

MAN VS.

July 18, 2025

Kyle Gallner

**EXT. WOODS - END OF DAY**

Rocky Mountains 1874.

Fade in.

We find ourselves drifting over a mountain pass in an ancient forest almost completely untouched by man. The sea of trees seems to go on forever. Their thick black and brown knotted trunks shoot 50, 60, 100 feet towards the sky. A heavy snow falls to the ground adding to the already thick blanket that rests upon the forest floor. It's beautiful, wild, otherworldly.

We drop down into the trees and find a mule deer nibbling on the tall grass that is sticking out of the snow.

Branches creak and moan in the wind.

A loud CRACK CRACK CRACK like two pieces of wood being struck together echos somewhere in the forest grabbing the deer's attention.

It lifts its head from its meal and looks around.

Nothing.

The deer leans back down and continues to eat.

Another CRACK CRACK CRACK. This time much closer.

It spooks the deer and it takes off out of frame.

We hear something move quickly through the trees after the frightened animal, branches creaking and snapping as it makes chase.

The deer screams as it's suddenly grabbed. We enter its POV and watch the ground slip further away as we're hoisted violently into the upper branches of a large tree.

Back down on the ground The sound of the animal crying out is overpowered by cracking bones and tearing flesh. Blood pours from high above staining the snow as we...

CUT TO BLACK.

**EXT. WOODS - END OF DAY**

The unmistakable echo of an axe rings out. We follow the noise until we come upon a man.

He collects his freshly chopped wood and is on his way.

**EXT. WOODS - MID DAY**

The man has his hood down low as he fights through what could now be considered a blizzard.

His moccasin catches on something hidden in the snow. He trips and the wood flies from his hands. He tumbles hard to the ground.

Cursing, he gets to his feet and turns to see what he tripped on.

The sheets of snow obscure his view but as he get closer he realizes it's the bottom half of an animal carcass, a mule deer.

It's been torn clean in two.

He Looks around for the deer's upper half and spots it twenty feet off the ground lodged between two tree branches with its head missing from its neck.

MAN

That's different....

Unsure what to make of the carcass, he gathers the fallen firewood and makes his way out of the woods.

**EXT. CABIN CLEARING - END OF DAY**

From high above we see the man emerge from the forest as he makes his way towards a weather-beaten log cabin.

The old cabin sits in a snow-covered clearing surrounded by mountains and the dense woods. A stream flows nearby.

Three horses stand huddled together in the paddock out front. One is jet black, one is white, and one is a beautiful red and white mustang.

The snow continues to fall from the sea of grey clouds, and the wind screams as it passes through the branches.

The screaming gets louder and louder as the man approaches the cabin.

With his arms full, he kicks three times on a door that's both too narrow and too short.

Nothing.

He kicks again, harder.

After a small wait the door is pulled open and we see...

WILLIAM (early 40s, long dark hair) He's new to the trio.

MAN

I have to kick the damn door off  
the hinges to get your attention?

WILLIAM

Sorry

We follow the man as he pushes past William.

### **INT. CABIN - END OF DAY**

The man drops the firewood down and brushes the snow from his  
beat up fur coat.

MAN

How is he?

He pushes back his hood to reveal his face.

JOHN (mid 60's) Thick beard and skin like leather from years of  
trapping out in the hot sun. His kind eyes always try to see  
the good in people but he's no pushover. He has a soft spot for  
our younger protagonist.

WILLIAM

He's not looking good John.

John drops the cut wood by the hearth.

JOHN

Build that fire back up. It ain't  
nothing but coals.

John walks over to a man huddled under a Hudson Bay 4 point  
blanket laying on top of a few shoddy buffalo pelts.

A dirty cotton union suit clings to the man's sweaty skin. A  
killer fever rips through his body.

This is KIT (30s), brown hair, grey eyes. He's younger than his  
trapping partners, but don't judge him by his age. He's an  
extremely tough and capable outdoorsman that will do whatever  
he needs to survive.

WILLIAM

It's gettin really bad out there.

William bends down to place a few logs on the fading fire as  
John pours some water into a tin cup.

JOHN  
You don't want to leave right now,  
trust me. Just focus on bringing  
that fire back to life.

John kneels down and presses the cup to Kit's lips. After a few meager sips he places the cup down on the floor.

WILLIAM  
The pass will probably be snowed  
in by tomorrow... mid day at the  
latest.

William stands and turns to John

JOHN  
Kit's in no shape to travel.  
Let's just wait and see where  
things are come morning.

WILLIAM  
John...

JOHN  
We have time... get warm, I'll  
cook us something to eat.

William is clearly frustrated but he holds his tongue for the moment.

#### **INT. CABIN - DUSK**

John and William sit by the fire in the dimly lit cabin finishing up their meal and passing a bottle of whiskey back and forth.

Kit, barely conscious, half listens to their conversation.

JOHN  
Feel better?

WILLIAM  
Huh?

JOHN  
I always feel better after a hot  
meal.

William stares out the window at the raging snow storm.

JOHN  
You did good out here.

William looks back towards John.

JOHN (CONT'D)

I know the streams weren't overflowing with gold like we hoped but I think we panned enough for the three of us to get by for a while.

WILLIAM

I think we did just fine.

JOHN

Next time I bet we pull five times as much out of that water.

John smiles as he takes a sip of whiskey. The men sit quietly for a beat.

WILLIAM

I appreciate you taking a chance on me.

JOHN

You're just lucky I was able to convince Kit that we needed an extra set of hands.

William takes a glance over at Kit before...

WILLIAM

How did you find this place? It's nowhere near any of the other mining towns.

JOHN

Pure dumb luck.

(laughs)

I was up here trapping when I stumbled into this clearing. One way in... one way out. Built this cabin 20 years ago. Been trapping up here the last 30 on and off. Far as I know we're the only three that even knows this spot exists.

WILLIAM

You were a mountain man?

John nods, a little lost in thought. Another sip.

William seems impressed.

JOHN

Mountain man... husband, father, soldier. Tried it all, lost it all.

