

Ayisiyinihkân

by  
Sir Cornholio

FADE IN:

EXT. FIELD - NIGHT

Heavy breathing as two CONVICTS run through a field of tall grass. The long, far off wail of a siren starts up.

In the hazy distance behind them, spotlights crisscross in search patterns over the field.

TOM (40s), a big Native American, jumps nimbly over a creek. He looks back as KARL (30s), African American, makes the jump but falls short, splashing at the edge of the water.

KARL

Fuck!

Tom motions for Karl to hurry and they run off under the cloudy sky towards--

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

Tom and Karl slow as they enter the darkness of the trees. They stop to catch their breath.

KARL

You said we'd be long gone before they found us missing.

TOM

Nothing we can do about it now. We have to go.

Tom moves off and vanishes in the dark. Karl follows.

KARL

Hey! I can't see shit!

Karl trips over a root and falls hard. He scampers to his feet and jogs ahead, arms out to ward against trees.

SMACK! Karl cracks his head on a low branch and crashes to the ground again.

He groans, holding his head. A murky figure swims into his vision...

Tom, holding out his hand, grinning.

TOM

Now I'm your seeing eye dog, too.

Karl takes the hand and is hauled to his feet.

KARL  
Fuck you, kemosabe.

Tom slaps Karl on the shoulder and they dash off together.

EXT. ROCKY BEACH - NIGHT

Tom and Karl burst from the trees onto the rocks. A dark expanse of water stretches out before them with the outline of trees a mile across it.

TOM  
Shit. We missed the road.

KARL  
Which way is it?

Tom looks up one way, down the other. He shrugs.  
They hear distant barking.

KARL (CONT'D)  
Oh, fucking great. Here come the dogs.

Tom contemplates the lake.

TOM  
Can you swim?

Karl looks at the lake and instantly recoils.

KARL  
No fucking way am I going in that water.

TOM  
We won't lose the dogs on land.

KARL  
No, we'll get eaten by a fucking monster fish instead.

Tom gives him a doubtful look.

KARL (CONT'D)  
I seen them Discovery Channel shows. All kinds of nasty shit living in lakes and rivers, real man-eaters. Ain't no way I'm going out like that.

The barking is getting closer. Tom takes off his shoes and ties the laces together.

TOM

I've seen those shows. There aren't any of those creatures in these parts. Take off your shoes.

KARL

No way, man! Just because they haven't been on TV don't mean they ain't lurking in there, waiting for a late night snack!

Tom puts his shoes around his neck and wades out to his hips. He turns back to Karl.

TOM

Come. You are safe with me.

KARL

Yeah? What if you're wrong?

TOM

There might be something out there, but if you stay you will definitely be captured.

Agitated, Karl paces, caught between the barking dogs and his fear. He kicks off his shoes.

KARL

I hope it eats your ass first.

Tom smiles and nods as Karl wades out, shoes around his neck. They start swimming.

EXT. LAKE - NIGHT

Karl and Tom swim with long, powerful strokes.

Suddenly, Karl thrashes.

KARL

Something just touched my leg!

TOM

Probably a weed. Keep swimming.

KARL

No, man, I mean like grabbed me!

Tom swims back to the panicking Karl. He swims in a circle around him.

TOM

I feel it. A branch, maybe a log or submerged tree. Nothing to be afraid of.

KARL

You sure?

Tom nods. He begins to swim again.

KARL (CONT'D)

You ever watch Survivorman?

TOM

I don't watch TV.

KARL

You said you watched them river monsters shows!

TOM

I lied.

KARL

Motherfu--!

TOM

Ssh!

On the beach, dogs bark and yip. Flashlights play across the sand and then point out onto the lake.

SUPER TROOPER

(over megaphone)

Convicts! Return to shore immediately!

Tom turns to see Karl already swimming away. He swims after him.

EXT. SANDY BEACH - NIGHT

Karl rushes out of the water. He pants heavily, hands on his knees.

Tom wades calmly out to stand next to him.

TOM

You did well to face your fear.

KARL

It'll take them hours to go around the lake.

Tom sees headlights moving towards them at the near end of the lake.

TOM

Maybe not.

Karl follows Tom's look.

KARL

There's the fucking road.

They hastily put on their wet shoes.

EXT. CORN FARM - NIGHT

Karl and Tom run through the brush out into another vast expanse of sky. The moon breaks through the clouds to reveal a sea of tall corn stalks.

KARL

Think they brought dogs in those vehicles?

TOM

No. The dogs were already on our trail.

KARL

Then we can lose them in there and get away before the dogs show up.

