

Black screen. Radio station search. Almost cliché intro music starts playing.

WEATHER MAN 1 (O.S.)  
... And here's the latest weather report.

Slow fade in:

Detail: a chalk board with a map of the United States on it. Someone's hand appears at the coast of California and draws some lines.

WEATHER MAN 1 (O.S.)  
As you can see on your screens, the cold front is moving rapidly towards the coast of sunny California and most likely will take the summer away from its inhabitants. At least for now.

WEATHER MAN 2 (O.S.)  
Very sorry to hear that, Oswald.  
How does it look for the Southwest?

A hand strikes through the picture leaving arrows and lines indicating the wind. We move deeper into the continent.

WEATHER MAN 1 (O.S.)  
No surprises here: Southwest remains smoking hot, Jim. Tell me, what's happening on the East Coast?

The East coast is now revealed together with pre-drawn indications of the cyclone.

WEATHER MAN 2 (O.S.)  
On the East Coast, however, the weather seems to be more promising due to the anticyclone coming from the Atlantic. (CONFIRM)

The chalk sketches a few lines somewhere in the Midwest.

WEATHER MAN 1 (O.S.)  
And as for the Midwest, it's the beginning of the rain season, expecting heavy thunderstorms.

WEATHER MAN 2 (O.S.)  
That's great news for the harvest, we haven't had a good rain in this area for quite some time.

The hand starts unwinding a spiral, which gets bigger and bigger covering the whole area.

WEATHER MAN 1 (O.S.)  
Yes, it's definitely here to stay.

We fade into:

EXT. SUMMERFORD'S FARM - MIDDAY

A farm tractor with the radio and the engine left on.

WEATHER MAN 2 (V.O.)  
That's all we had for you today,  
enjoy the weather, whatever it is,  
wherever you are. Don't stand under  
a tree during the storm!

Corn fields. As far as the eye can see. The semi-scorched  
cornstalks are moving as if someone's making their way  
through.

PATRICK (O.S.)  
Freddy?!

As we get away from the vehicle, the sound of the engine  
fades away, the cicadae buzz intensifies. Corn rustling.

PATRICK (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Freddy?!  
(to himself)  
Where the hell are you?

PATRICK, in his 40s, reaches the path between the fields. He  
looks around, examining the corn stalks with his eyes.

PATRICK (CONT'D)  
Freddy!

He walks up to the tractor, gets in and drives farther while  
looking around.

EXT. CORNFIELD - SAME TIME

FRED (commonly known as Freddy), a man in his 30s, is laying  
among the cornstalks on what seems to be a small freshly dug  
grave. His face is wet from tears, he's whistling quietly.

The wind intensifies and brings the sound of the engine, Fred  
gets up and walks towards the sound while shaking the dust  
off his clothes.

EXT. SUMMERFORD'S FARM - MIDDAY

Fred walks out of the corn. Patrick is awaiting him on the  
main road.

PATRICK  
I called you.

FRED  
The wind must have carried it away.

PATRICK  
Sure.

He glances at the horizon. Beat.

PATRICK (CONT'D)  
What were you doing there?

Fred waves his hands which are almost black from digging. It doesn't matter. Patrick gives him a suspicious look. Lights up a cigarette.

PATRICK (CONT'D)  
Just came back from the town.  
Talked to the boys. It's going to  
be a bad harvest for us. Just like  
I said. And I don't buy that  
"thunderstorm" bullshit.

Fred looks up the sky. It's turning indigo blue, looking intimidating.

FRED  
Might rain today.

PATRICK  
I don't know about that. But if you  
think so, why don't you prepare the  
reservoirs then?

Fred regrets saying anything.

PATRICK (CONT'D)  
Let's eat, I got some fried  
chicken. Oh and, it's Neil's  
birthday, so we're all celebrating  
downtown tonight. You should come.  
Not like last time.

He gets into the tractor and drives towards a wooden house in the distance, leaving Fred standing in the dust clouds. The house is humble but neat.

Fred hears some thunder in the distance, and starts walking up towards the house.

FRED  
(to himself)  
"Not like last time". It is going  
to be just like last time though,  
just playing pool.

(MORE)

FRED (CONT'D)  
 "Why don't you like pool, Freddy?"  
 Don't call me Freddy. I just don't  
 like it, that's all. Or maybe I  
 don't really like you.

Then all of a sudden, he hears a low buzzing noise that seems out of place.

He turns around to find nothing, scans the horizon, and continues his way. The sound flies by and dissolves in thunder.

