for a moment before scrunching her eyes and taking a sip. She grimaces for a moment as the searing liquid pours down her throat. She forces a smile.

MOMMA

It's good, just as you say.

The Chaplain leans back in the rocking chair, it CREAKS with his weight. He turns his gaze to the Girls and flicks his eyes from them to their untouched tea in front of them. Green picks up her tea and starts to blow. As she raises the cup to her lips Blue grabs Green's wrist gently. She slowly lowers her sisters arm. Green's eyes flicker from her sister to the cup that is now placed on the ground. Blue stares into the Chaplain's eyes.

The Chaplain's square jaw tightens as the corners of his smiling cheeks lower as his lips form a tight line. Momma grips her cup tightly as she looks back and forth from Blue and the Chaplain.

The Chaplain takes a deep breath and lets it out in a deep drawn out sigh.

CHAPLAIN

You don't like tea your mother makes?

BLUE

No sir its not that. It's too hot. It needs to cool.

The Chaplain rubs his chin with his left hand and then flexes his fingers beside his face. He then curls his fingers into a fist and leans he head against it.

CHAPLAIN

Too hot?

Momma sets her cup down on the arm of her chair and springs up.

MOMMA

Please forgive her disrespect. She's only a child--

The Chaplain holds a hand up, silencing Momma. He shakes his head and opens his mouth to speak when a little voice squeaks out.

GREEN

Umm, Chaplain sir? I... uh... don't understand... its only tea.

The Chaplain shifts his gaze to green, eyes widening. Momma freezes and then flinches as the Chaplain roars out in laughter.

CHAPLAIN

Oh well of course! It's only tea! I had forgotten you two are mere children. Who else but I could teach you this importance.

The Chaplain sets his gaze on Momma. His lips are curled in mirth but his eyes gleam and narrow. Momma tenses. The Chaplain leans forward and looks to the girls.

CHAPLAIN (CONT'D)

You see, Tea is made from the herbs and roots that the Consuming Woods provides us. By consuming this tea we are accepting the Woods mercy. We are drinking what makes it strong. We are drinking to praise and to beg.

The Chaplain leans back and finishes the rest of his tea.

CHAPLAIN (CONT'D)

But this isn't what I'm here for. Momma?

The Chaplain raises his cup.

CHAPLAIN (CONT'D)

Some more, please.

Momma nods meekly and takes the cup from the Chaplain. Green fidgets next to her sister. The cups in front of them are no longer hot, but a soft warm. Blue looks down at her cup and then picks it up. Green follows suit. They both take a sip from the warm tea. The Chaplain smiles as he is handed a filled cup of steaming tea.

CHAPLAIN (CONT'D)

I'd like to talk to your mother. Alone.

INT. COTTAGE LIVING ROOM - DAY

The Chaplain slowly rocks in the rocking chair. Momma is sitting straight up in a chair in front of him. Hands clasped in her lap. He is staring at the smoldering remains of the fire.

MOMMA

Sir, forgive me. I wasn't expecting you to visit so soon after your last.

The Chaplain ignores her.

CHAPLAIN

How is their progress. Are they showing signs yet?

Momma looks down at her wringing hands.

MOMMA

No sir. But, they are healthy.

The Chaplain nods and caresses his cheek with his fist.

CHAPLAIN

Healthy of body? Yes I can easily see that. Healthy of mind however...

The Chaplain turns his gaze towards Momma. The embers of the fire still glow in his eyes.

CHAPLAIN (CONT'D)

One reeks of a rebellious spirit. The other, perfectly obedient, but dull. I don't feel the passion of the woods in them.

The Chaplain frowns and swirls the dregs of his tea. He sighs. Momma is biting her lower lip as she keeps her head down. The Chaplain sets his cup down and stands up. He walks and kneels in front of her. He gently brushes away a burgeoning teardrop from her eye.

CHAPLAIN (CONT'D)

Oh dear Momma. I know how stressful this is. But it's so important. The little flowers must be raised right.

Momma leans her head against the Chaplain's shoulder and he embraces her. Tears start to stream down her face.

MOMMA

I won't fail you Chaplain, I won't fail the village. I'll teach them better.

