

WHISPERED THE WINTER WITCH

Written by
Jeremiah C. Foote

Jcfoote1977@gmail.com
(902) 301-7624

FADE IN.

EXT. ROCKY MOUNTAINS IN CANADA - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING

A full moon is in the sky. The moon shines upon a valley in the mountains; the moonlight on the snow makes it sparkle like a million diamonds.

A whisp of smoke rises to the stars. In the valley is a small village of Indigenous People. The children are playing in the snow and with the dogs. The older children and adults tend to chores such as cooking or skinning game.

ELSEWHERE IN THE ROCKIES

The POUNDING of horses' hooves, crushing and kicking up snow, fill the valley. On top of the horses, men wear the red serge of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police.

INDIGENOUS VILLAGE

The dog's ears perk up and look towards the distance. They start barking. The Indigenous People try to look into the darkness to see what has spooked the dogs.

The horses, with their red riders, crest a hill and descend the other side, leading into the valley. The approximately twenty riders quickly surround the villagers.

The R.C.M.P., with their rifles and sidearms, are aimed at the Indigenous People.

R.C.M.P. SERGEANT

By the order of the Confederation
of Canada and the Catholic Church.
We are to take all the children and
place them in residential schools
for their betterment and education.

An INDIGENOUS MAN quickly yanks a stone axe out of a stump. He SCREAMS as he rushes at the Sergeant.

The Sergeant quickly pulls his sidearm from its holster and shoots the Indigenous Man in the forehead. Blood and brain splatter on the pristine snow.

R.C.M.P. SERGEANT (CONT'D)

Any resistance will be swiftly
dealt with.

EXT. BASE OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS - NIGHT

SUPER: 1 YEAR LATER

A large log building stands at the base of a mountain, built on a stone foundation. Nearby is a large forest, the evergreens are covered in snow. While the deciduous trees look like skeletons without their leaves.

Between the forest and the building is a graveyard, rows of crude crosses painted white. The area is lightly being snowed upon, creating a fresh canvas.

The quietness of the night is broken by the screams of a woman.

INT. RESIDENTIAL SCHOOL - NIGHT

BEDROOM

An INDIGENOUS WOMAN (20) with dark complexioned skin, black hair and wearing an old-fashioned night gown is screaming, she is giving birth.

The cries of a NEWBORN BABY are heard, the Young Indigenous Woman smiles. She lies on her pillow, her hair and face drenched in sweat.

A NUN(20) freckled face with blue eyes is wearing her hospital habit. She holds up the baby.

BLUE-EYED NUN
(thick Irish accent)
It's a g...

She is cut off by a Priest(50) with sharp blue eyes and greying/balding blond hair. He is a tall, imposing man with a deep voice- and a prim and proper English accent.

COLD PRIEST
Never mind that.

Grabbing the Newborn Baby, the Cold Priest quickly leaves through the door.

The Indigenous Woman looks on in confusion at first, then horror as she knows what is about to happen, like it has happened before.

She tries to get out of bed, but she is weak and falls to the floor. She lies there CRYING, not able to help her Newborn Baby.

HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

The Cold Priest's shoes hit the hardwood floors with a CLICK, CLICK, CLICK as he hurries down the hall. The Newborn Baby is crying in his arms. He pushes open a door.

KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Walking into the kitchen, he looks around. He sees an INDIGENOUS GIRL(8) on her hands and knees, scrubbing the floor with a hard-bristled brush. Sitting on a stool, smoking a cigarette, is WRINKLED NUN(60) watching the girl clean the floor.

The Wrinkled Nun nods to the Cold Priest, he continues walking across the kitchen. He opens a door.

BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

In the basement is an INDIGENOUS MAN (20), his black hair cut short, he is bare-chested and full of scars and new wounds. Shackled to the wall by his ankle, he is piling firewood. The Man looks down at the floor as he walks by with the Baby crying in his arms.

The Priest walks up to the large wood furnace. He opens the large iron door with a loud CREAK. The Priest tosses the newborn into the fire like a piece of firewood. The Newborn SCREAMS, but the sound is muffled with the closing of the door with a loud CREAK.

The Priest walks by, he now has tears rolling down his cheek. He tries to attack the Priest, but the chain stops him short, the Priest backhands him. The Man falls to the ground, blood trickling from his nose. The Priest walks up the stairs, and the door shuts and locks with a CLICK.

BEDROOM

The Indigenous Woman can get back in bed; she stares straight ahead. The Nun cleans up around her.

PRIESTS QUARTERS

The door swings open with the Cold Priest's silhouette looming in the door frame, backlit by the lanterns in the hallway.

A BROWN-HAIRED PRIEST(20) stares out at the gentle snowfall outside his window.

COLD PRIEST
(prim and proper English
accent)
It is done. We don't need more of
those savages to feed and educate.

The Priest SLAMS the large oak door shut.

CUT TO:

BEDROOM

DARKNESS everywhere. A SCRATCH, then the ignition of a match, the flame moves to a farmer's lantern, lighting the wick. The lantern illuminates the Indigenous Woman's face. The shadows on her face make it look like her eyes are all black.

KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

The kitchen is lit up by the light from the moon. The door opens, the lantern then the Woman walks through the door. She walks towards a drawer, pulling it out. She looks in and pulls a sharp butcher's knife out. The glow of the lantern shines on the blade.

WRINKLED NUN
What are you doing in here?

The Wrinkled Nun stands behind the woman. The Woman smiles and quickly spins. The knife is slicing through the air. The Nun's eyes go wide, blood then starts dripping out of the wound across her neck. She falls to the floor with a THUMP.

The Nun lying on the floor, blood slowly spreads out away from her body. The Nun's crucifix lying in the blood. The Woman picks it up and rips it off her neck.

BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

The Woman walks down the stairs, she sees the Man cowering in the corner. She walks towards him, she puts her finger up to her mouth. She squats down in front of him.

INDIGENOUS WOMAN
Sssshhhh.

She examines the chains connected to the Man's ankle. A LOCK is attached near their ankles. The Man points at the far wall. The Woman turns her head.

On the far wall is a crooked nail hammered into the wall, a KEY is hanging on the nail. The Woman grabs the key and unlocks the lock attached to his ankle.

INDIGENOUS WOMAN (CONT'D)
Wake all the children, get them far
away from here.

The Man nods and starts towards the stairs. The Woman grabs his hand and kisses him. The Woman again puts her finger to her mouth. She looks at the furnace and walks over.

Opening the iron door with its loud CREAK, she looks inside. There are only hot embers with a blue flame coming off them. In the middle of the embers is the remains of an infant's skull.

POV --Furnace looking out at the Woman through the door. Her eyes are filled with rage, she quickly walks away.

She picks up the butcher knife where she set it down, quietly runs up the stairs.

PRIESTS QUARTERS

The Priests are asleep in their beds. The snow is falling outside their window. The Cold Priest snores, then stops. The Brown-Haired Priest is looking at the ceiling. Eyes red, dried tears on his face.

Barefoot running is heard in the hallway, then some loud BANGING. The Brown Haired Priest looks at the door, and the Cold Priest awakens.

COLD PRIEST
What was that noise?

BROWN-HAIRED PRIEST
It sounded like running up the
hallway.

COLD PRIEST
For their sake, they'd better be in
bed.

The Cold Priest stands and gets out of bed. He grabs a thin stick leaning by the door.

COLD PRIEST (CONT'D)
What are you waiting for? The
second coming of Christ, come on!

The Cold Priest tries to open the door, but the door doesn't budge.

HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

On the other side of the door are two boards hammered into the threshold. The door VIBRATES from the Priest trying to budge it. The Indigenous Man stands looking, holding a hammer.

KITCHEN

The Woman is in the kitchen, she is looking through a storage closet, looking for something. She spots a container marked "LANTERN OIL", grabs it, she pulls out the stopper.

She starts pouring the lantern oil around the kitchen.

HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

The Woman walks up the hallway, while walking, lantern oil is spilling. She reaches the Priest's Quarters door. Splashing oil on the door mimicking a blessing.

INDIGENOUS WOMAN
(to the door)
Your turn to burn.

The Woman walks to the door to exit the building. Striking a match, she throws the match into the trail of oil. She throws the container in the hallway, and the flames explode with a WOOSH. She leaves, the children and the man are out front waiting for her. They all watch the building catch fire.

PRIESTS QUARTERS

The Cold Priest and the Brown Haired Priest stand on the other side of the door, trying to smash it down. Thick grey smoke starts to roll from beneath the door. The flicker of flames lights up under the door.

COLD PRIEST
NO! No! Let us out!

The Brown Eyes Priest backs up, then sits on the edge of his bed. He has accepted his fate.

BROWN-HAIRED PRIEST
We deserve this.

The Cold Priest looks at him coldly.

COLD PRIEST
I'm not accepting my fate just yet.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL SCHOOL - NIGHT

In the back of the school, a window CLATTERS. Glass falls into the snow. The Blue Eyed Nun is looking out the window. She jumps out of the window into the piled snow below.

She looks up at the building with snow, mixed with soot on her face. The building is slowly being engulfed. Walking around the corner of the house, she sees the Woman and Children watching the building burn.

The Nun quickly goes back to where she came from. She quietly runs into the darkness.

INT. RESIDENTIAL SCHOOL - NIGHT

PRIESTS QUARTERS

The Cold Priest stands by the door watching to see if the doorknob turns.

COLD PRIEST
One of the Sister's will be here
any second to free us.

The Brown Haired Priest lies down on his bed.

BROWN-HAIRED PRIEST
Nobody is coming for us. We deserve
this.

The flame comes from beneath the door, and the backside of the door catches fire. The Cold Priest looks on in terror.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL SCHOOL - NIGHT

The Woman and the Man hold hands. They and the Children watch as the Residential School is fully engulfed in flames. The bell in the steeple falls off its mount with one final RING.

INT. RESIDENTIAL SCHOOL - NIGHT

The two Priests are coughing on smoke. The Cold Priest is trying to fan the flames and smoke away. A CRACKING noise is heard above them. The bell and ceiling crash down upon them.

Blood slowly flows from under the bell.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL SCHOOL - NIGHT

The Woman looks on with a smile.

INDIGENOUS WOMAN
Alright, let's go.

EXT. ROCKY MOUNTAINS IN CANADA - NIGHT

VALLEY

The Woman, the Man and the Children return to the valley where their village was. There is nobody there.

INDIGENOUS WOMAN
The elders and parents have moved on.

She looks up at the Milky Way, a shooting star streaks across the sky.

INDIGENOUS MAN
What are we going to do?

INDIGENOUS WOMAN
(to the man)
I...I don't know.

The sound of horses GALLOPING in the snow is heard.

INDIGENOUS WOMAN (CONT'D)
(to the man)
Get the children to safety, find the elders and the rest of the adults.

The Man and Woman embrace in the snow, they kiss.

INDIGENOUS WOMAN (CONT'D)
Go! Quickly!

The Man leads the Children away into the trees surrounding the valley. The Woman stands her ground. She turns and watches the oncoming horses.

TREE LINE

The Man stays and watches, hidden by the trees.

VALLEY

The R.C.M.P. Riders surround the Woman. On the back of one of the horses is the Blue-eyed Nun.

BLUE-EYED NUN

There she is, she let the children
escape and burned the school down!

TREE

A single oak tree stands in the valley, with no leaves; its silhouette looks like a skeletal hand sticking out of the ground, reaching for the sky. The Woman is tied up to it. The contingent of R.C.M.P. officers stands in front of her. They have their rifles aimed at the Woman.

BLUE-EYED NUN (CONT'D)

...amen. May God have
mercy on your soul.

The Nun crosses herself with the sign of the cross.

The rifles fire at the Woman, her body convulsing with every bullet strike. The Nun walks up and checks for a pulse.

BLUE-EYED NUN (CONT'D)

She is gone.

