

SCARECROW
by
TODD FARMER

EXT. NEBRASKA FARM LAND - DAY

Corn fields. As far as the eye can see. Dry parched earth. Withered leaves. It's not a good season to be a farmer. As our view scans the horizon we hear SINGING -- an old hymn.

SINGING VOICES (O.S.)

Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of
prayer, that calls me from a world
of care, and bids me at my Father's
throne, make all my wants and
wishes known.

Soon a weathered, steepled church comes into view. Beyond it, a small rural town sits peacefully.

INT. WEATHERED CHURCH - DAY

SINGING VOICES

In seasons of distress and grief,
my soul has often found relief, and
oft escaped the tempter's snare by
thy return, sweet hour of prayer!

The small auditorium is packed with local folk dressed in their meager but best Sunday attire. Many wave small fans stenciled with "John 3:16" to escape the summer heat. The hymn ends. The congregation sits.

BROTHER PHILLIPS walks up to the podium. He has sad eyes, speaks with both passion and sincerity.

BROTHER PHILLIPS

As Jenny and me was walkin' to
church this mornin' I said a little
prayer. You see, I was angry with
God. How could he stand by while
good people suffered? He created
the heavens and the earth. He
created man and he brought his only
begotten son back from the dead!
Could he not then send the small
miracle of rain to a flock in need?

The congregation stares in shock. His near-blasphemy holds them on the edge of their seats.

BROTHER PHILLIPS (CONT'D)

But I was a fool. In my vanity I'd
forgotten the writings of Matthew.
"If God so clothe the grass of the
field shall he not much more clothe
you, O ye of little faith?"

As he continues to speak we move through the congregation.

BROTHER PHILLIPS (O.S.) (CONT'D)

"Therefore, take no thought,
saying, What shall we eat? or, What
shall we drink? or, Wherewithall
shall we be clothed? For your
heavenly Father knoweth that ye
have need of these things."

Humble members stare back at him with bright eyes, listening for hope in his words. All but one.

ROY SOLOMON sits in the back. A frown spreads across his face. He fidgets.

BROTHER PHILLIPS (O.S.) (CONT'D)

"But seek ye first the kingdom of
God, and his righteousness; and all
these things shall be given unto
you."

Solomon's heard this all before. He stares down at the tattered Bible in his hand. His name stenciled on the cover.

BROTHER PHILLIPS (CONT'D)

Let us pray.

All heads bow. All but Solomon's.

BROTHER PHILLIPS (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Dear heavenly Father, we your
humble servants, come before you
not in asking, but in thanks, for
your wonderful blessings.

Solomon tosses his Bible on the pew and stands. His wife, DENISE, looks up.

DENISE

(whispers) Roy?

Solomon exits the church without looking back.

EXT. WEATHERED CHURCH - DAY

He strides down a cracked sidewalk, his face blank, heading toward the center of --

EXT. CROSSVILLE CITY, NEBRASKA - DAY

Courthouse, bank, post office, Piggly Wiggly and a farmer's co-op.

Throw in a couple of diners and a clothing store and you have Crossville City in all its glory. It's a ghost town at the moment -- the entire population in church. Solomon starts across the street as --

TIRES SQUEAL

He jumps back as an aging BMW stops just short of him. MARTY leaps out and rushes to him.

MARTY

Holy-moly, Solomon? I nearly got ya good. You okay? Why ain't you in church?

SOLOMON

I could ask you the same thing.

MARTY

I'm headin' there now, buddy. Had that bankin' seminar in Lincoln. Drove all night to get back in time. Hop in I give ya a ride.

SOLOMON

No thanks...not feeling well.

Solomon starts to walk away.

MARTY

Sorry to hear that, Roy. I actually been meanin' to stop by and see ya. I mean if you're feelin' up to it.

Solomon stares at Marty knowingly.

SOLOMON

Why Marty?

MARTY

It's about the note on the farm...

SOLOMON

I know I'm behind, Marty, I don't need you to stop by and tell me.

MARTY

Three months, Roy. Three months behind. You know I'd extend it if I could but Chapman's already talking foreclosure.

SOLOMON

Look around, Marty. Show me a crop that isn't dying. Is Chapman going after everyone else too?

MARTY

You're the only one this far behind, Roy. Maybe if you could come up with just one month's worth. I think I could smooth--

SOLOMON

--Denise was laid off last week.

MARTY

Oh. I'm sorry, I hadn't heard.

SOLOMON

Sure you hadn't.

MARTY

Hey. Roy, it's me.

SOLOMON

Man, Marty, I'm sorry. I just can't think straight.

MARTY

Look, I'll talk to Chapman. Okay? Keep the faith, buddy, this will all work out.

Solomon nods, walks away.

MARTY (CONT'D)

And you feel better, okay?

EXT. THE SOLOMON FARM - DAY

Sunflowers: in assorted stages of growth. All brown and in need of water. All dying. Those furthest along in development have large grotesque heads. Not the beautiful round flowers we have seen in pictures. Misshapen. Deformed.

They eerily stare toward the noon sun.

But worse are the crows. Hundreds of them. Eating like there's no tomorrow.

Solomon stands on his porch and stares out at his dying field and his feasting crows. He rubs his temple in pain.

INT. SOLOMON FARMHOUSE - DAY

The decor is meager. A mirror hangs on the wall in front of a threadbare couch. Solomon stares at his reflection. His face is blank, tired.

He crosses to the fireplace and stares at a photo. A family photo. Denise, Solomon and their 14 year old daughter, JESSICA.

A GUTTERAL GROWL

Solomon turns and sees a large multi-colored dog staring through the screen door. Solomon opens the door. The dog pauses looking timid.

SOLOMON

It's okay, she ain't here.

The dog rushes in and lies down on the couch.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)

You know you're not supposed to be up there.

The dog hunkers down as if ready to playfully pounce. Solomon dives on top of him. They wrestle as we --

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SOLOMON FARMHOUSE - LATER

Man and beast are curled on the couch fast asleep.

DENISE (O.S.)

Roy Solomon!

Man and beast look up, sleepily. Denise stands over them.

DENISE (CONT'D)

How many times have I asked you not to bring that stupid dog into the house?

Denise crosses into the kitchen. Solomon staggers to his feet and opens the front door.

SOLOMON

How many times have I've asked you not to call him a stupid dog?

DENISE

Then give him a proper name.

SOLOMON

He has a proper name. Come on,
Dawg. Get out there and chase away
them crows.

The dog rushes out and promptly lies down on the porch.

DENISE

I hope you know the whole town's
talking about you walking out of
church.

SOLOMON

And tomorrow they'll be talkin'
about someone else.

DENISE

Roy, what's the matter?

SOLOMON

I just don't see the point anymore.

DENISE

The point in what?

SOLOMON

Nothing. Nevermind.

Solomon glances out at his sunflowers for a moment, then
collapses onto the couch.

INT. SOLOMON FARMHOUSE - OFFICE BEDROOM - NIGHT

Solomon sits at a card table in this otherwise empty room,
pink butterflies painted on the walls. The table is stacked
high with bills. We can see the frustration on his face.
There's a tick in his left eye as Denise enters.

DENISE

Roy, supper's been on the table for
30 minutes.

Solomon runs his fingers through his hair.

SOLOMON

How long did we go last time before
they shut off the power?

DENISE

Two months?

SOLOMON

Then they're behind schedule.

DENISE
What's wrong with your eye?

SOLOMON
What's a migraine feel like?

DENISE
I've never had one. Should I call
Doc Sanders?

SOLOMON
Not unless you plan on paying him
with a hand job.

DENISE
Roy Solomon! That is it! I'm
taking that job in Valentine.

SOLOMON
No, you're not. We talked about
this.

DENISE
Roy, we are out of money!

SOLOMON
I'll make the money we need.

DENISE
It's a hundred dollars on a bad
night, Roy.

SOLOMON
It's a two-hour drive one way,
Denise. What if I need the truck?

DENISE
That's it? That's your reason? It
doesn't bother you that I'd be
driving four hours a day?

SOLOMON
What do you want from me? I said
you're not working there. Does the
reason matter?

She stomps out of the room.

EXT. CROSSVILLE CITY - FARMER'S CO-OP - DAY

Solomon pulls up in a beat up Chevy. He crosses to a pallet
stacked with bags of fertilizer.

He chunks a bag on a large scale as BOBBY approaches, eying Solomon nervously and failing to make eye contact.

BOBBY
Mr. Solomon.

SOLOMON
Bobby.

Solomon tosses three more bags on the scale. There's clearly a tension between these two.

BOBBY
Pop says you been sick.

SOLOMON
Do I get to take a guess or what?

BOBBY
Er, yeah, course. You ready?

Solomon considers the bags on the scale.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
Guess the weight and your purchase is free.

SOLOMON
Ninety-eight pounds, fifteen ounces.

Bobby flips open a panel on the scale and reads --

BOBBY
Hun'erd and fourteen pounds, two ounces.

SOLOMON
Figures. Put'em on my tab.

BOBBY
Uh, Mr. Solomon. I can't...you're supposed to...nevermind. I'll put 'em on your tab.

Solomon gives Bobby a curious glance then tosses one of the bags in the bed of his truck.

MR. PETERSON (O.S.)
Bobby?

MR. PETERSON, the Co-op's owner, steps forward. Bobby looks guilty as hell.

MR. PETERSON (CONT'D)
 I thought I told you...Solomon,
 leave the bags for now. I need a
 word.

Peterson motions Solomon toward the co-op doors. Solomon frowns but does as he's asked. Then Peterson turns to Bobby and gestures for him to get the bags out of Solomon's truck.

CUT TO:

EXT. CROSSVILLE CITY - FARMER'S CO-OP - DAY

The co-op door BURSTS open. Solomon stomps toward his Chevy. MR. PETERSON follows him.

MR. PETERSON
 Roy, don't be like that. I'm
 trying to run a business here.

Other farmers stare as Solomon climbs in his old Chevy.

MR. PETERSON (CONT'D)
 I'm not the bad guy here, Solomon.
 Pay your bills and this wouldn't
 happen!

Solomon TEARS out, throwing up rock and dust.

EXT. THE SOLOMON FARM - SUNFLOWER FIELD - DAY

Solomon moves through the field with his dog, checking the health of his crop.

He stares at one of the flower blooms. It's deformed and grotesque. He pulls it toward him and inspects it for seeds. It has hardly any.

He stoops to the ground. Empty seed shells dot the earth. He glances to the base of another stalk. More shells.

Suddenly he RIPS the entire stalk from the ground! His dog leaps back cowering as he rips up another! Then another! The dog runs away as Solomon stumbles, falls. Breathing heavy, he looks up as --

TWO CROWS

land on the uprooted stalks and feast on the remaining seeds.

Solomon SCREAMS and rushes them.

EXT. THE SOLOMON FARM - DAY

Looking out over the field we can see Solomon's path by the many crows taking flight. Solomon's SCREAMS chasing them.

Eventually, he stumbles from his field, exhausted and collapses on a bank just below a dirt road.

Lying on his back, gazing up at the blazing sun --

SOLOMON

I give up.

On the heat-distorted horizon an OLD PICK-UP appears. Not unlike Clint Eastwood's horseback appearance in High Plains Drifter...

As it draws closer it becomes clearer. A '56 Ford, its bed loaded with junk -- stained mattress, old rocker, etc.

As it approaches the spot where Solomon lies --

KUH-POW!

The tire blows. Solomon jerks and sits up as the old Ford comes to a stop.

BRODY steps from the Ford. He's old with leathery skin. He stares down at the flat then digs in the bed of his truck and comes up with a spare and jack.

Solomon stands, watches as Brody struggles with the jack.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)

You need some help, old-timer?

Brody twists around, stares at Solomon.

BRODY

I do not but I neva turn it down.

Solomon climbs up the bank and takes the jack.

SOLOMON

That don't sound much like a Nebraskan accent you carry there, Mister.

BRODY

Nossir, Creole thru an' thru. Up from Baton Rouge. Philip Brody.

Brody offers his hand. Solomon takes it.

SOLOMON

Roy Solomon.

Solomon jacks the pick-up as Brody pulls the old rocker from the bed and has a seat. Solomon frowns, but continues.

BRODY

Don'cha love how them sunflowers
gaze up at the sun? They follow it
across the sky like it wuz a god.

SOLOMON

Never gave it much thought.

BRODY

Not much of a farmer is you.

SOLOMON

Beg'pardon?

BRODY

Your crop look like hell.

SOLOMON

Dunno how it works in Louisiana,
Mr. Brody, but we don't exactly
control the rain around here.

BRODY

Rain not the problem. Crows.
Crows the problem.

SOLOMON

'preciate the tip.

BRODY

My pleasure.

SOLOMON

Look, pal, once the crows set in
you're finished. They eat
everything and there's no pesticide
to kill them.

BRODY

You saying it's an act of God.

SOLOMON

I'm saying there's a reason they
call it a murder of crow.

BRODY

What you need you a scarecrow.

SOLOMON
 (chuckles) For 25 acres? I'd need
 a scarecrow every ten feet, no
 thanks.

Brody throws his head back and LAUGHS. It's a horrid sound
 complete with HACKING COUGH and all.

BRODY
 Maybe you ain't tried the right
 scarecrow. Gotta find the right
 scare or they ain't worth the straw
 they stuffed with.

Solomon tightens the lug nuts on the spare.

SOLOMON
 Well, there you are. Good as new.
 Best of luck to ya.

BRODY
 I pay ya now.

SOLOMON
 No need. Was my pleasure.

BRODY
 Nah, you like this pay.

Brody roots around in the bed of his truck and eventually
 pulls out a long bundle wrapped in a tarp.

SOLOMON
 What's that?

Brody throws open the tarp.

BRODY
 Scarecrow.

Sure enough, wrapped within the tarp is A SCARECROW, but not
 like any scarecrow Solomon's ever seen. It looks more like a
 fossilized corpse. Its face is withered and cracked. Like
 old bark or cracking clay. A creeper-like vine protrudes
 from one cheek, dried out and brown. More creepers jut
 through its clothing.

SOLOMON
 Jesus.

BRODY (CONT'D)
 Jesus won't scare away no crow.
 Scarecrow will. You take.

SOLOMON
I...I couldn't.

BRODY
Nah, you take. It solve all your
problems.

EXT. THE SOLOMON FARM - BARN - DAY

Solomon leans the scarecrow against the barn and stares at it
for a long beat. Then --

SOLOMON
What the hell.