John gives a sad smile.

WILLIAM  
Soldier?

JOHN  
Union.

John can tell this makes William uncomfortable. He passes the whiskey bottle as a peace offering.

JOHN  
Wars over son. We're all just  
trying to figure it out.

William nods and takes a deep slug. Passes the bottle.

WILLIAM  
Little old for the draft weren't  
you?

John smiles.

JOHN  
Joined up in my 20s, did my time  
and stayed away until you and your  
boys fired on Fort Sumter.

WILLIAM  
You Kill any Indians?

John drinks.

WILLIAM  
Only good Indian is a dead Indian.

John shoots William a bit of a look.

JOHN  
Keep that opinion to yourself  
around me.

The men sit there for another beat. The uncomfortable silence is broken by Kit. He has a coughing fit that ends in him gagging and leaning over to Puke into a cooking pot.

John walks over and pours him a glass of water.

WILLIAM  
I'm gonna have a smoke.

William puts on his coat, chugs the last of the whiskey bottle and walks outside.

**INT. CABIN - DUSK**

John sits next to Kit. He is helping him slowly drink. Kit begins to gag the water back up. John pats his back, the interaction feels paternal.

JOHN  
It's alright... try to keep that  
water down.

Kit is delirious from his fever. He can barely open his eyes. Gags again.

KIT  
Where is she?

JOHN  
What?

KIT  
Where is she!?

JOHN  
Where's who?

Kit starts to get upset.

KIT  
She's gone.... Fuck. She's gone  
John!

John puts the cup of water to his lips.

JOHN  
Drink up, come on.

Kit starts to gag the water up again. He pukes over the side of his sleeping pelts into the Pot.

KIT  
She's gone and it's all my fault.

JOHN  
Shhhhh, calm down.

KIT  
Don't tell me to fucking calm  
down.

John helps Kit lay back down.

JOHN  
Glad to see you have some fight  
left in you.

KIT  
What?

JOHN  
You're seeing red.

KIT  
I am?

KIT  
I'm sorry

JOHN  
It's alright. Sometimes it's good  
to see red.

KIT  
Ok, I'll keep my eyes peeled.

John gives a small smile.

JOHN  
Not what I meant...

Kit looks around the room.

KIT  
Where's Ellie?

JOHN  
She's alright. She's outside.

KIT  
You sure?

JOHN  
Im sure.

John lays Kit back and wets a piece of cloth before draping it  
across his forehead. Kits eyes begin to close.

JOHN  
I'll go check on Ellie for you,  
ok?

Kit weakly nods.

John walks out the front door.

**EXT. CABIN - NIGHT**

The moon casts an eery glow off of the grey clouds as the snow continues to fall.

John exits the cabin and sees William lighting up a cigarette. He offers John one from a cigarette case. He takes it, The strike of a match lights up his face.

WILLIAM  
Boy or girl.

JOHN  
What?

WILLIAM  
You said you were a father. Boy or girl?

JOHN  
Boy.

WILLIAM  
Where is he now?

JOHN  
Gone.

A quiet moment...

WILLIAM  
And Mom?

John doesn't answer.

WILLIAM  
Im sorry.

John nods as he walks towards the horse paddock to check on Ellie and the other horses.

JOHN  
Good girl Ellie.

Ellie nuzzles on John. She's a beautiful red and white mustang.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
You have kids?

WILLIAM  
(laughs)  
Probably somewhere.

John smiles despite himself.

JOHN  
Where were you stationed?

WILLIAM  
Mississippi mostly. Spent some  
time at Fort fisher. You?

JOHN  
I led a small unit up and down the  
Appalachian mountains.

WILLIAM  
No shit. Guerilla?

John nods.

WILLIAM  
You volunteered?

John nods again.

JOHN  
You?

A small challenge? Long beat before William nods no.

Suddenly we hear a *CRACK CRACK CRACK* echo from the forest. The  
two men look towards the noise.

WILLIAM  
What the hell was that?

JOHN  
What the forest hides... man was  
never meant to find.

WILLIAM  
What the hell does that mean?

John shrugs.

JOHN  
Means I have no idea.

We hear it again. *CRACK CRACK CRACK*

JOHN (CONT'D)  
Let's get back inside.

He walks back towards William and the cabin.

**INT. CABIN - NIGHT**

The two men walk inside. John shakes the snow from his clothes. All we can hear is Kit's shallow breathing.

John walks over and re soaks the cloth that was across his forehead.

Kit stirs.

William watches for a beat before...

WILLIAM

Where did you and Kit meet?

JOHN

He got placed in my unit right at the beginning of everything. Was with me the whole time... I owe him my life.

WILLIAM

What do you mean?

JOHN

Supply run gone bad. It was a massacre. Gun smoke so thick you could choke on it. A little Johnny Reb had my number but Kit jumped in front of me and took the shot to the shoulder.

WILLIAM

You two have been together a while huh?

John nods.

JOHN

Didn't see him for a bit after the war, and then one day he just showed back up. Said he was looking for work, but I think he was in a bad way.

WILLIAM

How so?

JOHN

Didn't ask. If he wanted to tell me he would have. We trapped in the mountains for a few years until that went to hell.

(MORE)

JOHN (CONT'D)

One day we heard this fella  
telling stories about people  
hitting it big in gold. We figured  
why not? It's gotta be better than  
what we were up to.

Kit starts to get sick again.

JOHN

Shit....

He pats Kit on the back as William watches.

WILLIAM

John... we need to really start  
thinking about what we're doing.

John stops and looks up at William.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

That storm ain't stopping any time  
soon. If it keeps up like this  
we're fucked. We WILL get stuck up  
here.

JOHN

I told you Kit can't travel and I  
ain't leaving him here to die.

WILLIAM

I don't think he's gonna make it  
even if we stay. At this rate I  
don't know if any of us will  
fucking make it. Look outside! We  
may already be fucked!

JOHN

Even if we wanted to, we can't go  
anywhere tonight. It's too  
dangerous. So let's just calm down  
and try to get some sleep. We can  
see where things are in the  
morning.