The Nun reaches for the rope securing her to the tree.

R.C.M.P. SERGEANT

Leave her! Let the wolves have her.

The Nun mounts a horse, and the R.C.M.P. gallop off in the distance.

The Man now weeping in the trees watches as they leave.

GREAT GRANDDAUGHTER (PRE-LAP)
Then what happened, Great
Grandfather?

INT. RESERVATION HOME - NIGHT

A Blind Indigenous Man (85), holding a carved walking stick with engravings, sits in a rocking chair in front of a crackling fire. His Granddaughter (15) and Grandson (12) sit on a wolf skin rug in front of him.

The Blind Man leans forward, the rocking chair SQUEAKS as it rocks forward. His cataracted eyes looked towards the children.

BLIND INDIGENOUS MAN
I went back a few days later with a
pickaxe I stole from a logging
camp. Her body was gone, just the
ropes remained by the tree.

GREAT GRANDSON
What happened to her body?

BLIND INDIGENOUS MAN (V.O.)
If a body isn't buried, our souls
cannot move on. So she roams the
woods as a Winter Witch.

EXT. ROCKY MOUNTAINS IN CANADA - NIGHT

TREE

The Woman remains tied to the tree. The full moon was shining down on her. A pack of wolves has found her body. One of the wolves, brave enough, starts tearing at her sleeve on her bloodied nightgown.

The Woman's fingers start to twitch slowly, with a sudden, quick movement, the hand grabs the wolf by the scruff of the neck. Her eyes shoot open, her once brown eyes now grey and translucent.

With a quick flick of her wrist, she snaps the wolf's neck. Freeing herself from her bindings, she walks across the valley and up into the mountains. The wolf pack feeds on the dead wolf.

INT. RESERVATION HOME - NIGHT

MARY (40), with long black hair, Indigenous, walks into the room.

MARY
Alright, Grandfather, that's plenty
of stories for one night. You kids
still might have school in the
morning.

The Kids stand up and hug, and kiss their Great-Grandfather
on the cheek.

BLIND INDIGENOUS MAN
Good night, young ones.

They leave, Mary walks up to her Grandfather.

MARY
You need to stop telling them those
stories from the Residential School
days, at least not yet.

BLIND INDIGENOUS MAN
It's part of the history of their
people, no matter how terrible.

Mary puts medication in his hands.

MARY
Here are your pills. I will get you
some water.

BLIND INDIGENOUS MAN
No need.

The Blind Man pulls a steel flask from his pocket. The Mother
quickly takes it out of his hand.

MARY
What did I tell you about that?

The Blind Man grumbles. Mary leaves to get water. The Blind
Man sits in his rocking chair; it is mostly quiet except for
the crackling of the fire. A gust of wind picks up outside.

The Old Man gets out of his rocking chair, using his walking
stick as a cane. He approaches the window, his blind eyes
looking into the darkness outside.

Mary comes back in with a glass of water. She sees her
Grandfather at the window.

MARY (CONT'D)
What do you see?

BLIND INDIGENOUS MAN
(laughs)
You're funny.

MARY
Well, what is it?

BLIND INDIGENOUS MAN
A storm is coming.

MARY
The weatherman on TV did say we can expect up to 30 centimetres of snow over the next two days. More in the mountains.

EXT. RESERVATION HOME - NIGHT

The Blind Man stands in the window. Watching him from the treeline is the Woman/Winter Witch. Her grey, translucent eyes stared at him. Her dirty, stained, ripped nightgown was flowing in the wind.

DISSOLVE TO:

OPENING CREDITS AND TITLE CARD: WHISPERED THE WINTER WITCH

INT. SKI MOVIE PRODUCTION OFFICE - DAY

DARKNESS. A door opens, the light from the hall pierces the dark room. A light turns on. A giant ski movie poster hangs on the wall.

SUPER: CRESTED BUTTE, COLORADO

SCOTT (40s) is a short and pudgy man with a pale complexion. He is wearing a toque and a winter coat, stands by the door. He removes his toque; his blond hair stands on end from wearing it. He stuffs it in one of his coat pockets.

He takes the coat off and hangs it on a coat hook. The man is wearing faded blue jeans and a black concert t-shirt.

Walking by his computer, he hits the power button. It starts booting up while he walks over to a coffee machine, turning it on.

SCREENING ROOM

Scott sits down and powers up the projector. He sips his coffee and relaxes while it warms up. On the screen paused a skier is getting a face full of powder. He hits play.

BEGIN MONTAGE

The skier who has snow in his face keeps skiing down an extreme hill. The next five minutes are extreme ski footage of skiers doing tricks off cliffs and jumps. Sliding in man-made trick parks and natural elements.

END MONTAGE

Scott rubs his hair and drinks his coffee.

OFFICE

He goes back to his computer and logs on. He opens an internet browser. Clicking on the favourites tab, he scrolls down the list, he gets to snow-forecast.com. He clicks on it, and the web page loads.

Right on the main page is a headline, "Canadian Rockies expecting large amounts of snow thanks to El Niño".

SCOTT
(talking to himself)
Canada eehhhhh...

He laughs at his own joke while he picks up his cell phone. He dials a number.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
We need to assemble a crew, we need
to head to Canada. They're getting
a lot of heavy snow.

INT. YURT - DAY

SUPER: SOMEWHERE IN THE LOWER INTERIOR OF BRITISH COLUMBIA

An empty yurt with clothes and camping gear packed in hard cases is everywhere.

A cell phone starts RINGING.

MARK (30s) is a muscular man, long blond hair in a bandana, his blond goatee in two braids, walks into the yurt.

He walks up to the bed and picks up his phone from a pillow.

MARK

Hello!... Okay... Yup... Sounds
good... Dude, I'm already packed.

Mark walks out of the yurt. The yurt is located on a mountain lake, people are getting ready to go paddleboarding/kayaking.

He looks around...he looks up at the sun while stroking the braid in his goatee.

EXT. YURT - DAY

He walks to the end of a dock, he grabs a paddleboard paddle and jumps onto a paddleboard...Gliding through the water, he starts paddling.

As he paddles along the calm lake shoreline, he rounds a corner. Looming over him and the river are three tall totem poles. The sun hides behind a cloud, darkening the area. The sun quickly reappears.

INT. RICHARDS' APARTMENT - DAY

SUPER: PARIS, FRANCE

Richards' apartment is a mess.

In the kitchen are multiple liquor bottles, take-out containers, and dirty dishes in the sink.

The living room is in the same condition. The TV is still on, showing the main screen from the newest Call of Duty game.

The spare bedroom is more of a storage room.

There are skis, boots, snow outer gear. Posters from his ski movies hang on the wall, framed.

The main bedroom has an amazing view of Paris. In the middle of the room is a king-size bed.

There are three sleeping bodies: a CAUCASIAN FEMALE(20s) and an OLIVE-SKINNED FEMALE(20s).

RICHARD(22) is a tall, muscular Frenchman. He has shorter blond hair and a million-dollar smile. He is asleep between them.

They are all naked, covered with a white sheet. Above the bed is a large black-and-white photo of Richard in the Jim Morrison pose.

A cell phone rings on one of the side tables. It's buzzing and ringing. One of the bodies stirs in the bed.

...A muscular arm reaches for the phone.

RICHARD
Bonjour. Oh, Hello, Scott.

Richard listens to Scott on the phone, his eyes still closed. His blond hair is everywhere.

RICHARD (CONT'D)
Meh, Oui, I can be there for a
production meeting...Canada?...
Sounds good, Au Revoir.

Richard hangs up the phone. He drops it on the side table.

RICHARD (CONT'D)
Fuck...

Richard rolls over, laying his hand on one of the girl's ass.

The Olive-Skinned Woman moans and rolls over; on her scapula is a dreamcatcher tattoo.

INT. JAMBA JUICE/HEALTH FOOD STORE - DAY

SUPER: OTTAWA, ONTARIO

SEAN(25) is a short, muscular man with long curly brown hair. He has dark circles under his eyes, he looks unhappy.

He sits in a Healthy Shake shop. Holding a half-drunk shake in one hand and a 60-day sober chip in the other.

He watches people walk by through the window.

Across from him sits an OLD MAN drinking a healthy shake and reading a newspaper; the headline reads "More potential grave sites found at former Alberta Residential School." The old man turns a page and laughs.

Sean's cell phone rings; the sound comes from his coat hung on the back of the chair.

Sean turns around and gets the phone out of the pocket in his coat...Looking at the display, his eyes light up.

SEAN
Sup, Scotty too hotty.

Sean listens to Scott on the phone.

SEAN (CONT'D)
Yeah, I think it would be good for
me to get out of here for a bit.
Fewer temptations, if you know what
I mean.

Sean continues to listen.

SEAN (CONT'D)
Cool bro. Talk soon.

He hangs up the phone.

He stands excitedly and slides his coat on.

He tosses the healthy shake cup in the trash with a THUD,
walking out of the shake shop. Sean walks by the front
window.

INT. INGRID'S APARTMENT - DAY

SUPER: OLYMPIC VALLEY, CALIFORNIA

A small studio apartment overlooks a small village

...a BUZZING noise fills the apartment.

INGRID(23) is a short woman; she is muscular in stature. Her
long brown hair in Heidi braids is frazzled while she lies on
her bed masturbating...

The phone beside her lights up and offsets the BUZZING of her
sex toy...

INGRID
Oh Fuck...

Turning off her sex toy, she grabs the phone.

INGRID (CONT'D)
(out of breath)
Hello...no...no, I'm on the
treadmill...yeah, I'm in ski shape
but haven't been on skis since
Sarah...I know she wouldn't...I
will take the meeting and go from
there...Bye.

Hanging up the phone, she puts it on her nightstand along with her sex toy.

...she gets out of bed, just wearing a t-shirt, and walks into her bathroom...

We hear the WHOOSH of a shower being turned on.

We see her phone's lock screen of Ingrid with SARAH(22), who has a beautiful smile, blue eyes and blond hair in ski gear.

Her TV is on, but it's muted. In the corner of the TV is a graphic in the corner- it's a news segment about missing or murdered Indigenous women.

Outside Ingrid's apartment, through a window, it is lightly snowing.

INT. SKI MOVIE PRODUCTION OFFICE - DAY

BOARDROOM

QUENTIN (40) is a tall, imposing man. His short brown hair is balding in a comb-over. ROGER (35) is a short, stocky man with his blond hair in a mullet.

They sit at the large boardroom table, drinking coffee from takeout cups.

Scott walks in holding papers. He places them in front of Quentin and Roger.

SCOTT

Hey, where is my coffee?

ROGER

It's at the coffee shop; tell them Roger sent you.

SCOTT

(laughing)

Are you guys good to go to Canada?

ROGER

Yup, I'm good.

QUENTIN

I'm fucking stoked.

SCOTT

(to Quentin)

We have a Heli all set up for you.

(MORE)

SCOTT (CONT'D)
 (to Roger)
 Can you head down to the rental house? We have the cam gear booked for you.

ROGER
 Where are we going in Canada?

Scott is filling out paperwork, looking down as he reads and signs papers.

SCOTT
 Rockies...it's dumping there right now. We need one more segment for the next film.

QUENTIN
 Athletes?

SCOTT
 Richard, Mark, Sean and possibly Ingrid.

QUENTIN
 (shocked)
 Sean...Isn't he a liability?

SCOTT
 Got his sixty-day chip the other day. What about you, Roger? Can you stay off the booze for a few weeks?

Scott looks up at Roger.

ROGER
 (offended)
 I can manage.

Scott stands up and starts walking out. He turns and looks at the two men.

SCOTT
 Go get ready, then, amigos.

INT. SKI MOVIE PRODUCTION OFFICE - DAY

BOARDROOM

Sean, Mark, Richard and Ingrid sit at the large table; they each sit at the four corners of the table.