CHAPLAIN

This village has suffered too many failures, but the village has placed their trust in you. I have placed my trust in you.

The Chaplain releases his hug and holds his hands above his shoulders.

CHAPLAIN (CONT'D)

But I fear it is too much for you alone.

The Chaplain places a hand on Momma's forehead and forces it away from his shoulder with a grimace. He stands as Momma looks on in shock.

MOMMA

What do you mean?

CHAPLAIN

Call them in, I wish to speak with them.

EXT. COTTAGE YARD - DAY

Green and Blue stand in the yard side by side. They stare down at the village at the bottom of the hill. The girls hold cups filled with tea. Green quietly sips hers.

GREEN

I wonder what they're talking about.

Green takes another sip.

BLUE  
Nothing good.

Blue holds her cup out and pours it into the dirt. The liquid bubbles a little as it sinks into the dirt. People move about the village, looking like crawling ants from the girl's perspective.

GREEN  
They look so small from...

BLUE  
I want to leave.

Blue cuts off Green. Blue's hand tightens around the cup as it dangles by her side. Green blinks for a moment, then her eyes widen as she turns to her sister. She rotates her cup around in her hand and bites her lip.

GREEN  
Where would you go?

Blue turns her gaze from the village to the trees surrounding it.

BLUE  
The forest. We could go together, maybe find  
a nest to live in like birds

Green shakes her head.

GREEN  
We can't.

BLUE  
It would be an adventure! Just like our  
stories.

Blue drops the empty cup in the dirt and turns to her sister with a grin.

BLUE (CONT'D)  
We could even look for flowers and see if they  
really are fluffy.

Her smile drops as she sees her sisters grimacing in unease. Green squirms as she turns her eyes away from Blue's. Blue turns back to the village.

MOMMA  
Girls! Come back in.

Momma stands in front of the open door to the cottage and beckons the girls back in.



## INT. COTTAGE - DAY

The Chaplain still sits in the rocking chair, fingers locked together in his lap. Momma guides the girls in front of him. His gaze is hard. Momma remains silent as she stands behind the girls in front of the Chaplain, her face is locked in a solemn and stoic gaze. Green leans from one side to the other, over and over with her hands clasped behind her back. Blue is still and stares at the Chaplain. The Chaplain TAPS his leather clad boot on the floor. A thin smile creeps on his face.

CHAPLAIN

You're mother has done her absolute best to raise the both of you. For that I believe she deserves an applause.

The Chaplain unfolds his hands and repeatedly CLAPS them together. Both girls wince at the sharp sound. Blue more than Green. The Chaplain stops clapping, holding his hands in the final clap, palm against palm, fingertip against fingertip.

CHAPLAIN (CONT'D)

But... Her best wasn't perfect.

Green unscrunches her face from the auditory assault and looks at him in confusion. He points at Green with his long spiderlike finger.

CHAPLAIN (CONT'D)

You, what do you think about the Consuming Woods?

Green starts playing with her dress, scrunching and twisting the cloth in her hand beside her.

GREEN

Umm, the w-woods are scary and we should never go near it. And, umm....

The words died in her mouth. Green starts to shake. She opens her mouth and tries to speak but every time she looks at the Chaplain she sees the finger pointed straight at her. Unmoving. She shuts her mouth and looks down.

CHAPLAIN

You, same question.

The Chaplain smoothly moves his finger to point at Blue. The thin smile is nowhere on his lips. Blue doesn't respond, her defiant gaze softens as she bites her lip. Under her dress, her leg begins to shake quietly up and down.

The Chaplain lowers his finger and it curls in line with his fist, his arm stays suspended. His eyes glint and his face tightens into a scowl. He pulls his fist back and rubs his chin and cheek with it.

CHAPLAIN (CONT'D)

I see.

The Chaplain spoke in a whisper. His voice suddenly grew louder into a deafening boom as he shoots up out of the rocking chair to his full height.

CHAPLAIN (CONT'D)

This will not stand! You must fear the wood!  
You must worship the wood! Anything less is  
HERASY! You. Owe. Your. LIVES! WE! Owe.  
Our. LIVES!

