

**SCARECROW**

Written by  
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REVISED DRAFT -- 10/25/24

**OVER BLACK**

Bold red text scrolls up from the bottom of the SCREEN. As the words rise, a NARRATOR reads them off.

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
Scarecrow; an object usually suggesting a human figure that is set up to frighten birds away from crops. In this small town, however... Scarecrows serve a different purpose...

**FADE IN:**

**EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT**

Stars dot the cloudless sky. Below, the long road runs off into the distance, surrounded on either side by vast stretches of cornfield.

An old pick-up truck pulls off to the side of the road, parks. Smoke billows from under the hood.

JACKSON, (17), exits the driver's door, frustrated. He moves to the front of the truck, pops the hood.

More smoke dumps out. Jackson recoils, does his best to fan the smoke away with his hands.

SKYLAR (O.S.)  
How bad is it?

Jackson looks over at SKYLAR, (17), who hangs out the open passenger door window. He looks back at the smoking engine, runs his fingers through his hair.

JACKSON  
It's bad.  
(beat)  
I told your dad I'd have you home by eleven... Dammit.

Skylar laughs as she exits the truck. She walks over to Jackson, nods to the cornfield before them.

SKYLAR  
Chill out. We'll just cut through old Barney's field. C'mon!

Before Jackson can respond, she dashes off, disappears into the cornfield.

JACKSON  
Skylar! Hey, wait!

He hesitates to follow, stares out at the field, afraid.

Skylar GIGGLES in the tall stalks.

JACKSON  
(under his breath)  
Fuck me.

Slowly, Jackson steps forward, enters the cornfield.

**EXT. CORNFIELD BY COUNTRY ROAD**

Jackson cuts a path through the stalks.

JACKSON  
Skylar? Wait up!

No response.

Jackson slows to a stop, whips his head around, searches for any sign of her.

Nothing except an unnerving silence.

He sucks in a deep breath, takes a step forward. Then --

Skylar jumps out of the stalks, startles him! She laughs while he clutches at his chest.

Jackson can't help but chuckle, embarrassed. He exhales a nervous breath, turns back toward the way they came from.

JACKSON  
I didn't lock up the truck. We  
should probably head --

SKYLAR  
No one's gonna mess with your truck  
out here. Quit spazzing.

She grabs him by his arm, drags him deeper into the stalks.

**EXT. OLD FARMHOUSE - FRONT YARD - NIGHT**

The rundown building sits in the middle of the massive cornfield. About fifty yards behind it is a faded barn.

A dirt road connects the house and barn to a gravel driveway, which runs through the cornfield.

The front porch light pops on, the front-door opens, and an old farmer, BARNY, (64), steps into the open frame.

RED, a large dog, hurries past Barny, into the yard.

Barny looks out over the cornfield, up to the sky, then back to Red.

BARNY  
Make it quick, Red.

After a final glance at the cornfield, Barny heads back inside, closes the door behind him.

Red squats in the yard, does his business.

**EXT. CLEARING IN CORNFIELD - NIGHT**

A flattened out circular area in the field, diameter approximately fifteen yards wide.

Skylar leads Jackson into the clearing.

Jackson stops dead in his tracks, squeezes onto Skylar's hand, practically yanks her to a stop.

SKYLAR  
Hey! Ease up!

She looks to Jackson, his unblinking eyes locked onto something before them.

JACKSON  
We really shouldn't be out here.

Skylar follows his line of sight to the center of the clearing, where a generic scarecrow sits up on a post.

She frowns, turns back to Jackson.

SKYLAR  
A scarecrow? Are you serious?

JACKSON  
You haven't lived here long enough.  
I don't expect you to understand...

Jackson holds her hand tight, takes a step back, keeps his eyes on the scarecrow.

JACKSON (CONT'D)  
Let's just get out of here, yeah?

Skylar smirks, pulls away from him. She rushes over to the scarecrow, yanks it down off the post.

Dread falls over Jackson's face as the scarecrow drops to the ground with a THUD. He pushes past Skylar, grabs the scarecrow, heaves it back up to the post.