Scott walks in with a BIG BOOBED INTERN. Scott sits down while the Intern passes out contracts to the athletes.

RICHARD
(to Intern)
Bonjour, mon chéri.

BIG BOOBED INTERN
(annoyed)
Hi Richard...I've been told about you.

RICHARD
Oh yeah?

BIG BOOBED INTERN
Yup. You get that Syphilis taken care of?

She drops his contract in front of him.

RICHARD
Yes. Long ago.

Scott is finishing up work on his laptop.

SCOTT
Read over your contracts and sign them. Get them back to me.

SEAN
Hey Scott, I was wondering if this can be a dry shoot? The fewer temptations, the better.

Sean looks around at everyone uncomfortably.

SCOTT
I will let you work that out amongst yourselves.

MARK
Not a bad idea, Sean.

RICHARD
Not even a little wine at dinner?

SEAN
I can't stop you, bro, but could you not?

Richard groans.

Scott closes his laptop screen.

SCOTT
Tickets to Calgary will be in your
e-mails. Logistics will have
everything worked out.

Scott stands up and leaves the room. Ingrid stands and chases
after Scott.

HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Ingrid catches up to Scott.

INGRID
Can I have a word?

SCOTT
Sure thing. Wanted to ask you
something, too.
(hesitates)
Are you sure you are good to go?

INGRID
I thought a lot of what you said.
Sarah would want me to get back out
there.

SCOTT
Right on. As long as your head is
in it.

INGRID
I'm dedicating this to her.

Ingrid takes a sticker out of her pocket and hands it to
Scott.

Scott takes it and looks at it. "WHAT WOULD SARAH DO" In
white letters with a blue background.

INGRID (CONT'D)
For my helmet, I made one for the
crew.

SCOTT
I'm sure they will wear them with
pride.

Scott hugs Ingrid.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
Good to have you back. I know you
and Sarah were close;
(MORE)

SCOTT (CONT'D)
we all miss her smile and
enthusiasm around here.

INGRID
Thanks. I appreciate it.

SCOTT
If you need anything before you go,
call me. If I don't hear from you,
safe travels.

INT. CALGARY INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY

SUPER: CALGARY, CANADA

The Athletes and Crew walk through the airport towards the
baggage claim.

Ingrid stops at a coffee shop. While in line, she watches a
passenger tram stop in the hallway to pick people up. The
tram leaves fully loaded.

SARAH (20), a tall, blond-haired, blue-eyed Scandinavian
woman, stands staring at Ingrid. Ingrid turns and looks to
see where everyone in her group is.

She sees her friends standing waiting for the next tram.
Sarah now stands behind Mark, staring at him. A group of
people walk past, blocking her view of Sarah.

The group leaves, Sarah is now standing by Sean and Richard,
who are punching each other and goofing around.

BARISTA
Ma'am, can I help you?

The Barista taps her on the shoulder.

Ingrid turns and looks at the Barista.

INGRID
I'm so sorry. Medium Double-Double,
please.

Ingrid waits for her coffee. She turns around and staring at
her is Sarah. Ingrid drops her coffee to the ground.

INGRID (CONT'D)
Sarah...

Sarah just stares through her. She turns, exposing a large
head wound bleeding onto her jacket; her brain is seen
through a hole in her skull.

Sarah walks off and disappears into a crowd. A stunned Ingrid just watches. She looks down and sees a puddle of blood on the floor.

Mark runs over to see her.

MARK

Ingrid? Ingrid? Are you okay?

Ingrid snaps out of her trance, looking down, and where the blood was is now her spilled coffee.

An Indigenous Worker has come over to clean up the coffee.

INGRID

I'm so sorry, let me.

Ingrid tries to grab the mop.

INDIGENOUS WORKER

No, I got it.

Mark ushers her away. Ingrid turns back, and the Worker with the mop is now staring at her. Looking down, the mop is dripping with blood.

Ingrid turns and gets on the tram.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

The group of skiers and the crew walk into the restaurant.

They are seated by an INDIGENOUS HOSTESS(30) who is wearing a black cocktail dress, wearing beadwork earrings and a beadwork necklace at a large table.

INGRID

Guys...I have a small favour to ask. I was wondering if you would wear this on your helmet during the shoot.

Ingrid pulls out the "WHAT WOULD SARAH DO?" Stickers from her purse and passes them down the table.

They all hold them in their fingers, staring at them.

MARK

Of course we will! Sarah has been a bright spot in all our lives.

The Hostess carries a tray holding several glasses of ice water. She sets a glass in front of each of them.

Mark picks up his glass and raises it; everyone sees him doing this and does the same.

MARK (CONT'D)

To Sarah...wherever you may be, I
hope the powder is deep, and the
sky is bluebird!

ALL

Sarah!

The CLINK of glasses as they touch echoes through the restaurant.

INGRID

We...I miss you every day.

Roger sips his water and sets his glass down.

ROGER

(to Quentin)

Heading out for a dart, if the
waitress comes by, order me a Rocky
Mountain Burger with a poutine.

Quentin is drinking his water and gives him a thumbs up.

EXT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Roger is standing on the street outside, he is huddled in his jacket to keep himself warm. The smoke from his cigarette and the steam from his breath mix as the wind takes it away.

Out of his jacket, he removes a silver flask, opening the top. He takes a long drink. Letting out a giant sigh, he puts it back in his jacket.

An ambulance SCREAMS by him on the street. His eyes go wide.

BEGIN FLASHBACK

EXT. CITY STREET -NIGHT

The lights of the emergency vehicles light up the street; it's a flurry of activity.

Roger is sitting on the curb of the street. He has bandages on his head, blood is starting to soak through them.

On the street are two cars smashed together. Inside one of the cars are three blood-stained sheets covering bodies. One in the front and two in the back.

PISSED OFF POLICEMAN
 Okay fucker. We're taking you in
 for a blood test and charging you
 with three counts of vehicular
 homicide.

Roger continues to stare ahead, not reacting to the
 Policeman.

The Policeman claps in front of Rogers' face.

This snaps him out of it, and he suddenly attacks the
 Policeman. Two other POLICEMEN rush to them.

Roger is now prone with his hands handcuffed behind his back.

PISSED OFF POLICEMAN (CONT'D)
 You can add assaulting a police
 officer now, asshole.

The Policeman wipes blood away from his nose.

END FLASHBACK

EXT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Roger looks down, and the cigarette is burned down to the
 filter. He throws the cigarette butt into a snowbank.

He touches the scar above his eye.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Roger sits at the table.

QUENTIN
 We ordered for you.

Quentin looks at Roger strangely.

QUENTIN (CONT'D)
 (whispering)
 You have a little something on your
 breath, dude.

ROGER
 (snapping, whispering)
 I'm a fucking adult, I will have a
 drink if I want to.

Quentin puts his hands up.

A RED-HEADED WAITRESS (20) wearing a black cocktail dress begins serving the group their food. The group start eating.

The Indigenous Hostess watches them from the shadows.

EXT. MOUNTAINS - DAY - ESTABLISHING

SUPER: ROCKY MOUNTAINS, CANADA

A CABIN lies situated in a snow-covered valley, the snow sparkles under the sun.

A HELICOPTER breaks the silence of the valley, ROARING into view around a mountain. Circling the valley to find a safe spot to land. It finally lands as close to the cabin as it can.

The tree where the Winter Witch/Indigenous Woman was executed stands in the same valley, down at the bottom of the hill from the cabin.

INT. PURGATORY - DAY

The Winter Witch is meditating by a small fire. In her purgatory are animal furs on the floor, the walls look like animal hides. It resembles the inside of a teepee.

The sound of the Helicopter fills the air, the Winter Witch slowly opens her eyes. Her grey translucent eyes open, then narrow in anger.

EXT. TREE - DAY

The oak tree in hibernation for the winter has no leaves; the branches rattle in the wind like horns from two deer fighting. A scratching noise is heard coming from the base of the tree; the snow is being disturbed.

The hand of the Winter Witch breaks through the snow.

EXT. CABIN - DAY

The rotor blades slowly come to a stop.

Through the front windows of the helicopter, Quentin picks up a clipboard to write some numbers down.

The portside door opens, and Ingrid, Sean, Richard, and Mark exit the helicopter.

Mark opens the storage cage on the helicopter's legs. Each person removes some gear: skis, totes, and bags.

They start towards the cabin through the waist-deep snow.

Roger walks towards the tail and opens the aft compartment.

The tail rotor slightly moves in the wind. Roger removes two water-tight cases from the compartment.

He hikes towards the cabin, dragging the cases behind him in the deep snow.

INT. CABIN - DAY

KITCHEN

The athletes set up a makeshift waxing station using an ironing board.

LIVING ROOM

Roger drops the cases, he starts setting up his video village and editing station.

Richard walks into the cabin. He tries a light switch, he flicks it up and down multiple times.

RICHARD

No power... That's why it's freezing in here anyway.

INGRID

The owners said they couldn't get up to turn the breakers on due to all the storms.

MARK

I'll go down and flip the breakers.
Where are the flashlights?

SEAN

(looking at cell phone)
Imagine they're in one of the totes or pelican cases.

Mark pulls a Zippo out of his pocket.

MARK

A Boy Scout is always prepared.

Sean is walking around looking for a signal.

INGRID
What are you doing, Sean?

SEAN
Looking for a cell signal. I can't find any.

INGRID
Well, you should have known there would be no cell service. I think once Mark gets the power on, we can get the Starlink up and running.

Sean puts his cell in his pocket.

Ingrid throws a bag of gear at Sean.

INGRID (CONT'D)
In the meantime. Help set up.

BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

Mark walks down the basement stairs, using the lighter as a light source.

MARK
Ouch... Fuck!

The LIGHTER burns his thumb, he shakes it, and the lighter goes out.

A moment later, Mark flicks the lighter and the flame shoots up. Behind Mark, we see what looks like a ghostly white face.

Mark sees the fuse panel. He moves towards it, the face disappears.

The lighter illuminates the panel and Mark's face. He flips the main breaker, turning the power to the cabin on.

Mark walks by a white shopping bag where the face was.

LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Richard and Sean are sitting on the couch, punching each other.

Roger is setting up his editing station, looking out a picture window overlooking the mountain.

Ingrid is on her hands and knees, looking through records in a 1970s-style record cabinet.

She is flipping record after record.

Richard taps Sean on the leg, then points to Ingrid's ass.

Sean gives Richard a "Fuck off" look and shakes his head.

The power suddenly turns on. The record player turns on and plays a 1960s/1970s dark rock and roll music, a la The Doors or Black Sabbath.

Everyone jumps at the sudden noise.

Quentin walks in from outside.

QUENTIN
You all look like you've seen a
ghost.

Mark walks through the door from the basement.

MARK
Power is on.

Everyone looks at Mark.

MARK (CONT'D)
What?

Roger plugs in his camera gear and laptops to charge them up.

QUENTIN
Let's get a fire going. It will
warm this place up quicker.

EXT. WOODSHED - DAY

Firewood is neatly piled up in rows, a large stump sits by the piles of wood. A larger splitting axe is leaning against the wall beside the stump.

SERIES OF SHOTS

Everyone is bringing in armloads of wood. They fill the iron ring wood holder beside the fireplace.

INT. CABIN - DAY

LIVING ROOM

In the corner of the living room is a white, metallic free-standing fireplace.

Mark and Quentin are balling up paper. They throw the balls of paper into the fireplace.

QUENTIN

Did anyone see any small kindling
in the shed? Everyone brought in
big pieces.

RICHARD

I will go look.

Richard, on his way out, sees Ingrid in the kitchen waxing her skis. He smiles at her, she smiles back.

EXT. WOODSHED - DAY

Richard looks for small pieces of wood, but he sees none.

Grabbing the axe and pulling it from the stump, he lays a piece of firewood on its end on the stump.

