

RED WEATHER

"Pilot"

by

Jordan Downey

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Darkness. A blood red artery stabs across the screen. Another, striking from the opposite side. Now resembling lightning. With every bolt, a tiny web of small veins spray out like a straw blowing red paint on glass.

Throbbing clouds illuminated, beating like a heart. We are in the midst of something organic... a bleeding storm...

Title card: RED WEATHER

The clouds turn grey and the storm departs... Revealing...

EXT. MEADOW - DAY

A beautiful meadow stretches along the countryside. The kind of place to share a final moment of something.

Between mountain and mirage lies a GIGANTIC OAK TREE, alone and mysteriously picturesque.

A young BOY (7) appears from behind a dilapidated wooden fence. He holds a small toy airplane, dodging it through posts of the fence, acting out a dogfight.

BOY

Errrrr, chu chu chu chu!

He flies the toy as high as his reach allows, which brings his eyes to the impressive oak. He stops.

BOY

Whoa...

He's drawn in... pushes through an old swing gate in the fence. A "NO TRESPASSING" sign swaying back and forth.

BOY

Faster, faster! They're after us!

He flies his plane, hopping and running toward the tree.

EXT. MEADOW - BASE OF THE TREE - SAME

Consumed by shadow, the boy runs under the shade of the tree. It towers above him. Fascinated, he circles its base.

He sees something on the reverse side - A TREE SWING. Bright blue, hand carved and ornate. A work of art.

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BOY

Oh cool!

The swing hangs from two ropes that disappear into an abyss of branches and leaves. The Boy anxiously runs over and grabs the ropes.

But something's caught his attention on the ground below...

A PAIR OF SHOES lying in the grass - little boys shoes. Weathered by rain, dirt and age.

The moment of attention he gives them is enough and the Boy hops on the swing. He gets a running start, pushes off and swings into the air, holding his plane.

BOY

Errrrr, chu chu chu chu!

He pumps his legs to go higher.

BOY

Higher! They're coming!

Back and forth. He twists his plane in the air. Spinning. Dodging. And suddenly it slips - falls from his grasp and lands in the dirt - one of the wings breaking on impact.

BOY

Dang it...

The Boy slows, lets the swing settle and hops off. THE SWING rocks back and forth in the foreground.

The broken wing of the plane is easily fixable. He fiddles with the toy until it clicks into place. Good as ne--

WHAM! The Boy's legs are swiped from under him, sending him face first into the dirt with a thud.

He lifts his head - a bloody lip - then is PULLED AGAIN! He's screaming, fingernails ripping through soil.

BOY

Stooooopppp!!! Heeeelllppp!!!

He desperately looks over his shoulder to find the unthinkable. Something out of a boyhood nightmare:

The ROPES OF THE TREE SWING are coiled around his ankles! Alive like snakes, pulling him, twisting tighter.

The ornate blue plank lies lifeless on the ground. He reaches for it as if it would be any use.

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BOY

Noooooooo!!! Let me goooo!!!

The ropes lift him into the air - toward the tree branches. The Boy kicks and screams as he's dangled upside down.

His feet disappear into the branches and leaves. Now his waist. He grabs a thick branch, holds for a moment, but his grip is broken and he's SUCKED INSIDE THE TREE.

His face overcome by leaves like quicksand.

EXT. MEADOW - WIDE - DAY

One final distant SCREAM and the boy vanishes into the tree. No one to see or hear it. All is silent.

EXT. MEADOW - BASE OF THE TREE - DAY

As the tree looms overhead, the leaves rustle as it digests. An intestinal rumble and the branches settle.

The ROPES lower to the ground where the wooden plank remains in the dirt. With a mind of their own, the ropes retie themselves through holes in the plank. Then like clockwork, they raise back up into position... just like before.

The TREE BELCHES. Two small objects fall from the branches and land in the dirt.

The BOY'S SHOES have fallen next to the other pair of shoes lying in the grass.

EXT. MEADOW - WIDE - DAY

...from the toy plane lying in the dirt, rise over the gigantic oak tree, the beautiful meadow, and back into... the Red Weather.