William looks over at Kit for an uncomfortable beat.

WILLIAM

Fine.

**EXT. WOODS - NIGHT**

We are looking through the trees towards the cabin.

The fire in the fireplace lights up the inside and we watch John and William get ready for bed through the windows.

The snow continues to fall steadily.

**INT. CABIN - NIGHT**

The cabin is quiet. The only light comes from the dying coals of the fire.

William sits in the dark awake. He climbs out of his blanket and quietly makes his way over to Kit. He stares down for an uncomfortably long beat. He goes to move closer when we hear a voice from the dark.

JOHN  
You alright?

William jumps.

John has been sitting in a chair near Kit. We didn't notice him until he spoke.

WILLIAM  
Yeah... was just going to put some  
logs on the fire.

JOHN  
Go on then.

William turns and grabs a few logs and puts them on the flames.

We pan back and John watches. We notice his hand on the knife in his belt.

**INT. CABIN - DAY**

John, a worried expression etched on his face, has a hand on Kit's forehead checking his temperature.

William is standing at the window nervously watching the snow free fall from the sky.

WILLIAM  
Fuck...

There's a lot more on the ground than there was last night.

He starts pacing and knocks over Kit's water cup.

JOHN  
(annoyed)  
Will you watch what you're doing.

John grabs the cup and fills it back up.

WILLIAM  
That's it, we can't wait any  
longer.

John stares William down.

WILLIAM  
We took a risk staying up here as  
long as we did, but Winter decided  
to come early.

He points out the window to the snow still falling.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)  
Now, things like that can't be  
helped, just like Kit getting sick  
can't be helped, but WE can help  
ourselves. You and me can take all  
the gold and leave right now. A  
two way split! Hell I'll even go  
60/40.

John stands up and eyes William.

At heart John is a kind man but he will not hesitate to defend  
himself and those he loves.

JOHN  
It's gonna be a proper three way  
split because I ain't leavin Kit  
behind.

WILLIAM  
I understand that you and the kid  
are close, but if we don't leave  
right fucking now we won't make it  
back to Bannack!

JOHN  
Don't raise your voice to me son.

WILLIAM  
You my boosway now mountain man?  
Telling me what to fucking do?!

JOHN  
I ain't gonna beg you to stay.  
Feel free to take your share,  
climb onto your horse and ride the  
fuck out of here!  
(MORE)

JOHN (CONT'D)

But if you abandon this outfit  
then you leave everything else  
behind, and you better pray that I  
never fucking see you again.

WILLIAM

Leave everything?

JOHN

But the gold in your pocket and  
the coat on your back.

WILLIAM

It's at least a week to Bannack.

JOHN

Not my problem.

WILLIAM

Well... I guess I'm fucked.

Theres a notable shift of energy between these two men. The  
calm before the storm.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

You're really willing to die up  
here?

JOHN

Who said I'm dying?

WILLIAM

You're willing to die for him?

JOHN

As long as he's breathing I'm  
staying.

WILLIAM

And what if he's not breathing?

The two men stare each other down until William pulls a blade  
from his belt. He makes a step towards Kit. At the same time  
John pulls his **colt single action army** from his belt and aims  
it at William's face.

JOHN

Put one finger on him and I will  
do things to you worse than any  
Blackfoot or Comanche you grayback  
piece of shit.

William stares daggers.

A long tense beat when suddenly Kit wrenches into the pot on the floor.

John looks away for only a second but it's long enough.

William lunges for John who turns just in time.

He catches William's arm and pulls him close but in doing so he has dropped his colt pistol.

The men wrestle for control until John has William pinned against the wall. He throws his head back and smashes it forward into William's face.

Blood explodes everywhere.

William's nose lays flat against his skull.

Leaning his blood soaked forehead way back, John prepares to send another crushing blow.

Through watering eyes, William sees it coming and knees John right in the balls.

The pain is sickening but John manages to hold onto William's knife hand.

William pummels John back towards Kit with his free hand.

John kicks the pot full of puke over and trips on Kit. He falls backwards which frees William's hand.

William turns his attention on Kit. He slices towards him. At the last minute John grabs his arm and pulls him back.

William turns and stabs his knife forward at John, but John uses his momentum against him and throws him off balance.

John looks around for his pistol, he spots it on the ground. He makes a break for the gun but slips on the puddle of vomit.

He feels it before he sees it...

The knife plunges deep into his chest almost to the hilt. His sternum *pops* as William's strong hands twist the blade deeper.

John starts choking on the blood that is pooling in his throat.

William walks over to where the revolver is laying and picks it up as the life leaves John's body.

William turns back to Kit, aims the barrel at his head, and pulls the trigger *click* misfire.

WILLIAM

Shit.

He pulls again and again *click click* misfire... finally *BANG*. A bullet pierces John's skull, he jumped in front of Kit at the last moment.

John slides to the floor. A pool of blood forms under his head.

William and Kit hold eye contact as he raises the gun and aims it right between Kit's foggy eyes.

Seconds tick by...

He lowers the weapon, removes 4 bullets from the cylinder, and drops the pistol to the floor.

WILLIAM

I guess thats a life debt paid.

From **Kit's POV** we watch as William pockets the bullets, pulls his knife from John's chest, and starts to ransack the cabin.

Slowly, everything fades to black as Kit passes out.

#### **INT. CABIN**

We see flashes of Kit fighting off his sickness as days pass by.

- Tossing and turning, shivering uncontrollably under a buffalo pelt, he grabs his blanket coat for extra warmth. William took his Hudson Bay blanket.

- He leans over the bedside and pukes onto the floor.

- With dried vomit on his face he fights his way out of bed and puts more wood on the fire.

- Kit's eyes flutter open. His fever has finally broken.

- He sits up and looks over at John's dead body. It's surrounded by a pool of dry blood and vomit.

#### **INT. CABIN 3 DAYS LATER - MORNING**

Kit is up and out of bed. He looks like total shit.

His stomach growls from hunger.

