

BLIZZARD

Written by

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INT. LIVING ROOM/COTTAGE - NIGHT

The room is pitch black. Outside, a storm is raging. After a couple beats we hear the fiddling of a key in a lock and the door swings open, letting in quite a bit of snow.

The light is switched on by STEVEN (37), covered in snow and carrying a suitcase. He breathes a sigh of relief.

STEVEN

Thank Christ. At least there's power.

He closes the door and drops his suitcase carelessly on the floor.

He brushes the snow off himself, but leaves his coat on. He can see his own breath as he makes his way towards the thermostat. He turns up the heat until he hears the furnace kicking in.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

Good. Good.

He sits on the couch in the empty room and stares at the floor for a moment before picking up the television remote and turning on the TV. There is no reception as he flips from channel to channel.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

I guess that was asking too much.

He turns off the television and throws down the remote. Moving over to his suitcase, he rubs his hands together, trying to keep them warm. He bends over and pulls out a bottle of alcohol.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

May as well get to it.

Going back to the couch, he takes a swig. The wind picks up outside, rattling the windows.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM/COTTAGE - MORNING

Steven painfully opens his eyes. He is lying on the couch, still fully clothed, the near empty bottle of alcohol sitting on the coffee table in front of him.

He slowly lifts his head off the pillow.

STEVEN  
(groggily)  
Jesus.

A look of realization hits him and he quickly reaches for his cell phone that sits next to the bottle. Seeing there are no messages, all his energy disappears and he slumps back into the couch.

A moment later, another look of realization hits his face and he bolts up from the couch. He rushes to the bathroom and vomits.

He steps back into the living room, looking worse for wear. He scans over the room, sadly.

On the ground lies a broken picture frame, obviously thrown down. Steven bends down and gathers the shards of glass and puts them aside. He holds the picture up, looking at a happier time at the cottage. He, his wife and daughter smile into the camera while standing on the beach. Steven sets it back on an end table.

Squinting his eyes in pain, he starts going through his suitcase.

STEVEN (CONT'D)  
Fuck.

He heads toward the bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM/COTTAGE - MORNING

Steven opens the medicine cabinet and sees a couple toothbrushes and an old tube of toothpaste. He squints his eyes again and puts his hand to his head. Before long he is hunched over the toilet again, throwing up.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM/COTTAGE - AFTERNOON

Steven slowly opens his eyes. He lies on the couch, still fully clothed. He quickly reaches for his cell phone and looks dejected when he sees there are no messages.

He sits up and takes a big drink of water from a glass that is sitting on the coffee table. He slumps back on the couch, feeling rough.

He stands up and makes his way towards the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN/COTTAGE - AFTERNOON

The fridge and cupboards are empty.

CUT TO:

INT. SUPERMARKET - AFTERNOON

Steven puts a can of soup into his cart. Various items of food and drink fill it. More than enough for a week.

Steven is looking better, having showered and changed clothes. However, he still looks like he has seen better days emotionally.

The supermarket is empty, due to the bad conditions outside.

Steven approaches the cashier, BECKY, who is surprised to see him.

BECKY

Steven! I'm not used to seeing you  
outside of summer!

Steven gives a polite smile and begins to place his items on the conveyer belt.

STEVEN

Hi Becky.

Becky looks at the storm brewing outside and turns back to Steven with a look of curiosity.

BECKY

What brings you here? You couldn't  
have picked a worse time.

Steven looks up at her, forcing a smile.

STEVEN

Just wanted to get away from the  
city.

BECKY

Most people are leaving. There's  
supposed to be a big storm coming.  
They're saying it will probably  
knock out the power. Last year we  
were without power for a whole  
week.

(pause)

Are Victoria and Angie here?

Becky scans the store looking for them.

STEVEN  
No. They stayed at the cottage.

BECKY  
Probably for the best. The roads  
are terrible.

STEVEN  
Yeah.  
(pause)  
How much is it?

Becky starts scanning the items.

BECKY  
Well, it's nice seeing you.  
(pause)  
Say hi to Vicky and Angie, okay?

CUT TO:

INT. LIQUOR STORE - AFTERNOON

Steven waits silently as a cashier scans through a number of  
bottles of alcohol.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM/COTTAGE - DUSK

Steven sits on the sofa, a bottle of rum in his hand. On the  
coffee table in front of him is the broken picture of his  
family on the beach. He stares at it, glumly. He puts his  
foot against the coffee table and begins to rock it back and  
forth, making the picture teeter. Eventually it falls.