Raising the heavy axe, he swings it. TING!

The piece of firewood goes flying across the woodshed, and the axe almost hits Richard in the leg.

RICHARD

Holy Fuck...

Richard sets up the wood again and this time strikes the wood with the sharp edge of the axe straight on, splitting the wood.

LIVING ROOM

Richard passes the kindling to Mark.

MARK

Merci.

RICHARD

You're welcome.

Ingrid walks by the Living Room area.

INGRID

Boots! You're getting the carpet
wet!

Richard walks to the front door in the kitchen and removes
his boots.

RICHARD

Relax Ingrid.

Sean is sitting on the couch, bundled up.

SEAN

You've been uptight since we landed
in Calgary.

Ingrid picks up a ski and places it on the ironing board.

INGRID

I'm just saying, it's cramped in
here. Clean up after yourselves.

MARK

We got it...We got it...
(looking around at
everyone)
Right guys?

Roger finishes setting up his camera and editing gear.

ROGER

Can someone set up the Starlink?

Sean jumps off the couch.

SEAN

I'll do it! Where is it?

QUENTIN

It's in that black pelican case
over there.

Sean walks over and grabs it. He leaves to set it up.

ROGER

I'm hungry, we're gonna draw straws
for cooking order?

Roger looks around at everyone.

RICHARD

Don't ask Ingrid, probably not
hungry from biting everyone's heads
off.

Ingrid gives Richard the middle finger.

ROGER
Fine, I'll cook the first meal.

Roger saunters into the kitchen, taking a large pot from the cupboard.

ROGER (CONT'D)
Roger's famous spaghetti...

Roger turns the water on, the pipes RUMBLE. No water comes out.

ROGER (CONT'D)
Shit, Mark did the pump for the well kick on when you turned the power on?

MARK
No man didn't notice.

Roger CLICKS the stove on. The blue flame WOOSHES out of the holes in the burner.

ROGER
Well, at least we have propane.

EXT. CABIN - DAY

Roger walks outside and begins throwing snow into the large pot. Filling the pot almost to the top.

He sees dark grey clouds moving into the valley.

Roger sees a dark figure moving on the roof of the cabin. It startles Roger until it turns around, and it's Sean.

ROGER
Sean! You're some horny to set up the internet.

ROOF OF THE CABIN - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Sean is setting up the Starlink on the snowy roof.

SEAN
Yeah bro! I have court-mandated check-ins with my sponsor for my rehab.

(MORE)

SEAN (CONT'D)
(makes sure receiver is
stable)
There we go.

Sean jumps and slides down the roof through the snow on his back, landing in a snow pile by the cabin.

Starlink cable in hand, he feeds it through a window.

SEAN (CONT'D)
Also, so I can FaceTime my
daughter.

A dark figure moves in the distance by the tree.

KITCHEN

Roger places the large pot on the blue flame.

ROGER
Going to be a while. Mark, you're
the off-grid, roughing-it guy. Can
you figure the pump out?

MARK
I will try.

ROGER
Looks like a storm is moving in,
too.

BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

Mark goes back down in the basement, he finds the pump. He flicks the switch, and the pump roars to life.

DISEMBODIED VOICE
(female voice)
Mark...

Mark shakes his head. He looks around. He doesn't see anyone.

LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Mark walks through the door.

MARK
Ingrid, did you call for me?

INGRID
Nope, been busy here.

MARK

Strange... Sean! Buddy, it's way too quiet in here. Throw on some tunes.

Sean looks through the records and finds a 1980s new wave record. He puts it on the record player.

SEAN

Sorry, no music from this century.

EXT. VALLEY - DAY

The 1980s new wave music is echoing through the valley.

The dark figure walks to the tree, the Winter Witch stands. Her translucent eyes stared at the cabin.

The wind and snow swirl around her. The dark grey snow-filled clouds move into the valley.

Her traditional Indigenous garments flutter in the wind.

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

SERIES OF SHOTS: Set to the 80s New Wave song

- The ski movie crew and athletes are eating and having fun. Dancing, singing, throwing spaghetti at each other.

- a shot of each one waxing their skis in succession.

The music fades.

A kettle WHISTLES on the propane stove.

MARK

Since this is a dry shoot, I made hot chocolate for everyone.

Everyone laughs.

RICHARD

Are we going to play truth or dare next, or a board game?

Again, everyone laughs.

MARK

A board game sounds fun.

ROGER
We could hook a laptop up and
stream a movie.

RICHARD
(sarcastically)
I'll make popcorn!

Sean is looking out the picture window.

Ingrid walks up to him, putting her arms around him.

INGRID
You okay, bud?

SEAN
I should have stayed home, so you
guys could drink and have fun.

INGRID
It's okay, I think we all needed
this trip.

Outside the window, snow falls heavily.

SEAN
It's totally dumping.

INGRID
Totally...gonna be a good day
tomorrow. Sarah would be stoked.

SEAN
So stoked.

INGRID
How is Ava?

SEAN
Getting big, can't wait to start
supervised visitations with her
when we get back.

Sean takes his sixty-day sobriety chip out of his pocket.

SEAN (CONT'D)
Had to earn this first...

INGRID
Proud of you, bud.

SEAN

Sarah would have been too...She is the one who sat me down and told me to get sober. If not for me, but for Ava.

Mark and Richard walk up to where Sean and Ingrid stand.

RICHARD

Sarah touched all of our lives somehow.

All four skiers look out at the large picture window, the snow so heavy you can't see the helicopter.

Roger takes a picture of the four Skiers.

ROGER

All right! I cooked. You guys can clean.

LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

The only sound is the fire CRACKLING and POPPING in the fireplace. Ingrid is painting Mark's fingernails on the couch.

MARK

Ingrid, can I ask you something?

INGRID

Yeah, sure.

MARK

You and Sarah... You were more than just friends. If I'm wrong...

Ingrid looks at Mark.

INGRID

You're not wrong. There was a reason Sarah was as angry as she was that night.

Ingrid starts tearing up, she wipes them away.

MARK

We promised never to bring that night up ever again.

INGRID

I know, but she died right after that. You don't think she killed herself, do you?

Mark can only look at her.

MARK

No, it was an accident. Sarah was full of life.

Ingrid smiles.

KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

Sean and Richard are doing dishes.

Richard spins a dish towel and snaps him in the crotch. This breaks the silence of the cabin.

SEAN

Holy fuck, right on the knob of my dick!!

Sean drops to his knees, while Richard just laughs. When Sean fell, he knocked a glass set aside because it was broken into the dish water.

RICHARD

Sorry, bro, didn't mean to tag you on the dick.

SEAN

All good, let's just finish up.

Catching his breath, Sean stands up and puts his hands into the dishwater.

SEAN (CONT'D)

Fuck!!

Quickly pulls his hand out of the water.

No sign of anything at first, then blood pours out of the side of his hand.

Sean SCREAMS when he sees the blood.

RICHARD

Holy shit!

Ingrid runs over to Sean from the Living Room.

INGRID
Come here, let me see!

Sean stands still while Ingrid looks at his hand.

INGRID (CONT'D)
You have a piece of glass in your
hand. Someone, get me the first aid
kit.

Sweat starts beading on Sean's forehead.

SEAN
I think I'm going to pass out.

INGRID
Sit then!

Sean sits in one of the kitchen chairs. He puts his head
between his legs.

Ingrid holds his arm up, Quentin brings the first aid kit.
Blood trickles from his hand down his arm.

Quentin opens the first aid kit and presents it to Ingrid.

Ingrid grabs the tweezers, she slowly pulls a piece of glass
out of Sean's hand. She wraps it in gauze.

INGRID (CONT'D)
(to Quentin)
Get him a glass of orange juice.
(to Sean)
Sean, you should be more careful.

Sean lays his head down and starts laughing.

SEAN
Jesus, haven't even skied yet, and
I'm getting bunged up.

INGRID
It's late, I'm going to bed if I
want to get some early turns in.

MARK
Probably a good idea we all go.
Before someone else gets hurt.

SEAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sean sits up in bed, his laptop open on his lap.

On the screen, AVA(4) shows him a drawing.

AVA
I drew a picture of you skiing,
Daddy.

SEAN
I love it, baby-girl! I can't wait
for you to give it to me.

A Woman appears on the screen, it's SEAN'S EX(20s).

SEAN'S EX
I need to get her ready for day
care.

SEAN
Okay... Bye baby-girl!

AVA
Bye, Daddy, I miss you!

Ava kisses the camera, Sean blows her a kiss.

SEAN'S EX
Bye Sean.

The screen goes black. Sean wipes a tear from his face.

INGRID'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Ingrid sits on the edge of her bed, scrolling through her
photos on her phone. Pictures of her and Sarah.

QUENTIN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Quentin is asleep in bed, a movie is playing on his laptop.
The Overlook Hotel, being snowed in, is on the screen.

MARK'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Mark is snoring loudly with a sleep mask over his eyes. On
his bedside table sits a bag of THC gummies.

RICHARD'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Richard is in bed, the sheets pulled up over him. His arms
are moving under the sheets.

Frustrated, his hands come out from under the sheets, holding a male masturbation device. Throwing it on his bedside table.

RICHARD

Not even close to the same,
realistic feel my ass.

LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Roger is asleep on the couch; the fire across from him has burned down to mere embers. Asleep, Roger pulls his sleeping bag up over his shoulder.

INGRID'S BEDROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Ingrid tosses and turns in her bed; she seems like she is having a nightmare.

INT. PURGATORY - NIGHT

The Witch sits cross-legged in front of a small fire. Her eyes closed. The sweat beads off her skin. She is mumbling.

EXT. CABIN - NIGHT

The Starlink sits on the roof. A gust of wind knocks the satellite off the roof. Ripping the cable out, the cable lies in the snow on the roof.

EXT. VALLEY - NIGHT

The spirit of the Witch runs across the valley like a wolf towards the Cabin. Going through the front door, heading to Richard's bedroom. Richard is lying still in his bed. The spirit "jumps" into Richard.

RICHARD'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Richard is sleeping peacefully. Then he suddenly arches his back off the bed.

Opening his eyes, instead of his blue eyes, they are grey translucent. Smiling, he stands up and leaves his room.

INGRID'S BEDROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

The bedroom door slowly opens, Richard's silhouette stands in the doorway blocking light from the hallway.

Ingrid was still unsettled, tossing and turning.

Richard walks up to Ingrid's bed. He runs his hands up her leg under the sheet.

Ingrid stops tossing and turning. She smiles.

INGRID
Mmmm. Sarah.

Removing his hand, he licks his fingers.

INGRID (CONT'D)
More... More Sarah, Please... I
miss how you feel...

Richard, with his black eyes, smiles a crooked, demonic smile.

INGRID (CONT'D)
Kiss me... Sarah...

Richard slinks up towards her head. He hovers over her.

He kisses her neck behind her ear.

INGRID (CONT'D)
Yes... Sarah... Fuck.

Ingrid MOANS. Grabbing his head, holding it in place, she grabs his hand, placing it on her breast. She MOANS softly, her eyes open quickly.

Looking up, she sees Richard staring at her with a weird, crooked smile.

RICHARD
(female voice)
Ingrid, I miss the way YOU taste.

Richard inhales through his nose.

RICHARD (CONT'D)
(female voice)
...and the way you smell when you
are excited.

INGRID
S... Sarah?

Richard's laugh goes from a sweet, innocent laugh then distorts to a laugh that's demonic.

RICHARD
(high-pitched voice)
Sarah... Sarah's not here
anymore...

Ingrid SCREAMS, then kicks Richard, which sends him off the bed.

Richard hits the floor, his eyes turn back to his normal blue eyes. The wind knocked out of him.

RICHARD (CONT'D)
What the fuck!

INT. ALL BEDROOMS - NIGHT

Ingrid's scream echoes through the cabin. All the men run to the source of the scream.

