THE MAZE

Written by

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EXT. OUTSIDE OF CORN MAZE - TWILIGHT

It is a windy November evening. CROWS caw occasionally in the distance. SCARECROWS in various outfits are scattered throughout the overgrown field.

Two brothers, DAWSON (22), a buff, cocky college student, and JAKE (18), a fidgety high school nerd, stand a few feet from the entrance to the maze.

Jake flips through an URBAN LEGEND BOOK that is scattered with sticky notes. Focus in on a page picturing an animated large farmer with red eyes holding a scythe.

JAKE
If I've analyzed this correctly, we'll be out of here before it's completely dark.

DAWSON
Ugh, dude! No more analyzing! The CORN MONSTER is called a *myth* for a reason. Nothing's gonna grab your ankle in there. Even in the dark.

JAKE
Yeah, yeah. Remember, we're only here for a few pictures for my research project. I'm not testing my luck and doing the ritual.

DAWSON
Can't believe you still go to shitty Ridgetown High. But for real, what's he gonna do? Jump out and force feed us corn?

JAKE
More like kidnap and murder us. You and I both know kids have gone missing here.

DAWSON
In like 1980. C'mon. If this dude is real, you know I'll kick his ass. Look at these arms!

Dawson flexes.

EXT. ENTRANCE OF CORN MAZE

A faded wooden SIGN at the entrance reads:

"NO TRESPASSING"

Dawson pulls a can of SPRAY PAINT out of his backpack and sprays his tag on the sign.

DAWSON
(dramatically)
Time to enter the final frontier, my brother! The only place in this nothing town I haven't yet conquered. Will soon. Be MINE!

Jake rolls his eyes. They enter the maze.

EXT. CORN MAZE - LATER

Jake blabbers into his phone, reciting facts about the Corn Monster.

DAWSON
You really mean to tell me that you believe some big farmer dude lives underground and eats kids?

JAKE
Shhh! I'm working! Your job is to find scarecrows for me to take pictures of, oh and also, don't get us lost.

DAWSON
I'm navigationally blessed. We're gonna turn left here and be back at the scarecrow with the jean jacket.

They turn left. It's a dead end. A SCARECROW wearing a neon-colored SKI JACKET stares at them.

Jake looks at his phone. NO SERVICE.

JAKE
Jesus, you have no idea where we are! If we die in here, I'm blaming you.

DAWSON
Sure, yeah. Not like you have any survival skills.

They turn down another row. Dawson breaks off parts of corn stalks as they walk.

JAKE
Hypothetically, if this monster is real, he's coming for you first.

The corn RUSTLES. They look behind them, then to each other.

DAWSON
Don't even start. You know full well that's probably just a squirrel or some shit!

The rustling gets LOUDER and CLOSER.

DAWSON (CONT'D)
Actually- the last thing I need is more charges. Let's go.

Jake runs after Dawson, CLUTCHING the urban legend book to his chest. Dawson turns right. DEAD END. Left leads them to a circular CLEARING.

EXT. CORN MAZE - CENTER

A few crows circle above and five SCARECROWS line the outer edge of the clearing. They all wear gloves which point toward an exit on the other side of the clearing.

JAKE TALKS INTO HIS PHONE IN A FORMAL TONE:

JAKE
The phenomenon. The obstruction of nature. The only place on earth where crows do not fear the scarecrows.

Dawson SPRAY PAINTS his tag in the center of the clearing.

DAWSON
(dramatically)
I claim this maze for us my dear brother! We are CONQUERORS!

Jake laughs while taking photos of the scarecrows. Dawson breaks off two ears of corn from the maze and drops them on his tag. Jake stops laughing.

JAKE
Dawson I had one ask. I know it's stupid to you, but you didn't spend half your senior year researching this maze. Stop messing with the corn. Just play it safe.

DAWSON
It's a *myth* Jake. It's fake. Some local parents probably came up with it to stop kids from fucking in here. Watch. I'm gonna piss and nothing is gonna happen.

JAKE
Can you not? This does nothing for you! You're being careless!