He picks up his cell phone and dials. It's not long before  
someone picks up.

STEVEN  
It's me.  
(pause)  
The cottage.

Steven takes a drink of rum.

STEVEN (CONT'D)  
(angrily)  
Well, where else am I going to go?  
(pause)  
(MORE)

STEVEN (CONT'D)  
They'll be fine without me. I'm  
owed a vacation anyway.

He looks at the picture lying on the floor and takes another  
drink.

STEVEN (CONT'D)  
And I'm not the bad guy here. If I  
remember correctly it was you who  
wanted this.  
(pause)  
That's bullshit. Most people would  
be happy to have a husband like me.  
I've done nothing wrong here.

Steven gets up from the couch, getting more agitated.

STEVEN (CONT'D)  
Well, you're not perfect either,  
you know. And I never fucking  
nagged you about it. You know what  
your problem is? You...  
(pause)  
Yeah, yeah. My mistake. It's all  
me. You're perfectly innocent.

He takes another drink, his anger growing.

STEVEN (CONT'D)  
Fuck it. This is pointless. Is  
Angie there?  
(pause)  
I'm fine. I just want to talk to my  
daughter. I think I have every  
right....  
(pause)  
I am sober! Look...  
(pause)  
Hello?

Steven looks at his phone.

STEVEN (CONT'D)  
Bitch!

He grabs his jacket and rushes out the door.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - DUSK

Tucking his head into his jacket against the storm, Steven  
nearly slips on the way to his car. He gets in the car and  
starts it up.

INT. CAR - DUSK

Steven backs out over the ever amassing snow in the driveway. Once on the road he pulls out the bottle from his jacket and takes a drink.

STEVEN

Can't even talk to my own daughter.  
Fucking bitch.

He keeps driving through the heavy snowfall.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

Well, if I meet someone tonight, I  
have no reason not to go for it. I  
hope I do meet someone.

He continues driving.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

Bitch.

CUT TO:

INT. ANDY'S IRISH PUB - NIGHT

Steven sits alone at the bar in the near empty pub. He looks at the beer he's holding and frowns. The BARTENDER approaches.

BARTENDER

Another?

Steven snaps out of his haze and smiles.

STEVEN

Sure. Give me a shot of Jack too.

The bartender grabs another beer and looks towards the inebriated Steven.

BARTENDER

Hope your not driving home tonight.

STEVEN

No way. Someone's picking me up.

BARTENDER

Good.

The bartender sets the drinks in front of Steven, who wastes no time downing the shot.

On the other side of the pub, sits a group of locals. They are all looking over at Steven. DAVE, the biggest of the group looks to his friends and smiles.

DAVE  
Watch this.

He walks over to Steven and stands next to him.

DAVE (CONT'D)  
You're in my seat.

Steven looks up at Dave, confused. He smiles, drunkenly.

STEVEN  
What?

DAVE  
You deaf? I said you're in my seat.

Steven realizes what is happening and raises his hands in submission.

STEVEN  
Sorry. Sorry.

He gets up and moves a couple bar stools down.

STEVEN (CONT'D)  
Have at it.

Dave walks over and stands next to Steven again.

DAVE  
You're in my seat, bitch.

The table of locals laughs.

STEVEN  
(annoyed)  
Fuck. Really?

Dave steps closer to Steven, threateningly.

DAVE  
What the fuck did you say to me?

Steven can see that the situation is growing out of control and gets up.

STEVEN  
All right. Have all the seats.

He turns to the exit.



STEVEN (CONT'D)

Enjoy.

Dave grabs Steven by the shoulder and spins him around.

DAVE

You turn your fucking back to me?

Steven swipes at Dave's hand, and Dave pulls back, pretending to be in pain.

DAVE (CONT'D)

You see that? This fucker hit me.

The group of locals get up and start walking towards Steven. Drunk as he is, he knows things are going very badly.

One of the locals, BILL, smiles as he approaches.

BILL

I think this guy wants to fight all of us.

The Bartender leans over the bar, seemingly pissed off.

BARTENDER

Take this outside, Dave.

Steven looks back to the bartender, betrayed.

STEVEN

Are you kidding? You should be phoning the cops.

The bartender smiles.

BARTENDER

You hit him. Asshole.

The locals grab Steven and drag him outside, into the storm.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

The locals throw Steven to the ground. He lands roughly and slides on the ice.

DAVE

Where's your smart mouth now?