Green tries to cower behind Momma, but Momma's thin hand is pressed firmly against Green's back. Green's eyes are wide as her shake intensifies. She looks up at Momma's face, stoic and unmoving, before looking back to the Chaplain. The defiance in Blue's eyes has fully melted away to expose a fearful expression that matched her sister's. Momma's hand kept Blue firmly in place.

The Chaplain closes his eyes and breathes deeply. His scowl drains from his face as he exhales in a silent prayer. After composing himself he speaks in tone that was still loud, but much softer than before.

CHAPLAIN (CONT'D)

But, this is not your fault. The blame lies with  
your Momma. And it lies with me for failing to  
notice until now.

The Chaplain opens his eyes and looks down at the girl's horror stricken faces. He takes a step towards them and kneels onto one knee. He places his hands on both of their shoulders.

CHAPLAIN (CONT'D)

That is why I will personally teach you two  
from now on.

He smiles at them and his lips start to quiver as his eyes glisten. He pulls both of them into a hug as he rocks from side to side.

CHAPLAIN (CONT'D)

Poor lost little ones. I will return on the  
'morrow and together we will restore your lost  
faith. I swear on the woods, the dirt, and the  
whistling breeze through the branches that  
your paths will be righted. May the Woods  
Consume.

INT. COTTAGE BEDROOM - EVENING

Green sits in silence on the bed. Her eyes are red and puffy, dried tears stain her cheeks. A parchment paper lays at her side. On it is a sketch of the Chaplain. It is grotesque with dried wet spots speckling the parchment. Blue peeks out the door and through the living room towards the closed door that leads to Momma's room. She takes a deep breath and exits the room. Green's fingers curl and twirl around a small charcoal stick. Soft THUMPS grow closer to the room and Blue sneaks in.

Under one arm is a medium sized cloth with frayed ends and yellowing twine. Under the other is as much bread as she can carry, two loaves worth. She uses her foot to catch the door and close it.

Blue tosses the cloth and bread onto the bed. She turns back to the door but stops for a moment as the drawing of the Chaplain catches her eye. She grits her teeth and looks away. Moving to the door she opens it slowly and peeks back out at Momma's room, the door is still closed. Blue looks back at her sister before exiting again.

Green looks around slowly in a daze. She sees the cloth and twine resting next to two loafs of bread. She looks around at the scattered clothes on the floor, mostly matching dresses. Her face tightens as her eyes start to water. The soft THUMPS return as Blue sneaks back into the room, closing the door in the same manner as before.

In one hand dangles a metal lantern. In the other a jar filled with fly like creatures. She places the lantern and jar gently at the foot of the bed and looks at Green. Green looks back as tears start to fall again. Blue's mouth starts to quiver before she bites down softly on the inside of her mouth and steels her gaze. The two embrace, Green burying her face in Blue's shoulder.

BLUE  
We'll leave at sundown.

Green speaks into her sister's shoulder.

GREEN  
What about Momma?

Blue releases her sister a little and holds her shoulders.

BLUE  
Momma hasn't come out of her since He left.  
She won't notice.

Green nods her head and tries to stop her tears. Blue speaks softly.

BLUE (CONT'D)  
Hey now, don't be such a crybaby.

Blue wipes the tears from Green's eyes. Green pushes her hands away.

GREEN  
I'm not a crybaby.

BLUE  
Coulda fooled me.

Blue smiles at her sister. Green smiles back.

GREEN  
Will we find flower out there?

BLUE

I hope so.

Green turns to the bed and starts to wrap the bread in the cloth. Blue turns to the foot of the bed to the lantern and jar. With their backs turned to one another they both wince and rub their heads.

EXT. COTTAGE YARD - NIGHT

Green drops down from the window onto the cold grass. In her arms she holds the makeshift sack. On the ground next to her Blue kneels over the metal lantern, jar in hand. She pours the contents of the jar into the opening in the top of the lantern and slides the top back on and latches the top of the metal lantern. She unhooks the small cloth in front of the lens and shakes the lantern.

The fly-like creatures inside of the lantern buzz and start to glow an ethereal white. The glow of the lantern cuts through the darkness to illuminate the area around the girls. Blue picks up the lantern and takes the lead. Green follows behind.