INT. DRIVE-IN BAR - LATER THAT DAY

Some tipsy regulars play pool. A group of men bursts into laughter. In the middle stands Patrick and performs for the amusement.

Fred is sitting in the distance at the bar sipping his bourbon, he's trying to catch what they are laughing about without turning his head, but then loses his interest.

Patrick slaps him on the back, Fred almost chokes on his drink.

PATRICK  
 Join us for a game.

Awkward pause.

PATRICK (CONT'D)  
 Neil would be happy if you joined us.

FRED  
 I bet he would.

PATRICK  
 Freddy.

FRED  
 Patrick.

PATRICK  
 The man is turning forty five and you're acting like you can't even do that.  
 (to the bartender)  
 Could I have another one, Marty?

FRED  
 He's your friend, Pat, not mine.

PATRICK  
 Bullshit, he's your friend too, are you kiddin'?

FRED  
That's not what I mean.

PATRICK  
Then what do you mean?

FRED  
I'm fine right over here.

Patrick finally gives up.

PATRICK  
But consider this, okay? I'm gonna  
tell Neil you'll consider.

FRED  
I'll consider.

Patrick grabs his beer and leaves.

Fred's now observing Marty, the bartender, an old-looking  
guy, who is the kind of person you like and trust even  
without getting to know them. He's seemingly bothered by a  
customer but too polite to leave the conversation. Fred  
concentrates. The man, LAWRENCE, 27, unshaven with long oily  
hair and a cap, is talking in a low voice.

LAWRENCE  
.. so I do what every good citizen  
should do, I report to the sheriff.  
You know what the sheriff tells me?

The bartender doesn't.

LAWRENCE (CONT'D)  
He tells me to put my "evidence" up  
my ass. Is that what we call law  
enforcement in this country?

He empties his glass. It gets refilled.

LAWRENCE (CONT'D)  
You know, man, I know a bunch of  
folks who saw the same thing I did,  
I know it cause the facts line up.

He points at one of the lamps that are lighting up the bar  
deck. Their shape resembles a flying saucer.

LAWRENCE (CONT'D)  
"Unidentified flying object" that  
was. Read the newspaper, man, more  
and more people see it every day,  
government doesn't tell you  
anything, why? Because they know  
something's up. The end is coming,  
man.

FRED  
(to himself)  
That's the craziest bullshit I've  
ever heard in my life.

Lawrence slowly turns to him.

LAWRENCE  
What did you say?

FRED  
Nothing.

LAWRENCE  
I think you definitely said  
something.

FRED  
I was talking to myself.

LAWRENCE  
Oh were you?

Marty decides to step in.

MARTY  
That's the thing he does. I hear  
him talk to himself a lot.

LAWRENCE  
Weird, 'cause that's the first time  
I've heard you speak tonight. And  
what I heard was that I'm  
bullshitting people?

EXT. BAR - MOMENTS LATER

Fred rolls out of the back door and leans against the wall. His nose is bleeding. He has a hard time lighting up a cigarette, because the wind starts rising. The lamp on the façade, the same as the inside, starts flickering. Then suddenly it goes off completely. The back door opens and Patrick looks out.

PATRICK  
Here you are. Come on, let's go.

Both walk in.

INT. FORD - SOME TIME LATER

The car drives through the night. Both Fred and Patrick are silent. Patrick lights up a cigarette.

PATRICK  
(letting smoke out)  
Did you ever consider?

FRED  
Huh?

PATRICK  
I said: did you ever consider?

FRED  
Consider what?

PATRICK  
Joining us for a game?

FRED  
Can we stop discussing that,  
please?

PATRICK  
Fine, someone's not in the mood.

He starts pulling over.

FRED  
What are you doing?

PATRICK  
I gotta take a piss.

He drives a bit off the road next to a cornfield.

EXT. ROADSIDE - MOMENTS LATER

Both taking a piss in the cornfield. The crickets are creating an invisible sound wave.

PATRICK (CONT'D)  
Best feeling in the whole fucking  
world.

Fred zips up his pants. Patrick follows, lights up a cigarette. Shares with Fred. He then grabs a corn stalk and examines it as if was choosing a watermelon.

PATRICK (CONT'D)  
Whose farm is this?

Fred gives a symbolic glance around.

PATRICK (CONT'D)  
These look so much better than  
ours. Isn't this odd?

They smoke in silence, listening to the sound of the night. Suddenly, they hear distant thunder and a lightning strikes the horizon in the distance.