He throws open the barn doors.

Inside we see the massive set up of a Sunflower farmer. Giant
boiling vat and an even larger roasting oven. Solomon tosses
a post from inside the barn, exits with a posthole digger.

CHING-CHING -- a bicycle bell.

JESSICA (O.S.)
Daddy?

Solomon spins around. JESSICA (14) rides up from behind the
farmhouse with a backpack and sleeping bag.

SOLOMON
Hey, baby!

Solomon rushes to her, gives her a big hug.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)
How was camp?

JESSICA
Horrid. I missed you and mamma so
much. I knew I'd hate it.

She hugs him even tighter.

SOLOMON
Well, baby if you didn't want to
go, why did ya?

JESSICA
Figured you and momma needed some
time alone. You two okay?

SOLOMON
I guess.

JESSICA

You guess?

SOLOMON

Don't you worry. We couldn't be happier.

JESSICA

Since when did you become such a good liar?

Solomon smiles at his daughter.

SOLOMON

Go on inside. Tell your mother to fix us something special for dinner.

JESSICA

Ugh, what's that?

She stares at the Scarecrow.

SOLOMON

It's a scarecrow.

She keeps staring. An odd, focused look on her face?

We get a closer look at the thing. The back of its head looks like a withered, rotted pumpkin. Its eyeholes are deep-set with different size black buttons giving it a dark, malignant stare.

JESSICA

You're not gonna to put that up are you?

SOLOMON

Yeah, I know. The field is huge. But the crows are eating us out of--

JESSICA

--I don't like it.

SOLOMON

Maybe you'd like to put it in a pretty dress with some bows.

JESSICA

Don't put it up, daddy.

Solomon stares at his daughter. He doesn't know what to say.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

Please.

SOLOMON

...Okay.

JESSICA

Promise?

SOLOMON

I promise, but what's...

She leans up and kisses him on the cheek. Her mood suddenly brighter, as if nothing were ever the matter.

JESSICA

Mamma inside?

SOLOMON

...should be.

She races toward the house.

He watches her go, clearly adores her. He turns back to the Scarecrow, considers it for a moment, then shoves it in the barn, throws a tarp over it and heads out to his field.

EXT. SOLOMON FARMHOUSE - DUSK

The sun is a spec on the horizon as Solomon comes out of the field, his arms loaded with small burlap sacks.

INT. THE SOLOMON FARM - BARN - DUSK

Solomon enters and empties the sacks into a massive bin. It's full of pale, raw sunflower seeds.

He smiles, pleased with his work and approaches an old mule tied up in a stall. He rubs the mule's mane.

SOLOMON

It was a good haul today, Legolas.

Denise pops her head up from inside the giant boiling pot.

DENISE

Hey you.

SOLOMON

Jesus!

Both Solomon and mule jump.

DENISE
Roy Solomon! Watch your language!

SOLOMON
You scared me.

DENISE
I'm cleaning this thing for
tomorrow. Now help me out.

Roy climbs a ladder and helps Denise out of the pot. She glances at the full bin of seeds.

DENISE (CONT'D)
The crows didn't eat all the seeds
did they? See? We're gonna be
fine.

SOLOMON
Maybe so. You boil these and I'll
fill the bin again tomorrow.

DENISE
Come on. I'll start supper.

Denise exits the barn as Solomon pulls the tarp from the Scarecrow. He stares at the horrid thing for a moment then puts the tarp back. He grabs a different tarp from a work bench, throws it over the seed bin.

EXT. THE SOLOMON FARM - BARN - NIGHT

Solomon exits and closes the doors on the barn. As he crosses to the house --

PULL BACK TO REVEAL

A Murder of Crows line the roof. Watching him.

INT. SOLOMON FARMHOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Solomon and Denise sleep on opposite sides of the bed.

CLOSE ON WINDOW

A cool breeze BLOWS through the field. Stalks sway beneath the glow of a half moon.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL

INT. THE SOLOMON FARM - BARN - NIGHT

We're no longer in the Solomon bedroom, we're in the barn. The moonlight glows through the window illuminating the tarp-covered scarecrow as...

THE TARP

slowly slips and falls to the ground.

The hideous Scarecrow glows in the lunar light.

Legolas the Mule WHIMPERS. Suddenly he KICKS. His stall door FLIES open.

He backs out of the stall. Backs across the barn. As far from the scarecrow as he can get. WHIMPERING all the while, then his tail brushes against the barn doors and--

WHAM!

He kicks! The barn doors fly open! He TEARS off into the night.

EXT. SOLOMON FARMHOUSE - MORNING

Solomon walks out onto the porch. He stretches, looking refreshed and rested. As he looks out over his field--

HIS POV

The barn door stands open.

INT. THE SOLOMON FARM - BARN - DAY

As he rushes into the barn --

CROWS are everywhere! The tarp is pulled back. A murder of crows now feast from inside the bin.

SOLOMON

Get out of here! Go!

They explode into flight and sail out of the barn.

He falls to his knees next to the bin.

INSIDE BIN

Only a thin layer of untouched seeds remain.

Before he knows what's happened he's sobbing. With tears in his eyes he begins scrubbing the bird droppings from the bin.

Then he sees --

A MAN approaching through his field.

Solomon wipes his eyes, stands.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)

Hello?

JUDE WEATHERBY, late 50s, a round-bellied fella with a gentle face, steps from Solomon's field and enters the barn.

JUDE

Hello! Yer Solomon, right?

Solomon nods.

JUDE (CONT'D)

Sorry about the trespassing. I'm Jude Weatherby.

SOLOMON

Weatherby? You mean--

JUDE

--Jackie was my younger brother.

SOLOMON

I see. I'm sorry about his passing.

JUDE

Don't be. He's in hell now where he belongs.

Solomon stares at him in shock.

JUDE (CONT'D)

(chuckles) What, you didn't know? Figured it weren't no secret Jackie was one son of a bitch.

SOLOMON

Well, yeah. He did have a way about him.

JUDE

That he did. I'll be workin' the old farm now. Figured since we're gonna be neighbors I should get the initial trespassing out of the way.

SOLOMON

You're welcome to trespass anytime.

It's clear Solomon genuinely likes this old fella.

JUDE

Much obliged.

Jude looks over the giant vat and oven.

JUDE (CONT'D)

Nice set up you got here.

SOLOMON

Cept for the crows. They're
killin' me.

JUDE

Yessir. Flowers bloom, the crows
come out of the woodwork. Nasty
creatures. They shit where they
eat, you know.

SOLOMON

That part I've noticed.

Solomon is suddenly distracted. He stares at the empty
stall. Glances around.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)

Great. My mule's gone.

Jude looks around himself, then glances toward the corner --

JUDE

I'll keep an eye out, but as far as
your crop goes...I mean if'n you
don't mind my sayin', why don't you
put that thing up?

Jude approaches the Scarecrow slowly.

SOLOMON

Well, actually I--

JUDE

--Ugly sumbitch. Might do ya some
good, though. Farmer today needs
all the help he can get.

EXT. THE SOLOMON FARM - SUNFLOWER FIELD - DAY

Solomon drags the corpse-like Scarecrow into his field.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. THE SOLOMON FARM - SUNFLOWER FIELD - LATER

With Scarecrow, post, hammer and bucket of nails close by, Solomon removes his shirt, sweating heavily, as he digs a posthole in the dirt.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. THE SOLOMON FARM - SUNFLOWER FIELD - LATER

Solomon drives a giant 20-penny nail through the Scarecrow and into the post.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. THE SOLOMON FARM - SUNFLOWER FIELD - LATER

Solomon heaves the post into the air and drops it into the hole. He packs the dirt around the base and steps back to take in his work.

THE SCARECROW

With its arms outstretched and its sunken features, looks more like a corpse hung on a cross than your standard crow-proof farm equipment.

But Solomon looks up at it and smiles.

LAUGHTER

Solomon jerks around and stares out over his stalks.

SOLOMON

Hello?

Someone RUNS through the sunflowers just out of his sight.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)

Hello? Jessica? That you?

LAUGHTER again. A child's laugh.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)

Hey! This is private property.

A RHYTHMIC HUM begins. Soft at first, but growing louder. Like an old fan one could sleep under for days. As it gets louder Solomon stumbles, eyelids flutter, droop.

The world around him starts losing its color. He sways on his feet. Drifting...deeper and deeper...

The Stalks around him begin to RUSTLE. They begin to shake right down to their roots, then one by one the sunflowers turn their blooms -- away from the sun --

--to face the Scarecrow.

Solomon drops to his knees, confused, scared then --

-- silence.

He looks around, all is normal. The blooms once again gaze skyward. What the hell just happened? Then --

A BLOOD CURDLING SCREAM

Solomon jumps and spins as --

TWO HUNDRED CROWS ERUPT INTO FLIGHT

Solomon ducks and shields his face. Crows are everywhere! Soaring and diving. Their panic-filled CRIES all around him.

Solomon stares as the crows become a swarm, diving and swooping at the lifeless Scarecrow.

Solomon stumbles backwards, flees the area.

EXT. SOLOMON FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

It's dark as Solomon approaches the farmhouse. He looks tired and grumpy as Jessica exits onto the porch.

SOLOMON

Were you out in my field today?

JESSICA

No.

SOLOMON

Are you sure?

JESSICA

I'm not going anywhere near your field, not with that thing out there.

Solomon glances down at a baseball glove in her hand.

SOLOMON
Where are you going?

JESSICA
Like you really care.

SOLOMON
Well, aren't you in a swell mood.

JESSICA
Better mood than you.

She turns to leave...

SOLOMON
Hey. I'm serious, what's wrong?

JESSICA
I worry about you. You work too hard.

SOLOMON
(smiles) Of course I do. I'm trying to take care of my baby.

JESSICA
You know I don't need you to take care of me. I just want you and momma to get along.

He hugs his daughter. Kisses her on the forehead.

SOLOMON
Go have fun.

She frowns and runs off as Solomon has a seat in a rocker on the front porch.

The front door opens. Denise exits with a plate full of food and a couple of beers.

DENISE
I kept your supper warm in the stove.

SOLOMON
Thanks.

They sit in old rockers as he digs into an old fashion home-cooked meal. Fried chicken, mashed potatoes, gravy, etc.

DENISE
Has Legolas shown up?

Solomon shakes his head.

SOLOMON
I wonder if Jessica knows.

DENISE
(quietly) I'm sure she does.

SOLOMON
I chased some kids out of the field
tonight.

DENISE
Kids?

SOLOMON
Crop's dying, I got crows flying
out of my ass and now I got kids
tramping through my field.

DENISE
Whose kids would be way out here?

SOLOMON
Beats me. We can't afford to lose
stalks to some stupid kids playing
hide and seek.

DENISE
Weather said there may be a front
moving in later in the week.

SOLOMON
I won't hold my breath.

DENISE
Don't lose faith, honey.
Everything will work out.

Solomon gives a dismissive GRUNT, licks his fingers.

DENISE (CONT'D)
'Nother soda?

SOLOMON
Sure.

She takes his empty plate into the house. He BELCHES,
stretches and settles in as she brings another can.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)
So, why you being so nice?

DENISE
Why are you being so grumpy?

He looks into her big eyes. She's still very pretty.

SOLOMON
I'm sorry, baby. Guess I been a
real bear lately.

DENISE
Grizzly.

SOLOMON
Ignore me. It's just stress.

DENISE
I don't want to ignore you. I want
you to come to me when your
stressed.

SOLOMON
You remember that old Ford of mine?

DENISE
I remember I had to keep hot wiring
it cuz you kept losing the keys.

SOLOMON
Well, yeah but I was thinking back
further than that. You were
wearing a blue skirt.

Denise blushes.

DENISE
Not for long if I recall.

They both smile.

DENISE (CONT'D)
What made you think of that?

SOLOMON
I saw one just like it today.

DENISE
A blue skirt?

SOLOMON
No, the truck, silly. We taught
each other quite a bit in the bed
of that old truck.

DENISE
I think it was you who did all the
teaching.

SOLOMON
We made one beautiful daughter in
that old truck if memory serves.

DENISE
(softly) That we did.

SOLOMON
Thank God she got your looks.

DENISE
And who do we thank for her getting
your stubborn streak?

She gives him a warm smile.

SOLOMON
I'm sorry.

DENISE
For what?

Solomon gets up and kneels before her, his head in her lap.

SOLOMON
You're beautiful. You always were.
Everyone knew you'd be able to get
out of this dead end town.

DENISE
You're being silly.

SOLOMON
You could have gone to college,
married some rich Doctor, moved to
a real city and had a real life.
Then I got you pregnant.

DENISE
Roy Solomon! I don't ever want to
hear you talk like this again.
Jessica was the greatest gift you
ever gave me.

(MORE)

DENISE (CONT'D)

I love my life and I love you. The highs and the lows. The good times and the bad.

He kisses her gently, takes her face in his hands. Suddenly he scoops her into his arms.

DENISE (CONT'D)

Roy?!

As she giggles happily, he carries her over the threshold and they disappear into the house.

VIEW FROM PORCH

Looking out over the field, we can see the lone Scarecrow protruding up over the sunflowers.

INT. SOLOMON FARMHOUSE - MORNING

Solomon stumbles out of his bedroom, dressed for work. He pauses and glances back into the room.

Denise sleeps peacefully, tangled in blankets.

Solomon smiles and quietly closes the door.

He walks into the kitchen and puts on a pot of coffee. As it begins to percolate he senses something. He's being watched. He turns slowly and sees --

JESSICA

Sitting on the threadbare couch, feet wrapped in quilt, book in hand. She's grinning from ear to ear.

Solomon approaches.

SOLOMON

What?

Her grin spreads even bigger.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)

What's with the goofy grin?

She stares down at her book, tries to wipe the grin away. Solomon has a seat next to her.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)

What time did you get in last night?

The grin returns, bigger than ever this time.

JESSICA
So, you and momma getting along?

SOLOMON
Well, I guess you know the answer
to that now don't you?

She leaps forward and throws her arms around him.

JESSICA
I'm so happy!

SOLOMON
Guess your mother was a little
vocal last night.

JESSICA
I'll say.

SOLOMON
You know...we've never talked
about...you know, what happens
between a man and a woman--

JESSICA
Daddy. Please. If you wanted to
teach me about the birds and the
bees you should have done that a
year ago. I know everything now.

SOLOMON
You better just know theory, young
lady.

JESSICA
Don't worry, I'll always be daddy's
little girl.