EXT. GRASSLANDS - NIGHT

The two girls move in silence, the grass softly CRUNCHES underneath their feet. The towering trees of the All consuming woods grow closer as they approach.

EXT. EDGE OF WOODS - NIGHT

Blue and Green stand side by side in the lanterns glow. In front of them is the edge of the woods. The lantern illuminates some of the trees. Blue traces one tree with her eyes as she follows it up. The tops of the trees disappear into darkness. She takes her sisters free hand into hers and squeezes. Green squeezes back. They step past the first trees into the woods.

Branches and dead leaves CRUNCH underneath. Green stops walking and nudges her sister.

GREEN

Over there.

She points at something at the edge of the lanterns light. Something small and white. Blue sees it and walks over to it. The small white thing just beyond the edge of the Consuming Woods sticks out of the ground, a green line connects the white puffball looking thing at the top. Blue places the lantern down next to it. Looking closely she sees that the puffball is made of smaller objects that spread out as if connected in the center. Her face lights up in a smile.

BLUE

I think its a flower!

GREEN

A flower?

Green rushes next to her to look at the flower. They both look fondly at the little thing.

GREEN (CONT'D)

How do you know?

BLUE

I just, feel like I KNOW.

Blue looks at her sister in the glow of the lantern and gives her a smile. Green looks at the flower, a white chrysanthemum with hints of green in the center of the bloom.

GREEN

I think I feel the same way. It looks fluffy!

BLUE

It is! It looks familiar somehow?

Blue points to the green in the center of the flower.

BLUE (CONT'D)

It reminds me of you.

Green continues to look on, her eyes as bright as her smile.

Blue reaches out to caress it, her smile starts to fall. She winces in pain as she reaches out. She brushes her fingers against the petals.

The Petals crumble under her touch.

GREEN

Wha-?

Blue collapses onto the ground clutching her head.

GREEN (CONT'D)

What's wrong?

Green rushes to her sisters side.

Blue curls into a fetal position. Spazams begin to overtake her.

Green looks on, her face frozen in shock. She grabs her sisters arm.

GREEN (CONT'D)

Whats going on?

Blue convulses and flails her arm to the side, knocking Green away. Green lands on branch. Blue struggles and tries to stand.

BLUE

It hurts! It hurts! My head!

Blue's knees buckle and she falls back down. She SCREAMS. It echoes around the forest, unbeknownst to Green, it reaches the village. She digs her fingers against her head and she jerks around on the ground.

Green gets back up, and rushes once again to Blue. She straddles her sisters body and Green grabs her sisters forearms and fights to pull Blue's hands away from her head.

Blue SCREAMS again as hot tears fall down onto her face. Blood flows from the scratches on the side of her head. Green's face is contorted to pure panic as she sees her sister writhe in pain. Green begins to mutter weakly.

GREEN

It's o-okay, you're gonna be...

Green's words trailed off.

The sides of Blue's head were bulging at the temples. The skin rips open as two tendrils slicked red with blood push out. The tendrils curl above Blues head and intertwine into a halo. Small buds start to protrude from the twisted tendrils. Blue stops convulsing and moving. The buds on the circular tendril halo grow bigger and bigger at an astonishing rate in front of Green's horrified eyes. One of the buds open up to reveal small white petals, just like the flower they found.

MALE VOICE

Over here!

Green slowly looks up to where she heard the voice. She hadn't noticed the multiple lights approaching them, or the shouts of men and women. Suddenly, she was surrounded by bright lights. She still held her sister's limp arms in her hands.

Green looks around slowly, the tears still flowing down her face. The light of the lanterns surrounding her blinded her as she struggled to see the figures holing the light. Another man's voice called out.

MALE VOICE (CONT'D)

Chaplain! We found them!

As Green's eyes adjusted to the overwhelming light shining at her. She heard thick footfalls growing louder. A larger figure pushed through the circle of light and Green could see that it was the Chaplain. He stands in front of her, breathing heavily. His hair is a wild mess and he looks at Green with relief in his eyes. Green stares numbly back. The Chaplain lowers his gaze to the unconscious Blue and his breath catches. He kneels down in reverent awe and reaches out to caress the newly formed flower crown. He places his hands on the sides of Blue's head and smiles a twisted smile. He looks up at Green.