STEVEN

Look, I think there's been a misunderstanding.

(MORE)

STEVEN (CONT'D)

Let me buy a couple of rounds for  
you guys to make up for it, and  
I'll be on my way.

Dave kicks Steven in the stomach. Steven goes into the fetal  
position and raises his hands in surrender. Once he catches  
his breath, he stands up.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

Okay. I deserved that. Let me just  
get your drinks and we'll call it a  
night.

Bill walks in front of Dave and smiles to Steven.

BILL

You're always being so nice, Dave.

Bill hauls off and punches Steven in the face. Steven goes  
down like a ton of bricks as the group laughs.

Bill reaches down and pulls Steven back up. Steven takes a  
swing at Bill, but Bill hardly notices.

BILL (CONT'D)

You kidding? What was that supposed  
to be?

Steven has had enough.

STEVEN

Fuck you!

The group get quite the chuckle out of this.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

Is this what you hicks do for  
kicks.

BILL

You want a kick, boy?

STEVEN

Fuck you.

BILL

Say you're sorry.

Steven swings again, this time hitting Bill square in the  
jaw. Bill looks furious.

BILL (CONT'D)

That one hurt.

He punches Steven in the mouth. As Steven falls to the pavement, Bill and the rest of the group start laying into him.

Finally, one of the members of the group, JOEY, starts pulling Bill off Steven.

JOEY  
Jesus guys. You're going to kill  
him.

Steven lies on the ground, groaning. Bill spits on him.

BILL  
And I ain't no hick. I went to  
school in St. Catharines for two  
years.

The group start heading towards the pub, but Joey remains.

JOEY  
He's going to freeze to death out  
here.

STEVEN (O.S.)  
I can make it to my car.

Joey looks down at Steven, who is bleeding from the mouth and ear.

STEVEN (CONT'D)  
Go back with your friends.

Joey bends down and picks up Steven.

JOEY  
Which one is your car?

STEVEN  
The blue Legacy.

He helps Steven hobble over to it. Steven opens the door and slumps in.

JOEY  
Are you sure you're okay to drive?  
I can call you a cab.

Steven gets out his keys and starts the car.

STEVEN  
Never been better.

Joey stands outside the car, silent.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

Are you looking for a thank you?

JOEY

What?

(pause)

No. No, I guess not.

STEVEN

Then do you mind closing the door?

JOEY

Sure.

(pause)

Drive safe.

STEVEN

Yeah.

Joey closes the door as Steven drives out of the parking lot.

JOEY

Sorry.

Joey walks back to the pub, not noticing when he steps on Steven's cell phone, half buried in the bloody snow.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAR - NIGHT

Steven pulls into his driveway and puts the car in park. Turning on the interior light, he looks at himself in the rearview mirror.

STEVEN

Fuck.

His one side of his face is swollen and his eye is bloodshot. Dried blood cakes his face.

He grabs the bottle that he had in his glove compartment and takes a slug.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

Fuckers.

He takes another drink as the storm outside rages.

CUT TO:

INT. CAR - MORNING

Steven wakes up with a start. He looks at his surroundings to realize he has fallen asleep in his car. He also realizes, he is freezing, the car having run out of gas and the heat being off.

He makes his way out of the car, only now releasing how sore he is.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - MORNING

Steven goes to step out of the car and falls to the ground. He grabs at his ankle and screams.

Gathering his strength he crawls to the cottage door and falls inside.

INT. LIVING ROOM/COTTAGE - MORNING

Steven lies on the floor and pulls up his pant leg. His ankle is abnormally swollen.

He reaches into his pocket to pull out his cell phone, but can't find it. Frustrated, he heads back outside.

INT. CAR - MORNING

Steven crawls into the car, looking everywhere for his cellphone. When he accepts that it isn't anywhere to be found, he looks at the keys in the ignition.

STEVEN

Hope I even remember where the hospital is.

He turns the key and nothing. The battery does not even work.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

No.

He turns it again.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

No. No. No. Fuck!

The gas gauge is on empty. The wind outside begins to pick up again.

INT. LIVING ROOM/COTTAGE - MORNING

Steven falls back into the living room from the outside. He crawls towards the coffee table and grabs the bottle of rum. Quickly twisting off the cap he goes to take a drink. Before it gets to his lips, he stops.

STEVEN

What am I? Stupid?

He sets the drink down on the floor and crawls towards the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN/COTTAGE - MORNING

Lifting himself up in front of the sink, Steven starts drinking the water straight from the tap. After he's had enough, he stops to catch his breath.