Karl and Tom rush down the hill towards the corn, stopping at a barbed wire fence. Karl carefully moves through it and is about to enter the corn, but Tom hasn't followed.

KARL (CONT'D)

(whisper)

Tom! Come on!

Tom doesn't move. Karl looks to see what has Tom so riveted.

Towards the center of the field, presiding over the corn, is a hulking SCARECROW. The outstretched arms end in thick leather gloves. Over the stuffed clothes is a long, tattered leather jacket with a high collar. The head can't be seen beneath the huge brim of the leather hat.

Karl snaps his fingers at Tom. Tom breaks his gaze to look at him.

KARL (CONT'D)

You afraid of a fucking scarecrow?

Tom just stares at him.

KARL (CONT'D)

After all your shit back at the lake, you gonna pussy out that?

TOM

(whisper)

*Ayisiyinihkân.*

KARL

What the fuck did you say?

Tom closes his eyes, steeling himself. He moves through the fence.

KARL (CONT'D)

We get through this, I'll take you to Burning Man.

Karl chuckles at his own joke and moves into the corn.

Tom gives the Scarecrow one final look before following.

EXT. CORN FIELD - NIGHT

Tom pushes deeper into the corn rows. There's no sign of Karl. He stops.

TOM

(whisper)

Karl!

Tom looks up and down the corn row. The moonlight casts eerie shadows.

Tom steps through to the next row and listens.

Suddenly, a hand clamps over his mouth, muffling his scream!

KARL

Caw! Caw! Caw!

Karl laughs as Tom shoves him off.

KARL (CONT'D)

Oh man, you should see your face!

Tom motions for silence. They hear vehicles approach and stop. Doors open and men disembark.

SUPER TROOPER (O.S.)

They were spotted coming this way.  
Pair up and fan out. Check in  
every five minutes. Move!

Tom and Karl exchange a determined look. They push deeper into the corn.

EXT. CORN FIELD CLEARING - NIGHT

Tom comes to a wide path through the corn field. He checks one way, sees only corn.

He looks the other way, and there, in a clearing, next to a tall, narrow wooden shed, is the Scarecrow.

Tom freezes. Even his breath stops. He stares at the Scarecrow with dread.

A rustle ahead of him snaps his attention away. Karl pokes his head through the corn.

KARL

I ain't waiting for you, Tom!

Tom darts across the path, not looking at the Scarecrow.

KARL (CONT'D)

Go ahead of me, you big baby.

EXT. CORN FIELD - NIGHT

Tom pushes through the corn, followed by Karl. They hear more rustling nearby and the squawk of a radio.

Tom moves away from the sound.

After a moment, he stops to listen. It's quiet. He turns, but Karl isn't there.

Tom is about to head back when he hears rustling from another direction. He sees two STATE TROOPERS moving through the corn nearby, flashlights pointing ahead of them.

Tom waits until they pass, then moves quietly in the other direction.

EXT. CORN FIELD CLEARING - NIGHT

He comes to another edge of the clearing. In the center, the post the Scarecrow was on is empty. The Scarecrow is gone.

Tom drops to the ground, eyes searching in every direction.

EXT. CORN FIELD - NIGHT

The two State Troopers trudge through the corn.

NEWB TROOPER

(quietly)

The dogs are twenty minutes out.  
We should form a perimeter and  
wait.



HUNTER TROOPER  
You ever hunt grouse?

NEWB TROOPER  
I don't hunt.

HUNTER TROOPER  
They hide in huge fields of tall  
grass. And they're quiet. You  
could walk not six inches from one  
and you'd never know it. You have  
to flush them out.

Hunter Trooper flashes his light up and down a corn row.

HUNTER TROOPER (CONT'D)  
That's what we're doing. Keep them  
running and let the dogs track  
them down.

A rustle behind him. He turns, pistol ready. There's no  
sign of Newb Trooper.

A rustle close to his left. He turns--

--and comes face to face with the Scarecrow!

EXT. CORN FIELD - NIGHT

Super Trooper trudges through the corn, radio in hand.

SUPER TROOPER  
Delta group, report.

He waits a moment. No response.

SUPER TROOPER (CONT'D)  
Delta group, report in.

Nothing.

SUPER TROOPER (CONT'D)  
Is anyone near Delta?

FOXTROT TROOPER (V.O.)  
(over radio)  
This is Foxtrot, we passed Delta a  
few minutes ago.

SUPER TROOPER  
Get back there and check it out.

FOXTROT TROOPER (V.O.)  
Copy.

Super Trooper spots a footprint in the dirt. He bends to  
inspect it.

A large shadow passes over him.

EXT. CORN FIELD CLEARING - NIGHT

CRACK! Tom jerks up at the sound of a gunshot. Then another. And another. And another.