DAWSON
Come and get me, Mr. Corn Man!

Dawson unzips his pants and starts to pee.

JAKE
Fuck you. Seriously.

DAWSON
Alright, *fuck me* or whatever, but look! *Nothing* is happening. The Corn Monster is so FAKE!

Dawson zips up his fly.

DAWSON (CONT'D)
(yelling to the sky)
What are you gonna do, Corn Monster?

Multiple crows caw loudly in the distance. The boys look around, but can't spot any.

DAWSON (CONT'D)
The crows might be mad, but I don't hear anybody climbing out of the ground.

Jake opens his BOOK and begins to read aloud:

JAKE
The black winged creature is the messenger of the Corn Master. You are seen by the eyes of the crow, you are seen by the eyes of the -

Jake turns pale.

JAKE (CONT'D)
I got my pictures, we need to go. Right now.

Jake walks briskly toward the exit. Dawson tosses his empty SPRAY PAINT bottle in the field.

DAWSON
Dude - even if this guy is real, I didn't even finish the ritual! You have to say the words, "Master of Corn, you are rebor-"

Jake puts his hand over Dawsons mouth and looks around with wide eyes. The crows turn silent and the wind STOPS.

Dawson looks around, tilting his head and squinting his eyes.

Jake opens up his book and shines his phone's flashlight on it. He flips through - all of the pages are suddenly BLANK.

Dawson peers over his shoulder and his mouth opens.

EXT. CORN MAZE - CONTINUOUS

They walk side by side, slowly and delicately, almost touching arms. They barely make any noise.

Jake and Dawson take more notice to the faces of the scarecrows - their expressions look pained and crooked.

Dawson swats Jake on the arm and points to a scarecrow as they walk.

DAWSON
Dude. It has a Ridgetown football hoodie on.

They pick up the pace. Dawson grips his pocket knife. They come to a T in the path. A SCARECROW dressed in overalls stands in the middle.

DAWSON (CONT'D)
Left or right?

Jake stares at the scarecrow. He notices its left straw hand appears to be pointing down the aisle.

JAKE
Left. If the myth is real, they'll lead us out. Or to die... from what I've read no one's exactly sure.

DAWSON
Great. You're not even a nerd. You're a USELESS nerd.

The corn rustles. The brothers turn around and come FACE-TO-FACE with THE FARMER, an imposing bearded man holding a rusted FARMING SCYTHE.

THE FARMER
Lost?

The brothers JUMP and SCREAM, then RUN left.

They don't look back as they run down the path.

At each turn they follow the scarecrow's hand.

Left. Right. Right. Left.

EXT. CORN MAZE - NIGHT

DAWSON
So no Corn Monster? I mean like obviously old farmer man with the big knife looking thing isn't great...

They turn right down the next path. A CROW sits on the shoulder of a SCARECROW.

JAKE
I mean accounts differ on the actual appear-

The brothers see the CROW. It CAWS loudly, and flies away.

JAKE (CONT'D)
-ance. We should probably run. NOW!

Not far away there is the sound of a scythe CUTTING through the corn. Jake and Dawson SPRINT.

They run past the SCARECROW in the JEAN JACKET. It points LEFT.

Dawson turns back to look at Jake while he runs. He can barely see his outline in the dark.

DAWSON
I think I recognize where we are!

A large HOLE in the ground is dug a few yards from the exit. The dark hides it.

JAKE
Wait! I think-

Dawson FALLS into the HOLE.

DAWSON
FUCK!

A SCYTHE SLICES through the CORN behind Jake. Jake turns. The Farmer TOWERS over him. His eyes GLOW RED. He is the CORN MONSTER.

THE CORN MONSTER
Going somewhere?

The Corn Monster SHOVES Jake into the HOLE. Jake and Dawson SCREAM.

BLACK SCREEN

There are screams. The sound of metal through flesh is heard. The screams stop.

CUT TO:

EXT. CORN MAZE - DAY TIME

On a sunny day, two scarecrows frowning - with Jake and Dawson's vague features and outfits - stand and sway in the middle of the corn field.

FADE TO BLACK

END.