Searching around the cabin for something to eat, he reaches for his possibles bag that sits next to his sleeping pelts.

Looking through it he finds a thick needle and thread, a sling and some stones, bullet mold, lead bars, cast-iron ladle used to melt the lead, tinder box with flint and steel, and some useless odds and ends but no food.

KIT  
(Grunting)  
Hmm...

His eyes wander over to John, and he sees his possibles bag on the floor next to him.

He bends down to open it up and inside he finds another needle, empty bait box, some lead, but no food.

KIT  
Damn...

Kit stands up and looks around at the cabin. This is the first time we really get a good look at it.

While there wasn't much in the cabin to begin with, what's left has been tossed around from William ransacking the place.

There's a small wood table and three feeble looking chairs that have been tipped over, a stone fireplace with a steel rod across it and a trammel hook for hanging things. A poorly made cabinet is pushed into a corner and a large travel chest is against the wall. A few shelves are haphazardly hanging off the wall and covered in pots and pans, tin cans and empty whiskey bottles. A few cans and bottles litter the floor.

Kit walks over to the cabinet. He pulls the doors and looks inside. Nothing, just some more empty cans and bottles.

He opens the bottom drawer...

It's littered with fur scraps, an old mouse nest, and some rawhide from a few squirrels.

He moves on to the large travel chest.

It creaks as he opens the heavy lid. It's filled with a whole tangle of rope and a moldy moth eaten blanket.

Kit lifts the the blanket, there's something wrapped up in it. It's a 12 1/2 pound keg of black powder. He examines it and places it back in the chest.

Kit looks around the cabin thinking of what to do next... Then he remembers.

Walking over to where his clothes are bunched up he finds his knife, tomahawk, and what's left of his flintlock pistol. The gun has been smashed to pieces.

KIT  
Shit...

He picks up the knife.

**INT. CABIN MORNING**

The razor sharp tip of his blade plunges into the cabin floor. Kit works up a loose floorboard revealing a hidden compartment. Reaching deep down inside, he pulls out a small locked chest. Kit squats down next to John. He takes a good long look before removing his left moccasin. He flips it upside-down and a small key tumbles out.

KIT  
Hope you don't mind.

Back at the chest, the key turns in the silver lock until we hear a *click*.

Placed inside the chest are 4 bottles of whiskey, a tobacco pouch with a pipe, an old powder horn, and 3 tins.

He opens the tins. They are filled with a few pieces of pemmican, hardtack bread, a couple of small gold nuggets which he pockets, and a large leather pouch stuffed with flintlock pistol bullets. It's not much but it will do for now.

**INT. CABIN MORNING**

Kit sits at the table eating and staring off into nothing.

One last bite of pemmican and he puts the rest of it back in its tin.

He picks up the 6 shooter from the floor and opens it up. One bullet, a quick way out.

He sighs and closes it with a quiet *click*.

**INT. CABIN MORNING**

Wearing his trousers with high moccasins and a stained long sleeve shirt over his union suit, Kit reaches for his hooded capote coat and pulls it on. Next he slides John's pistol and holster onto his belt and puts it around his waist.

He slips his knife into its sheath and wedges the tomahawk directly into the belt.

All geared up, he turns towards John who is now laying on the ratty blanket from the travel chest.

He Removes the gold he pocketed and places it into his dead pal's jacket.

KIT

In case you gotta pay old scratch  
for your sins.

With that he grabs one end of the blanket and starts to drag him outside.

#### **EXT. CABIN CLEARING - AFTERNOON**

A light snow falls as Kit struggles to pull John off to the side of the cabin.

He stops for a moment to take everything in.

There's a sadness when his eyes land on the empty horse paddock.

#### **EXT. GRAVESITE - AFTERNOON**

Kit is sucking wind but has managed to pull John a couple hundred feet from the cabin.

MOMENTS LATER

Kit is digging a shallow trench in the snow with a large stick he's found.

KIT

Why didn't you just take the gold  
and leave ya old bastard. Hell you  
shoulda killed William on your way  
down the mountain and taken it all  
for yourself. I doubt even god  
woulda held that against ya.

The trench is finished.

He shakes out his tired hands and then carefully as he can pushes John into the hole he's dug.

A quiet moment.

KIT

When you told me a few years back  
that you wanted to be buried up  
here I don't think this is what  
you had in mind.

Kit breaks two branches from a nearby tree then cuts a strip  
from the ratty blanket.

He begins working on something.

KIT

I told you we couldn't trust that  
piece of shit.

Tying a final knot we now see that Kit is fashioning together a  
shitty cross.

KIT

Always trying to see the good in  
people. This time it got ya though  
didn't it? The bad got ya good. I  
mean what in the hell were you  
thinking bringing him up here? ya  
barely knew him!

Starting to get a bit emotional.

KIT

We shoulda never met. Old men  
start wars, they don't volunteer  
to fight in them ya idiot. Old men  
like you should be tricking the  
young and dumb like me into  
killing each other, not fighting  
beside us. You shoulda stayed in  
the mountains or found yourself a  
new woman and settled down  
somewhere. Lived your last days  
out happy with her, not up here  
with me catching a bullet between  
the eyes! Jesus Christ.

He pulls it together

KIT

Im sorry for yelling. It's just...  
you were too good a man to die the  
way you just did! Pisses me off.  
(beat)

If I do survive this I promise you  
I'll find William and I'll kill  
him. Hell, I may even drag his ass  
all the way back up here to do it.

Kit turns and looks back towards the cabin.

KIT

But if for some reason it looks  
like I ain't gonna make it...  
I'll make sure to burn that tinder  
box to the ground so that no  
unsalted scamp bastards like  
William can ever use it...  
Wouldn't be the first time.

The tip of the cross is placed by Johns blood soaked head.

KIT

See you on the other side.

Kit begins to cover John up with snow.

#### **EXT. MOUNTAIN PASS - SUNSET**

Kit stands on the edge of a high cliff staring out.

There's only one trail in and out of this place and it looks  
like a mini avalanche has made it impassable.