To his side sits the various bottles of booze. Angrily, he takes off all the tops and pours them into the sink.

He looks up to the ceiling.

STEVEN

Lesson learned.

INT. BEDROOM/COTTAGE - MORNING

Steven crawls into the bedroom and pulls himself up on the bed.

STEVEN

Just need to get some sleep.

He closes his eyes and seemingly falls asleep immediately.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM/COTTAGE - AFTERNOON

Steven wakes up completely under the covers. As he sticks his head out he feels the cold and sees his breath in front of him.

He looks at the digital alarm clock next to him to see no display. He clicks on the bedside lamp to see it has no power.

Feeling a wave of nausea he gingerly gets out of bed, but is apparently still very sore. The swelling on the side of his face has turned purple and he cannot stand on his leg.

Trying to hop to the washroom, he falls to the ground and just throws up there.

INT. BATHROOM/COTTAGE - AFTERNOON

The water sputters out of the tap as Steven cleans his face. He looks in the mirror in dismay at his reflection.

He lifts his pant leg to see the swelling has gotten worse and his leg is starting to look discolored.

Wincing in pain, he tries to stand on it, while leaning on the sink. No luck.

He hops towards the kitchen.

INT. LIVING ROOM/COTTAGE - AFTERNOON

Having eaten a tin of soup and a tin of beans, Steven is feeling a little better. He is now wearing his winter jacket with a blanket draped around him.

STEVEN

Just a matter of time until the  
power comes back on.

He leans back on the couch and sighs.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

Jesus, separated from Vicky one  
day...

He laughs and rubs his hands through his hair, quickly withdrawing them when he touches something painful.

He looks at his hand and sees dried blood.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

I really need to get to a hospital.

He looks around the empty, now darkening room and suddenly looks determined. He crawls towards the back door.

EXT. BEDROOM/COTTAGE - AFTERNOON

Steven is miserable as he crawls across the snow towards a shed. He gets on his knees and opens it.

INT. SHED/COTTAGE - AFTERNOON

In the shed are various tools and a canoe. Reaching into the canoe, Stephen pulls out an oar and leans no it. It is not a perfect crutch, but it will do.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - AFTERNOON

Stephen uses the oar to go towards the road. The snow has stopped, but it is very cold.

STEVEN

Someone has to drive by.

Steven waits at the end of his driveway.

CUT TO:

EXT. DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

The sound of a car horn blares into the night.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Steven honks the car horn repeatedly.

STEVEN

C'mon! I'm in the middle of civilization! Someone's got to be around.

Stephen continues honking the horn, that is drowned out by the growing wind.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM/COTTAGE - NIGHT

Steven lies on the couch, unable to sleep. His leg is in pain and the temperature is freezing.

A few candles have been lit, illuminating the room slightly. Steven sits up, obviously miserable.

He looks towards the last bottle of liquor he left sitting on the floor.

STEVEN

Just enough to help with the pain.



He grabs the oar and makes his way to it. He lifts up the bottle to his mouth and drinks.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM/COTTAGE - MORNING

Steven wakes up, absolutely freezing. The bottle sits beside the table, with not much drunk out of it. From the sound of things, the storm has picked up again outside.

He gets up, shivering from the cold, and looks at his leg. It as almost turned black.

STEVEN

Oh no.

He grabs his oar and makes his way to the bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM/COTTAGE - MORNING

He turns on the taps for the bathtub. Just a small sputter comes out, then nothing.

Sitting on the side of the bathtub, he looks to the ground, defeated.

STEVEN

Okay. That's enough.

INT. LIVING ROOM/COTTAGE - AFTERNOON

Steven is bundled up in warm clothing. He bends down and picks up the shattered picture off of the floor. He takes out the photo, folds it and puts it in his pocket.

STEVEN

Stupid...  
(pause)  
Just in case.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROAD - AFTERNOON

Steven, using the oar as a crutch, walks down the snowy road. He is having a tough time in the snowstorm, fighting the wind and snow.

He reaches a driveway to his neighbor's cottage.

CUT TO:

INT. NEIGHBOR'S COTTAGE - AFTERNOON

The window on the door is broken by an oar. Steven reaches in, unlocks the door and tumbles in.

Glancing around the cottage he sees it is fairly barren.

STEVEN

Okay. Please be one of those guys  
who kept your rotary phone.

A shelf is open, revealing nothing.

An empty drawer is open and closed.

