

FADE IN:

EXT. FARM - DAY

A sixty year-old man ,WALT, sits on a wooden crate in the middle of a field.

No vegetation is growing on this parcel of land. It is dry, thirsty, golden brown earth.

Walt looks up at the sky then back down at his feet. He picks up a handful of dirt and crumbles it in his hand.

He gets up and walks to the edge of his field ,and then onto the country road.

He looks both ways. The HUM of a sedan's engine can be heard down the road.

Walt tenses up. He moves to the center of the road to get a better look at what's coming.

A few seconds later a red car blows by him and is gone. Walt stares after it with narrowed eyes. His right hand is in his windbreaker pocket.

The sound of the car fades away.

Walt goes back to his field and walks about it, kicking dirt here and there.

INT. TOWN MARKET - DAY

Walt places one large plastic bottle of water on the counter.

JIM  
Is that it Walt?

Walt nods.

JIM  
At least you're staying hydrated...I guess you're in the same shape as the rest of them.

WALT  
(an edge too his voice)  
My sole income is the farm...I don't have anything else.

JIM  
I know that Walt...I know  
that...we'll get through this.

Walt picks up his water and leaves.

EXT. FARM - DAY

Walt sits on the wooden crate in his field. The empty bottle of water is beside him. He is sweating and wipes his forehead with a handkerchief.

Through a cutout in the treeline, BARB, his wife, appears. She walks to him.

BARB  
I brought you some sandwiches, and  
a cold beer.

WALT  
(touches her cheek)  
Thanks

BARB  
(worried look)  
Don't stay out here all  
day...you'll burn up.

WALT  
(tries to smile)  
I'm working...I've got to take  
care of this crop.

She looks around at the parched, empty land.

WALT  
It needs to be maintained if it's  
going to have any hope.

BARB  
(softly)  
I'm not asking you to let it go to  
pot...I'm asking you to let nature  
take its course.

WALT  
We're starting a third season  
without rain...I can't wait -  
(pause)...what's that?

Barb questions him with her eyes.

WALT  
(looking around)  
I hear those kids again...they're  
waiting in the woods...they want  
my crop...

BARB  
Walt...there's no crop.

WALT  
(a touch of  
wildness in his  
eyes)  
They stole all my corn last  
year...

BARB  
We barely had a crop last year...

WALT  
(stares at her)  
Whatever we had they stole.

He looks towards the woods and scans the line of trees  
moving down his property.

The trees are still and all is quiet.

INT. TOWN MARKET - DAY

NEXT MORNING

Walt stands at the counter with another bottle of water.

JIM  
(on auto-pilot)  
Is that it Walt?

Walt nods.

JIM  
They say we might get some rain  
tonight. Frank Green says -

WALT  
Frank Green doesn't give a  
shit...he's got his car lot.

JIM  
(taken aback)  
Look Walt...I'm just sayin' -

WALT  
I'm sorry...I'm sorry...it's been  
tough...pray...

He takes his water and leaves.

INT. BARBERSHOP - DAY

NEXT MORNING

LEN, a young barber, cuts Walt's hair. He snips and cuts like  
a whirlwind.

LEN  
Is this the worst you've seen.

Walt nods.

LEN  
How long can you go...what about  
assistance?

WALT  
It only goes so far...I've a load  
of debt...I need my crops...things  
have got to turn around soon.

LEN  
One season of rain won't be  
enough.

WALT  
It'll be a fresh start...I need a  
fresh start.

LEN  
I've never seen land so dry.

EXT. FARM - DAY

LATER THAT MORNING

Walt sits in the center of his field on the wooden crate.

From his coat pocket he pulls out a hand gun. He sets it on his lap and looks up at the sky.

He notices a few birds at the side of the road...poking around for tidbits of food.

One breaks from the pack and walks onto his property.

He shoots at it.

It explodes in a burst of feathers.

INT. WALT'S HOME - NIGHT

Walt and Barb sit in front of the TV.

Walt stares at the screen as if in a trance.

WEATHERMAN

(VOICE OVER)

...all indicators pointed to rain,  
but again, in what is becoming a  
cruel joke to area farmers ,it  
failed to materialize.

INT. TOWN MARKET - DAY

Walt stands at the counter with another bottle of water.

Jim motions to a young female clerk to serve Walt. Jim busies himself with a stack of invoices then walks away from the counter and walks down an aisle.

CASHIER

(overly cheerful)

Will that be everything today?

Walt nods.

CASHIER

Excellent!...what a summer were  
into, eh?...I love the heat...time  
to get out that new red bikini of  
mine...(she smiles)...

Walt hands her the money and leaves.

EXT. FARM - DAY

Walt sits on his wooden crate. An empty bottle of water is at his feet.

He makes the sign of the cross and his lips mouth silent words. He looks up at the sky.

Voices are heard. Walt looks out at the roadway where three TEENAGE BOYS are. The boys step off the road onto the gravel shoulder. They are heading into Walt's field...all three with baseball gloves.

WALT

(loud)

Don't go any further.

His hand is in his windbreaker's right pocket.

The boys stop.

BLOND TEEN

(innocently)

Sir...we're just taking a short cut to the Miller farm...it's hot.

WALT

(fiercely)

You step foot on my property and you'll be sorry...this is private land.

Blond teen looks at his two friends. He looks at Walt again.

He throws his hands up in the air.

BLOND TEEN

Let's go... the palace guard's a little jumpy today.

Walt's face turns red and he starts after them.

WALT

(yelling)

You little prick...

The three teens run off down the road.

Walt stops and pulls out his gun. He stares at it...then at the running teens.

He squeezes his eyes tightly...sweat dripping off his nose..then puts the gun back in his coat pocket.

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