EXT. SOLOMON FARMHOUSE - MORNING

Solomon steps onto the porch with a big smile. He sips his
coffee, takes a step and kicks something with his foot.

A LARGE BLACK CROW

Lies dead at his feet.

SOLOMON
What the?

He picks it up by the tail and stares at it.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)
 Dawg? Dawg, come here boy! Is
 this your--

HIS POV

A dozen dead crows are spread out across his yard.

He moves from the porch to one of the crows, stoops and rolls it over. No blood, no markings, it's just dead.

He looks out into his field. He sees another dead crow lying between the rows. Then another and another.

EXT. THE SOLOMON FARM - SUNFLOWER FIELD - DAY

As he walks through his field there are dead crows everywhere. The further he walks the more there are.

Eventually he comes to the small opening where he'd planted his Scarecrow. There are more dead crows here than anywhere else. Circled around the base of the corpse-like Scarecrow.

He stares up at his Scarecrow in shock.

EXT. SOLOMON FARMHOUSE - DAY

A fire burns from a 50-gallon drum. BLACK SMOKE billows into the sky.

Solomon walks out of his field, his arms loaded with dead crows. He tosses them into the drum as --

A BIG SUV

Pulls into the driveway. GEORGE CHAPMAN, an angry looking man in a crisp suit leaps from the SUV.

Solomon pretends not to see him, walks back into his field.

CHAPMAN
 Solomon. I need a word with you.

EXT. THE SOLOMON FARM - SUNFLOWER FIELD - DAY

Solomon walks through his field ignoring Chapman's cries.

CHAPMAN
 Solomon. Hey, it's George Chapman.

Chapman fights his way through the sunflowers like a city-boy completely out of his element.

SOLOMON

Walks up to the base of his Scarecrow and collects the last few dead crows as Chapman catches up, winded and red-faced.

CHAPMAN (CONT'D)

Did you drug me out here on purpose?! Look at my shoes! These are Kenneth Cole!

SOLOMON

Never met the man.

Chapman takes a deep breath, tries to regain his composure.

CHAPMAN

I spoke with Marty. I'm not here to take your farm away, Roy.

SOLOMON

Great. Then grab a hoe and you can help.

CHAPMAN

Look, you gotta give me something to go back to the board with.

SOLOMON

Come back to the house. I'll write you a check.

CHAPMAN

(chuckles) Roy, I've seen your account. You've been overdrawn for two months.

SOLOMON

Then why ask for something you know I don't have?

Chapman peels a leaf from one of the stalks, it's brittle, withered.

CHAPMAN

How about irrigation? You're field's butted up against the River, if anyone should be able to it's you.

SOLOMON

Great, is the bank offering to give me a loan to set up irrigation?

CHAPMAN

(frowns) I know times are tough,
but maybe it's time you looked at
getting a second job.

SOLOMON

Look around. When would I have the
time?! I'm out here everyday.

CHAPMAN

Make the time, man. Think of your
wife--

SOLOMON

--What would you know about times
being tough? That Rolex on your
wrist would make my payments for
three years.

CHAPMAN

Don't make this about me. I came
here to collect on the note. Your
note, not mine.

SOLOMON

Then I guess you got your shoes all
dirty for nothing.

CHAPMAN

I'm sorry to hear that. The board
meets tomorrow. I have no choice
but to recommend a swift
foreclosure. I'm sorry, Roy.

SOLOMON

Don't let the sunflowers hit you in
the ass on the way out.

CHAPMAN

Well, that's a nice attitude.

As Chapman stomps away, Solomon SIGHS. Glances up at his
Scarecrow.

SOLOMON

You gonna just hang there?

EXT. THE SOLOMON FARM - SUNFLOWER FIELD - DAY

Solomon walks down the outer row on the edge of his field.
He stoops, picks up another dead crow and tosses it out of
his field.

It tumbles down a steep bank and stops on the edge of the S-Loup river flowing parallel to his field.

A FLASH OF BLUE catches his eye.

Just down the bank a YOUNG WOMAN stands at the water's edge. A tight shirt, a tight blue skirt. She simply stands there gazing into the flowing waters.

Solomon continues down the row, quietly, staring at her. She's young, maybe eighteen. Who is she? What is she doing out here?

Suddenly she turns, stares up into the field. Solomon freezes. Can she see him?

She smiles, turns back to the water and pulls off her top. Drops her skirt and wades out into the water.

Solomon tries to look away but his gaze returns to her. He's mesmerized. He watches her young body move through the flowing water until he can't stand it any longer.

He turns and stumbles away through his sunflower stalks.

EXT. SOLOMON FARMHOUSE - DUSK

The sun sets over the field as Solomon rushes toward the house.

Denise walks out onto the porch, sees him.

DENISE

You're early. Suppers almost--

He rushes up to her, pulls her tight. Kisses her forcefully. Her eyes go wide. She glances down.

DENISE (CONT'D)

Roy?!

He takes her hand and pulls her into the house.

INT. SOLOMON FARMHOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

He pulls her into the bedroom kissing and tearing at her clothes.

DENISE

Roy?! Supper's gonna burn.

Fumbling with her buttons, Solomon suddenly RIPS her blouse open, shoves her down on the bed.

He snatches her ankles and flips her onto her stomach. He means to take her from behind.

DENISE (CONT'D)
No, Roy. I don't like it like that.

She flips onto her back.

SOLOMON
Fine, have it your way.

He dives on top of her.

DENISE
(giggles) Roy?! What's gotten into you?

SOLOMON
You should be worried about what's about to get into you.

She pulls him to her with a smile as we --

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SOLOMON FARMHOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Denise lies on her back, her hands gripping the headboard as Solomon SLAMS into her rhythmically. One thing is very clear. This country girl is a SCREAMER.

EXT. THE SOLOMON FARM - SUNFLOWER FIELD - NIGHT

We move through the sunflowers, Denise's CRIES OF PASSION floating out from the house.

We move into the open area. As Denise's cries reach an ORGASMIC CLIMAX we gaze up at THE SCARECROW.

EXT. SUNFLOWER FIELD - NIGHT

Again we move through the field. We hear FOOTSTEPS below our POV. Up ahead the field ends. We stop at the edge.

A road lies before us. Beyond it, we see Fat Lou's Truck Stop Grill, a shady dive on the outskirts of town. Several Semi trucks are parked out front and an SUV we might recognize.

EXT. FAT LOU'S TRUCK STOP GRILL - NIGHT

HONKY TONK music blares from the joint as the door opens. Bank President, Chapman exits, tie loosened.

He stumbles behind one of the big rigs and takes a leak. He stares up into the empty cargo hold. The trailer doors are open, pulled back and secured against the trailer, a canvas netting covers the opening.

Chapman zips his fly and stumbles toward his SUV. He fumbles within his pockets for his keys.

POV: LOW TO THE GROUND

We move beneath the SUV. Closer and closer toward Chapman's precious Kenneth Coles.

ON CHAPMAN

As he unlocks his door, grabs the handle --

WHAM!

His feet are jerked out from under him!

He lands hard on his back, knocking the wind out of him. Mumbling to himself and groggy he looks up as --

His body is jerked beneath the SUV!

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FAT LOU'S TRUCK STOP GRILL - NIGHT

It's much later. The parking lot has cleared out. Only a couple of old pick-ups, one big-rig and Chapman's SUV are left as the door bursts open.

Two heavy set truckers, MILO and MCBRIDE, exit the grill laughing.

They climb up the big rig and open the cab doors.

MILO

So, how far tonight?

MCBRIDE

Full tank. We'll drive til' we get there.

As they SLAM the doors we move toward the back of the big rig. The trailer doors are still secured open. The canvas netting however has been pulled down. It hangs to the ground.

MOVE TO REVEAL

Chapman lies on his back just behind the big rig,
unconscious.

FUHRROOM!

The big rig's engines fire, black exhaust rolls from the
pipes. MUSIC blasts from the cab.

Chapman's eyes jerk open.

He glances around, confused. Then stares down at his feet.
His left ankle is tangled within the canvas netting.

He stares up at the big rig with sudden realization.

CHAPMAN

Wait.

He reaches for his ankle as the big rig jerks forward.

CHAPMAN (CONT'D)

WAIT!

It pulls out onto the highway dragging Chapman behind it.
His SCREAMS go unheard.

CUT TO:

INT. SOLOMON FARMHOUSE - BEDROOM - MORNING

Denise rolls over and stretches her arm across Solomon's
pillow. She sits up. Sniffs the air and smiles.

INT. SOLOMON FARMHOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING

Solomon stands over the stove in his underwear. Bacon and
eggs fry in a pan. He pulls golden brown biscuits from the
oven as Denise rushes up behind him.

DENISE

What are you doing?!

He sweeps her into his arms and gives her a big kiss.

Denise pulls away and smiles, covering her mouth.

DENISE (CONT'D)

Okay, then, I guess I'll go brush
my teeth.

He slaps her ass as she bounces away. He puts the bacon and
eggs on a big plate then heads toward the back of the house.

He TAPS lightly on a door, opens it.

Jessica lies fast asleep, tangled in the sheets.

SOLOMON
Jessica, baby, you want breakfast?

Jessica GRUNTS and rolls over. Then Solomon sees --
THROUGH WINDOW

A brown and white SHERIFF'S SUV pulls into the driveway.

Solomon quietly closes the door.

EXT. SOLOMON FARMHOUSE - DAY

SHERIFF MILTON walks up on the porch as Solomon, buttoning a shirt, opens the door.

SOLOMON
Milton?

SHERIFF MILTON
Hey, Roy, have a minute?

INT. SOLOMON FARMHOUSE - DAY

SOLOMON
We were just about to have some
breakfast. Join us?

SHERIFF MILTON
No can do. I need to ask you a few
questions.

SOLOMON
Shoot.

SHERIFF MILTON
I understand George Chapman paid
you a visit yesterday.

SOLOMON
That's right.

The Sheriff waits for Solomon to elaborate, then --

SHERIFF MILTON
Could I ask what you two talked
about?

SOLOMON

We talked about the money I owe the bank. Why?

SHERIFF MILTON

And where were you last night between say ten and two.

DENISE (O.S.)

He was here. With me.

They turn as Denise enters, now dressed.

DENISE (CONT'D)

What's this about, Milton?

SHERIFF MILTON

You were here all night?

DENISE

Yes, he was here all night. Milton?

SHERIFF MILTON

That coffee I smell?

SOLOMON

Sure is.

The Sheriff has a seat at the table as Solomon pours three coffees. The Sheriff looks stressed. Solomon and Denise exchange a curious glance.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)

Here you go. One sugar, right?

SHERIFF MILTON

Thanks.

He takes a sip.

SHERIFF MILTON (CONT'D)

George Chapman is dead.

SOLOMON

Dead?

SHERIFF MILTON

We found him this morning or what was left of him anyway.

DENISE

Oh dear...but Sheriff, why come tell us?

SHERIFF MILTON

Well, there was a rumor floating around that Chapman was going to call in the note on the farm this morning.

SOLOMON

It's no rumor. He threatened as much yesterday.

SHERIFF MILTON

And there in lies my reason for being here.

DENISE

George was murdered? And you think Roy--

SHERIFF MILTON

Don't jump the gun. I'm just following procedure here. It was probably an accident.

SOLOMON

Probably?

SHERIFF MILTON

His blood/alcohol was pretty high. We think maybe he tried to climb inside one of them big rigs out at Fat Lou's, got his foot tangled in that canvas netting they use, may have fell and knocked himself unconscious. Semi drug him twenty miles before someone flagged it down.

DENISE

Oh my Lord.

SHERIFF MILTON

One for the books. Weren't much left 'cept for them Calvin Cole shoes he was so proud of.

SOLOMON

Why in the world would you think I had anything to do with this?

SHERIFF MILTON

Well, Roy, Chapman won't be calling
in your note now will he?

EXT. SOLOMON FARMHOUSE - DAY

Solomon and Denise watch as the Sheriff pulls away.

DENISE

I wonder how Peggy and the kids are
doing. I can't imagine what...

Her voice fades as Solomon turns and stares out into his
field. The stalks actually look taller, greener,
healthier. 24 hours of crow-free growth and his field has
made a miraculous recovery.

DENISE (CONT'D)

Roy?!

SOLOMON

What?

DENISE

I said I'm going to fix them
something. Maybe a roast and some
French bread and you should fill a
bag with sunflower seeds.

SOLOMON

Why?

DENISE

What do you mean why?

SOLOMON

Why should you have to fix them
anything?

DENISE

I don't have to, I want to.

SOLOMON

They don't need our food do they?
Chapman had more money than anyone
in town. I'm sure they'll get by
just fine.

DENISE

Roy Solomon, I never!

Denise marches up to the house. Solomon turns and scans his
field. He can't help but smile.

SOLOMON

Well, I'm sorry you're dead you old
bastard but I do appreciate the
gesture.

He walks toward his field then stops. He turns. His dog
watches from the side of the house.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)

You comin'?

The dog takes a step back, its tail between its legs, its
ears lowered.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)

What's the matter with you? Get
over here.

The dog takes a step forward then another step back. He
wants to but something is frightening him.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)

Since when are you afraid of a
sunflowers? Dawg?

The dog turns and hi-tails it in the opposite direction.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. THE SOLOMON FARM - SUNFLOWER FIELD - DAY

Solomon walks through his field pulling weeds here and there.
He falls to his knees and checks the soil around one of the
stalks. It's rich and dark and moist.

He stares at the dirt in his hands with wonder then sees --

A FIVE-DOLLAR BILL

sticking up from the earth a few feet away. He crawls
forward and pulls it free.

He wipes the dirt from Lincoln's face then glances around.

Two rows over, a ten blows into the base of a stalk. Solomon
rushes forward and grabs it.

Up ahead, a twenty pokes through the dirt.

SOLOMON

What the hell is this?

He grabs the twenty and continues through the stalks, his eyes scanning the ground. A twenty here, a ten there. He starts to laugh.

He enters the opening with the Scarecrow where he finds a ten and two twenties. They lead him right up to the base of the Scarecrow where a Hundred pokes up from the dirt. He snatches it revealing another.

Solomon digs, pulling cash right out of the soil until he finds something solid. He pulls it free.

A watch. A ROLEX.

He brushes the dirt from the face and stands. It's Chapman's gold watch. This spooks him.

He spins around.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)

Hello?

He waits, listens.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)

If this is a joke it isn't funny.

