

THE CORN FIELD

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Final Draft

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FADE IN:

EXT. CORN FIELD - DAY

A farmer, who's in his 40s, wears a old straw hat, and blue overalls, stands on his old wooden ladder smack dead in the middle of his rich corn field.

He removes his hat and wipes away the sweat off his forehead.

Today, is a hot day and the humidity is pretty damn bad.

The farmer is very satisfy on how the corn field looks. He puts back on his straw hat and climbs down the ladder.

As he gets off his ladder and walks, the sun begins to fade away.

Dark clouds start rolling in and disrupts a hot but nice looking day.

The farmer stops and looks up.

He scratches his head with confusion all over his round face.

FARMER
(mumbles)
I could've sworn that weatherman said
no rain, today.

There's a low rumble of thunder.

The wind blows at a strong pace.

There's a flash of lighting which shows off an impressive display.

The rain all the sudden starts to fall pretty hard.

The farmer starts to run to get out of the field to escape the storm.

A strong gust of wind makes his hat fly off his head and lands on the now wet ground behind him

The farmers turns and sees it.

He rushes over and reaches down to pick it up but wind pushes the hat further down.

The thunder now clashes loudly.

The farmers knows he has to get out of the field for his safety but he doesn't want to leave his trustee straw hat behind.

His hat comes to a stop. He hurries over to grab it and when he reaches down - SCHWING

A wicked design sharp grappling hook shoots right through the hat. It catches the farmer so off guard that he falls down on his ass.

FARMER (cont'd)
(shock)
What the Fuck!

The farmer is pure stun.

The grappling hooks just as fast as it came up, pulls his hat straight into the ground.

The farmer as fast as he could gets back on his feet and runs for his life.

The storm gets even more intense. His face gets belted by the corn shanks as he runs by.

The farmer clears the field for few yards but then falls face first like a ton of bricks crying in pain.

He pounds his fist hard on the muddy ground.

FARMER (cont'd)
OH, GOD! FUCK!

He looks down at his right leg and can't believe what he sees.

The same grappling hook that took his old straw hat down below has pierce right through his right knee. There's blood all over the ground from the grotesque wound.

The farmer rolls over onto his back with his eyes close and breaths really hard. He doing on all he can to keep it together.

He slowly sits up and sees the grappling hooks long chain comes from deep inside the corn field.

The chain tightens up really fast without warning.

The farmer screams again as the grappling hook locks in deeper into the wound.

The chain then drags the farmer back across the field.

The farmer tries everything he could stop from being drag but the force of the pull is just to much for him to overcome.

The farmer is now being drag through the corn field but is still trying to break free.

He screams out.

FARMER (cont'd)
STOP! STOP! GOD! HELP ME! HELP ME!

The further he goes into the corn field, his screams fade away and then silence.

The farmer is never seen again.

The storm breaks up and goes away almost like it never happen.

The sun makes it's return and shines it's light onto the corn field.

FADE TO BLACK.