Huge cliff drops on one side and a massive wall of mountains  
surround him like a giant fishbowl.

He tilts his head towards the snow flakes dropping from the  
clouds.

Deep *sigh*. It's going to be a long fucking winter.

#### **INT. CABIN - EVENING**

Kit walks back inside and stacks wood next to the fire place.  
He's got a nice pile going.

Some logs are tossed onto the hungry flames. The fire fills the  
cabin with a warm orange glow.

He strips down to his dirty union suit and climbs into bed.

His eyes begin to droop until...wolves, howling in the  
distance.

He clocks it before closing his eyes.

#### **INT. CABIN - MORNING**

Kit is up and dressed.

He throws his possibles bag over his shoulder and adds the sling into his belt.

Sunlight pours through the open doorway as he heads out into the clearing.

**EXT. CABIN CLEARING - MORNING**

The snow has stopped for now.

Kit walks away from the cabin and makes his way towards the towering trees.

He pauses for a moment at the tree line.

From up above we watch as he steps forward and is swallowed up by the forest.

**EXT. FOREST - MORNING**

Navigating through the dense woods, Kit begins to collect what he needs to make a bow.

Carefully he grabs up stinging nettles and wraps them in a piece of cloth.

He carves resin from the trunk of a pine tree and puts it in the empty bait box.

The sharp edge of his hatchet cuts some good straight shoots for arrows.

Continuing on, he stops to examine different types of smaller saplings.

He freezes... Something has moved.

We follow his gaze over to a shrub where tucked in at the bottom is a **white-tailed ptarmigan**. the bird almost blends in perfectly with the snow.

He quietly reaches for his sling.

**EXT. FOREST - AFTERNOON**

We see the bird hanging from Kit's belt, blood droplets leaving little tunnels of red in the snow.

He walks deeper into the woods.

**EXT. FOREST - AFTERNOON**

Kit is trudging through a different part of the forest still searching for a good tree to make his bow out of.

He spots something that looks like it could work and makes his way over to it.

It's a sapling that's about 5 feet long and 6 inches in diameter.

Taking a small branch Kit bends it and lets it go to see if it snaps back. It does. Next he bends the branch to its breaking point. It only kinks and doesn't break completely.

A small smile.

KIT  
That'll work.

He takes out his hatchet and carefully begins to chop the sapling down.

He doesn't notice it at first but the hacking of the hatchet begins to mix with the sound of branches snapping in the woods.

Just as he manages to get the sapling loose he hears an extremely large snap that grabs his attention.

He looks towards the sound unsure of what caused it. He decides to check it out.

He begins to make his way through the tightly knit pines. Snow falls from the branches with each brush and push.

He moves as quietly as he can deeper and deeper into the forest until suddenly there's a loud **CRASH** and a blinding blast of powder all around him.

Kit jumps back pulling his knife with one hand and wiping the snow from his face with the other as the sound of something large smashes through the underbrush.

Spooked, he turns and makes his way back towards the cabin.

**EXT. CABIN CLEARING - MID AFTERNOON**

Kit quickly emerges from the forest into the cabin clearing. He stops to catch his breath when he spots what appear to be fresh animal prints in the snow.

Is it whatever just crashed through those trees?

Wolves? Bear?

He makes his way towards the prints, scanning the tree line until he reaches them.

They aren't wolf tracks. They're horse hooves.

Is someone else on the mountain?

He drops everything he's holding and starts to follow the tracks.

**EXT. WOODS - MID AFTERNOON**

We trail Kit as he heads through the woods following the horse tracks.

Jackpot...

A horse, far off through the trees.

He squints his eyes trying to get a better look.

KIT  
(to himself)  
Holy hell.

It's his horse!

Kit lets out a loud *whistle* and the horse's ears perk up. He whistles again and yells....

KIT  
ELLIE! EL! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?!  
COME HERE GIRL!

Ellie turns towards his voice and begins to back away, unsure.

KIT  
AHHH! Don't you do that! Come on  
now, get your ass over here!

Finally realizing who's calling her she comes running.

She nuzzles right into Kit's neck as soon as she reaches him. He places his hand gently on her cheek. These two share a strong bond.

He checks her out.

KIT  
Hey there, I'm glad to see you  
too. Let me take a look at ya.

Kit gently grabs Ellie under her chin and checks her out.

KIT  
You look alright. A little beat up  
but you're a tough girl ain't ya?

Noticing she has her saddle and saddle bags on.

KIT  
(petting Ellie's nose)  
William tried to saddle you up and  
take you down the mountain with  
him didn't he? You told him to  
fuck right off didn't ya? Rather  
run off and take your chances with  
the grizzlies.

Ellie nibbles Kit's shirt affectionately. Smiling, he pushes her off gently.

He looks into the saddle bags.

There's a long length of rope and two traps. One beaver trap and one foot trap.

KIT  
(jokingly)  
Couldn't have waited until he  
loaded you up a bit more before  
you ran off?

Buckling the saddle bags shut.

KIT  
Let's go.

He kisses her on the nose and climbs up into the saddle.

**EXT. FOREST - LATE AFTERNOON**

Kit rides up to the cabin on Ellie.

He puts her in the paddock and removes her bridle, saddle and saddle bags.

A gentile scratch under her chin.

KIT  
Glad to have you back.

Kit picks up everything he left earlier and heads inside.

**INT. CABIN - LATE AFTERNOON**

Kit kicks the door closed behind him and puts down everything he's holding.

He slides off his Capote and gets to work building the fire back up.

At the table he prepares the white-tailed ptarmigan, pulling feathers and gutting it.

With bloody hands he slips the soft meat onto the hook that hangs from the metal rod over the fireplace and leaves it to cook.

Time to start crafting his bow.

