

S.O.S

written by

James Butterfield

Address
Phone
E-mail

FADE IN:

INT. LOG CABIN - NIGHT

A large, stone fireplace illuminates the cabin's small interior. The square room is furnished with only the essentials. There's a twin bed that hugs the back left corner of the room. The bed, draped in all kinds of blankets and quilts, faces the door to the cabin which is built out of dense slab of oak wood and is kept shut by a large, metal latch. Two glass windows flank either side of the door.

To the right of the door there is a small kitchen area made up of a wood burning stove, sink, and two tall pantry cabinets. A small metal ring sticks up from the floor in the center of the room, marking a trapdoor that leads to the cellar. In the middle of the back wall there's the fireplace, a MAN, legs wrapped in a quilt, sits in a wooden rocking chair beside it. A large, glass mug filled with beer rests in his lap.

The fire CRACKLES as the man sits in the rocking chair, staring into the fire. The man looks to be in his late 40s. He wears a red beanie and a black, long sleeve shirt. His large scruffy beard hangs off of his face, grey strands freckle the brown nest of hair.

CUT TO:

EXT. SNOWY PLAIN - NIGHT

Snow falls so thickly that almost nothing is visible, but, though the storm, a MAN in a bright, red down-jacket can be seen trudging through the snow. A rifle strapped to his back.

Wind whips past the man, WHISTLING in his ears and swirling snow all around him. His face is completely covered. A thick, cloth gaiter protects his neck and ski goggles shield his eyes from the snow. His snowshoes sink, too deep, into the snow as he continues forward, BREATHING heavily. After a few more steps, the man drops to his knees and grabs the rifle from his back. He then flops backwards to lie on his back, rifle in hand, as snowflakes land on the reflective surface of his goggles.

CUT TO:

INT. LOG CABIN - NIGHT

The bearded man still hasn't moved from his chair, but the glass mug is now half empty. The rocking chair creaks back and forth as the man watches the fire.

The man lifts the mug to his mouth and finishes the glass. He sets the glass down on the floor and stands, walking over to the trapdoor at the center of the room. He unhooks a latch and pulls at the metal ring. The small wooden door flips open and the man disappears into the hole. He reappears moments later with a small wooden barrel and returns to his seat.

He uncorks the barrel and begins to refill his glass. When the glass is about halfway full, a GUNSHOT fires in the distance. Startled the man, jumps a little, spilling the beer. He sets the barrel down and listens. Shortly after setting the barrel down, a second SHOT rings throughout the cabin.

The man springs into action, rushing over towards the bed as the third SHOT follows quickly after the second. He reaches under the bed and pulls out a small handgun. Gun in hand, the man flips up the front door's latch and opens it. A light dusting of snow blows in with the cold air as it rushes into the cozy cabin.

CUT TO:

EXT. SNOWY PLAIN - NIGHT

The man still lies flat on his back, clinging to his rifle, when he hears the first GUNSHOT. It's faint, but it's definitely there. He sits up, determining the direction that it came from. After the second SHOT, he stands and continues straight ahead, trudging through the snow more quickly now. By the time he hears the third SHOT he is all but running towards the noise, but the deep snow and snowshoes making it look less like running more like a hobble.

The man trips and looks to be hurt, but gets up and keeps moving. He fires another SHOT, which is answered by another distant SHOT, though this one is louder than the last.

CUT TO:

INT. LOG CABIN - NIGHT

The man stands by the cabin door, hurriedly putting on layers of winter clothing. Once properly prepared for the weather, the man steps out into the darkness.

EXT. SNOWY FOREST - CONTINUOUS

The man begins walking quickly away from the cabin. After walking about fifty feet the man slows to a halt. A GUNSHOT RINGS out over the snow and the man looks down at the gun in his hand before sliding it into his pocket. He stands there for a moment in the snow. Another SHOT SOUNDS in the distance, louder now. The man turns away from the noise and begins walking back towards the house.