INGRID'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Roger and Quentin burst into the room, followed by Sean and Mark.

Ingrid covers herself up.

LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

Ingrid, now dressed, is sitting by the fire, staring at the flames.

INGRID
(in shock)
It was the most scared I have ever
been in my life. It was
Richard...but Sarah's voice was
coming out of his mouth.

She stares deep into the flames.

QUENTIN
Are you sure? I mean, you just woke
up, and could have been in shock.

INGRID
No...I looked into his eyes; they
were unholy. They were grey and
almost see-through.

RICHARD'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Richard is on the floor rocking; he is crying.

RICHARD

I have never slept walked a day in my life...it was like I was in bed and next thing I knew I was on her floor.

SEAN

What else do you remember?

RICHARD

That's it! I never would have tried anything with her! She is like a sister to me!

SEAN

Dude...

RICHARD

I know what I'm like...I'm trying to change. Me and Sarah talked about it before she died...I want a real relationship and not just sex.

Sean stands there and just looks at him.

SEAN

I don't know what to say...

RICHARD

Just leave me alone.

MARK'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Ingrid and Mark are in bed back-to-back.

INGRID

I think I'm going crazy, Mark. Everywhere I go, I see Sarah. Tonight, I swore I heard her voice come out of Richard's mouth.

MARK

Grief is a funny thing. Have you gone to a grief counsellor?

INGRID

No. Maybe I should, I miss her so much.

MARK

The mountain gives, and it takes in
this sport; you never know when it
will be your last run.

INGRID

Yeah...I need to get out of here,
though. Something doesn't feel
right.

MARK

Let's get through these few days,
then get you home for help.

LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

Roger is sitting at his computer. He is going through the
footage of Sean's run that day.

Getting to the footage of the wipeout that hurt Sean from his
GoPro, Roger sees a blur.

Rewinding and slowing down the accident frame by frame, he
sees a black blur come out from the trees. Pausing it, he
sees a demonic face of an old Japanese hag.

Roger looks into the grey translucent eyes of a beautiful
Indigenous Woman and gets scared, slamming the laptop screen
down.

DISEMBODIED VOICE

(female voice)

You are a murderer, Roger...You
killed that family and got away
with it.

Roger turns quickly.

ROGER

No...it was an accident.

DISEMBODIED VOICE

(female voice)

You will pay for your sin,
Roger...The bill is due.

ROGER

I paid...oh god, I paid with guilt
and prison time.

DISEMBODIED VOICE

(female voice)

It's not enough...

Roger is looking around, trying to find the source of the voice.

QUENTIN

Roger! Been calling for you, bud.
It's late, should get some sleep.

ROGER

I know...but what happened with
Ingrid and Richard, I can't sleep.

Roger leaves the room, and behind him is the black silhouette of the Winter Witch.

Her long, unkempt fingernails touch the glass and scratch down the glass; she grins. Then the silhouette whisps away with the wind.

KITCHEN - DAY

Everyone is quiet, eating breakfast. Their eyes tell a story that nobody got much sleep last night.

Sean opens his phone, it shows "No Signal."

SEAN

The Starlink must be knocked out.

QUENTIN

(quietly)
We will fix it later.

Everyone stares at Sean like not the time or place.

EXT. TOP OF THE MOUNTAIN - DAY

Ingrid stands alone on the top of the mountain. She looks tired.

ROGER

(over mic)
You ready to drop Ingrid?

Ingrid looks down the mountain, her eyes start to close.

Another female skier brushes past her.

SARAH

Let's go, Banana pants!

Ingrid smiles and pulls her ski goggles down. She races after her friend.

The pair are racing down the mountain.

SERIES OF SHOTS

-grinding trees

-skiing in between the trees

-doing figure eights down the side of the mountain

Sarah jumps off a giant cliff.

Ingrid skis and stops at the edge and looks down.

Looking down, she sees the splattered corpse of Sarah on the rocks below.

Behind her, the Witch stands.

Ingrid is crying, but nothing comes out. Just the sound of the wind.

Turning around, she is face-to-face with the Witch.

The Witch reaches out and grabs Ingrid's temple. Her eyes turn translucent grey.

DREAM SEQUENCE

Mark and Ingrid are on the edge of a cliff, they are talking. Ingrid can't hear what they are saying.

The conversation gets extremely heated, they are yelling. Mark angrily pushes Sarah off the cliff. He looks down at her blood-splattered body. He looks up and sees Quentin watching him in the Helicopter. Mark skis away.

END DREAM SEQUENCE

Ingrid's eyes return to their normal hazelnut eyes.

The Witch looks at Ingrid, then pushes her off the cliff. Ingrid hurtles to the rocks below.

INT. MARK'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Ingrid wakes up SCREAMING and THRASHING in the bed.

Mark awakes and falls onto the floor.

MARK
What is going on!

INGRID

I'm done!! We need to leave now!

Ingrid furiously starts packing.

Quentin and Roger come into Mark's Bedroom.

QUENTIN

What's happening?

MARK

We need to leave. There is something not right with this valley.

Quentin is looking at Ingrid.

QUENTIN

Yeahhhhh. I think you are right. I will get the Helicopter fired up.

EXT. HELICOPTER - DAY

Quentin looks at his phone for the weather forecast. His phone shows sunny but cold conditions.

Looking at the horizon, he sees a storm moving in. The wind is starting to pick up; the rotor blades are moving in the wind.

The thermometer in the cockpit starts plummeting.

INT. CABIN - DAY

LIVING ROOM

Quentin comes back in.

QUENTIN

Not sure we are going anywhere, looks like a storm is moving into the valley. Not just that, the temps are dropping. The temp won't be warm enough to

INGRID

No. No. No. We've got to get out of this place.

Mark walks over to try and console Ingrid. She recoils from his touch.

INGRID (CONT'D)
You stay the fuck away from me!

Mark looks confused and concerned.

Sean hobbles into the room with help from Richard.

RICHARD
What is going on in here?

Mark walks up to Richard.

MARK
(whispering in Richard's
ear)
It's Ingrid. I don't think she was
ready to ski again. She is going
crazy.

Ingrid stares at the three men.

INGRID
(hysterical)
No...don't you fucking do that! I'm
not going crazy! I saw you push
Sarah!

MARK
What the fuck are you talking
about?

INGRID
You were there when Sarah died!

MARK
Yes, I was, but I didn't ski that
day. I was hurt. What happened that
day was an accident.

Everyone just stands looking at each other, Ingrid crying.

RICHARD
We need to get the fuck out of
here. Something is off...

MARK
(looking out the window)
Unfortunately, with the storm...

QUENTIN
I will keep an eye on the storm and
temps, but we need the temps to
rise.

Quentin and Roger meet at his computer.

QUENTIN (CONT'D)
I know the weather service isn't
perfect...but this has to be wrong.

Quentin shows the forecast to Roger.

Roger sees the sunny forecast. Then he looks out the window.

The grey clouds are moving in, the wind is blowing through
the fir and spruce trees in the valley.

MARK
Why is the weather app saying sun?

ROGER
I don't like this. This is far from
the weirdest thing that has
happened on this trip.

QUENTIN
What do you mean?

ROGER
I've been hearing voices.

QUENTIN
Sure, it's not the wind or your
mind playing tricks on you?

ROGER
Man...I don't know anymore.

EXT. CABIN - DAY - ESTABLISHING

The cabin looks like a child's toy in the enormous valley as
the storm starts pouring in over the mountains.

Light snow begins to fall. The oak tree's branches rattle in
the wind.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Richard puts the last piece of firewood into the woodstove.
Even with the fire and the electric heat, the cabin is
getting cold.

RICHARD
(steam comes from his
mouth)
(MORE)

RICHARD (CONT'D)
I'm going to get more firewood from
the shed.

MARK
(shivering)
Good idea.

INT. WOODSHED - DAY - SNOWING

Richard walks into the woodshed, he brushes snow out of his hair. Steam emits from his mouth with every breath he takes.

He starts to gather firewood in his arms.

The Witch appears behind Richard, wind and snow twirl in the woodshed. She grabs his temples, his eyes once again turn a grey translucent.

BEGIN FLASHBACK

INT. HOUSE - DAY

Richard (8) is sitting in front of the TV watching cartoons dubbed in French.

His Mother and Father, both in their 30s, are finely dressed. Richard sees this and runs over.

RICHARD 8
(French, subtitled in
English)
Mama...Dad? Where are you going?

RICHARDS DAD
(French, subtitled in
English)
We are going out for the night.
Make sure you get yourself to bed.

Richard looks disappointed.

RICHARD 8
(French, subtitled in
English)
I thought we were going to decorate
the Christmas tree tonight and
watch a movie?

Richards' Mother looks at him strangely.

RICHARDS MOTHER
(French, subtitled in
English)
Go ahead, we are going out.

RICHARD
(French, subtitled in
English)
Well, can I have a hug then?

RICHARDS MOTHER
(French, subtitled in
English)
No, you will mess up my hair and
makeup.

Richards' Mother walks out the front door.

Richards' Dad pats him on the back.

RICHARDS DAD
(French, subtitled in
English)
See you in the morning.

Richards' Dad walks out. The front door slams shut.

Richard stares at the door for a moment, then goes back to
the living room.

He looks at the undecorated tree, a tear running down his
cheek.

END FLASHBACK

INT. WOODSHED - DAY - SNOWING

Behind Richard, the Witch stands holding the large splitting
axe.

The Witch swings the axe, slicing the back of Richard's calf
muscles. This drops him to the ground, SCREAMING in agony.

Richard looks back and can now see the Witch holding the
bloodied axe. He tries to crawl away in fear from her.

Grabbing the stump, the Witch drags it towards Richard. She
grabs Richard by the hair, picking him off the ground.

The Witch places Richard's head on the stump. He tries to get
off the stump, she picks up a piece of kindling. She drove
the kindling through his calf muscles, pinning him to the
ground. Richard SCREAMS again.

INT. CABIN - DAY - SNOWING

The crew are sitting around killing time. The sound of the wind drowns out any noise.

-Ingrid is reading a book.

-Quentin is watching a movie on his laptop.

-Roger is editing.

-Sean is sitting in a chair.

-Mark is making a smoothie in the kitchen.

INT. WOODSHED - DAY - SNOWING

Standing above Richard, she swings the axe high above her head.

Richard looked up at her.

RICHARD
(crying)
Please no...

The Witch looks at Richard for a moment with sympathy. The moment passes, she swings the axe down on his head. His head splits in two like a piece of wood. The blood is pouring over the stump.

INT. CABIN - DAY - SNOWING

LIVING ROOM

Sean is sitting in a chair; the pain has become harder to manage.

SEAN
I need to go to my room, I need to
lie down. The pain is becoming too
intolerable.

QUENTIN
We're going to get you and Ingrid
out as soon as possible.

Sean nods. He stands and winces in pain.

SEAN'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS - DAY - SNOWING

Walking in, Sean sits down on his bed, he slowly lies down.

Roger walks in.

ROGER

Dude, I know you're in a lot of
pain. This is all I got
...morphine.

Tosses an unmarked bottle of tablets at him.

Sean catches them and hears the pills RATTLE in the bottle.

ROGER (CONT'D)

Take them, don't take them. I just
don't want to see you in pain. I
get the sobriety thing. I've been
sober since the accident.

Roger leaves the room. Sean stares at the pills. Out of his
pocket, he pulls the chip, setting it down on his bedside
table.

He cracks open the pill bottle, stares at the pills one last
time in his hand and pops two in his mouth. He washes them
down with water from his bedside table.

He goes to sleep.

LIVING ROOM - DAY - SNOWING

Quentin and Ingrid are sitting on the couch, watching the
storm grow in intensity outside the picture window.

INGRID

(worried)

What are we going to do if you
can't fly? We need to get out of
this place.

