

Whitest Woods

EXT. MOUNTAIN CABIN IN THE FOREST - AFTERNOON

A storm is raging in a snowy forest outside of Sweden. The snow storm nearly obstructing the view of a small but sturdy looking wooden cabin. Besides the sound of the wind rushing by, the forrest is quite. Besides the light emitting from inside of the cabin, the forest seems cold, with a white and grey hue due to the snow.

INT. MOUNTAIN CABIN - CONTINUED

A rundown cabin interior, mainly consisting of wood, an axe sits near the door. The sound of a fire roaring is all that can be heard in the other wise quite cabin, on the mantel of the fire place picture frames are turned over downwards.

Abruptly, the sound of the fire place gets drowned out by the sound of CLAIRE, a woman in her late twenties, throwing up into a small bucket. Dressed in a long dirty shirt and not much else, she sits on the floor tied to a broken radiator with a metal chain wrapped tightly around her waist, preventing her from moving to much.

After vomiting, she wipes her mouth with her hand. Her ring-finger shows a circle lighter in colour then the surrounding flesh, a sign of a ring that once used to be there but was recently removed.

CLAIRE:

They will come for me you know, and then you'll be sorry!

In the same room, the WOODSMAN, a stoic, hairy and unkempt man in his mid forties, sits at the dinner table drinking his coffee ignoring Claire's words. His face lit up by the fireplace, in stark contrast to Claire.

Claire starts rattling her chain like a wild animal in a feeble attempt to break free. The woods man turns around and looks at her, visibly annoyed by the racket she is making. He growls like a bear in Claire's direction.

CLAIRE:

Well fuck you too pencil dick!

Claire continues pulling on her chains, making even louder noises then before. The Woodsman grows even angrier until he finally has enough. He puts down his coffee with great a force, gets up from his chair and walks towards a cabinet in the open kitchen adjacent to the room.

He opens the cabinet, in it are a bottle of vodka as well as a small medical looking bottle and a few syringes. He grabs the medical bottle and a syringe and turns towards Claire.

Claire looks on as the woodsman fills the syringe with the liquid from the bottle. She stops rattling her chains, when she notices him filling the syringe.

CLAIRE:

Oke, oke, I am quite see. No reason
to do that alright.

Despite her pleading, the woodsman with a by now fully
filled syringe in his hand walks towards her.

CLAIRE:

Don't..

the woodsman now next to Claire grabs her by the arms.
Claire struggles to break free from the woodman's grasp.

CLAIRE:

NO! Get the fuck away from me!

Despite her struggle, Claire gets overpowered by the
woodsman, who injects her with the syringe.

He throws her down, her body quickly grows weaker, becoming
numb as she starts to loose consciousness.

Before she blacks out Claire thinks to herself.

CLAIRE (V.O.):

..Not again..

INT. MOUNTAIN CABIN - NIGHT

Claire lays on the floor, her eyes are still open but seem
lifeless, as if she is not really there.

Loud footsteps are heard on the wooden floors of the cabin,
making it creak as the footsteps come closer, getting
louder. Until they abruptly stop. A loud breathing is heard.

The rustling of cloths is audible, a belt unbuckling,
clothing dropping on the floor, as Claire's body is moved.

In this position, Claire's body starts rocking back and
forth in a certain motion, slowly at first but picking up in
pace. Throughout it all her face remains lifeless.

INT. MOUNTAIN CABIN - MORNING

Claire is still lying lifeless on the floor, as she suddenly
regains consciousness, instantly and with a certain shock.
The first thing she does is vomit to her side.

After she is done vomiting in the bucket, she looks around
the cabin. The woodsman is nowhere to be found. The cabin is
empty and eerily quite, all that's heard is the wind
outside.

Alone she sits, still shackled to the radiator as tears
begin to well up in her eyes and roll down her cheeks.

MONTAGE BEGINS

Claire cries loudly, by the end it is almost like screaming.

Feverishly she tries to break loose from the chain.

She clutches her stomach tightly, almost as if trying to cope with a great pain inside of her.

She is balled up on the floor sobbing, slowly rocking.

She screams for help at the top of her lungs.

She again clutches her stomach even harder this time, the pain does not seem to subside as she begins to scream.

MONTAGE ENDS

She is pulling on the chain as hard as she can, trying to free herself. The radiator pipe she was shackled to finally gives in and breaks. Claire is free now.

She looks surprised at the chain which lies loose on the floor, she can't believe it. She smiles brightly, almost laughing at the sight of her own fortune.

A now 'free' woman, Claire stands up and as fast as her weakened legs can carry her she runs towards the cabin door.