CHAPLAIN  
Smile, for we are saved.

INT. COTTAGE BEDROOM - DAY

Green sits alone on the bed. The scattered garments still litter the floor from hours before. The window has two boards blocking her only way out. Green hears three knocks at the door to the room. The door opens and Momma steps in. She sits down next to Green. Green continues to stare blankly in front of her. Momma places an arm around Green's shoulders.

GREEN  
Is she okay?

MOMMA  
She will be.

GREEN  
What happened to her?

MOMMA  
You know how I always told you two to never go near the Woods?

Green nods meekly.

MOMMA (CONT'D)  
The Woods are dangerous, your sister, The Woods gave her an illness. One that we can't cure here. But, she can be cured at another village.

Green looks up at her mother.

GREEN  
Another village? There's another village?

Momma nods.

MOMMA  
Yes my little one. Out there in the woods, there is a village of druids and healers.

GREEN  
Do they also fear the woods.

MOMMA  
They do.

A knock on the door. The door opens to reveal an unfamiliar man. His name is POD. He is short, same height as momma. He wore a similar robe to the Chaplain, except with no pattern.

Momma looks at him expectantly and he nods.

INT. MOMMA'S ROOM - DAY

Blue is awake and sitting up propped against the backboard in Momma's bed. The Chaplain stands next to the bed, studying the flowers that bud from the crown around her head. A clean white dress lays folded at the edge of the bed. The door opens as Momma and Green step into the room. Blue's eyes are dull until she sees her sister.

Green runs to her. Blue smiles sheepishly.

BLUE  
How do I look?

Green stares at white flowers.

GREEN  
Pretty.

Green reaches out and holds Blue's hands.

GREEN (CONT'D)  
Does it hurt?

Blue reaches up and gently strokes the roots growing from her head.

BLUE  
A bit.

The Chaplain approaches Momma. He leans in and whispers in her ear. She nods. He turns towards the girls.

CHAPLAIN  
You girls have caused the village a great deal of trouble. You both have committed a grave offence to me and the all Consuming Woods. You both deserve swift punishment. But, that can come after we cure this affliction. We leave soon. You two may have a moment for farewell.

Green looks up, her eyes widening in surprise. The Chaplain turns and walks out the room. Momma approaches the girls. She picks up the folded white dress and hands it to Blue.

MOMMA  
You will need to put this on.

BLUE  
Why?



MOMMA

Now's not the time for questions my dear.  
Just do it.

GREEN

Do I not get a dress?

Momma gives Green a stern look.

MOMMA

You will be staying here.

Green freezes. Her grip on Blue's hands tighten. Realization spreads across her face.

GREEN

No! I wanna go with you!

MOMMA

The Chaplain made his choice. You will stay here. Pod will stay with you and watch over you.

GREEN

But...

Momma raises her voice.

MOMMA

No buts!

Green shrinks a bit.

GREEN

Okay....

Momma cups Blue's face with her hands. She kisses Blue's forehead.

MOMMA

Once you have that on come outside. We will be waiting.

Momma leaves the room, gently closing the door behind her. Blue and Green both sit in silence for a moment.

BLUE

I'm sorry.

Blue whispers to Green. Green tries to look at Blue, but Blue will not meet her gaze.

BLUE (CONT'D)

It's my fault we got caught.

GREEN

No its not.

Blue looks at her sister, tears have started to well in her eyes,

BLUE

I overheard the Chaplain and Momma talking again. I don't understand... I-I don't.

Blue's words trail off. Her mouth opens and closes, but no sound comes out.

Green looks at her sister in astonishment. Green hugs Blue while being careful to not put her head too close to the flower crown.

GREEN

When you get back, let's try again and we won't stop running. No matter what.

Blue weeps softly in Green's arms and nods.

EXT. COTTAGE YARD - DAY

Blue steps out of the cottage into the gloom of the outside. Her barefeet step softly on the grass, gently pushing her forward towards the Chaplain's outstretched hand. He wore a wide grin. The light hitting Blue's white dress and white flowers made her look radiant. She stopped in front of the Chaplain and looked around at the surrounding villagers.