A cool breeze blows, nothing else.

He stuffs the rest of the cash in his pocket and stares at the watch.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)

But how did --

He stops, stares up at his Scarecrow.

Its dark eyeholes, its sunken withered face. Solomon takes a step back, then --

LAUGHTER

Right behind him!

Solomon jumps!

SOLOMON (CONT'D)

Jesus!

He spins around as the Field comes alive with sound. A WHIRLWIND of sound. Distorted Screams, Laughter, Singing, Chanting, all meshing together perfectly.

Solomon tears out through his field.

A DEEP BARITONE VOICE resonates through the field speaking in a language unknown. Children CHANT the Lord's Prayer in reverse.

Solomon searches for the edge of his field. Is he lost? There's real terror on his face. He stops in an area where the plants around him are shoulder height. He scans, searching for an escape from his field then sees --

HIS POV

A hundred yards away. The stalks jerk suddenly. Something is tearing through his field. Headed right for him! The path seen through the parting stalks.

Solomon turns and runs.

Stalks jerk and snap, drawing closer and closer. Whatever it is, it's almost on him! No end in sight. He's not going to make it! Then --

EXT. THE JUDE WEATHERBY FARM - DAY

Solomon BURST from the field and tumbles to the ground.

Silence.

Only the sound of his own heavy breathing. He stares back into the field with fear and shock.

A HAND

Clutches his shoulder!

Solomon SCREAMS.

Jude, knelt behind him, falls back to the ground and SCREAMS as well.

JUDE

Good God, man! What's gotten into you?!

Solomon stares at Jude, not sure what to say.

JUDE (CONT'D)

You lost? You live on that side of the field, neighbor.

Jude's right. His humble little farmhouse stands behind him. Jude's cornfield lies beyond it and looks like hell.

Solomon turns back to his own field. Stares at it.

JUDE (CONT'D)
 You gone mute? Whatsamatter? You
 look like you seen a ghost.

SOLOMON
 You believe in ghosts, Jude?

JUDE
 Ghosts? You serious?

From Solomon's face it's clear that he is.

JUDE (CONT'D)
 Never gave much thought to the
 preternatural. You mean like
 haunted houses and such?

SOLOMON
 No, a field. A field of
 sunflowers.

Jude stares out into Solomon's field.

JUDE
 Don't reckon I ever hear'd of no
 haunted sunflower field.

Jude chuckles but can see Solomon is serious.

JUDE (CONT'D)
 Look, I seen me some stuff that
 don't make no sense. But ghosts?
 Hell I don't know. What exactly
 you see anyway?

Jude eyes the field suspiciously.

SOLOMON
 There were voices. Children
 laughing. Chanting...I don't know.

JUDE
 (chuckles) That's all? Hell,
 that's just your mind playin'
 tricks on ya is all. I hear'd me
 some voices plenty of times. Man
 works his field, gets tired--

SOLOMON
 --No. This isn't fatigue. I know
 the difference. There were voices!

JUDE
Okay, okay, calm down.

SOLOMON
And this.

Solomon holds out Chapman's Rolex.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)
I found this. Out in my field. I know who it belongs to. The owner was killed last night.

JUDE
George? George Chapman? That's his watch?

SOLOMON
You know him?

JUDE
Maybe someone's playing a trick on you. You sure it's his? Lots of fancy watches in the world.

SOLOMON
Not around here. He was wearing it yesterday when he came to visit.

JUDE
Well, there's your answer. Ain't no big mystery, he must'a lost it out there is all.

Solomon stares at the watch. Could that be?

JUDE (CONT'D)
If'n it was me, I'd find me the nearest pawn shop and call it a day. Farmer these days needs all the help he can get.

SOLOMON
What about the voices?

JUDE
Well, I reckon that one you gonna have to answer for yerself.

Jude eyes Solomon.

JUDE (CONT'D)

Consider it good fortune. Karma, whatever you want. Pawn it, Roy. Buy that wife of yours a dozen roses or that daughter or yours a new dress. You deserve it, Roy. We all do.

Jude turns and heads back toward his house. Solomon stares out into his field, shoves his hands in his pockets, then feels --

The money. He pulls out the wade of cash, stares at it.

EXT. CROSSVILLE CITY - FARMER'S CO-OP - DAY

Solomon pulls up in his old Chevy. He marches up to the palet of fertilizer and starts loading the scale. Bobby approaches slowly, reluctantly.

SOLOMON

Hello Bobby.

BOBBY

Mr. Solomon, please don't make this harder than it has to be.

Solomon ignores him and tosses another bag on the scale, the pallet now empty.

SOLOMON

I could use another eight bags.

BOBBY

We get a new shipment in the morning, but--

SOLOMON

Then how much I owe ya?

Solomon reveals the wade of cash. Bobby smiles and stares at the eight bags of fertilizer.

BOBBY

You not gonna take a guess?

SOLOMON

Yeah, sure, whatever.
(dismissively) Two-hundred-forty pounds...and... let's say thirty two ounces.

Bobby flips open the panel, then does a double take as Solomon sorts the cash in his hand.

BOBBY
Uh, that's right.

Solomon looks up. Bobby smiles.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
Hey everybody! Solomon just
guessed right!

Other farmers approach with excitement. Solomon's back is slapped, his hand shook firmly. He can't help but grin from ear to ear.

As he soaks it in something catches his eye.

SUNFLOWER PLANTS

scattered around town. Two grow in an alley, another near the co-op, two more in front of the bank. Solomon stares. That's odd, then his attention is pulled across the street --

A Young Woman loads groceries into a shiny El Camino.

It's the Young Woman he saw swimming.

Solomon stares at her. His mouth drops open. She's stunning. Lust personified.

SOLOMON
Bobby, who is that?

As Solomon turns to Bobby he finds Brother Phillips standing there. Brother Phillips glances across the street where Solomon was looking.

BOBBY
Who?

SOLOMON
Huh? Nothin'. Nevermind. Deliver those eight bags when they show up, will ya?

BOBBY
Yeah, yeah, sure thing.

EXT. THE SOLOMON FARM - SUNFLOWER FIELD - DUSK

Solomon walks his field, turning a crank on a seed dispenser. As he spreads fertilizer from row to row, he HUMS happily.

Before he heads back to the house, he makes a pass down the edge of his field. He keeps glancing innocently toward the river's edge.

EXT. SOLOMON FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

Solomon approaches the side of the house, turns on the water spicket, washes his hands and arms. As he shuts off the water he hears --

BROTHER PHILLIPS (O.S.)
No, Denise, I'm not suggesting
divorce, you know the church frowns
on that.

Solomon rises slowly and stares --

THROUGH WINDOW

Denise and Brother Phillips sit on the couch talking.

BROTHER PHILLIPS (CONT'D)
He may have walked out Sunday but
he hasn't been there in months, not
really. I stand up there every
week, Denise, and he's not
listening. He stopped long ago.

DENISE
(quietly) I know.

BROTHER PHILLIPS
You two have been through so much.
Wounds need time to heal. Have you
given any more thought to
counseling?

DENISE
But we've been doing some much
better lately. In...in an intimate
way.

BROTHER PHILLIPS
Just because you are having sex
doesn't mean the problem is gone.
Roy is in denial. He needs help.

DENISE
Roy would never go to counseling.
It's just not his way.

BROTHER PHILLIPS
Then perhaps something more
drastic.

DENISE
You really think my leaving him
would help? He needs me.

BROTHER PHILLIPS
Perhaps he does or perhaps it will
wake him up.

DENISE
I...I don't know. I need some
time. I don't want to talk about
this anymore.

Solomon ducks below the window and walks toward the corner of
the house. He watches as Brother Phillips exits.

BROTHER PHILLIPS
Denise, you can call me day or
night, you know that.

He waves goodbye, climbs into a beat up Honda.

Solomon steps from the shadows and walks onto the porch
glaring as Brother Phillips pulls away.

SOLOMON
That son of a bitch.

Suddenly the WIND picks up. His field HISSES softly as the
blades dance -- WHISPERS are heard within the field.

Solomon turns quickly and stares out into his sunflowers.

HIS POV

The moon shines full over the field. Baked in its light, THE
SCARECROW almost glows. Even the stalks seem to have
separated to allow Solomon a better view.

Solomon stands there, frozen. Staring at the Scarecrow. He
can't move. He can't pull his eyes away.

DENISE (O.S.)
Hey you.

Solomon starts.

DENISE (CONT'D)

Did I spook ya? What are you doing out here?

Solomon's flustered. Tries to recover --

SOLOMON

I saw Brother Phillips.

DENISE

Oh. Really. Did you talk to him?

SOLOMON

I said I saw him. We didn't speak.

DENISE

Oh, okay. He just stopped by...to see how we were doing.

Solomon turns to her so quickly she takes a step back. He takes her hand and pulls her close.

SOLOMON

Things have been better between us haven't they?

DENISE

Oh yes! Lord yes. Honey, I know you are working so hard and under so much pressure and--

SOLOMON

Shhhh.

He places a finger to her lips.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)

Things have been better yes, but... I don't want to screw things up. Just because we're getting along doesn't mean the problems we've had have suddenly gone away.

She fidgets. She's nervous. That's more or less exactly what Brother Phillips said.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)

I think we should get counseling.

Panic. Did Roy hear them talking?

SOLOMON (CONT'D)

I've been thinking about this for a long time. I was...well, I was afraid to say anything to you.

DENISE

Roy, why?

SOLOMON

Men should be strong. Men should be able to fix themselves. I guess I thought you'd think less of me.

DENISE

Roy, I would never...I love you. You're my life.

SOLOMON

So, you wouldn't mind going to counseling with me? I mean, I love you. I'll do whatever it takes, but we have to make this work. If not for us...we have to make this work for Jessica. We have to do this for her.

She's touched, starts to cry. She hugs him tightly.

DENISE

Oh, yes, Roy. Yes.

As they embrace, Solomon's head turns slightly. His eyes search his field, come to a stop on the Scarecrow, still glowing in the eerie moonlight.

Denise whispers in his ear.

DENISE (CONT'D)

I want you to come to bed with me.

SOLOMON

Not now. You go on.

DENISE

I don't want sex. I just want to hold you.

He glances at his field, at the scarecrow...then takes her hands, holds her eyes in his.

SOLOMON

Baby, I just...I'd like some time
to myself. I have alot of thinking
to do. Is that okay?

She smiles at him, leans close and gives him a kiss, then
disappears inside.

Solomon sits in the rocker and stares out into his field,
stares at the Scarecrow. After a moment the light clicks off
inside the house. Solomon rises and enters.

We hear his movement then he returns with a six pack and a
quilt from the couch. He settles in.

POPS

a beer and returns his gaze to the Scarecrow.

HIS POV

His sunflowers have certainly made a turn for the better.
Only the Scarecrow's head is visible amidst the tall stalks.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. THE SOLOMON FARM - FARMHOUSE - LATER

He POPS another beer. A coyote HOWLS in the distance.

The Scarecrow's head, remains visible in the sunflowers.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SOLOMON FARMHOUSE - LATER

Solomon jerks, nearly nodding off. His gaze goes to his
field.

The Scarecrow's still there.

He POPS another beer, takes a long swig. We can see his eyes
getting heavy. He readjusts in the rocker. Takes another
drink, but the simple fact is, this man's tired.

His eyes begins to droop. Lower, lower, then --

JESSICA (O.S.)

Daddy?

He jerks his head.

SOLOMON

Huh? Wha?

Jessica looks down at him with concern.

JESSICA

What are you doing?

SOLOMON

I can't sleep.

JESSICA

Daddy, you were asleep when I walked up.

His eyes shoot toward the field. It's still there.

SOLOMON

No I wasn't.

JESSICA

Where's Dawg?

Solomon glances around the yard.

SOLOMON

You know, I don't know. I haven't seen him in...a couple of days.

JESSICA

Daddy, go inside and sleep with momma.

SOLOMON

Don't tell me what to do!

She jumps. Tears well up in her eyes.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)

Baby, I'm sorry. Ignore me. Come here.

He pulls her on his knee.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)

You can stop worrying about your mother and me. We're talking. We're laughing. We've even talked about counseling.

JESSICA

Talking about it and doing it are two different things.

SOLOMON

Well, don't you worry. We're gonna work this out. Look, I love you. Your mother loves you. Everything is going to be fine.

He glances back into the field.

JESSICA

You should get rid of it.

SOLOMON

Get rid of...it's Just a scarecrow.

JESSICA

Then why do you keep staring at it?

Solomon doesn't know what to say.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

I wish you'd go inside and go to bed with momma.

SOLOMON

I will, baby, very soon. I promise.

She forces a smile.

JESSICA

I love you, daddy.

SOLOMON

I love you too, baby.

He opens the door and ushers her inside. Then he scans the field again. She's right. He can't stop looking at it.

He takes a big swig, swings his leg over the arm of the rocker and gazes into his field.

HIS POV

The field. The Scarecrow. Its head still sticking from the field.

ON SOLOMON

His eyes begin to droop. His leg stops swinging.

HIS POV

The field. The Scarecrow. Its head still sticking from the sunflowers.

FADE TO BLACK.

DENISE (O.S.)
You fell asleep out here silly.

FADE UP ON:

EXT. SOLOMON FARMHOUSE - MORNING

SOLOMON'S POV

His field. The Scarecrow...isn't there!

ON SOLOMON

In the exact same position. He tries to stand, pulls his leg from the arm of the rocker. It's asleep. He stands awkwardly, staring out into his field.

Panic overtakes him. Denise doesn't notice.

DENISE
I rolled up that old stained
carpet. I need you to take it to
the dump for me.

Solomon spots the top of the Scarecrow's post. The stalks have grown overnight. They're obscuring his view. Is it there or not?!

DENISE (CONT'D)
Roy?

SOLOMON
Wha? Carpet, yeah, sure.

If he had time to think about it he'd notice his field looks fantastic. The sunflowers look lush with bright greens and yellows. As healthy as ever.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)
It's grown.

DENISE
Yes baby, you've worked really
hard. I'm gonna start breakfast.

She disappears inside.

Solomon hesitates, then races off the porch and into his field.

EXT. THE SOLOMON FARM - SUNFLOWER FIELD - DAY

He tears through the sunflowers, downing a couple of stalks in the process...but he doesn't seem to care.

Finally he bursts into the familiar clearing. He sighs suddenly. His entire body relaxes.