QUENTIN

(a light goes off)

The sat phone!

INGRID

But who are we going to call, and
can we get out of this storm?

QUENTIN

The owners of the cabin!

Roger is sitting at the table in the kitchen, drinking coffee.

QUENTIN (CONT'D)
Roger, where is the sat phone?

ROGER
In one of the cases in its own small black case. Who are you going to call, though?

QUENTIN
Scott gave me the contact information of the owners of the cabin. I just thought of it.

INGRID
Can they do anything?

QUENTIN
Only one way to find out.

Ingrid leaves the room.

BATHROOM - DAY

Ingrid is leaning over the sink, silently crying. She is looking in the sink. She grabs some toilet paper and looks at herself in the mirror.

Instead of her reflection, Sarah is looking back at her. The blood from her head wound was dripping down; it started dripping out of the mirror and into the sink.

Sarah SCREAMS and runs out for the bathroom.

LIVING ROOM - DAY - SNOWING

Mark is now standing with Quentin, trying to find the satellite phone.

Ingrid comes running into the room.

MARK
What the fuck is going on?

INGRID
I don't fucking know! I'm losing my mind!

She drops to the floor crying. Mark runs over. Ingrid recoils from his touch.

MARK
What is wrong with you!

INGRID
(crying uncontrollably)
I don't know!

Mark signals to Quentin to help him.

Mark and Quentin pick Ingrid up off the floor and walk her to her bedroom.

INGRID'S BEDROOM - DAY - SNOWING

They lay Ingrid down into her bed, her face in her pillow, she is sobbing.

Mark leaves and returns quickly, holding a bag of THC gummies.

MARK
(calm and quiet)
Ingrid...

INGRID
(muffled talking into her pillow)
Go away!

MARK
Here, take one of these. They help me sleep when the nightmares get to be too much.

Quentin watches from by the door. Ingrid looks up at Quentin, and he nods. She grabs two of the gummies and takes them.

MARK (CONT'D)
Me and Q are going to try and get us out of here.

Mark and Quentin leave.

BEGIN FLASHBACK

INT. SEAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Sean sits in a large recliner chair. His eyes are glazed over, and drool is hanging from his mouth.

His arm has a syringe hanging out of it.

Baby Ava (2) with a full diaper is just old enough to walk, walks up to Sean and pulls the syringe out.

Sean's Ex walks in and sees Baby Ava holding the syringe. She SCREAMS. Sean slightly reacts to the scream, barely looking up.

Sean's Ex picks Ava up and walks out of the apartment.

SKI MOVIE PRODUCTION OFFICE BOARD ROOM - DREAM SEQUENCE

Sean sits behind the large boardroom table.

People walk into the room, but we can't see their faces, just the back of their heads.

Sean sits in a chair in a spotlight.

UNKNOWN MALE

Sean, to keep filming with us, you will need to go to rehab.

UNKNOWN FEMALE

Your drug use is out of control. You are going to hurt yourself or someone else, so we won't be able to get insurance.

Sean lays his head down on the large table.

UNKNOWN MALE

If you don't agree, we will have to break our contract with you.

UNKNOWN FEMALE

We, of course, will pay for the rehab.

INT. SEAN'S APARTMENT - DAY

Sean packs for his stay in rehab. He flops down in a large recliner.

A ZIPPO lighter CLICKS, and a large blue flame comes out.

A spoon with heroin on it appears in the flame and starts boiling. A syringe needle enters the liquid and is drawn into the tube of the syringe.

Sean wraps a bungee cord around his thigh.

Searching for a vein in his foot, he finds one between his toes. He injects the heroin into the small vein.

Lying back in the recliner, we can see the necrotic needle marks in both arms.

The warmth of the heroin covers him like a blanket, and a small smile crosses his face.

In the corner stands an Indigenous Woman.

Sean looks her way with hazy, drug-addled eyes.

SEAN
Hey, how did you get in here?

The Witch starts creeping towards him, her eyes grey and translucent, staring at him.

Sean tries to move, but he can only manage small movements.

Sean SCREAMS.

END FLASHBACK

INT. SEAN'S BEDROOM - DAY - SNOWING

Waking up in his bedroom in the cabin, Sean looks up and sees a dark figure sitting on him.

The figure pulls back its hood, and it's the same Indigenous Woman.

Between her fingers are syringes full of heroin.

Sean's eyes go wide before he can scream, the Witch plunges the syringes into his chest. Pushing the plungers, injecting the drug into his body.

Sean immediately begins to have a seizure, white foam begins to come out of his mouth.

Sean stops seizing. The white foam starts turning red, and blood starts dripping out of his nose and the corners of his eyes.

The Witch disappears.

Outside Sean's window, the snowstorm is growing in intensity. Sean's body lies still with the wind howling outside his window.

LIVING ROOM - DAY - SNOWING

Quentin finds the satellite phone in one of the totes. He sits on the couch with the black case on his lap. He opens the case and powers the phone up.

The lights come on a loud BEEP emanates from it as it power cycles.

QUENTIN

Oh, thank god.

Pulling out his cell phone, Quentin finds the contact information Scott gave him before he left. He punches in the phone number.

INT. RESERVATION HOME - DAY

Grandfather is sitting staring at the fire, the HOWL from the wind and the CRACKLE from the fire are all we here.

The landline breaks the silence of the room as it RINGS.

Grandfather touches the table beside him, searching for the wireless phone. He finds it and picks it up.

GRANDFATHER

(hesitant)

Hello...

CABIN - DAY - SNOWING

QUENTIN

Hello, is this the Christmas residence?

RESERVATION HOME - DAY - SNOWING

GRANDFATHER

Yes, it is...I can barely hear you...you sound like you're in a tin can...

CABIN - DAY - SNOWING

QUENTIN

Sorry...I'm on a satellite phone and with this storm...

RESERVATION HOME - DAY - SNOWING

GRANDFATHER
What can I help you with?

CABIN - DAY - SNOWING

QUENTIN
I'm looking to speak to Mary. Is she around?

RESERVATION HOME - DAY - SNOWING

GRANDFATHER
One second...

Grandfather puts the phone down on the table.

GRANDFATHER (CONT'D)
Mary!...Phone!

Mary comes into the room holding a laundry basket full of clothes. Setting it down, she then grabs the phone off the small table.

Grandfather goes back to staring at the fire.

MARY
Hello...

CABIN - DAY - SNOWING

Quentin stands up in excitement.

QUENTIN
Mary, my name is Quentin...I'm part of the crew that rented the cabin for the week. I was given this number in case of emergency...

RESERVATION HOME - DAY - SNOWING

Grandfather turns toward the sound of Mary's voice when he hears the word cabin.

MARY
Yeah...okay..What's going on?

CABIN - DAY - SNOWING

QUENTIN

We have a skier who is severely injured and another one with a mental health crisis...we can't fly out in this weather. Is there anything you can do?

RESERVATION HOME - DAY - SNOWING

Mary starts pacing, and Grandfather stands and looks angry.

MARY

I will see what I can do... I will call you back when I have a plan.

CABIN - DAY - SNOWING

QUENTIN

Please hurry...things are getting weird up here.

RESERVATION HOME - DAY - SNOWING

Grandfather hears this and drops his head.

MARY

What do you mean weird?

CABIN - DAY - SNOWING

QUENTIN

Just weird...probably just the isolation but...

The sat phone loses its signal and drops the call.

RESERVATION HOME - DAY - SNOWING

MARY

Hello...hello...

She hangs up the phone.

GRANDFATHER

Daughter...they are already dead and don't know it yet.

(MORE)

GRANDFATHER (CONT'D)
Why did you rent the cabin out when
I told you not to?

MARY
We needed the money...we're not
exactly swimming in cash here. I
can barely keep the lights on.

GRANDFATHER
Their blood is on your hands...

MARY
Not if we can get up there and help
them...I wonder if we can borrow
Cousin's Snowcat.

Grandfather looks down at his walking stick.

GRANDFATHER
Better hurry...

KITCHEN - DAY

The storm is picking up outside the kitchen window, the wind
howling.

Quentin is patiently waiting for the satellite phone to ring
while he and Roger sit at the kitchen table drinking coffee.

ROGER
It's getting colder in
here...Where's Richard with the
wood?

QUENTIN
Probably hiding somewhere, scared
to show his face.

ROGER
It's too cold out there...

QUENTIN
(grumbles)
I will go look for him, answer this
phone if it rings.

Quentin slides the satellite phone towards Roger.

ROGER
I hope you don't see anything you
can't unsee.

Quentin stands up, he turns his back to Roger to dump his coffee down the sink.

Looking down as the coffee goes down the sink.

QUENTIN'S VOICE

(distorted)

I know you killed them; you were drinking that night.

ROGER

What did you say?

Quentin turns.

QUENTIN

I'm going outside to see if Richard is okay.

ROGER

No after that.

QUENTIN

I didn't say anything.

Quentin leaves to go outside.

LIVING ROOM - DAY - SNOWSTORM

Ingrid walks in, rubbing her eyes.

INGRID

What's going on?

ROGER

Quentin just went outside to see what Richard is doing.

INGRID

What? What do you mean?

ROGER

Rich went to get firewood but never came back.

INGRID

Oh...Where are Sean and Mark?

ROGER

I think they're both sleeping.

INGRID

That's good. I don't think Sean has gotten much sleep.

ROGER

Well...I may have given him some morphine to help him sleep.

INGRID

What the fuck, dude?! You gave an addict morphine?

ROGER

He needed something until we get out of here! Couldn't stand listening to him wince every thirty seconds!

INGRID

Didn't know you were a Doctor! Fuck man!

Ingrid storms off towards Sean's room, Roger follows.

SEAN'S BEDROOM - DAY - SNOWSTORM

Sean's dead body, blood dried to his face, and the red foam is drying up. His eyes are still open.

ROGER (O.C.)

Don't wake him, Ingrid!

INGRID (O.C.)

I need to check on him!

We hear the door to Sean's room creak open.

Ingrid lets out a blood-curdling scream.

EXT. CABIN - DAY - SNOWSTORM

Quentin works his way through the blinding snow and wind towards the woodshed.

His head down, forcing himself through the weather.

WOODSHED - DAY - SNOWSTORM

The woodshed is empty. The door opens, and in steps Quentin.

Looking around, he sees nothing but a few pieces of firewood lying on the frozen dirt floor.

He walks out.

EXT. CABIN - DAY - SNOWSTORM

Making his way back to the cabin, Quentin spots a strange shape near the helicopter.

He walks towards the shape. The closer he gets, the more he sees that it is a snowman.

He gets close enough that, through the blinding snow and wind, he sees that it is Richard's head, split down the middle on top of the snowman.

QUENTIN
What the fuck!

The eyes on Richard's head spring open.

RICHARD
Help me, Quentin!

Falling backwards, Quentin crab walks backwards to get away from the snowman.

Two hands burst out of the ground, holding Quentin to the ground. The snowstorm is slowly burying him.

We hear Ingrid's scream come from inside the cabin.

This causes the snow to avalanche off the roof, burying Quentin. The broken Star link cable lies on the pile of snow.

BEGIN FLASHBACK

INT. HELICOPTER COCKPIT - DAY

Quentin takes off from the peak of a mountain, he looks down at the skiers he just dropped off. He gives them a thumbs up and flies away.

The sky is cloudless, and the sun is shining; it's a beautiful day. Quentin flies down the mountain towards the base. He spots two people standing on the edge of a cliff.

He sees one of the people push the other one off the cliff. Quentin tries to fly quickly down to see who it was. The person skied away too quickly and couldn't see who it was.

The helicopter then turns to go see the person who was pushed off. Quentin flies low. He sees Sarah's body, splattered over rocks.

He picks up his radio.

QUENTIN
Mayday! Mayday!