She opens the wooden cabin door only to be greeted by the massive snow storm that is raging outside.

Her smile fades as she realizes escape is impossible in her current state. Dejected she closes the door. Her face cold and empty, as she walks back inside.

She spots the cabinet in which the woodsman keeps the medicine bottle, syringe and vodka. She rushes over, pulls open the cabinet and grabs the bottle of vodka. As she opens the bottle and is ready to take a swig, she stops. She looks at the medicine bottle. Her gaze lingers.

INT. MOUNTAIN CABIN - CONTINUED

The woodsman enters the cabin, freshly chopped wood in his arms. He looks into the house and quickly drops the wood on the floor. Silently, almost whispering he says.

WOODSMAN:

That belongs to me..

In a fit of anger, he rushes over to Claire who is taking large sips from the vodka bottle. He screams.

WOODSMAN:

That belongs to me!

When the woodsman approaches Claire attempts to swing at him with the bottle of vodka, but he blocks her attempt. Hitting the bottle from her hand, letting it fall and break in pieces on the wooden floor boards.

She tries to fight the woodsman off but he promptly hits her in the face, knocking her down as she falls to the ground, where she lay amidst the broken glass.

As she tries to crawl away through the glass, the woodsman grabs her by the hair and drags her to the radiator she was chained to. He throws her against the radiator.

She looks up at him, blood on her face, laughingly she says.

CLAIRE:

You have nothing anymore. Nothing
belongs to you.

The woodsman looks at Claire with rage filled eyes. In his anger he slaps her straight across the face, hitting her so hard that she falls back to the ground. She lays there defeated and in pain, unable to move.

The woodsman walks over to the cabinet and again takes out the medicine bottle and syringe. He fills up the syringe and in a fast pace walks over to Claire.

CLAIRE:

You will never get what you want.
They will come for me.

The woodsman, now near Claire, injects her with the content of the syringe, jamming it in her leg hard. As he presses down on the syringe, releasing the clear liquid into her veins, Claire lets out a gasp.

After a beat she becomes quite and lifeless again, her eyes still open like before.

Again, the rustling of cloths is audible, belt unbuckling, clothing dropping on the floor. Claire's body being moved.

Claire's body starts rocking back and forth in a certain motion, faster then before, more feverish, almost angrily. Throughout it all her face remains lifeless. A tear drops from her eye and a slight smile crosses her face.

EXT. MOUNTAIN CABIN IN THE FOREST - MORNING

The storm has passed and the forrest is quite. The cabin is now more visible then it was before. The woodsman is in front of the cabin, chopping wood. He picks up the blocks of wood and is making his way towards the cabin. Softly, the sound of a helicopter is heard.

INT. MOUNTAIN CABIN - MORNING

The woodsman enters and places the wood near the door. He walks to the kitchen area near the dinning table and grabs a thermos in which he keeps his coffee.

He turns around to face the place where Claire is chained up. His up until now stoic face turns white. He slowly walks

up to Claire, resting his axe and thermos on the table.

He tries to reach out to Claire, attempting to say something but before he has the chance, the sound of the helicopter intensifies. The woodsman looks up for a second.

Then the door of the cabin gets kicked in with a loud bang. Three Police officers burst into the cabin, their guns taking aim at the woodsman.

POLICE OFFICER #1:

On the ground now!

As the other two officers make their way towards the woodsman, he tries to go for his axe in a last ditch attempt, but is quickly gunned down by the officers.

The woodsman lies on the floor, his eyes still open and lifeless, reminiscent of Claire's eyes in this position.

Two of the officers make their way towards the woodsman, guns still pointing at him as one takes his pulse.

The third officer makes his way to where Claire is tied up. He takes off his head gear, revealing the shock on his face.

Another man, JOHN, in his thirties enters wearing a red coat, he is not a part of the Police force.

JOHN:

Claire! Claire are you alright!

CLAIRE (O.S.):

John?

Upon hearing Claire's voice, John smiles widely and rushes over to where her voice came from.

When John gets next to the Police officer and can see Claire he looks more shocked than happy lie before. He holds his hand in front of his mouth aghast. On the hand in front of his mouth a wedding ring can clearly be seen.

Between the two men sits Claire, still chained to the broken radiator. On the ground around her, a pool of blood has formed, emitting from her crotch and spreading out slowly.

She is smiling with tears in her eyes. She looks up at John, who can only reciprocate her smile with shock.

CLAIRE:

It's ok John.. He's gone now.

One of the two Special Forces officers that was with the woodsman has walked over to the fireplace. He turns over one of the picture frames revealing a picture of the woodsman and a pregnant woman in her thirties. They look happy.

THE END