**INT. CABIN -LATE AFTERNOON***MONTAGE*

- 3 rawhide squirrels are taken from the dresser. Each one is cut into a long strip and soaked in a pot of water.
- Using his knife, wood shoots are sized, stripped of bark and then placed by the fire to dry. These will become the arrow shafts.
- He checks the rawhide, it's soft. He begins to stretch and straighten. Once finished, he hooks one end of the pieces to a dresser handle and stretches the other end to a table leg on the other side of the room. He loops the pieces to the leg and leaves them to dry.
- Picking up the sapling, he finds the natural curve of the bow, decides where the belly and the back are and starts carving.
- The ptarmigan is cooked. He takes a break to eat.
- Checking back on the rawhide. It is taken from the table leg and the three pieces are twisted together until they are one. The rawhide is placed back on the table leg to finish drying.
- With his hands wrapped up for protection he strips the nettles and begins to turn the stems into cordage.
- An arrow shaft is carved down and held over the fire using the heat to help straighten it.
- Taking metal cans from around the cabin, he bends, cuts and bangs on them with the back of his tomahawk until they are shaped into savage looking arrowheads.

- The bow string is dry so he soaks the tips of the hardened rawhide in a tin of water to loosen them up again.
  - The tree resin is dropped into a can and heated up over the flames. Burnt hardwood from the fire is ground into ash and mixed into the liquified tree resin. It makes pine pitch glue.
  - He scoops it up onto a stick and carefully uses his fingers to shape it into a ball as it hardens.
  - Removing the rawhide tips from the tin, he sizes the string up against the bow. He starts to wrap the loose ends into loops that will hook to the notches in the top and bottom of the weapon and leaves them to dry.
  - He carves notches in the back and front of the arrow shafts and slides a tin arrowhead in.
  - He binds the white-tailed ptarmigan feathers to the back of the arrow shafts with the nettle cordage.
  - The stick of pine pitch glue is held over the flames to melt. Kit uses it to glue the arrowhead into place and then ties it with cordage for added support.
  - Finally he gently steps on the bow and slips the loops of the rawhide string into the top and bottom notches.
- Holding his bow out in front of him, he inspects his work.

*BACK TO SCENE*

Kit slides his belt on and takes his newly completed bow outside, leaving his jacket in the cabin.

**EXT. CABIN CLEARING - EARLY EVENING**

A light flurry has started.

Smoke pours from between Kit's lips as he breathes out the icy night air.

He moves over to Ellie who is restlessly pacing in the paddock.

KIT  
You all right?

A gentle stroke on her neck and she relaxes a bit.

KIT  
Good girl.

Walking over to a nearby tree, he breaks off one of the lower branches leaving a small stump up against the trunk.

Placing the belly of the bow onto the stump. he proceeds to pull down on the rawhide string.

He is tillering his bow. Checking to make sure it bends evenly and that everything looks right.

Ellie lets out a loud whinny and starts pacing the paddock again.

Kit leaves the bow hanging from the tree and heads over.

KIT  
Hey... Woah! Woah!

Ellie rears up on her hind legs, Kit jumps out of the way.

KIT  
EASY! EASY!

Her pupils are dilated and her ears are twitching. Something has spooked her.

KIT  
EASY GIRL! What is it?

The horse rears again kicking up snow.

That's when he sees it...

Three wolves snaking through the tree line.

One large wolf as black as night, **THE ALPHA**, and two smaller ones as white as freshly fallen snow.

Kit puts himself between the wolves and Ellie.

He pulls his hatchet from his belt, and his knife rings as it slides from its sheath.

KIT  
(yelling)  
GO ON NOW! GET!

The wolves just stare at Kit as they stalk back and forth.

KIT  
GET OUT OF HERE!

The wolves don't budge. They're hungry. They lower their heads and start to creep in.

They form a half circle just outside the paddock.

Every time they move, Kit moves to cut them off.

He has to make a decision, stay and protect Ellie or run.

Kit chooses stay.

One of the white wolves slips under the fence and stops only a couple of feet away.

It snarls, baring its yellow teeth, testing him.

Kit accepts the challenge.

KIT  
Alright, come on then!

The wolf Lunges and hits Kit square in the chest knocking the tomahawk and knife from his hands.

Their bodies smash to the ground and the wolf is immediately all teeth and claws.

Their thrashing bodies obscured by a cloud of kicked up snow.

Kit has one hand on the animal's throat and the other punches wildly.

The wolf slips Kit's grip and clamps its jaws down on his right shoulder, just missing any vitals in his neck.

Blood pours out of the wound, staining the ground and saturating Kit's shirt.

Desperately reaching for whatever he can find, Kit lands a hand on the beast's eye. He digs his fingers into the socket and rips it out.

Blood oozes.

The wolf leaps off and paws at the empty hole in his face but it's only dazed for a second.

Just long enough to pull the 6 shooter and take aim...

CLICK... Nothing... Misfire... He looks at the gun, then back up at the wolf.

KIT  
Shit.

It attacks again.

Kit barely dodges out of the way.

The knife glints in the snow in front of him. He quickly crawls for it.

The wolf gets its mouth around Kit's moccasin and starts tugging him backwards.

Kicking his free foot towards the wolf's face, he smashes his heel right into its black nose.

The canine lets go and he makes his move.

With his fingertips, Kit manages to hook the knife handle and turn towards the wolf just in time to see it leap.

His left arm goes up for protection and its jaws clamp down on it like a vice.

Its bloodstained muzzle shakes back and forth violently, threatening to break bone.

Somehow Kit manages to find some room. He leans back and slips his knife into the wolf's stomach and rips upward.

With a *HOWL*, the wolf's stomach splits like a seam spilling its insides through the gash.

It fights to break away but Kit grabs onto its scruff and holds tight, not letting it run.

He pulls the knife from its leaking underbelly and with as much strength as he can muster thrusts it into the side of the creature's head.

He stabs into the wolf again and again until there is a waterfall of blood cascading down the animals coat onto his face and chest.

The wolf finally goes limp.

Covered in gore, he walks to his tomahawk and picks it up.

Once again he defiantly puts himself between the wolves and Ellie.

Just as the creatures are about to rip him apart, we hear that far off cracking noise.

*CRACK CRACK CRACK*

The wolves turn tail and run off into the trees.

KIT  
(screaming after the wolves)  
AHHHHHHHH!!!!!!!!!!