He hears rustling in the corn all around as State Troopers rush towards the sound.

Tom yanks open the shed door, revealing an assortment of farming tools. His eyes settle on a sickle.

EXT. CORN FIELD - NIGHT

Foxtrot Trooper and his partner find Super Trooper lying on the ground, a bullet through his head.

Four more State Troopers burst onto the scene, guns drawn.

FOXTROT TROOPER

They must have got the drop on him. Stick together.

A rustle in the corn. They all turn and fire--

EXT. CORN FIELD CLEARING - NIGHT

Tom hears a barrage of gunshots. Then, a cry of agony, followed by silence.

TOM

Fuck this!

He runs in the other direction but stops before the corn.

A figure stands in the shadows before him.

TOM (CONT'D)

Karl?

A grizzled, weathered FARMER (70s) steps out of the corn, shotgun pointed at Tom.

FARMER

Stay where you are, fella. I got no problem blasting you to Kingdom come.

Tom lets the sickle drop. He raises his hands.

The Farmer looks at the empty post.

FARMER (CONT'D)

What did you do with my scarecrow?

TOM

Wasn't me.

FARMER

It didn't just get up and walk off. Hasn't done that in years.

Tom's eyes widen as his blood runs cold.

FARMER (CONT'D)

I hope your friend didn't take it down. It doesn't like that.

TOM

Just let me go, mister.

FARMER

Nah, 'fraid I can't do that. Not with those good old boys shootin' anything that moves.

A shadow moves behind the Farmer. Tom's eyes go wider.

The Farmer gives him a knowing look.

FARMER (CONT'D)

You're a Cree, ain't ya?

Tom sees the Scarecrow step out from the corn without a rustle. It towers over the Farmer.

FARMER (CONT'D)

Yeah, you are. I can tell. That scarecrow, it came from the Cree. Been around longer than the Constitution, right in this here field.

The Scarecrow steps right up to the Farmer.

Tom is shaking with fear. The Farmer notices. He turns around--

The Scarecrow grabs him by the throat, lifts him off the ground!

The Farmer, wide-eyed, gasps and struggles, but the Scarecrow is too strong!

Tom dives to the ground. His fingers curl around the sickle.

The Scarecrow throws the Farmer. He lands with a thud, rolls, and lies still.

Tom launches himself at the Scarecrow, burying the sickle in its side!

He tears out the sickle and spins, slicing the Scarecrow across the chest!

The scarecrow shrieks and lunges at Tom! They land in a pile, rolling over in the dirt!

Tom ends up on top and buries the sickle through the wide-brimmed hat into the Scarecrow's head.

The Scarecrow stops moving. After a moment, Tom gets up, breathing heavily.

TOM

Rest, now. Rest, in peace.

Tom turns away. A muffled laugh comes from behind him. He turns to see the scarecrow rise up, shaking with laughter, the sickle still buried in its head.

Tom watches in horror as the scarecrow's head rolls off and lands heavily at his feet.

Karl's head pops up from the oversized chest.

KARL

Boo, motherfucker!

Karl howls with laughter, wincing in pain at the same time.

TOM

Karl?

KARL

Rest in peace?

(laughs, winces)

Ow, fuck! You cut me good.

He feels his side. His hand comes away bloody.

TOM

Is it bad?

KARL

Nah, I'll live.

TOM

So that was all you?

KARL

You were so scared of this straw man, I figured, what the fuck, use it to spook the troopers. It worked for the first two, after that...

Karl takes out two police issue 9mm handguns.

KARL (CONT'D)  
I did what I do best.

Karl peels off the scarecrow clothes, mindful of his injured side.

KARL (CONT'D)  
But then you just had to grow a pair and stick me with that thing!

Tom is bewildered. He looks at the Farmer.

TOM  
But he said--

KARL  
Shit, man, he was pulling your leg. Old guy like that, facing a hardened criminal. Even with a shotgun, he was shitting bricks. So he tried a little psychological warfare on your ass. Kept him nice and distracted, though, so I could whoop him real good.

Tom checks the Farmer.

TOM  
At least he's still alive.

KARL  
We gotta bounce, now.

Karl hauls Tom away from the Farmer.

KARL (CONT'D)  
You were really scared of the straw guy, weren't you? Like, a serious phobia? When we get to Canada, you should get that shit checked out.

Tom casts one last glance back at the scarecrow. The head is facing their direction. He shivers and walks into the corn after Karl.

The scarecrow watches them. A soft, low rustle is heard, like a breeze through the corn. It grows louder, and louder, and louder, until--

FADE OUT.