MOVE TO REVEAL

THE SCARECROW

Still there. Unmoved. Just as dead as the day Brody pulled it from the bed of his old truck.

Solomon smiles and SNORTS a laugh. He turns and starts back toward the house.

He pauses to straighten a stalk he'd run over.

A sparkle of blue catches his eye.

A RING.

Silver gold with a blue stone, hanging from the stalk by curled vines.

Solomon pulls it free and stares at it.

EXT. SOLOMON FARMHOUSE - DAY

As he walks out of the field, staring at the ring --

GLASS SHATTERS inside the house.

SOLOMON

Denise?!

Solomon races toward the house.

INT. SOLOMON FARMHOUSE - DAY

He bursts inside and finds Denise sitting on the kitchen floor, phone in hand. Shattered coffee cups around her.

SOLOMON

What happened?

She looks up at him, her eyes filled with tears.

DENISE
That was the Sheriff. Brother
Phillips is dead.

Solomon turns pale, glances toward his field. Toward the
post where the Scarecrow hangs --

SOLOMON
But it's still...how?

DENISE
Suicide.

He quickly kneels beside her.

SOLOMON
Suicide? Brother Phillips?

DENISE
I know, I thought the same thing.
Milton doesn't believe it either.
They're bringing a forensic team up
from Lincoln.

SOLOMON
How did he do it?

DENISE
Hung himself. Can you believe
that? Inside the church.

SOLOMON
That doesn't make any sense.

Denise gives him an odd look. She stares at his hand.

DENISE
What's that?

Solomon glances at the ring. He forgot he was holding it.

SOLOMON
Oh, I found it out in the field.

Denise stares at him.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)
What?

DENISE
That's Brother Phillips's ring.

SOLOMON

It is?

She stands and backs away from him.

DENISE

You heard us last night, didn't you?

SOLOMON

Heard who? What the hell are you talking about? Wait. You don't think--

DENISE

Maybe you should leave.

SOLOMON

What?

He crosses to her. She pulls away, looking frightened. He grabs her in a hug, holds her tight. She struggles.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)

Listen to me! Brother Phillips was here last night. He could have lost his ring when he left. Right? Baby, how could you think--

She stops fighting, starts crying.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)

It's okay. Let it out. You're safe. I've got you.

Finally she wraps her arms around him. She gives in to him and sobs in his arms. Eventually he pulls back.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)

Look at me. Look at me. I love you. And I think I know what is happening. But...it's crazy.

DENISE

Tell me.

SOLOMON

I can't.

DENISE

Please.

SOLOMON

Listen to me. I know what to do.
I can fix everything.

DENISE

I don't understand.

SOLOMON

And I'm not sure I do myself. But
I need you to trust me. Can you do
that?

She nods, her eyes full of tears.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)

I know what to do.

EXT. THE SOLOMON FARM - BARN - DAY

Solomon marches from the house and crosses to the barn.

INT. THE SOLOMON FARM - BARN - DAY

The doors BURST open. Solomon enters, snatches a framing
hammer from a wall of tools.

EXT. THE SOLOMON FARM - SUNFLOWER FIELD - DAY

Solomon marches through his field, determination on his face.
He bursts into the opening and stares up at --

THE SCARECROW

Withered skin, sunken eyes, he should have never hung this
monstrosity in his field.

He rushes up to the Scarecrow, hooks the hammer's claw in the
head of a nail. It SCREECHES free. He moves on to the next.

RIIIP!

And on to the next. He's sweating profusely. His muscles
bulge, then --

His hand SLIPS!

--shoots down the side of the post! Solomon SCREAMS.

He jerks his hand back! A massive six-inch splinter has
impaled his palm. Blood gushes.

EXT. SOLOMON FARMHOUSE - DAY

He bursts from his field, his hand impaled and bleeding and sees-

The SHERIFF'S SUV parked in the driveway.

Solomon freezes. Denise called the Sheriff? How could she? He glances over at his old Chevy, considers running, then takes a deep breath and marches toward the house.

Whatever happens, he'll face it.

INT. SOLOMON FARMHOUSE - DAY

As Solomon enters Denise and the Sheriff see his wound.

DENISE
Ohmygod, what happened?!

She rushes him to the sink, runs his hand under water.

SHERIFF MILTON
Come on, I'll drive you to Doc Sanders.

SOLOMON
No, just get it out.

SHERIFF MILTON
You sure, Roy, this is gonna hurt.

SOLOMON
I'm sure. Get it out!

The Sheriff takes hold of the giant splinter. And JERKS it free. Blood splatters across the kitchen. Solomon SCREAMS.

Denise quickly wraps it with gauze.

SHERIFF MILTON
Roy, that's gonna get infected for sure. Won't take us twenty minutes to get to Doc Sanders.

SOLOMON
I'm fine now, Sheriff, thanks.

SHERIFF MILTON
You sure?

Solomon nods.

SHERIFF (CONT'D)

Guess you've heard about Brother Phillips.

SOLOMON

This morning, yes.

SHERIFF MILTON

Well, Denise, like I was saying, I seen in his calendar that he'd scheduled a visit with ya.

DENISE

Yes, Sheriff, he stopped by to see how we were doing.

SHERIFF MILTON

Ok, then, I just thought it was odd is all. Normally he don't go to the trouble of scheduling a friendly visit. Course, if he was actually contemplating...I guess he might not 'a been thinkin' clear. He didn't seem depressed?

DENISE

He seemed fine. His old self.

SHERIFF

So there's nothing that stands out? Odd or out of the ordinary?

Solomon stares at Denise, her eyes flick toward him.

DENISE

No, Sheriff, nothing.

SHERIFF

Ah-ite then. Reckon I should get back. Roy, seriously, you best get that hand looked at.

SOLOMON

I will Sheriff, thanks.

The Sheriff exits.

Denise adds more gauze to Solomon's hand. Neither speaks for a long beat, then --

SHERIFF

Why didn't you tell him?

DENISE

Because I know what it would have looked like.

SOLOMON

What? What would it have looked like? I didn't do anything. I had no reason to hurt Brother Phillips.

DENISE

Roy, I had been talking to Brother Phillips for months. About leaving you.

Solomon looks hurt.

DENISE (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. We've had a rough year and...well, I'm sorry. But what if he told Jenny? You know how this town is. What if it comes out? If it does, I didn't want you holding a dead man's ring in your hand.

Solomon stares at the floor.

DENISE (CONT'D)

Roy?

SOLOMON

It's okay. I'm not mad. I don't blame you. It's been a rough year.

DENISE

You want I should drive you to Doc Sanders now?

Solomon glances out into the field.

SOLOMON

No. I'm not finished here.

INT. THE SOLOMON FARM - BARN - DAY

This time Solomon grabs an Axe.

EXT. THE SOLOMON FARM - SUNFLOWER FIELD - DAY

Solomon marches into his field, axe slung over his shoulder. His sunflowers are a foot over his head. They are healthy and gorgeous. And not a crow in sight.

Solomon walks and walks, then suddenly stops. He glances left and right. Then cuts across the rows. He stops, turns back and forth. Is he lost?

He backtracks, gets more confused. He stops, ducks and stares down one of the rows.

No longer are the rows straight as an arrow. They turn.

SOLOMON
What the hell?

Suddenly a child LAUGHS.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)
No.

The whirlwind of NOISE comes. LAUGHTER, CHANTING, SCREAMS. A HEART BEAT is heard beneath it all.

Solomon runs, searching for a way out of his field! Left, right, he cuts across rows. He's in a panic. Sweating. His breathing is heavy. The NOISE is deafening now.

He stumbles, crashes to the ground.

Silence.

He's exhausted. He tries to catch his breath, then --

SPLAT

Something drips onto the back of his neck. He touches it, pulls his hand back.

BLOOD

He stares above him. The sunflower is bleeding. He spins around. All the stalks are bleeding!

Then he sees, MOVEMENT.

Someone darts between two rows up ahead.

Solomon grabs his axe and makes chase.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)
Come back here!

A glimpse to the right! He pursues. A glimpse to the left.

He hobbles through his field, the pursued staying just out of his sight.

He's so exhausted it's all he can do to drag the axe behind him.

He falls to his knees, sucking in breath. He stares up at the sky.

It's getting dark. The sun is setting.

He falls to his side, trying to catch his breath.

HIS POV

A couple of rows over A LITTLE GIRL sits squatted over a mangled bicycle. She wears a soiled blue dress, her hair is wild. She looks feral. More so when she tears her teeth into what looks like a dead rodent.

Solomon's in shock. He opens his mouth to speak but nothing comes out.

The Little Girl smiles at him. She curls her tiny index finger, gesturing for him to come closer.

Slowly, Solomon crawls toward her.

She points.

He looks.

He can see his house through the sunflower stalks.

He starts toward it, then stops suddenly.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)

No. I know what you want. And the answer is no. I have to destroy the damn thing!

He looks back to the Girl but she's gone.

He stares back at his house. Panic fills him.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)

Denise? Jessica?

He leaps up and races toward the house.

EXT. SOLOMON FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

Solomon rushes from his field, stumbles, falls. He climbs to his feet when --

A HAND grips his shoulder.

Solomon jumps, screams and WHAM! Punches his attacker in the face! The attacker falls to the ground with a CRY.

BOBBY
Mr. Solomon!

Solomon stares down at Bobby, his mouth bleeding.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
Stop! It's me, Bobby!

Bobby stares horrified at the axe in Solomon's hand.

SOLOMON
What are you doing here?!

BOBBY
I...I brought your fertilizer.

He gestures toward the Co-op delivery truck.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
Like you asked. The shipment was late but I thought you'd want it before tomorr--

SOLOMON
Where's Jessica?!

Bobby stares at him dumbfounded.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)
Did you see her?!

Bobby opens his mouth but nothing comes out. Solomon grabs him and YANKS him to his feet.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)
Speak damnit! Jessica! Did you see her?!

BOBBY
J-Jessica?

Solomon shoves Bobby aside and races toward the house.

SOLOMON
Jessica?!

INT. SOLOMON FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

Solomon crashes into the house. It's dark. He searches every room.

SOLOMON
Denise! Baby, where are you?!

He finally stops in the living room. They're not here.

He drops the axe. Stares through the screen door out at his field, then down at his arms.

They're covered in tiny paper cuts from the stalk leaves.

He approaches the sink, runs his arms under the water, then takes a beer from the freezer.

He collapses onto the couch. Reaches over and clicks on the light.

IN THE MIRROR across from the couch--

THE SCARECROW

is standing right behind him!

Solomon dives to the floor and SCREAMS!

He comes up with the Axe and holds it in a batter's stance.

But it wasn't the Scarecrow in the reflection. The carpet Denise rolled up stands leaned against the wall.

EXT. SOLOMON FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

Solomon barges out of the house. He's had it! He's tired of being fucked with. Determination on his face, he marches out into his field.

EXT. THE SOLOMON FARM - SUNFLOWER FIELD - NIGHT

This time he marches right up to the Scarecrow and without the slightest hesitation he TEARS into the post with his Axe.

EXT. SOLOMON FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

Solomon shoves the Scarecrow into the 50-gallon drum. He douses it with Kerosene. He lights a match.

He HAWKS a luggie, like only a true country boy can, and spits on the Scarecrow.

Then tosses the match.

KAFOOM!

THE SCARECROW is engulfed in flames.

Solomon smiles...until Sheriff Milton's Bronco pulls into the drive. Denise climbs from the truck, thanks Milton then turns and stares at Solomon.

As the Bronco pulls away, she approaches slowly. Her face is blank, her emotions unreadable.

DENISE
What are you doing?

He eyes her suspiciously--

SOLOMON
What does it look like? I getting
rid of this old thing.

She stares from the burning drum to her husband.

DENISE
I've tried, Roy. I really have. I
do love you, but...

SOLOMON
But what?

DENISE
If you're not even going to make
the effort then maybe we need some
time apart.

SOLOMON
We what?

DENISE
I know you've needed me, Roy, but
I've needed you too. And you just
haven't been there.

SOLOMON
How can I be there for you when you
run off with Milton?!

DENISE
He drove home from our counseling
session, Roy. The one you didn't
bother showing up for.

SOLOMON
Shit, that was tonight.

She marches off toward the house.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)

Hold on.

DENISE

Forget it, Roy.

SOLOMON

Baby, please.

She keeps walking.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)

Denise, I know it looks crazy but I had to get rid of this thing! It was important!

She hesitates, turns.

DENISE

I remember when I was important.

She turns back toward the house and he grabs her.

SOLOMON

Now, hold on!

She jerks away.

DENISE

Don't you touch me! I don't care where you go tonight but you are not sleeping under my roof!

She enters the house and SLAMS the door in his face.

Solomon sighs and stares back at his burning Scarecrow. There's not much left.

He glances out over his field. In the distance he sees the lights of Jude's farmhouse.

He shrugs and starts off in that direction.

EXT. THE JUDE WEATHERBY FARM - FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

Solomon approaches. Jude's farmhouse isn't unlike his own. Small, run down, it could use a paint job.

He KNOCKS on the door and notices --

A supped-up El Camino parked under a tree. He's seen it before. Where?

The door opens. But it isn't Jude that greets him.

It's the Young Woman he saw swimming, the one he saw in town. She stares back at him.

SOLOMON

I'm sorry, I was looking for Jude?

YOUNG WOMAN

He ain't here.

SOLOMON

Oh, well, when do you expect him back? I sort of locked myself out and was hoping I could crash on his couch.

YOUNG WOMAN

You can have his bed. He drove up to Valentine to pick up some grain. Won't be back til' morning.

She stands back and gestures him in. Solomon pauses. Maybe he shouldn't. But he does.

INT. WEATHERBY FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

As Solomon enters the decor is something of a shock. Leather couch, polished floors, a ball game plays on a big screen TV. It's far nicer than the exterior hints.

YOUNG WOMAN

Glass of tea?

SOLOMON

Sure. And you are?

MIRANDA

I'm Miranda. Jude's my husband.

Wow. How the hell did a weathered old farmer end up with someone like Miranda? Solomon takes a seat on the couch as Miranda approaches with two glasses of tea.

MIRANDA (CONT'D)

So, your wife kicked you out of the house, huh?

SOLOMON

Yeah, she, no, I...yeah, maybe.

He takes a sip of tea and suddenly COUGHS.

MIRANDA
Sorry, Jude likes to spike it with
moonshine.

SOLOMON
(hoarse) No. It's good. Quite a
kick.

MIRANDA
What happened to your hand?