Once inside he shuts the door, latching it behind him. He takes off his hat and coat and sits back down in his chair by the fire. The sound of GUNSHOTS ECHO around the cabin. The man doesn't move, anxiously watching the fire.

CUT TO:

EXT. SNOWY PLAIN - NIGHT

The man has slowed to a walking pace. He shoots bullet after bullet from his rifle, but none are met with an answer. Eventually, he pulls the trigger and his rifle only makes a CLICKING noise. He pulls the trigger over and over again, CLICK, CLICK, CLICK. No shots are fired. The man chucks the rifle into the snow.

MAN

AHHH!

Dejected, the man drags himself over to where he through the rifle and starts digging through the snow for it. As he's digging, he becomes unbalanced falls into the snow.

He pulls himself out of the snow and, abandoning the rifle, continues to walk through the storm. As he looks up at the blizzard in front of him, he begins to make out the dark shape of a tree trunk rising up out of the ground. Being only about five feet away from the tree, he reaches quickly. Once he does, he begins to notice the many more of the dark trunk shapes.

EXT. SNOWY FOREST - CONTINUOUS

The man continues moving through the trees, as the forest grows denser, the tree cover shields him a little from the storm. The snow doesn't fall and the wind doesn't blow quite as hard through the trees. After a few moments of walking through the trees, a faint glow can be seen through the trees.

CUT TO:

INT. LOG CABIN - NIGHT

The man sits in his chair, still wearing his snow pants, staring at the fire. Mug of beer, empty in his hands. After a couple moments, there is a KNOCK at the door. The man doesn't move. There's another KNOCK at the door. The man still doesn't move. The KNOCKING continues more rapidly. The man still doesn't move. The knocking stops.

VOICE OUTSIDE

Please....Please.

The man stands and walks towards the door, but still doesn't speak.

VOICE OUTSIDE (CONT'D)

I know you're in there. Please.

MAN

I don't know you. Who knows what you'll do if I let you in?

VOICE OUTSIDE

I'm not here to hurt you! I got separated from my group. They have all the tents and blankets....I'll freeze out here.

MAN

I'm sorry.

VOICE OUTSIDE

You're sorry?!

A BANGING sound can be heard from the other side of the door.

VOICE OUTSIDE (CONT'D)

Don't do this.

The man sits down with his back to the door.

MAN

I can't trust you.

The BANGING continues.

CUT TO:

EXT. LOG CABIN - NIGHT

The man on the outside of the cabin is sitting with his back to the door. His legs are pulled tightly to his chest and his hand knocks tiredly against the large door.

MAN

I, I can't feel, my feet....Please.

The man's words are met with silence. The man continues to knock, but his strength is fading. There's a long pause where all that can be heard is the knocking.

MAN (CONT'D)

Thomas....Thomas Peters....Remember
that name....you killed him.

CUT TO:

INT. LOG CABIN - NIGHT

The knocking has stopped. Silence fills the cabin. The man still sits with his back to the door. The fire is now only embers in the fireplace.

MAN

Thomas....Thomas?

There's no answer. The man stands and presses his ear to the door. Silence. He slowly lifts the door latch and opens the door. Thomas's limp body, dressed in a bright red coat, falls through the doorway. The man drags the body into the cabin and closes the door.

MAN (CONT'D)

Thomas!

The man shakes the body. Thomas doesn't respond. The man rushes over to the bed and grabs as many blankets as he can and throws them down the cellar stairs. He then pulls Thomas over to the cellar door. The man climbs down the first few steps of the cellar stairs before dragging Thomas onto his shoulders and making his way down the rest of them.

A few moments later the man returns from the cellar with another small wooden barrel. He closes the cellar door, locking it behind him, and puts the barrel down on the floor by his rocking chair. He then throws a few more logs on the fire before sitting down and pouring himself another large glass of beer.

INT. LOG CABIN - HOURS LATER

The fire now roars brightly in front of the man, sitting in his chair, wrapped in a quilt, fast asleep. His beer glass is on the floor, empty. The two wooden barrels are on their sides, presumably empty as well. A faint knocking can be heard, coming from the cellar door.