Fueled by pain and rage, he takes his tomahawk and smashes it down on the dead wolf's neck until its head is severed.

Smoke rises from the carcass.

Grabbing the decapitated head, he goes and impales it on one of the posts for the horse paddock before opening up the gate.

As he turns to go back to Ellie, he stumbles and falls to his knees.

KIT  
(in pain)  
Gah! JESUS...!

She comes up beside him and puts her neck out. He slides his shaking arm around her and she helps him to his feet.

Kit pulls himself up onto Ellie's back.

He takes a quick glance at his mangled shoulder but can't get a good look.

He's losing a lot of blood and fast.

KIT  
Let's go!

Bareback, he gives a kick and like a shot she takes off into the woods.

#### **EXT. WOODS - NIGHT**

It's dark. The only light is from the moon as it breaks through the clouds.

Kit is having a hard time staying conscious.

He is searching for something.

KIT  
Woah girl.

It's the **YARROW PLANT**. Most of it is dead but a few stalks still holding on.

With a firm grip, Kit grabs hold of Ellie's red mane and leans over to grab as much as he can.

Without hesitation, he rips the leaves off the stem and begins to chew them up.

He gives a kick and the two of them are off towards home.

**EXT. CABIN CLEARING - NIGHT**

With a mouth full of yarrow Kit dismounts and grabs his bow that's still hanging in the tree.

Ellie stays by his side and lets him lean into her the whole way.

Kit leads Ellie to the paddock. They look at each other and she puts her forehead against his. He reaches up and leaves a bloody handprint on her face.

As he heads inside, we are left with Ellie and the headless wolf. A pool of blood inches across the snow.

**INT. CABIN - NIGHT**

With feet like lead Kit stumbles inside.

He starts to take off his shirt but it's agony.

KIT  
AHHHH! SHIT!

A few deep breaths and he tries again.

KIT  
FUCKKKKKKK!

He manages to peel the shredded blood soaked shirt and union suit away from his skin.

There's a damp *slap* as the clothes hit the dirty cabin floor.

Unsteady on his feet, he makes his way to his bed.

He gets his first real look at the damage on his body and it's bad. This is also the first time we see the bullet wound scar on his shoulder from when he saved John in the civil war.

A large wad of chewed up yarrow is spit into his open hand.

He shoves more leaves between his teeth and grinds until his jaw hurts.

Breaking the chewed up leaf into small pieces, he begins to stuff it into his wounds to help stop the bleeding.

A second mouthful is hastily rubbed in.

He grabs the tin of water and drinks deeply. He places it beside his bed and then...

Black.

He passes out.

**INT. CABIN - DAY**

The fire burns and sunlight shines in through the windows.

Kit sleeps on top of his buffalo pelts. He's in the same blood stained clothes, but he looks healed up.

He stirs awake and gets up slowly. He walks over to the window and looks outside before heading out the door.

**EXT. CABIN CLEARING - DAY**

Kit exits the cabin. The snow crunches with every step. He makes his way towards the now empty horse paddock.

KIT  
Ellie!  
(beat)  
ELLIE! Where are you girl!

No Ellie, but he spots something near the tree line. He walks over and sees bloody boot prints. The Red shines almost neon against the white snow.

KIT  
(quietly)  
Red...

He Follows the prints into the woods.

**EXT. WOODS - DAY**

We stay with Kit as he follows the footprints until they suddenly come to a stop.

He looks around but sees nothing. The forest is quiet until he spots movement in the tree line. It's the Black alpha wolf. They lock eyes. Kit reaches for his Knife, but it's not there.

Just as the alpha bares its teeth we hear... BANG a gunshot goes off. It hits the tree right next to Kit's head.

KIT  
SHIT!

Kit takes off running. The ground around him is peppered with gun shots.

**EXT. WOODS - DAY**

Kit is still running.

He is unexpectedly grabbed and pressed up against a tree trunk. A hand placed firmly over his mouth. It's John.

JOHN  
Shhhh....

We hear footprints cracking in the snow around John and Kit.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
When I say, keep your head down  
and follow me.

Kit nods.

They wait. 3...2...1...

JOHN (CONT'D)  
NOW.

They take off running through the woods. Gunshots blasting the bark off of the trees around them.

**EXT. WOODS - CONTINUOUS**

They keep running. No more gunshots. It's quiet now.

They catch their breath behind a boulder.

KIT  
Who the fuck was shooting?

JOHN  
I don't know.

John pokes his head out to assess the situation.

Nothing.

He stands up.

JOHN  
I think we lost them.

Suddenly William appears out of nowhere. Gun aimed directly at John. Kit jumps up and puts himself between John and the pistol. There's no way he doesn't get shot.

KIT  
NO!

The shot goes off. *BANG*

Kit looks down to check the damage but there is none. He turns around to see John has been shot between the eyes. Shocked, he turns back towards William to see the gun inches from his face.

*BANG*

**INT. CABIN - LATE AFTERNOON**

With a *GASP* Kit shoots awake from the nightmare. He's soaked in sweat and sore as all hell. There's dry blood everywhere it's a wonder he's still alive.

With a tongue like sandpaper he sits up and grabs his tin of water.

KIT  
(groans)  
Sonofabitch....

Kit drinks before examining his wounds. They don't look great. Some are weeping puss or still bleeding.

Wobbling like a newborn giraffe, he gets to his feet and grabs a bottle of whiskey and his ripped up shirt.

**INT. CABIN - LATE AFTERNOON**

Swigging hard from the bottle, Kit watches water boil in a tin pot hanging from the hook above the fire.

A large wad of bloody shirt is pulled from the churning liquid.

Another deep swig and he uses his boiled shirt to clean his wounds as best as he can.

CUT TO:

We are now on Kit's hand pulling one of his thick sewing needles out of the fire. Its tip glows an angry red.

He pours some whiskey on the needle and hits the bottle again.

With gritted teeth Kit dumps some of the booze into the wounds on his arm.

KIT  
(Exhaling)  
SHHHHHHHHH.....