END FLASHBACK

EXT. CABIN - DAY - SNOWSTORM

Quentin's muffled screams come from the pile of snow; he can get a hand free.

DISEMBODIED VOICE
(female)
You knew it was Mark, but you
didn't say anything. You are just
as guilty as he is.

Quentin's free hand twitches over and over again.

Quentin's hand goes limp as his muffled screams stop.

INT. SEAN'S BEDROOM - DAY -SNOWSTORM

Mark stands over Sean, feeling for a pulse.

MARK
He has no pulse, and he is cold.
He has been dead for a while.

Pulling a sheet over Sean's face, Mark stands.

Ingrid is standing in the corner crying.

LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS - DAY - SNOWSTORM

The satellite phone rings. Roger answers it.

ROGER
(emotionless)
Hello...

RESERVATION HOME - DAY - SNOWING

MARY

Hello. We were able to get my
cousin's snowcat; we're heading
there now!

ROGER

(emotionless)

That's good, one person is dead.
Please hurry.

Roger hangs up the phone.

RESERVATION HOME - DAY - SNOWING

GRANDFATHER

What did they say?

MARY

One has already died.

GRANDFATHER

If we don't hurry, they will all be
dead.

MARY

What are you not telling me?

GRANDFATHER

I will tell you on the way there,
but that story I tell. Isn't
fiction.

LIVING ROOM - DAY - SNOWSTORM

Roger sits on the couch with his face buried in his hands.

ROGER

What have I done?

DISEMBODIED VOICES

(collection of voices)

What you always do, Roger, you kill
the people you love.

Roger stands up.

ROGER

Who said that?

DISEMBODIED VOICES
(collection of voices)
We did.

Roger starts panicking, looking around. The snow is falling hard outside the living room window, we can't see out of it.

WOMAN'S VOICE
It's me.

ROGER
Helen?

WOMAN'S VOICE
Yes...The kids are here too.

CHILDREN'S VOICE
Daddy!... We miss you.

Roger is crying now.

ROGER
Oh god! I miss you too...

DISEMBODIED VOICES
(collection of voices)
Why did you kill us then?

ROGER
It was an accident.

DISEMBODIED VOICES
(collection of voices)
It's always an accident with you,
but you make choices. You chose to
drink and drive that night.

SEAN'S VOICE
You chose to give me those pills.

ROGER
Sean?

DISEMBODIED VOICES
(collection of voices)
We're all here, Roger.

ROGER
Where?

DISEMBODIED VOICES
(collection of voices)
We are in the basement.

Roger stares at the basement door.

Roger starts walking towards the door.

CHILDREN'S VOICE
Come, Daddy, we can be together
again.

Roger opens the basement door with a slow CREAK.

SEAN'S BEDROOM - DAY - SNOWSTORM

Mark is hugging Ingrid.

MARK
He was a drug addict, Ingrid. He
was on the edge of relapse.

INGRID
I don't believe that. He was happy.

They hear the CREAK of the basement door.

INGRID (CONT'D)
What was that?

MARK
The basement door. Roger must be
going downstairs.

BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

Roger slowly walks down the stairs.

ROGER
Hello?

We hear a child's giggle.

ROGER (CONT'D)
Kid's are you down here?

DISEMBODIED VOICES
(collection of voices)
Over here.

A light turns on in the back of the basement. A noose hangs
from the rafters of the basement.

ROGER
What? No..No..No..

CHILDREN'S VOICE
Do you not love us and want to see
us?

WOMAN'S VOICE
This is the only way to free
yourself of your grief.

The Witch is now standing behind Roger.

Roger turns and looks into her grey, translucent eyes.

BEGIN FLASHBACK

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Roger is driving his car.

He drives through a red light, his car is t-boned by another
car.

The sound of SCREECHING metal and glass flying through the
air.

Roger looked in the back seat, and his two children lay
motionless with their eyes open. His wife was beside him,
bleeding from her head, ears and nose.

END FLASHBACK

INT. CABIN - BASEMENT

ROGER
I don't want to die.

Roger starts crying.

The Witch points to the noose.

Roger turns, staring at the noose.

The Witch unsheathes a knife with a deer antler handle.

ROGER (CONT'D)
No...I can't do it...

The Witch grabs Roger by his blond hair, his eyes go wide.
She runs the knife along his hairline and pulls the skin off
his head.

Roger SCREAMS in agony. The screaming stops when the Witch runs her blade across his throat. He is now GURGLING on his blood.

In the corner of the basement stand three figures with blood-stained sheets over them.

Falling to the cement floor, blood begins pouring out of his neck, pooling around him.

They slowly walk towards Roger as he bleeds out on the basement floor. They look down at him, then slowly fade away.

The door CREAKS open.

INGRID

Roger? Are you down there?

Ingrid is standing at the top of the stairs.

INGRID (CONT'D)

Roger?

MARK

Is he answering?

INGRID

No.

MARK

He must have come back up.

The basement door closes again with a CREAK.

Roger slowly dies on the floor.

INT. SNOW CAT - DAY - SNOWSTORM

Mary is driving, and Grandfather is in the passenger seat, slowly travelling through the Blizzard. The only noise is the THUMP-THUMP of the windshield wipers on the large square windshield.

GRANDFATHER

I wish you had told me you rented the cabin out.

MARY

You would have stopped me.

GRANDFATHER
Of course I would have. I rented it
out only once before.

BEGIN FLASHBACK

EXT. CABIN - NIGHT

The cabin sits in the valley. The stars are sparkling, and
the northern lights are putting on a show.

The oak tree stands lonesome in the valley.

Three snowmobiles ROAR through the valley.

GRANDFATHER (V.O.)
I rented it out to some oil
executives looking for mineral
deposits. I was ready to sell the
valley for its mineral rights, if
they found anything.

The snowmobiles stop at the cabin. Their engines are turning
off. The men get off the machines.

GRANDFATHER (V.O.)
When the men failed to check in, we
gathered some friends. We got on
the snowmobiles to check on them.

The men knock on the door. When they do, the door opens with
a long CREAK.

GRANDFATHER (V.O.)
We found them. In the cabin, they
were sitting around it. Except they
were all missing their heads.

The men run out of the cabin, one of them vomits into the
snow, leaning on a snowmobile.

GRANDFATHER (V.O.)
When we ran out of the cabin. I saw
her...standing by the large oak
tree. We looked at each other.

The Witch and Grandfather look at each other, with just the
sound of the wind howling in the valley.

END FLASHBACK

INT. SNOW CAT - DAY - SNOWSTORM

Mary stares at Grandfather.

MARY
A Ghost Witch?

Grandfather stares at her.

GRANDFATHER
Yes...except we called her the
Winter Witch. She brings these bad
storms with her when she appears.

MARY
Is this the same woman from your
story?

Grandfather turns and looks out the windshield.

GRANDFATHER
Yes.

He then closes his eyes, we see a flash in his memory of her
and him holding each other when they were young.

LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS - DAY - SNOWSTORM

Mark and Ingrid sit on the couch, staring out the window. The
snow is falling so hard that you can't see out. The wind is
howling.

They sit in their ski gear to stay warm.

INGRID
Where the fuck is everyone? I don't
understand it.

MARK
I don't know. I hope they didn't
get lost in this storm.

Ingrid looks at Mark like he is crazy.

MARK (CONT'D)
It can happen, I know in the Arctic
they have ropes tied building to
building so you don't get lost
during storms. They could be
freezing to death beside us right
now, and they wouldn't know it.

INGRID

Well, Sean's already fucking dead,
Quentin and Richard could be
wandering out in the snow. Fuck
knows where Roger went.

Mark looks at Ingrid.

INGRID (CONT'D)

Don't...

MARK

Don't what?

INGRID

Don't look at me like I'm going
insane. I knew I shouldn't have
come. I had a bad feeling since we
landed in Tokyo.

Mark sighs and rubs the braids in his goatee.

MARK

Let me think for a minute. We need
to figure out where everyone went.
How much rope do we have?

INGRID

Not sure why?

MARK

I'm going to tether myself to a
rope and walk out to the woodshed.
See if Richard or Quentin is there.

KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS - DAY - SNOWSTORM

Mark coils the rope on the floor. Finding the end, he ties a
carabiner to the end and clips it to his snow pants.

Ingrid nervously watches. He hands the other end to Ingrid.

MARK

There is nothing to tie off on. I
need you to hold this rope as my
life depends on it.

INGRID

Well, it kind of does. I don't know
about this. What if something
happens? Then it's just me.

MARK

Well, Roger should show up soon. He is probably distraught about Sean. Anyway, the sooner I go. The sooner I get back. Hold tight.

Ingrid hugs Mark.

INGRID

Stay safe. Soon going to be dark.

Mark goes to grab the door handle.

INGRID (CONT'D)

Wait! The walkie-talkies.

Ingrid runs and grabs two small walkie-talkie's handing one to Mark.

MARK

Smart. Thanks.

Mark opens the door, the wind and snow blasting them both in the face.

EXT. CABIN - DAY - SNOWSTORM

The walk is hard going through the now waist-deep snow. Mark looks around but can't see a thing.

The wind was blowing snow into his eyes and face.

MARK

(on radio)

I can't see a damned thing! I think the woodshed is this way...

KITCHEN - DAY - SNOWSTORM

Ingrid stands by the door holding the rope.

Static comes over the radio.

INGRID

(on radio)

Mark, did you say something?

EXT. CABIN - DAY - SNOWSTORM

Mark can't hear Ingrid over the wind, he keeps walking.

Mark spots a shape in the storm, he starts walking towards it.

KITCHEN - DAY - SNOWSTORM

Ingrid stands staring as the rope slowly uncoils one loop at a time.

More static on the radio. Then it stops.

SARAH'S VOICE
(on radio)
Ingrid, can you hear me?

Ingrid's eyes go wide, she looks down at the radio.

INGRID
(on radio)
Sarah...you're dead.

Static.

SARAH'S VOICE
(on radio)
Yes. So is everyone around you.

Montage of dead bodies:

- Roger's body lies on the basement floor in a puddle of blood.
- Quentin outside, all we see is his gloved hand.
- Richard's headless body out in the snow, his head on top of a snowman.
- Sean is on his bed.

INGRID
(on radio)
How is this possible...

SARAH'S VOICE
(on radio)
You made it possible, banana pants.

Ingrid is crying.

INGRID
(on radio)
I miss you so much, I'm so sorry.

Static.

SARAH'S VOICE
(on radio)
Don't be sorry, just come out.

Ingrid looks down at the rope.

INGRID
(on radio)
No...You're not real. I'm tired and
cold. I'm hallucinating this.

Static.

SARAH'S VOICE
(on radio)
You're not hallucinating, I'm real.
Just as real as she is.

The Witch is behind Ingrid.

INGRID
(on radio)
Who? Who is real?

Static.

SARAH'S VOICE
(on radio)
Her, behind you.

Ingrid looks up, even through all her snow gear, she feels a
chill.

Slowly turning around, Ingrid is face-to-face with the Witch.
Her grey translucent eyes look at her.

Ingrid looks deep into her eyes.

The Witch tilts her head like a curious dog. Then grabs
Ingrid's head.

BEGIN FLASHBACK

INT. HOTEL - NIGHT

Sarah walks the halls in an upscale resort hotel. Coming to
room 237, she scans her card key. The lock BEEPS, allowing
her to open the door.

HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Sarah walks into the dark room. She flips a light on, revealing Ingrid having sexual intercourse with an unknown man.

The unknown man, whom we only see from behind his muscular frame, is performing doggy-style sexual intercourse.

Sarah just stares in stunned silence. Ingrid looks up.

INGRID

Sarah!

This stops the sex act, and the two cover up. We still don't see the man's face.

SARAH

You fucking cheating slut!
(points at man)
...and you! Fuck you

Sarah is now in tears. She turns and leaves the room, crying, betrayed.