Solomon looks down at his bandage. It's filthy.

SOLOMON
It's nothing.

MIRANDA
It won't be when it gets infected.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. WEATHERBY FARMHOUSE - LATER

Miranda kneels before him, she gently washes his hand with a
rag, dipping it into a bowl of hot water.

SOLOMON
...she blows everything out of
proportion. I don't get it. I
work my ass off and she could care
less.

Miranda wraps his hand with fresh gauze.

MIRANDA
Sometimes Jude beats me.

SOLOMON
What? I mean, that's..I'm...I'm
sorry.

MIRANDA
It happens.

SOLOMON
I feel stupid now, rambling on and
on about--

MIRANDA
--I don't mind. Sometimes a man
needs to vent his frustrations.
Better his mouth than his fists.

She finishes the bandage and starts massaging his fingers.

MIRANDA (CONT'D)

You have strong hands.

Solomon swallows.

SOLOMON

Yeah, uh...we'd be in trouble if I didn't. Sunflowers, contrary to what many folks may believe, don't grow themselves.

She takes his other hand. Massages it.

MIRANDA

--I saw you watching me.

SOLOMON

Huh? Oh, in town, yeah. Well strangers sort of stand out.

MIRANDA

I wasn't talking about town.

Solomon's face turns red.

MIRANDA (CONT'D)

It's okay. Don't be embarrassed. I've watched you too.

He stares at her, shocked.

MIRANDA (CONT'D)

That day you put up your scarecrow? You had your shirt off. You were filthy, sweating. You looked angry.

(a beat)

It made me wet.

She before him.

SOLOMON

Maybe I should...

MIRANDA

I'm wet now.

She pulls her shirt off. Climbs on top of him.

Before he knows what's happened, he's grabbed her! They kiss, forcefully. She rips his shirt open. He tears her skirt off and throws her violently onto the couch.

She spins beneath him, onto her stomach.

MIRANDA (CONT'D)
 (breathless) No. I want it like
 this.

As yanks at his belt we --

FADE TO BLACK

FADE UP ON:

INT. WEATHERBY FARMHOUSE - BEDROOM - MORNING

CLOSE ON SOLOMON'S FACE

His eyes closed. Asleep. Peaceful. Suddenly his eyes open.

MIRANDA (O.S.)
 Morning.

Miranda straddles him, naked.

MIRANDA (CONT'D)
 Jude will be home soon. Might be
 best if you weren't here.

Solomon tosses her aside and grabs his pants. Guilt devours his face. What the hell has he done?

EXT. WEATHERBY FARMHOUSE - DAY

Solomon tears out of the house and races toward his field, putting his shirt on as he runs.

EXT. THE SOLOMON FARM - SUNFLOWER FIELD - DAY

As Solomon runs across his field --

SOLOMON
 Idiot! Selfish son of a bitch!

With little thought he races into the opening where he'd recently tore down his scarecrow, then --

His face fills with SHOCK!

He stumbles backwards, falls to the ground.

MOVE TO REVEAL

THE SCARECROW

Hanging in its spot just as it had so many mornings before.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)

No...

EXT. THE SOLOMON FARM - FARMHOUSE - DAY

Solomon staggers out of his field. He's pale. Wasted. He looks up as --

Marty climbs out of his BMW.

MARTY

Hey buddy.

Marty's tone is full of concern. He follows as Solomon walks toward the house.

SOLOMON

Hey.

MARTY

Did Bobby make his delivery yesterday?

SOLOMON

Sure, why?

Solomon sticks his head in the door of his house, calls out.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)

Denise?

MARTY

Well, he never came home last night and his mother's driving me nuts.

Solomon starts toward his barn.

SOLOMON

Well, he was here around five-thirty, maybe six.

MARTY

Did he say where he was going?

SOLOMON

Didn't mention it.

Solomon sticks his head in the barn, calls out.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)

Denise?

Marty forces a smile.

MARTY

Seems I'm not the only one missing
a family member.

SOLOMON

Seems so. Look if I see Bobby I'll
let ya know. Call me if you see
mine?

MARTY

Will do.

Marty returns to his BMW and pulls away. Solomon frowns and glances around. Where the hell are they?

INT. SOLOMON FARMHOUSE - DAY

He enters and opens his bedroom door. The bed is unmade, the room empty. He closes the door and turns to his daughter's door. He opens it.

INT. SOLOMON FARMHOUSE - JESSICA'S ROOM - DAY

The bed is made. Jessica's not here. He enters and sits on her bed. He glances around the room, her baseball glove on the bed post. The pink butterflies on the walls.

An old laptop on her desk. He stares at it. Suddenly he leaps up, grabs the laptop.

EXT. THE SOLOMON FARM - FARMHOUSE - DAY

Solomon walks toward his barn carrying the laptop, its cords dragging behind him.

INT. THE SOLOMON FARM - BARN - DAY

Solomon clicks a button on the mouse. We hear the high pitched tones of his logging onto the internet.

Logged in, he moves the pointer over the search box. Types--

"scarecrow" and "supernatural"

He clicks search.

Assorted shots as Solomon searches through several internet sites. Witchcraft, ghosts, voodoo, curses, on and on.

With frustration on his face we can see he's not finding what he wants. Then he hears --

YELLING, from inside the house.

EXT. THE SOLOMON FARM - FARMHOUSE - DAY

Solomon exits the barn and approaches the house. He can hear Jessica yelling. She's angry.

JESSICA (O.S.)

Why are you being so mean to
daddy?! Don't you see what you are
doing?! You're pushing him away!

Jessica BURSTS from the house.

SOLOMON

Jessica?

But she doesn't stop. She races around the house and disappears.

Solomon glances toward the house with dread.

INT. SOLOMON FARMHOUSE - DAY

Denise stands in the kitchen with bags of market fresh vegetables. She grabs a ripe tomato and begins slicing it with a big knife. Solomon approaches slowly.

SOLOMON

Baby?

She keeps slicing.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)

If you're mad at me, don't take it
out on--

DENISE

(snaps) I'm not mad at you
anymore. I'm fine.

SOLOMON

You don't sound fine.

DENISE

Is that right? How exactly do I
sound?!

SOLOMON
 Look, I'm sorry about missing our
 appointment. I'm sorry that--

DENISE
 --Sure you are. Just forget it,
 that's what you're good at.

SOLOMON
 Denise, please.

DENISE
 Roy, just leave me the fuck alone.

Roy stares, stunned.

DENISE (CONT'D)
 What's wrong? Don't like it when
 your innocent country wife talks
 like a sailor?

SOLOMON
 As a matter of fact, I don't.

DENISE
 But it's okay for you to stop going
 to church, to start drinking beer--

SOLOMON
 Hey! I came here to apologize!

DENISE
 Oh! I'm so sorry. Roy Solomon is
 making another apology. And this
 time he means it! This time it
 will be different!

SOLOMON
 Denise--

DENISE
 --Don't Denise me! Go work your
 field, Roy. Work it until you're
 horny enough to spend some time
 with me. Then you can fuck me from
 behind. How about in the ass this
 time, Roy? Really. It's my reward
 to you for another outstanding
 apology.

Solomon is stunned.

DENISE (CONT'D)

And don't worry about me. Don't waste time warming me up. I like a nice long "dry" fuck! Feels great!

She falls silent. Her face red, her fingers white-knuckling the knife. She takes a deep breath. Looks away.

DENISE (CONT'D)

Just go. This will blow over. It always does.

Solomon can't move. He stares at her.

SOLOMON

Denise, maybe we should--

DENISE

Roy, I'm asking nicely. Just go. Before the voices in my head come back and I stab you in the heart with this knife.

She goes back to slicing vegetables.

Solomon turns and exits.

EXT. THE SOLOMON FARM - FARMHOUSE - DAY

Solomon crosses to the barn, still dazed. Then he hears --

JUDE

Approaching through his field. Solomon tenses, more so when he sees what Jude is carrying...A CURVED SICKLE.

SOLOMON

Oh hell.

Solomon suddenly looks guilty. Jude walks out of the field and approaches -- Solomon takes a step backwards.

JUDE

This a bad time?

SOLOMON

I guess you want to talk to me.

Jude looks pale, shaken. Solomon glances up at the house, sees Denise standing at the kitchen window. Watching.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)

Come on.

INT. THE SOLOMON FARM - BARN - DAY

Solomon pulls the barn door closed behind them.

SOLOMON
 Alright, look. I don't know what
 the hell got into me--

JUDE
 --I couldn't find my way out of
 your field just now. I...I think I
 heard...well, I know I did...

Solomon stares at Jude, who still looks pale as a ghost.

SOLOMON
 --What? What's the matter?

JUDE
 I heard voices.

Solomon's shocked. And relieved.

JUDE (CONT'D)
 Then...then I ran into that...that
 Scarecrow of yours. Damn near gave
 me a heart attack. That thing...it
 ain't right, Roy. It's unnatural.

SOLOMON
 So, you believe me now.

JUDE
 I don't know what I believe.

SOLOMON
 I burned it last night.

He swings the barn door open, gestures toward the 50-gallon
 drum.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)
 Right down to the ashes.

JUDE
 But I just--

SOLOMON
 --I know. This morning it was
 back. And that ain't all. Two
 people are dead, Jude. I think...I
 think that thing...Jesus, I don't
 even know how to say it.

Jude stares at the laptop sitting on the work bench. The web-page filled with research on the supernatural.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)

You think I'm crazy don't you?

Jude stares out the window into the field for a long beat, then glances back at the laptop.

JUDE

You cain't Google your way out of this.

SOLOMON

What?

JUDE

I'm saying you won't find what you're looking for on that thing.

SOLOMON

What am I looking for?

JUDE

You should talk to my wife.

SOLOMON

Huh?

JUDE

My wife, Miranda, she knows stuff, Roy. Stuff what ain't rightly Christian, if you get my meaning.

INT. THE JUDE WEATHERBY FARM - FARMHOUSE - DAY

Solomon follows Jude into the house.

JUDE

Miranda! I got Roy with me. He's gonna need that book of yours.

Miranda enters from the back, stops and stares. Her right eye is swollen. Black and blue.

SOLOMON

Jesus, what hap--

He catches himself, his eyes quickly shifting to Jude.

JUDE

She fell.

Solomon turns to her, his eyes asking the question again.

MIRANDA

I fell.

JUDE

Miranda? The book?

Miranda considers then kneels and flips a floor rug back revealing a hatch beneath. She grabs a big iron ring and pulls. The hinges scream.

MIRANDA

It's in the cellar. You know I can't get it for him. He has to do this himself if he wants the magic to work.

They stare at Solomon, who stands there, slightly confused.

JUDE

Go on, Roy.

Solomon continues to stare. What sort of game are they playing? Jude knows. Of course, he knows. It's the reason Miranda's eye looks like hell.

SOLOMON

I don't think so.

He turns to leave but Jude grabs him.

JUDE

It won't never stop, Roy. You have to destroy it.

SOLOMON

I tried.

MIRANDA

There's only one way to destroy the Scarecrow. And I can't tell you what it is. It's different for every man.

Solomon walks toward the open hatch. He can see a table down there, and sure enough, a thick book on its surface.

He takes a breath and descends the rickety stairs.

INT. THE JUDE WEATHERBY FARM - CELLAR - DAY

The cellar is black with darkness, not even the walls can be seen. Only the table and book lit by the light above.

He takes the book in his hands. A thick layer of dust slides from the cover. There's no title but it's bound in cracked black leather. He thumbs through the pages.

Ancient text written in a crimson ink. Fantastically detailed illustrations. Dark curses and voodoo rituals, the blackest of magic. An encyclopedia of all that is evil.

He flips another page and sees --

A SCARECROW.

His Scarecrow. Down to the tiniest detail.

SOLOMON
Jesus, this is it!

INT. THE JUDE WEATHERBY FARM - FARMHOUSE - DAY

Solomon bounds back up the steps.

SOLOMON
This is it!

He stops, stares.

Miranda and Jude are gone.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)
Hello?

His gaze return to the page with the Scarecrow. He sits on the leather couch and begins to read. As he does, we slowly see horror dawn on his face.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)
No.

INT. THE SOLOMON FARM - SUNFLOWER FIELD - DAY

Solomon walks through his field, singing quietly.

SOLOMON
Jesus loves me this I know, for the
Bible tells me so...

His voice is hoarse, cracks. Tears roll down his cheeks.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)

Little ones to him belong. They are weak but he is strong. Yes, Jesus love me. Yes, Jesus loves me...

The Black Book tucked snugly under one arm.

INT. THE SOLOMON FARM - BARN - NIGHT

Solomon sits at his workbench. He's pushed the laptop aside, his face buried within the Black Book. He scribbles a list onto a tiny note pad.

The Barn door opens. Sheriff Milton stands in the doorway.

SHERIFF MILTON

Roy? You okay, buddy?

Solomon doesn't look up from making notes.

SOLOMON

I'm fine, why?

SHERIFF MILTON

Denise called me. Said you disappeared. She's been worried sick. Heck, everybody's been looking for you.

SOLOMON

I just have alot of work to do.

The Sheriff steps into the barn.

SHERIFF MILTON

You sure you're okay? She said you two had a heck of a blow out.

He crosses toward Solomon.

SHERIFF MILTON (CONT'D)

We go back a long way if you need somebody to talk--

The Sheriff turns. He stares at the wall behind Solomon. His mouth drops open. His face turns pale.

SHERIFF MILTON (CONT'D)

Jesus.

Solomon twists around and sees --

BOBBY

Staked to the barn wall. Crucified. Metal spikes driven through his limbs. He's dead.

Solomon falls off his stool, eyes wide.

SOLOMON
Bobby?...Jesus no.

The Sheriff grabs a shoulder mike.

SHERIFF MILTON
Margaret! Get an ambulance out to the Solomon farm immediately!

Solomon climbs to his feet, stumbles toward the dead boy.

SHERIFF MILTON (CONT'D)
(pulls his weapon) Roy, don't!
Just stay where you are!

SOLOMON
Sheriff?

SHERIFF MILTON
You heard me. Drop to your knees.

SOLOMON
Sheriff, I didn't--

SHERIFF MILTON
You didn't what?! You didn't stake him to that wall or you didn't bother with him when you saw him hanging there?!

SOLOMON
I didn't see him! I swear! I was distracted...I wasn't thinking straight...

Solomon falls to his knees, buries his face in his hands.