A closet is rifled through.

CUT TO:

MONTAGE

Steven breaks into a number of cottages to no avail.

CUT TO:

INT. LAST COTTAGE - DUSK

The window breaks and Steven reaches in to open the door. He is exhausted as the door swings open and he leans on the door frame.

He gets his oar and makes his way into the cottage, only to let out a scream and fall backwards.

Hanging from the ceiling is a MAN. The noose of the rope is tight around his neck and his eyes bulge almost to the point where it looks inhuman.

Steven crawls backwards towards the door

STEVEN

My God.

He stops at the door and tries to compose himself.

Scanning over the room, it looks like the Man had previously been on a bender himself. Empty bottles lie around the room and there are a few unwashed bowls and plates on the floor.

Steven suddenly looks hopeful.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

A cellphone.

He begins to crawl towards the room.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

He's got to have one somewhere.

Steven goes through the mess, looking for a phone. He opens drawers and turns over couch cushions, but he never looks up at the body. He finds nothing. He sits on the cushionless couch, devastated.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

Fuck!

He slowly looks up at the corpse. The Man is wearing a suit jacket. With pockets.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

Fuck.

Steven props himself up with the oar and slowly makes his way towards the hanging man. Once there, he reaches up to the pants pockets. He finds nothing. He tries to reach the jacket pockets, but cannot.

The stool the Man must have stood on lies on the floor. Steven picks it up and places it in front of the hanging body.

Propping himself up with the oar, he precariously manages to get on the stool and balance himself.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

Please. Please. Please.

Horrified, Steven starts going through the dead man's jacket pockets. Suddenly, Steven lets out a smile as he finds something. He pulls out a cellphone.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

Thank you, God!

He tries to turn it on. Nothing. He presses a number of buttons. Still nothing.

STEVEN (CONT'D)  
Are you kidding?

He momentarily forgets where he is and loses his balance. He tries to regain it, grabbing the dead man's jacket, but plummets to the floor, hitting his head hard.

CUT TO BLACK:

FADE IN:

INT. LAST COTTAGE - NIGHT

Steven wakes up on the floor with a splitting headache. He checks the back of his head and there seems to be no blood.

The moonlight shines through the windows as the storm has relented. It illuminates the empty noose hanging from the ceiling. Steven looks at it in shock.

He quickly rises and searches the room.

STEVEN  
Anyone there?

He turns and looks behind him. The room seems empty.

STEVEN (CONT'D)  
Hello?

Steven looks around, desperately.

STEVEN (CONT'D)  
Okay. Fuck this.

He turns to leave and stops. He hobbles back to where he fell and grasps around for the cellphone. The wind begins to pick up again outside. He looks up to see the empty noose again, just to be sure. Finally, he finds the phone and quickly makes his way out the door.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

Though the road is somewhat lit by moonlight, the woods on both sides of Steven are pitch black. He tries to move as fast as he can.

STEVEN  
Okay. There's a rational explanation. Someone must have found him, and were going to come back for me.

The wind picks up, blowing through the trees. Steven looks towards the woods. He cannot make out anything beyond the perimeter. He continues walking.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

Or some sort of joke. The guy  
wasn't dead.

(pause)

But how would he know anyone would  
show up?

(shaking his head)

Well, it makes more sense than...

He stops himself from saying it.

As he continues, a groaning sound grows louder from the woods. Steven stops and looks. He tries to focus his eyes on the dark woods, as the groaning gets louder. All he can see are a bunch of still, random shapes. Probably bushes, trees and other vegetation. He keeps staring to see if he can see anything past it, when one of the shapes that seemed like a small tree, darts to the side.

Steven yells in shock and begins walking, not looking towards the woods again.

INT. LIVING ROOM/COTTAGE - NIGHT

Steven quickly enters the cottage and locks the door. He hobbles to the windows to make sure they are locked too. When he is satisfied, he falls onto the couch.

He looks around the room, still getting over the shock of what happened.

STEVEN

The power will come on tonight. I  
will phone the police. And I'll be  
in a comfy hotel room in the  
morning.

His look of shock turns to sadness, and he reaches into his jacket pocket and pulls out the picture of his family. He looks at it, longingly.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

And then I'll phone Vicky and  
apologize.

(pause)

I am sorry, honey. I just... I just  
sometimes... I'm sorry.

(pause)

I hope you take me back.

He continues looking at the photo and smiles.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM/COTTAGE - NIGHT

Steven wakes up with a start. It is still night, and the power is still out. He sighs and shivers in the cold.