Ingrid sits on the bed, putting her face in her hands.

INGRID

Fuck...

END FLASHBACK

INT. KITCHEN - DAY - SNOWSTORM

Ingrid is back in the cabin. The Witch's mouth curls into a sinister smile.

WOODSHED - DAY - SNOWSTORM

Mark opens the door, he falls exhausted in the woodshed. His breathing is laboured.

MARK

(on radio)
I made it to the woodshed.

Mark looks around. He sees a wallet on the ground in the corner. He spots the splitting stump in the middle of the dirt floor, with frozen blood all over it.

Opening the wallet, he sees Richard's big smile staring at him.

MARK (CONT'D)
Where the fuck are you?

He takes a few more minutes to catch his breath and recoup some energy.

MARK (CONT'D)
(on radio)
Ingrid, can you hear me?

Static.

KITCHEN - DAY - SNOWSTORM

Ingrid manages to break the gaze of the Witch.

She drops the rope and turns; she runs outside.

CRYING and SCREAMING, she trudges through the waist-deep snow. The wind was taking her voice away.

Not able to see where she is going. The wind is blinding her, the snow sticking to her warm face.

WOODSHED - DAY - SNOWSTORM

Mark stands up, holding onto the rope.

He opens the door to the blizzard once again and starts walking.

He follows the rope for several feet; something feels off.

He pulls on the rope, and there is no resistance.

Panicking, he starts pulling and pulling and pulling on the rope. He holds up the end of the rope in front of his ski goggles.

MARK
Fuck Ingrid!!
(on radio)
Ingrid! Can you hear me?

KITCHEN - DAY - SNOWSTORM

The walkie-talkie is on the kitchen floor, Mark's voice emitting from it.

The door to the cabin is wide open, the snow starts to drift into the opening.

The walkie-talkie is slowly being covered in snow.

EXT. MARK - DUSK - SNOWSTORM

Mark is lost in the blizzard, the sun is starting to set.

He is wandering around blind and wind-pounding his face.

EXT. INGRID - DUSK - SNOWSTORM

Trudging through the snow, the snow is freezing to her clothes and hair.

Looking left and right, she starts walking forward.

INT. SNOW CAT - DUSK - SNOWSTORM

The console lights come on the dashboard of the snow cat.

GRANDFATHER

It's getting dark, it's probably
too late.

MARY

We still have to try...is there any
way to beat a ghost... winter
witch?

GRANDFATHER

Fire...we need to burn her.

Mary is concentrating on the path to the cabin.

MARY

How...how come she hasn't killed
you?

Grandfather looks down at his walking stick, engraved with
Indigenous symbols.

GRANDFATHER

My walking stick, after her body
was gone. I returned to the oak
tree. I took a branch and made
this...this has protected me from
her.

Mary looks at him.

MARY

What are we doing?

MARK - DUSK - SNOWSTORM

Wondering blindly in the storm, his body is coated in snow.

The rope that is still tied to his waist winds around his legs and trips him. He falls into the deep snow, disappearing.

INGRID - DUSK - SNOWSTORM

SARAH'S VOICE (O.C.)
Ingrid, this way! Over here!

Ingrid wanders through the storm, unable to see. Taking a step, she falls into the snow.

MARK - DUSK - SNOWSTORM

His head pops out of the snow, standing, he starts to walk again. Trying to see where he is going, but the darkness, snow, and wind blind him.

He walks a little farther before collapsing from exhaustion.

The Witch appeared, standing over him. Touching his forehead.

BEGIN FLASHBACK

EXT. MOUNTAINS - DAY

Sarah is skiing down the side of the mountain, nothing extreme, just taking in the beauty of nature and being in the mountains.

She spots Mark from a distance, sitting on a log, his skis stuck in the snow beside him. Sarah skis up to Mark.

Mark is looking out over a cliff at a postcard picture valley.

SARAH
I thought you were hurt?

MARK
I'm feeling a bit better. I was hoping to run into you.

SARAH
Why...you want to fuck me too? I expect that from Richard, but from you? You're married!

MARK
(calm)
It's not what it looked like...

SARAH
Wow, it looked to me that you were
fucking Ingrid from behind!

Mark stands up and looks at Sarah.

MARK
Okay...that is what I was
doing...but Ingrid...she wants a
baby. Not being able to afford IVF,
she asked me to supply the sperm
the old-fashioned way.

SARAH
You are so full of fucking shit,
Mark! Yes, we want a baby, but we
have the money for IVF.

MARK
Not what Ingrid told me.

SARAH
I'm telling your wife when I get
back.

MARK
(getting angry)
The fuck you are, Sarah!

Sarah, scared, starts backing away from Mark, not realizing
the edge of the cliff is so close to her.

INGRID
You are fucked, Mark!

Mark angrily walks towards Sarah, she backs up, slipping on
the edge.

Mark tries to grab her hand.

MARK
(horrified)
Sarah!

Sarah plummets to the rocks below.

Mark looks over the edge at her broken body. The sound of a
helicopter approaching. Mark panics.

MARK (CONT'D)
Fuck! Shit!

Mark throws his skis on the ground, steps into his bindings and skis away.

END FLASHBACK

MARK - NIGHT - SNOWSTORM

Mark awakes from the dream induced by the Witch. He doesn't realize it, but he is standing on the edge of a cliff.

The Witch is staring at him.

MARK
(pleading)
It truly was an accident; I didn't mean it. I've been racked with guilt ever since!

The Witch walks, almost floating to him. Her mouth up to his ear.

WITCH
You didn't tell anyone...

The Witch pushes Mark over the cliff.

Mark SCREAMS as he falls to his death, his body smashing on the rocks. His neck is at a weird angle.

INGRID - NIGHT - SNOWSTORM

Ingrid is still walking through the storm, exhausted.

She hears a man scream.

INGRID
Mark?

She trudges through the snow towards the sound of the scream.

Ingrid almost steps over the edge of the cliff, she falls backwards in the snow to prevent herself from falling over.

Ingrid sees the witch approaching; the only place to go but down.

Crawling on her hands and knees to the edge of the cliff. She sees a black shape below.

A break in the snow reveals Mark's body on the rocks below.

INGRID (CONT'D)
Oh my god!

Ingrid lies on her back looking up at the sky. The swirling snow. She SCREAMS.

Ingrid eases her feet over the edge of the cliff, she starts descending on the icy rock face. She looks up, peering over the edge is the Witch.

INGRID (CONT'D)
No...Please!

Ingrid hurries her pace, slipping on the ice occasionally. Lights illuminate the Witch.

INT. SNOW CAT - NIGHT - SNOWSTORM

Mary, piloting the snow cat through the storm, sees something move quickly in the headlights.

MARY
(pointing)
What was that?

The Witch is now in the headlights, looking into the snow cat.

GRANDFATHER
It's her...the Witch.

Grandfather grips the walking stick tightly.

The Witch disappears into the wind.

INGRID - NIGHT - SNOWSTORM

Ingrid gets to Mark's broken body. Seeing this, she breaks down crying, falling on him. She feels something in his pocket. Unzipping the pocket, she pulls out his Zippo lighter.

INGRID
(to herself)
Fire...need to get warm.

WITCH
(voice in the wind)
Why did you betray Sarah?

In amongst the snow and wind, she sees her. The Witch takes Ingrid's hands and touches them to her cold temples.

INT. RESIDENTIAL SCHOOL - NIGHT

BASEMENT

Ingrid is now in the basement of the residential school. She tries to move. She jerks to a stop, looking down, she sees her ankle is chained to the wall.

A door opens at the top of the stairs, down the stairs comes the Cold Priest. His footsteps CLUMPING down, he walks by Ingrid as if he didn't see her. The sound of a crying baby fills the basement.

The Cold Priest walks to the large furnace, opening the heavy iron door with a loud SCREECH.

Ingrid realizes what the Cold Priest is going to do.

INGRID

No! You Monster!

The Cold Priest tosses the Baby in the furnace like a piece of firewood, then slams the iron door with a THUD. The sound echoes through the basement.

Ingrid is crying on the floor. The Cold Priest walks by her, walking up the stairs.

The Witch walks out of the shadows. Approaching Ingrid, the Witch's eyes are her natural hazelnut.

INGRID (CONT'D)

(sobbing)

I just wanted a baby for me and Sarah to love and take care of.

WITCH

(in Ingrid's ear)

I had a baby once, but it was taken from me.

GRANDFATHER (V.O.)

Nokomis Stormcloud!

The Witch's eyes go grey.

EXT. VALLEY - NIGHT - SNOWING

Ingrid and the Witch are in the snow, the wind and snow twirling around them.

Standing in front of them is Grandfather holding his walking stick...his talisman.

The Witch looks at Grandfather. Standing behind him is Mary.

MARY
(to Ingrid)
Girl! Run! Get behind us!

Ingrid takes the moment of distraction and runs behind the two.

GRANDFATHER
Your murdering ends tonight, Witch!

WITCH
It's me, Nok...

GRANDFATHER
No, the woman I loved was kind and peaceful. You are evil and full of vengeance! The woman I loved is no longer, I realize that now.

The Witch, in her fury, tries to attack the old man. He raises his walking stick.

GRANDFATHER (CONT'D)
Back to purgatory, Witch!

The Witch lets out an unholy SCREAM. She disappears into the wind.

MARY
What do we do now?

GRANDFATHER
We end this once and for all. Get the gas jug from the cat.

Mary unstraps the gas jug from the snow cat. They walk to the oak tree.

GRANDFATHER (CONT'D)
Hurry, we don't have much time.

Mary fights the snow as she pours gasoline on the base of the tree.

MARY
Do you have a lighter?

INGRID
I do...

She removes the Zippo from her pocket. Grandfather takes it from her.

GRANDFATHER
I need to do this...should have
done it years ago.

Grandfather flips open the Zippo. Flicking it, the blue flame dances in the wind. He throws it at the tree. The tree bursts into flames.

The sound of the Witch SCREAMING is heard over the storm. Then it fades away.

Grandfather, Mary, and Ingrid stand in silence as they watch the tree burn. The three are taking in the heat.

Ingrid looks relieved that the nightmare is over. Sadness overwhelms her thinking of her dead friends.

Grandfather and Mary hold each other as the tree burns. A tear is trickling down Grandfather's face.

Amongst the flames, Grandfather sees in his mind's eye the form of the Indigenous Woman while she cradles their baby. She looks at him and smiles. They vanish in the flames.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. VALLEY - ESTABLISHING - DAY

SUPER: 1 WEEK LATER

A beautiful sunny winter day. The storm has passed, all is quiet.

A helicopter breaks the silence.

It flies around the valley, taking a few passes around the cabin. Landing near the helicopter already there beside the cabin.

Scott gets out along with Ingrid, Mary, and Grandfather. He walks up to the cabin.

The front door opens, with snow drifting through it.

INT. CABIN - DAY

Walking through the snow drift that is blocking the front door. Scott starts walking around the cabin.

LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The producer sees Roger's editing station setup. The computer has a light coating of snow.

The wind has blown a light coating of snow all through the cabin from the door being left open.

Scott walks by the record cabinet, he looks at the record on the turntable. He rubs his finger through the snow on it.

He walks to the large picture window, looking out at the valley.

Scott turns to look at Ingrid, Mary, and Grandfather.

INT. SKI MOVIE PRODUCTION OFFICE - DAY

Scott is sitting at his computer, looking through the footage from Rogers' hard drive.

He has the clip of Sean's crash. Something catches his eye, pausing the video right before the crash.

Behind a tree is an Indigenous woman wearing traditional Indigenous clothing. Scott looks into her grey translucent eyes.

He shivers and closes the program. On the wallpaper of his computer, the photo that Roger took of the skiers looking out the picture window in the cabin.

Scott turns the lights off, the computer screen glows in the dark as he leaves the office.

FADE OUT.

FIN.