INT. CROSSVILLE CITY SHERIFF'S OFFICE - HOLDING CELL - NIGHT

Solomon sits on a ragged cot as FOOTSTEPS approach. The Sheriff walks up with a chair, has a seat in the hall.

SOLOMON
Sheriff, Marty is one of my best friends. What possible reason would I have to hurt his son?

SHERIFF MILTON

You mean besides the most obvious one?

SOLOMON

What, that he was hanging in my barn? Is that not circumstantial? Look, when I came back tonight I was distracted, I swear to God I didn't see him hang--

SHERIFF MILTON

--Doc says he's been dead since last night. That he's been hanging there since last night.

SOLOMON

Last night...that's impossible. I would have seen him!

SHERIFF MILTON

You'd think wouldn't you?

SOLOMON

Sheriff, I'm being framed. Can't you see that? Ask Jude, he was in my barn this--

SHERIFF MILTON

Who?

SOLOMON

Jude Weatherby! He was in my barn this afternoon. He can tell you. Bobby wasn't--

SHERIFF MILTON

--Where were you last night, Roy?

SOLOMON

Huh?

SHERIFF MILTON

Denise said you two had a big fight. She kicked you out of the house. Where did you go?

Solomon thinks, then --

FLASH ON:

Solomon's fucking Miranda.

SOLOMON

I...

SHERIFF MILTON

Roy, help me out here, buddy. I want to believe you. If you have an alibi then tell me.

SOLOMON

I...

Solomon takes a deep breath. There's only one way out of this.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)

I'm responsible, Sheriff. For Chapman, Brother Phillips...

SHERIFF MILTON

Roy, hold on. Don't say anything without a lawyer. We can get you some help--

SOLOMON

--I don't need a lawyer! Listen to me! I put a Scarecrow up in my field.

SHERIFF MILTON

What's that have to do with--

SOLOMON

--Just hear me out. Send your men to my field. Make sure they're armed. Have them keep an eye on my scarecrow.

SHERIFF MILTON

Do what?

SOLOMON

You don't think I know how this sounds? The Scarecrow, it killed all my crows. Then it killed Chapman. At first I wasn't sure but after Brother Phillips I burned it. I tried to destroy it but it was back this morning. I think it's pissed at me. It's trying to make it look like I killed Bobby. Please, you've got to believe me.

Solomon stares at Sheriff Milton, waiting, hoping, then --

SHERIFF MILTON
You really are crazy.

The Sheriff stands. Solomon rushes toward the bars.

SOLOMON
Milton, please, just send your men
to my field.

The Sheriff turns and walks down the hall.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)
Milton! You have to let me out of
here! I have to perform the ritual
or others will die! Milton!

Solomon paces the cell like a caged cat. He SCREAMS out of frustration. He grabs the bars and shakes them. It's pointless. He turns.

His gaze falls on a squat toilet in the corner. He approaches it and stares at the dark water within.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CROSSVILLE CITY SHERIFF'S OFFICE - HOLDING CELL - NIGHT

SOLOMON
Hey! Anybody out there?! Hello?

He waits, listens. Nothing.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)
Hey! Somebody! I need some help
in here!

He hears MOVEMENT. A door OPENS. FOOTSTEPS approach, slowly. Then --

VOICE
What?

SOLOMON
The toilet's overflowed. Could I
please be moved to a different
cell?

DEAN, a young deputy sticks his head around the corner. He's barely eighteen.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)
Hi.

DEAN
Mr. Solomon.

SOLOMON
I know you. It's Dean isn't it?

DEAN
Yes sir.

SOLOMON
Yeah, you used to hang out with my
daughter, Jessica.

DEAN
Yes sir.

Dean looks through the bars, sure enough, the toilet's
overflowing. Water has puddled the entire cell.

SOLOMON
See what I mean?

DEAN
The Sheriff went back out...he went
back to your place. I'm the only
one here right now.

SOLOMON
Dean, I'm not asking you to drive
me around in your squad car. I'd
just rather not be standing in
other peoples' piss.

DEAN
I don't know, Mr. Solomon. I'm not
even supposed to be back here.

SOLOMON
Then call the Sheriff. Come on,
Dean, there are about three turds
floating back there and I'm pretty
sure they're moving of their own
accord.

Dean smiles, tries to stop, but can't.

DEAN
Okay, turn around. Stick your
hands through the bars.

SOLOMON
What? Why?

DEAN
I'm gonna cuff you first.

SOLOMON
Well, good grief.

Solomon does as he's told.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)
Do you really think this is
necessary?

DEAN
I'm sorry, but yes sir.

Dean cuffs Solomon's hands behind his back. He then disappears and opens the next cell. He returns and unlocks Solomon's cell.

DEAN (CONT'D)
Ok, come on.

Dean leads Solomon into the hall.

SOLOMON
You know, a couple of days ago,
Jessica told me she knew all about
sex.

Dean stops, turns to him.

DEAN
What?

SOLOMON
Was that your doing, Dean?

Dean stares at Solomon in shock, then --

WHAM!

Solomon leaps forward and headbutt's Dean in the face. Dean staggers. Solomon SLAMS his body into Dean's and both COLLIDE into a block wall. Dean crumbles to the ground, unconscious.

Solomon squats to the floor and digs the keys from Dean's belt. Unlocks his cuffs.

Solomon checks Dean for a pulse then slaps the kid gently on the cheek.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)
You're a good kid.

Solomon drags him into the dry cell.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)
Sorry about this.

EXT. CROSSVILLE CITY - FARMER'S CO-OP - NIGHT

Solomon approaches the front door. He glances around.

After dark the town is a ghost town.

He pulls his tiny note pad from his pocket, checks his scribbled list under a streetlight, then --

--turns and kicks the door in. Solomon disappears within.

MOMENTS LATER

Solomon exits the Co-Op with a small burlap sack. It's loaded with unseen items.

He runs across the street, picks up a large rock and heaves it toward the Piggly Wiggly. The plate glass window SHATTERS.

Solomon disappears into the small town grocery.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE SOLOMON FARM - NIGHT

Bright halogen lamps illuminate the outer barn. Two deputy vehicles and a Coroner's van pull away. The Sheriff's SUV and a dark sedan are all that's left in the drive. Yellow Police tape has the place marked off.

EXT. THE SOLOMON FARM - SUNFLOWER FIELD - NIGHT

Solomon creeps along the edge of his field, the burlap sack slung over his shoulder. He races unseen up to the side of the house. As he peers around the corner --

The Sheriff and two FORENSIC INVESTIGATORS exit the barn.

They talk but Solomon is too far away to hear. Eventually the Investigators load numerous tools and samples into their Sedan and pull away.

The Sheriff heads up to the porch where Denise joins him.

Solomon watches from the shadows and listens.

SHERIFF MILTON
How you holding up?

Denise sits down in a rocker, wringing her hands.

DENISE
I'm okay. For now. Milton, Roy
couldn't have done this.

SHERIFF MILTON
Let's just wait and see what the
science says.

DENISE
You've known him longer than I
have. You really think he would
kill Bobby?

SHERIFF MILTON
He certainly had a motive.

DENISE
I had a motive, Sheriff. We made
our peace with that a long time
ago.

SHERIFF MILTON
Maybe you made your peace with it,
Denise, but what he told me tonight
...the excuse he gave...he said a
scarecrow...

DENISE
What?

SHERIFF MILTON
It doesn't matter. Look, Chapman
was going to foreclose on your
farm. And was Brother Phillips not
encouraging you to leave Roy?

DENISE
What are you saying?

SHERIFF MILTON
No one benefited more from these
three deaths than Roy.

DENISE
No one other than me, you mean.

SHERIFF MILTON
Denise, Roy needs help.

DENISE
I want to see him.

SHERIFF MILTON
Tomorrow. He's safe for now. I
have a few more stops to make but
I'll check on him before I head
home. I'm sorry about this. I
hope to God I'm wrong.

Denise watches as he departs. As he pulls away, She goes
inside and closes the door behind her.

INT. THE SOLOMON FARM - BARN - NIGHT

The barn doors swing open. Solomon enters with purpose.

Bobby's body is gone but the barn wall is still stained with
blood. The Forensic Team has clearly gone over every inch of
the barn. Items are out of place. Fingerprint dust covers
anything that might hold a print.

Solomon crosses quickly to his work bench. The Black Book
still rests exactly where it was.

He grabs a 5-gallon bucket. Checking his note pad he slowly
unloads the contents of his burlap sack into the bucket.

A dozen eggs, seed, grain, roots, ground beef, milk --
assorted items gathered from the grocery and co-op.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. THE SOLOMON FARM - BARN - LATER

CLOSE ON CONTENTS OF BUCKET

It's a brown soupy mixture. It looks disgusting. Solomon
kneels over it, stirring with a broken broom-handle.

JESSICA (O.S.)
Daddy?

Stone jumps! Soupy mixture splatters onto the ground.

Jessica stands in the doorway staring at him.

SOLOMON
Jessica! Don't sneak up on people!

JESSICA
I wasn't sneaking.

SOLOMON
Why aren't you in bed? Where's
your mother?

She approaches him slowly, glances into the bucket.

JESSICA
What are you doing?

SOLOMON
You wouldn't understand.

JESSICA
I'm not a little girl anymore.

He SIGHS heavily and goes back to stirring.

JESSICA (CONT'D)
Daddy, please. Just go inside.
Make things right with momma.

SOLOMON
That's what I'm trying to do! You
don't understand. I have to
finish.

JESSICA
No you don't. You need rest. Do
it for me. Do it for momma.

SOLOMON
I'm doing all of this for you! I
love you both and this is the only
way to stop it. This is the only
way to stop the scarecrow!

JESSICA
You should never have put that
thing in your field.

SOLOMON
I know that! You don't think I
know that?!

JESSICA
Please daddy, just forget about the
scarecrow.

SOLOMON

You go back inside. I know what I'm doing. I have this under control. Everything is going to work out.

DENISE (O.S.)

Roy? Who are you talking to?

Denise now stands in the doorway wearing slippers and a nightgown. She looks tired and worn.

SOLOMON

Denise, please. Take Jessica back inside and let me finish.

Denise stares at him. Did she hear that right?

DENISE

You're talking to Jessica?

SOLOMON

Use your eyes, Denise, she's standing right...

But Jessica is no longer standing there.

DENISE

Roy, I think you should come inside.

SOLOMON

Jessica? Jessica?! Where'd she go?

DENISE

(softly) Roy, Jessica's been dead for over a year.

He stares at her.

SOLOMON

What?

DENISE

She was riding her bike home from camp. And Bobby, he fell asleep at the wheel. It was an accident, Roy. A horrible accident.

SOLOMON

What?

DENISE
Just come inside with me.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)
Jessica's not Dead. Why are you
saying that?

DENISE
Roy, come inside.

SOLOMON
Why would you say that? Why would
you say that our daughter is dead?!
Have you lost your mind?!

DENISE
Me? Roy, I'm not the one burning
our living room rug in the middle
of the night!

She gestures out into the yard where we see the 50-gallon
drum. Sure enough, hanging from it is a blackened, burned,
rolled up rug.

DENISE (CONT'D)
I'm not the one working in the barn
all day with a dead body hanging on
the wall!

SOLOMON
No! You don't understand!

DENISE
Why, Roy? Why would you do this?
Haven't we been through enough?

SOLOMON
Do what? What are you talking
about?

She reaches into her pocket, tosses three items on the ground
before him.

DENISE
Chapman's watch. Brother
Phillips's ring. And that's
Bobby's wallet. I just found them
in your underwear drawer, Roy.

SOLOMON
No, no, no. You don't understand.
I'm destroying the scarecrow. You
haven't seen what I've seen.

(MORE)

SOLOMON (CONT'D)

It's all right there in the book,
Denise. Read it for yourself.

Denise glances toward the book.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)

Go ahead, see for yourself.

DENISE

See what, Roy? What am I supposed
to see?

SOLOMON

The book! It's a book on the
occult!

DENISE

No, Roy. It's not. It's just a
dictionary.

Solomon stares at the book. No longer is it a forboding
leather bound book of magic. It's simply a very thick
Webster's dictionary.

SOLOMON

No.

The tick in his eye is back. He grabs his head like a man
trying to stop it from exploding.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)

No. This can't be happening.

JUDE (O.S.)

Roy!

Solomon jerks around to find Jude standing in the doorway.

JUDE (CONT'D)

Get a hold of yourself.

SOLOMON

Jude, it's all falling apart.

Denise stares toward the doorway. No one is there.

DENISE

Roy, who are you talking to?

JUDE

Roy, listen to me! Don't give up!
You're so close.

SOLOMON

I've done what it said. I gathered the ingredients for the ritual. Because then and only then shall the final step of the ritual be performed.

JUDE

That's right, Roy. You've done real good. Real good.

DENISE

Roy! There is no one there!

Solomon stares from Jude to Denise then back again.

JUDE

Finish it.

DENISE

I'm going to call the Sheriff. We're going to help you.

Solomon lifts the bucket and before Denise can react--

He SPLASHES the contents over the top of his head! The brown muck covers him completely.

DENISE (CONT'D)

Roy! My god! You're completely insane! You've lost your--

SOLOMON

DENISE!!

He pulls his axe from the wall and turns toward her.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)

For it is written: There is but one way to destroy the scarecrow.

He marches toward her.

Denise stares at him in shock. She backs away slowly.

DENISE

Roy! Stop it! This isn't funny!

SOLOMON

I should hope not.

He swings his axe at her.

Denise stumbles backwards and falls to the ground, the axe just missing her.

She SCREAMS and runs.

EXT. THE SOLOMON FARM - BARN - NIGHT

Denise stumbles out of the barn, SLAMS into the side of his old Chevy.

DENISE
Roy Please!

She moves just as --

WHAM!

Solomon buries his axe blade into the hood!

Denise SCREAMS and races away as Solomon struggles to free the axe.

SOLOMON
Hold still, damnit!

EXT. THE SOLOMON FARM - SUNFLOWER FIELD - NIGHT

Denise races into the field. She stumbles, falls. Picks herself up and continues.

EXT. THE SOLOMON FARM - BARN - NIGHT

Solomon RIPS his axe free and tears after her.

EXT. THE SOLOMON FARM - SUNFLOWER FIELD - NIGHT

Deep within the field Denise stops, squats to the ground. She listens. She hears him RUNNING toward her.

She lies flat on the ground. Maybe he'll run past. She holds her breath.

Closer and closer. She sees him! Two rows over.