All the villagers were dressed in a similar manner to the Chaplain. Blue looks behind her at the little cottage. Her sister stands in the open doorway next to Pod. She turns back and takes the Chaplain's hand. Momma is not far behind as the congregation begin to walk towards the village.

EXT. VILLAGE - DAY

As the congregation walked through the village, Blue looks around in amazement.

The series of houses look roughly like the cottage she lives in. Four wooden walls surround a wooden floor and a wooden roof. As she looks around she spots a face peeking through the window of one of the cottages. A small gaunt face of a child peeks out of the window. Blue raises her hand in a small wave. The little face quickly disappears. On her right is the Chaplain, his hand still holds hers. Her face scrunches as she looks at him, before continuing to observe what is around her.

The congregation approach a large building at the center of the village. It resembles the rotting trunk of a tree.

## INT. COTTAGE

Green sits in front of the fire. She watches the flames dance. Pod is in the rocking chair beside her, slowly rocking back and forth.

GREEN

Excuse me...

Pod looks at her.

GREEN (CONT'D)

How far is the other village?

Pod blinks.

POD

Other what?

Green looks taken aback.

POD (CONT'D)

Village, yes, its not far.

GREEN

Oh, umm, I just...

Green looks away from Pod and pulls her knees close to her chest.

POD

Little flower, you don't need to be worrying about that yet.

Green blinks and then looks up. A look of confusion is spreads on her face. She whispers.

GREEN

Yet?

## INT. CHAPEL - DAY

The inside of the chapel resembles that of a tree. Arching branches crisscross in the rafters. There are multiple cracks and splinters that allow light to illuminate the inside of the chapel. Blue is led to the center where a robed villager is crushing berries in a bowl. The Chaplain leads Blue up to the villger. He takes the bowl and turns to Blue.

CHAPLAIN

Hold out your arms.

BLUE

What does thi-

The Chaplain cuts her off.

CHAPLAIN  
Hold out your arms. Now.

Two robed villagers grab her arms and hold them out to the Chaplain.

BLUE  
Hey! Stop that!

Blue tries to protest, but fails. The Chaplain dips his fingers into the goopy blue berry paste. He drags his tainted fingers across the skin on her arms, tracing odd symbols on the skin. Blue looks towards Momma. She stands next to the Chaplain, saying nothing.

INT. COTTAGE - DAY

GREEN  
Why did you say yet?

Pod stops rocking in the chair.

POD  
Come again?

Green turns to face him. She opens her mouth and then closes it and furrows her brow.

GREEN  
You said, I don't need to worry yet. Why?

Pod swallows. He stares motionlessly at her.

POD  
Oh it doesn't mean anything, little flower.

Pod looks down and starts picking at his fingers.

GREEN  
Little flower, why did you call me that?

Pod looks up at Green, a dower frown on his face.

POD  
You're asking a lot of questions. I think you should go to your room.

Green shifts from side to side. She takes a deep breath.

GREEN  
I don't want too.

Her eyes fall on the pot next to the fireplace.

POD

I'm in charge of watching you until Momma returns. That means you do as I say.

Pod is tensing up. Green reaches a hand up to her head in a wince. Pod's eyes widen.

POD (CONT'D)

The signs...

Green looks at him, dawning realization spreads across her face.

GREEN

Is there another village?

EXT. CHAPEL - DAY

The congregation exits the chapel. Some members are praying, others are chanting in a strange tongue. In the center is Blue. Strange symbols cover her arms, neck, and face. She looks around eyes wide with growing terror. The Chaplain has her by the wrist now.

BLUE

Momma?

Blue calls out to Momma. She is standing next to Blue but refuses to look at her. The congregation is moving towards the All Consuming Woods.

INT. COTTAGE - DAY

Pod and Green stare at each other. Suddenly he springs forward. Green reaches over for the pot as fast as she can and grabs a hold of the handle. She swings it wildly in Pod's direction with her eyes closed and feels a shocking THUNK. Pod collapses next to Green. Blood seeps out of a gash on his head.

Green opens her eyes and gasps heavily. Bordering on hyperventilating she starts to shake. She looks up at the front door and stumble lunges for it.

EXT. COTTAGE - CONTINUOUS

Green stumbles onto the grass. She takes a moment to get her breath back and looks down the hill at the village below. She sees the congregation exiting the chapel and leading to the edge of the woods. She flinches and grabs her head again before getting up and running after.

EXT. VILLAGE - DAY

Green runs through the village, paying no heed to anyone. As she gets to the edge she sees the end of the congregation entering the Woods. She runs after them.

## EXT. CONSUMING WOODS - DAY

The Congregation tightens around Blue. The trees at the edge of the woods looked normal, Blue notices the change. The trees begin to twist and distort, the color of the bark becomes darker and darker.

## CHAPLAIN

Remember the prayers, chant in unison.

Blue pays no attention to chants of the congregation. Her eyes are transfixed upwards at the trees.

## EXT. CONSUMING WOODS EDGE - DAY

Green stops at the edge of the woods. Her breathes are ragged, she can hear chanting. She runs in.

## EXT. SMALL HILL - CONTINUOUS

The land starts to slope up into a small hill. Green stops running at the top and hides behind a tree as she sees the hill overlooks a small clearing. In this clearing the congregation is gathered around a weeping willow. She presses a hand onto the dark wood and leans into it.

The bark where her palm is placed gives in a bit, startling Green. She pulls her hand back and looks at it. Her palm is covered in a dusty ash. She scans the congregation and spots her sister. The congregation starts to surround Blue in a circle. The Chaplain stands at the base of the weeping willow. He is doing something Green cannot see.

## EXT. CLEARING - CONTINUOUS

Blue looks around frantically, the flowers on her crown bounce hypnotically with her movements.

## BLUE

Momma!

Blue calls out to Momma. She cannot see where Momma is. Her voice is saturated in sheer terror.

## BLUE (CONT'D)

Momma, what's going on?

Blue looks up at the weeping willow and cries. The willow is black with twists and contortions, the weeping vines are blood red and spindly.

## CHAPLAIN

Rejoice!

The circle opens up and the Chaplain walks in.

CHAPLAIN (CONT'D)

Rejoice! The Harvest has come! We have waited long arduous decades since the last with too many failed flowers.

The Congregation roars in approval. Two villagers step forward and grab Blue by the shoulder and arms.

BLUE

Let go! What are you doing? Where's Momma?

The Chaplain steps forward. In his hand is a dagger coated in ashen slime.

CHAPLAIN

You my dear flower, are saving us.

He gently drags the dull end of the blade across her flower crown. Blue squirms and tries to pull away. The Chaplain grins a wide grin. Momma walks from the outside of the circle to the inside.

BLUE

Momma?

Momma looks emotionless. The Chaplain raises his hands.

CHAPLAIN

Ah, Momma. There you are. If I do recall correctly the flowers almost got away due to your failures. But, I will give you a chance to redem this failure.

The Chaplain hands the dagger to Momma. He pats her shoulder.

CHAPLAIN (CONT'D)

I think you know what to do.

Momma looks at the dagger and then at the Chaplain and then at Blue. She walks swiftly over to her.

BLUE

Momma, please what i-

Momma plunges the dagger into Blue's chest.

EXT. SMALL HILL - CONTINUOUS

Green holds her hands against her mouth and screams. The screams are muffled. Hot tears are streaking down her face as she watches her sister cough and convulse. Blood pours from her chest and mouth with each cough. The two villagers still hold her up. As the blood starts pooling, the flower crown twitches. Suddenly the flower crown is wiggling and twisting.

The tendrils pull itself out of Blue's head. Green watches in horror as the Flower Crown comes alive and extracts itself from her sister's corpse.

The Flower Crown stood on its tendrils in front of the Chaplain. It was as tall as he was. Green never sees the rest.

She grabs her head and doubles over. The sides of her temples start to bulge and she lets out a SCREAM as the tendrils emerge.

The congregation is startled. The Chaplain motions to the group.

CHAPLAIN

Go find that.

Green stands up. Her entire body is quaking. She stumbles off deeper into the Consuming Woods.