JACKSON  
(struggling, desperate)  
We've got to get it back up!

Skylar steps up behind Jackson, places a comforting hand on his shoulder, which he quickly shakes off. She SCOFFS.

SKYLAR  
Why are you freaking out over a  
fucking scarecrow!?

JACKSON  
Because...

Sweat beads up on Jackson's pale brow as he strains to lift the scarecrow up on the post.

JACKSON (CONT'D)  
Scarecrows keep him away.

Skylar frowns, both confused and a little creeped out.

SOMETHING MOVES in the stalks nearby, startles both Skylar and Jackson, who drops the scarecrow.

Eyes locked on the stalks, Jackson steps backwards towards Skylar, who grabs his arm. She trembles, afraid.

SKYLAR  
Him?

RASPY BREATHING comes from the stalks.

Skylar cowers behind Jackson, who looks like he's going to shit his pants on the spot.

#### **EXT. OLD FARMHOUSE - FRONT YARD**

Red trots around the front yard, sniffing around. He stops, his ears perk up.

In the distance, Skylar lets out a blood chilling SCREAM.

Red dashes to the edge of the front yard, stops just before a wall of stalks, barks up a storm.

The front door opens and Barny rushes out. He sees Red barking at the cornfield, squints his eyes and peers out over the tall stalks.

Skylar SCREAMS again.

Without hesitation, Barny runs back inside the house. Only a few brief moments pass before he reappears, shotgun in hand. He darts towards the cornfield, WHISTLES for Red.

The loyal dog follows his owner into the stalks.

**EXT. CORNFIELD BY COUNTRY ROAD**

Jackson limps through the stalks, clutches a bloody wound on his thigh as he pushes forward.

He glances back over his shoulder, but sees nothing.

RASPY BREATHING comes from the stalks, seemingly from all around him.

Jackson slows to a stop, whips his head back and forth, absolutely horrified. Just then, a rusty pitchfork thrusts out from the stalks and stabs through his neck!

A HORRIBLE CROAK escapes Jackson's lips as dark blood leaks out of his nose and mouth. His eyes roll over white.

**EXT. CLEARING IN CORNFIELD**

Red creeps out of the stalks, into the clearing. He approaches a figure lying on the ground.

It's Skylar's corpse, drenched in blood. A rusty sickle is lodged into the back of her head.

Red WHIMPERS as he sniffs her body.

FOOTSTEPS nearby get Red's attention. He stands his ground, growls at something in the stalks before him.

**EXT. CORNFIELD BY CLEARING**

Barny quietly hurries through the stalks. Alert, his eyes dart back and forth. He steps out into the --

**EXT. CLEARING IN CORNFIELD**

Barny spots Skylar's bloody corpse on the far side of the clearing. Wide eyed, he turns his gaze to the empty post in the center of the clearing. Fear falls over him.

He looks around, spots the scarecrow on the ground nearby, completely torn to shreds. Then --

RASPY BREATHING comes from the stalks, startles Barny. He spins around and FIRES into the cornfield. Silence follows.

Barny squints, sees something crumpled over in the shadows, just at the edge of the clearing. It's Red.

The dog lies motionless, hidden in darkness.

Carefully, Barny approaches his dog, his eyes constantly scanning the surrounding cornfield for movement.

He reaches Red, pulls out a lighter, sparks a flame.

The flickering light reveals Red in a seated position, decapitated and disemboweled! The dog's decapitated head has been shoved inside of his own stomach, his dead eyes stare back at his horrified owner.

Barny stumbles backwards, shocked and disgusted.

FOOTSTEPS rapidly approach from behind the old man, who spins around and aims his shotgun.

Before Barny can even get a shot off, the rusty pitchfork is stabbed into the upper part of his face, piercing an eye! Blood oozes down his face, while his jaw clinches so tightly that his front teeth crack and pop out!

**SMASH TO BLACK.**

Once more, bold red text scrolls up from the bottom of the SCREEN. Again, a Narrator reads the words aloud.

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
Here... In this small town...  
Scarecrows keep him away.

**FADE OUT.**