He runs right past her!

She lets out a SIGH of relief, then --

He stops.

SILENCE

SOLOMON (O.S.)
Denise...I...smell...you...

She hears him STALKING back toward her.

She leaps up and takes off running!

SOLOMON

turns toward her, smiles. The moon isn't full but she stands out in its light. He marches after her and begins to sing.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)
Mine eyes have seen the glory of
the coming of the Lord; He is
trampling out the vintage where the
grapes of wrath are stored...

DENISE

runs in terror. Solomon's voice rising up behind her.

SOLOMON (O.S.) (CONT'D)
He hath loosed the fateful
lightning of His terrible swift
sword; His truth is marching on.

Denise is crying, she stumbles, SLAMS into the ground.

SOLOMON (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Glory! glory, hallelujah!

He's almost on top of her! She struggles to stand, falls.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)
Glory! glory, hallelujah! Glory!
glory, hallelujah! Our God is
marching on.

Solomon stands over her. The muck now dried and cracked...

...he has become the Scarecrow.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)
This is the only way to kill it,
baby.

He lifts his axe over his head.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)
I'm sorry.

Suddenly Denise SCREAMS and FLINGS a handful of dirt into his face!

Solomon stumbles backwards, his hand going to his eyes.

Denise leaps up and shoves him. He stumbles backwards and falls to the ground, landing on the axe blade.

It slices his side open. He SCREAMS.

Denise tears off through the sunflowers.

Solomon rolls over, checks his side. It's bleeding.

JUDE (O.S.)

Get up!!

Solomon stares up at Jude, who stands over him, looking angry.

JUDE (CONT'D)

She's getting away!!

SOLOMON

I'm bleeding here!

JUDE

Be a man! You have a job to do!
Get up! Get up! Get up! Get up!

Solomon climbs to his feet and takes off after Denise.

EXT. THE JUDE WEATHERBY FARM - NIGHT

Denise stumbles from the field. She's a mess.

She gazes up at Jude's dark farmhouse. She runs toward it.

DENISE

Help me! Somebody help me!

EXT. THE SOLOMON FARM - SUNFLOWER FIELD - NIGHT

Solomon runs through his field. But he's not alone.

He's surrounded by small feral children running around him, CHANTING him on.

EXT. THE JUDE WEATHERBY FARM - FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

Denise runs past a piece-of-shit El Camino and races up onto the porch. She BANGS on the door. It opens.

INT. WEATHERBY FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

The place is a wreck. No one has lived here in years. The fancy decor Solomon saw was all delusion.

Peeling paint, garbage piled throughout, holes in the walls, a giant hole in the floor...the cellar Roy saw in his mind.

Denise approaches a window.

THROUGH WINDOW

The sunflower field. The stalks wave gently in the night breeze. But no Solomon. Maybe he lost her.

Suddenly he BURSTS from the field. He stops, looks around then races toward the house.

DENISE

turns and runs up a rickety set of stairs.

INT. WEATHERBY FARMHOUSE - UPSTAIRS BEDROOM - NIGHT

Denise enters in a panic, searching for a place to hide. But the bedroom is empty. She SLAMS the door, locks it.

INT. WEATHERBY FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

The front door BURSTS open. Solomon enters.

SOLOMON
Honey! I'm home!

He gazes around then glances at the stairs and smiles.

INT. WEATHERBY FARMHOUSE - UPSTAIRS BEDROOM - NIGHT

Denise approaches the window. It's a long drop. She tries to open it. It won't budge. Painted shut.

She turns, standing in the big empty room. Nothing between she and Solomon but a door. She holds her breath, listens.

She can hear CREAKING footsteps on the stairs.

Again she tugs on the window, pulls with all her might then --

TAP TAP TAP

She stops. Turns. Stares at the door.

TAP TAP TAP

SOLOMON (O.S.)
Baby? You in there?

Denise holds her breath. She's frozen still.

SOLOMON (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Hey, I was just kidding. Okay?
(a beat)
So, what's for dinner tonight?

She doesn't move. Doesn't breath.

SOLOMON (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Open the door please.

He JIGGLES the handle.

SOLOMON (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Goddamnit woman!! Stop being
selfish! Other people will die!
This is the only way!

He SLAMS into the door. Denise crumbles to the floor, silent tears rolling down her face. Then --

When he speaks again, his voice is different. He speaks in falsetto with an English accent.

SOLOMON (O.S.) (CONT'D)
I'm just a harmless passerby,
seeking shelter for the night.
Anyone there? I'm certainly not a
fiendish killer with an axe waiting
to split you open. Oh heavens no.
(chuckles) Open up, please.

Denise stares. He's completely lost his mind. Silence. Did he give up? She rises slowly. Listens.

WHAM!

The axe slams against the door!

DENISE SCREAMS

She turns back to the window and again tries to force it open!

WHAM!

The door starts to splinter. She's in hysterics.

WHAM!

A small hole appears in the door. Solomon leans his face in and stares at her.

She looks back at him, then --

SOLOMON (CONT'D)
Here's Johnny!

Denise turns SCREAMING and shoves her FIST through the glass!

Solomon starts KICKING the door. It BURSTS open!

Denise dives out the window!

EXT. THE JUDE WEATHERBY FARM - FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

KA-FWAM! She hits the ground hard.

Solomon rushes to the window, leans out above her.

She struggles to stand, falls.

SOLOMON
Baby?! Are you ok?! Ohmygod!
Just hang tight.
(a beat)
I'll be right down.

INT. THE JUDE WEATHERBY FARM - FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

CAACKLING with delight, Solomon takes the stairs three at a time. He hits the ground and --

FOOM!

His legs bursts through the floor! The axe slides across the floor. He SCREAMS in agony.

EXT. THE JUDE WEATHERBY FARM - FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

Denise rushes up to the El Camino, flings open the door. She climbs inside. She immediately reaches below the steering column and JERKS free a tangle of wires.

INT. WEATHERBY FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

Solomon tries to pull his leg free. He CRIES OUT. Tears stream down his face.

Miranda walks up behind him, SLAPS him on the back of the head.

MIRANDA

I thought you were a real man. Get up!

He struggles, sweat pouring off his face.

MIRANDA (CONT'D)

I can't believe I let you fuck me!
You're pathetic! Your wife always
said you were a selfish lay!

He GROWLS in anger as he slowly begins to rip his leg free.

MIRANDA (CONT'D)

That's it! Show me what you're
made of!

He frees himself! His pant leg ripped and bloody. Huge splinters jut from his wounds. He climbs to his feet and hobbles toward the door.

EXT. THE JUDE WEATHERBY FARM - FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

He staggers out onto the porch as --

The El Camino's engine FIRES UP.

INT. EL CAMINO - NIGHT

Denise SLAMS the gear into drive. FLOORS IT.

THROUGH WINDSHIELD

The sunflower field races toward her!

She white knuckles the steering wheel, squints her eyes and PLOWS out into the field!

EXT. THE SOLOMON FARM - SUNFLOWER FIELD - NIGHT

The El Camino BUCKS up and down as it tears through the field.

INT. EL CAMINO - NIGHT

Denise is a mess. She's CRYING. Then --

THE BACK GLASS SHATTERS!

Solomon's arm reaches in and grabs her around the throat!

Denise SCREAMS!

She claws at his arm, but he's too strong.

EXT. THE SOLOMON FARM - SUNFLOWER FIELD - NIGHT

The car careens back and forth through the field PLOWING up sunflower stalks as it goes!

INT. EL CAMINO - NIGHT

Denise lowers her chin and BITES his arm.

Solomon SCREAMS in pain.

She jerks her head back and spits out and huge chunk of flesh! Her mouth now covered in blood.

Solomon pulls his arm back.

Denise takes hold of the wheel.

THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD she can see the lights of their house ahead.

Suddenly Solomon SMASHES OUT more of the glass. He grabs her again, this time, climbing in through the back.

SOLOMON

Stop fighting me! I love you,
goddamnit!

EXT. THE SOLOMON FARM - FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

The El Camino EXPLODES from the field!

INT. EL CAMINO - NIGHT

GASPING for breath, Denise jerks the wheel!

EXT. THE SOLOMON FARM - FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

The El Camino suddenly turns right toward the house! And at 60 miles per hour it

SLAMS

into the side of the farmhouse!

Solomon flies through the BACK GLASS, through the WINDSHIELD and SLAMS into the side of the house. He crumbles down to the hood.

SMOKE hisses from the mangled engine.

The driver's side door opens. Denise crawls from the car, her head bleeding. She staggers, steadies herself.

OVER HER SHOULDER

The horizons begins to show the first signs of day.

Denise stares down at --

HER HUSBAND

He lies on his back. Eyes glassy, open. His arm is twisted at his side grotesquely. He appears dead, then --

He sits up and smiles at her.

SOLOMON
That fucking hurt.

She runs for the house!

Solomon leaps over the hood and grabs her by the hair, jerks her back into the yard! She falls flat on her back.

She tries to stand, sobbing.

Solomon limps up and WHAM punches her right in the face. She crumbles.

He stares down at her.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)
You look like hell. You know that, right?

He grabs her hair, wraps it around his hand and pulls her toward the house. She CRIES OUT in pain.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)
For the love of Jesus would you stop your whining?

He drags her up the steps, onto the porch and flings open the door.

INT. SOLOMON FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

He drags her into the house drops her to the floor. She's unconscious.

He stares down at her, considers then glances around --

SOLOMON
Where'd I put my axe?

He leans over her, gently slaps her face.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)
Baby, wake up. Where'd I put my
axe?

She doesn't respond.

He limps to the kitchen and pulls open the silverware drawer.
He bangs around inside it then pulls out a massive knife.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)
This'll do.

He limps back to her and falls to his knees straddling her.
He speaks to her softly.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)
Hey. Wake up.

Again he slaps her face gently.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)
Baby wake up so I can kill you.

He frowns, flips the knife in his hand and pokes it into her
shoulder. Nothing. He shoves it into her shoulder!

Her eyes pop open! She SCREAMS!

SOLOMON (CONT'D)
Yeah! That's more like it!

She stares up at him, tears streaming down her face.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)
Hey, baby.

She tries to move, but can't. He's too heavy, his legs hold
her arms at her side.

He tilts his head, smiles. He reaches down, pulls her gown
open, cups her breast in his hand.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)
You're making me hard. Is it just
me or does that seem wrong?

He reaches behind him, touches her between her legs.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)
I'm guessing you ain't in the mood
for one last quickie?

She turns her head away, tears flowing.

He unbuttons his pants.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)
Just a taste. What do you say? I
won't get another chance.

He puts the knife down, holds her arms and pries her legs
open with his legs.

DENISE
Please...

SOLOMON
I know. I'm working on it, baby.
Keep your pants on.

He struggles to enter her, then --

She SLAMS her head forward, driving her forehead into his
nose!

He SCREAMS! Blood gushes!

She shoves him off of her and leaps to her feet. She runs
for the door but he's on her.

He grabs her by the arm and flings her across the room!

She collides into a wall, a lamp hits the ground. SPARKS
fly. A curtain BURSTS into flame.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)
Fuck baby! I gotta live here after
your dead!

He jerks her to her feet, swings her around and lets go --

She flies backwards into a window and SMASHES through it!

EXT. THE SOLOMON FARM - FARMHOUSE - DAWN

Solomon limps around the smashed El Camino toward the side of
the house.

Denise tries desperately to reach a crawl-space leading under
the house.

SOLOMON
You just don't get it do you?

She hooks her hands inside the crawl-space and pulls her body toward it.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)
I know you don't see it now, but
your sacrifice will save lives.
Greater love hath no man than this,
that a man lay down his life for
his friends. Baby, I'm your best
friend.

Solomon grabs her ankle and jerks her back. As she's pulled away she catches a glimpse of something in the crawl-space.

A pair of eyes.

Solomon falls down straddling her, knife in hand.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)
I found my faith again, baby. I'm
saved. And I love you.

He raises the knife over his head.

DENISE
Roy, stop! Jessica!

She claws back toward the crawl-space.

DENISE (CONT'D)
Jessica's in there!

Solomon hesitates, stares into the crawl-space.

DENISE (CONT'D)
You were right, Roy! She's alive!
Help her! She's hurt, help her!

Solomon's face fills with hope.

SOLOMON
Jessica?

Solomon stares at the crawl-space, hope building.

Denise leaps back and kicks him in the face. He reels but grabs her gown, jerks her back to the ground. He raises the knife over his head.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)
And the scarecrow dies.

A GROWL

Solomon looks toward the crawl-space as --

WHAM!

His multi-colored dog LEAPS from the crawl-space and sinks its teeth into his arm! The knife flies out of his hand.

Solomon SCREAMS as the dog tears into him.

We hear SIRENS in the distance.

Solomon grapples with the canine but the dog is too fast, too strong.

Denise watches. She tries to stand but collapses.

A GUN FIRES

The dog jumps off of Solomon and cowers over to Denise as --

Sheriff Milton, Deputy Dean and several officers approach. Seeing the carnage --

SHERIFF
Jesus.

Solomon tries to stand, but the officers rush in and grab him.

SOLOMON
No! I'm not finished!

They throw him to the ground and cuff him.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)
No! I didn't do anything wrong!
It was my scarecrow! Goddamnit!
Listen to me!

Denise reaches up and puts her arm around the dog. It lies beside her protectively as an officer kneels over her with a first aid kit.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)
Let go of me, you fuckers! You
don't know what you're doing! I'm
a hero! You want my scarecrow!
(MORE)

SOLOMON(CONT'D)

It's out there right now! My
scarecrow is evil!

The Sheriff and officers glance out into the Corn Field.

MOVE TO REVEAL

Dead sunflowers. Withered and brown.

It was never lush and green as Solomon saw it. And there are
crows. Big black crows as far as the eye can see. Hundreds
of them.

And out in the field stands a lone post. But there's no
scarecrow.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)

You see! I was right! It can
move! I was right! It's gone,
see!

As they drag him away screaming the house goes up in FLAMES
behind them!

SOLOMON (CONT'D)

The Scarecrow is gone! You've got
to find it! Others will die!

As they shove him into the back of a cruiser.

WE MOVE TO REVEAL

BRODY'S '56 CHEVY -- parked near the field.

Brody shoves the Scarecrow into the bed of his truck. He
climbs behind the wheel and pulls away.

Heading back in the direction from which he came.

As the truck reaches the morning sun's heat-distorted
horizon. The old truck vanishes.

The End.