Looking at the far end of the living room, a dark shape can be seen in the shadow. It is hunched over, with it's back to him. Steven looks in horror as it turns around. The Man looks at him with bulging eyes. He begins to approach.

Steven goes to run, but he tumbles to the ground due to his bad leg. The man starts to run towards him, arms outstretched. Steven tries to crawl away, but the Man grabs his legs. Steven screams as the man squeezes his bad leg.

Steven reaches for the oar and swings it at the Man, knocking him down. He lifts himself up as the Man charges into his back, knocking him into the window. Steven breaks through.

EXT. BACKYARD/COTTAGE - NIGHT

Steven hangs out of the window, his face oozing blood from where the glass has cut it. The wind blows snow all around as he tries to climb out. The Man pulls him back in.

INT. LIVING ROOM/COTTAGE - NIGHT

Steven is pulled in and the Man smashes his face into the floor. All Steven can make out above him is the bulging eyes staring at him from the darkness.

The Man claws at his face where it is cut, opening the wounds wider as Steven screams. Then the Man's fingers go for Steven's eyes.

Using every bit of strength he has, Steven pushes the Man off him, and launches himself out the window.

EXT. BACKYARD/COTTAGE - NIGHT

Steven hits the ground hard, at an awkward angle. He yells as he tries to get up.

From the broken window, the Man looks down at him. Steven starts heading towards the woods.

As Steven crawls towards the woods, the front door of the cottage opens and the Man comes charging out towards him. Steven can barely crawl at this point as the Man easily catches up to him and jumps on him. The Man puts his fingers around Steven's neck and squeezes, as Steven's eyes look up at him in terror.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM/COTTAGE - DAWN

Steven's eyes bulge wide as he hangs from a noose from the ceiling. His hands shoot up to the noose, grasping at it, trying to create some room to breathe. Looking at the living room, he can see the Man standing silently, staring up at him.

Steven's legs kick as he fights to escape the noose. He manages to get one hand up to the rope and pulls himself up slightly. As he tries to pull himself up even further, the rope snaps and Steven falls to the floor. A loud snap can be heard as he lands on his bad leg and his face smashes through the coffee table.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM/COTTAGE - MORNING

Steven wakes up in a pool of blood. He lifts himself up and his face is barely recognizable through the ice, blood and bruises. He seemingly stares into space as the wind blows snow into his living room from the broken window and open door.

Suddenly, from inside his jacket pocket, the cell phone rings. Surprised, he takes it out and sees that is Vicky phoning from the display. He smiles happily, showing that he has had quite a few teeth knocked out, and answers it.

STEVEN

(barely understandable)

Honey! I'm so happy to hear from  
you!

Steven begins to rise, standing obliviously on his broken leg.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

I am so sorry. I miss you so much,  
Vicky. Please forgive me... I love  
you.

Steven begins walking towards the open door.

STEVEN (CONT'D)  
 If it's all right with you, I'd  
 like to come home....  
 (pause)  
 No. No. No. I won't hear of it.  
 I'll walk.

A storm is raging outside the open door and Steven walks into it.

STEVEN (CONT'D)  
 Would it be okay if I talk with  
 Angie now?

Steven disappears into the snowstorm.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - MORNING

Suddenly a pair of headlights appear in front of Steven. It is a snowplow, and a DRIVER jumps out and quickly makes his way towards Steven.

DRIVER  
 My God, buddy! What happened to  
 you?

Steven looks up at the Driver. He's in his mid fifties and has a scruffy beard.

STEVEN  
 Who are you?

The driver is really taken aback by Steven's appearance.

DRIVER  
 Your wife... she's been calling.  
 She couldn't get in touch with you  
 so she asked if someone could come  
 check on you... what the hell  
 happened?

Steven struggles to get up and the driver helps him.

STEVEN  
 (smiling)  
 Vicky called?

DRIVER  
 Yeah. She was worried about you.  
 (pause)  
 I can see why.  
 (MORE)



DRIVER (CONT'D)

(pause)

Let's get you in the warm truck.

Steven smiles wider, finally feeling optimistic. The driver looks at him with concern.

STEVEN

I think I need a hospital.

Steven is confused as the driver's face turns from concern to a look of fear.

Coming out from the snow behind Steven is the Man. His dead eyes glare and he seems to be smiling. He stands directly behind Steven as the driver gasps.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

(to driver)

What?

CUT TO BLACK: