

## SIREN SONG

six page short story  
written by David Hopkins

### PAGE ONE

1 - Establishing shot of a beach -- people in their swimsuits sitting on large towels, a few kids playing in the tiny waves, seagulls hover overhead. This is not an exotic tropical beach, but more the pathetic patch of sand typical for a major U.S. city, known more for their shipping ports than tourism. Bits of tall grass protrude through the sand.

JOHN (off panel, no pointer for the word balloon):  
Kendra!

Kendra!

CAPTION: I've never lost my daughter before.

2 - John, a black man in his mid twenties, wearing basketball shorts and a white tank top, hair cut short, no shoes (in my head, he looks a little like Mos Def) -- is on the beach looking for his daughter. He's in a panic.

JOHN: Kendra! Where are you?

CAPTION: Turned away for a second and she's gone.

3 - Close on John. He's looking off to the left. Sweat on his face, he is absolutely terrified. He's trembling on the verge of tears. His daughter is his whole world, and she's disappeared.

CAPTION: Please God. Where is she?

4 - Same shot. Now he's looking to the right.

JOHN: Kendra!

CAPTION: Please God.

### PAGE TWO

1 - John has approached an elderly white couple. John holds his hand at his stomach to indicate how tall his daughter is. The man is balding, glasses, hairy chest (white hair),

wearing Bermuda shorts, white socks pulled up, and saddles. He's holding a lawn chair, folded up. The woman is wearing a large sun hat and carrying a large bag with the beach towel, and holding a thick novel.

JOHN:                   Have you seen my daughter? I can't find her. She's about this tall and she got--

OLD MAN:             We haven't seen her.

2 - The elderly couple tries to keep walking, but John puts a hand on the woman's shoulder, trying to tell them more.

JOHN:                   No, she got braids, wearing a purple bathing suit--

OLD WOMAN:         I'm so sorry. We've been here all day, and we haven't seen her.

3 - John buries his face in his hands. He's in tears, this is too much.

JOHN:                   Her name is Kendra. She's eight years old, please if-- God--

4 - The Old Woman looks a little sympathetic to John. The Old Man keeps walking.

OLD WOMAN:         I'm so sorry.

OLD MAN:             Come on, we have to get going.

### PAGE THREE

1 - John keeps looking for his daughter. Calling out.

JOHN:                   Kendra!

2 - Close on him. Listening for something, anything.

CAPTION:             I hear something, so faint under the sounds of the waves.

3 - Close on him. His eyes get a little wider. He hears his daughter's voice.

THE VOICE (no word balloon):     Daaaaadddy...

4 - John turns around to look out to the ocean.

THE VOICE (no word balloon):     Daddy...

CAPTION: She's out there, but I can't see her.

PAGE FOUR

1 - John hurriedly rushes into the ocean, water up to his thighs. He's calling out.

JOHN: Kendra!

Can somebody help me! My daughter's out there!

2 - John's further into the ocean, water up to his stomach.

THE VOICE (no word balloon): Daddy...

CAPTION: It's all right. I'm coming.

3 - John, as he journeys further into the water. He's determined. We see the shoreline behind him; no one is on the beach.

JOHN: I need some help!

CAPTION: She's going to be okay.

4 - John is now swimming out in the water.

CAPTION: I've found her.

PAGE FIVE

1 - John swimming out into the ocean. We can't see the shoreline, only John swimming in the ocean.

THE VOICE: Daddy...

2 - Close on John. He's struggling to stay up, and still looking for her.

CAPTION: I've lost her.

3 - John cups his hands to his mouth, to shout out.

JOHN: Somebody help us!

4 - A curious look of horror on John's face as he struggles to keep his head above the water.

CAPTION:                   And then I feel the tiny hands tugging at my legs.

JOHN:                       Kendra?

## PAGE SIX

1 - The ocean, nothing but water to the horizon, with the sun beginning to set.

CAPTION:                   Kendra.

2 - Establishing shot of the beach, same as page one, panel one.

CAPTION:                   Kendra.

3 - Only see Kendra's hands as she plays with her toy bucket and shovel.

CAPTION:                   Where are you? Where did you go?

4 - Close on Kendra, sitting in the sand playing with her toy bucket and shovel.

CAPTION:                   I'll find you.

5 - Pull back, the elderly white couple walks past her (completely oblivious) in the background.