He shakes his arm out and begins to sew.

A SHORT WHILE LATER:

Kit pokes at a big gash in his shoulder. It won't stop bleeding.

After closer examination he sees that it's more of a flap of skin hanging than a gash.

KIT  
Damn it.

CUT TO:

Kit pulls his knife out of the fire. It glows that same angry red.

Lips back to the whiskey bottle, he takes a huge swig.

KIT  
(To himself)  
Do it.

He dumps the booze on his shoulder and presses the flaming hot knife down to cauterize the wound.

KIT  
(trying not to scream)  
AHHHHHHHHHHH!

The knife sizzles as it melts his skin.

# **INT. CABIN - LATE AFTERNOON**

Chewed up yarrow is rubbed into kit's shoulder and arms.

He looks around for something to wrap his wounds with but everything is covered in blood and it's not all his.

He has an idea, not a great idea but he's just drunk enough.

He slips on his jacket and heads out the door.

# **EXT. GRAVESITE- LATE AFTERNOON**

A pile of snow next to that shitty cross.

We see John. Ice and snow have preserved him almost perfectly except for the frostbite that has turned his skin a light tint of blue.

Kit has removed the shirt and jacket from his frozen corpse and is now working on cutting his buckskin pants and union suit bottoms off.

KIT

Im sorry friend. I know I'm  
supposed to let you rest in peace  
and all but I got about 100 holes  
in me and nothing to dress em  
with. Goddamn wolves came after me  
and Ellie. I killed one of em...  
think I'm gonna try to thaw out  
its carcass for meat.

Kit's knife drunkenly slips but he has managed to cut John's  
pants and union suit bottoms free.

KIT

Oops, almost cut your pecker off.  
Imagine if someone found you up  
here with your pecker just laying  
next to you?

Laughing at his own joke, he makes his way towards John's feet.  
With a hard tug he starts to slip one of his friend's moccasins  
off.

KIT

After I killed that wolf I stood  
up to face the other two. I looked  
this big black one in the eyes and  
it was like staring at Death  
itself...

Lost in thought he looks towards the woods.

KIT

But right before they could finish  
me there was this sound that  
echoed far off in the woods. It  
almost sounded like a tree fallin  
or somethin. Whatever it was as  
soon as those mutts heard it they  
hightailed it out of there.

Kit snaps back and pulls John's other moccasin off.

KIT

Anyway, sorry for taking your  
stuff. I hope you understand and  
don't come looking for it. I think  
I'd be afraid of a ghost even if  
it was familiar to me.

Kit begins to cover his friend back up.

**EXT. CABIN CLEARING - EARLY EVENING**

Kit, now wearing John's moccasins and bloodstained shirt, grabs the frozen wolf carcass by the back legs and drags it inside to thaw out.

**INT. CABIN - EARLY EVENING**

The wolf carcass has been placed in front of the fire.

Kit kneels down beside the flames. He uses the tip of his knife to pull clean pieces of John's freshly stripped union suit bottoms out of a pot of boiling water, and hang them on the metal pole that sits across the flames to dry.

**INT. CABIN - NIGHT**

Kit sits at the table cleaning John's gun. The single bullet lays in front of him.

KIT  
Should have known it was a dream  
as soon as you fired first try you  
piece of shit.

He snaps the cylinder closed and he pulls the trigger a few times.

*click click click*

**EXT. CABIN CLEARING - MORNING**

**From here on out if Kit is outside he will always have his belt with his knife, hatchet and gun on him.**

It's a pleasant enough morning, no snow coming down, even a bit of sun.

Kit looks down on the wolf he has dragged back outside.

As he pulls up his sleeves to get to work, we can see that his wounds are freshly dressed with John's clothing scraps. A bit of blood is spotting through.

Kit pulls his knife and starts skinning the wolf while Ellie watches.

**EXT. TREE LINE - MORNING**

Hidden by the shadows of the trees, the two wolves are locked in on Kit and Ellie.

**EXT. CABIN CLEARING- MORNING**

A final stroke of the knife and the last bit of hide is cut from the wolf's carcass.

Kit examines the damage.

KIT  
Damn...  
(to Ellie)  
I hit the guts with my knife.

The bloody knife is wiped across his pant leg and slipped back into its sheath.

KIT  
Can't risk gettin sick.

He painfully drags the carcass away from the cabin, then walks back to Ellie.

KIT  
I think it's time we go hunt.

Shouldering the white wolf pelt, Kit heads back inside.

**EXT. TREE LINE - MORNING**

Yellow eyes continue to watch from the tree line until we hear that cracking noise faintly echo through the forest.

CRACK CRACK CRACK

Once again the wolves turn and head off.

**EXT. CABIN CLEARING - MORNING**

Kit is looking down the shaft of an arrow.

Rawhide bow string pulled back tight, he takes a deep breath fighting through the throbbing pain in his shoulder, and lets the arrow fly.

It whistles past the wolf's head sitting on the fence post.

Wide.

Ellie, all saddled up and packed for an overnight, lets out a snort.

Shaking his right arm out...

KIT  
(sideways glance to Ellie)  
Yeah yeah yeah.

He loads up another arrow and starts to pull the string back but a searing pain in his shoulder forces him to stop.

KIT  
(quietly to himself)  
Come on....

He takes a deep breath and ignores his pulsing shoulder. He pulls back the bow string and lets his arrow loose... *THWACK* it's a hit. It pierces the wolf's head through the cheek.

He sends another one... *THWACK*. A hit

And another one... *THWACK*. They hit their mark.

He's a hell of a shot.

KIT  
(to Ellie)  
Three out of four ain't bad.

He collects his arrows and turns back to Ellie.

KIT  
you ready?

He grimaces a bit as he pulls himself up into her saddle...

KIT  
Let's go.

A kick and they take off for the woods.

#### **EXT. WOODS - AFTERNOON**

An **ABERT SQUIRREL** is sitting on a tree branch nibbling at something in its spindly fingers.

Its fluffy ears perk up as a twanging sound splits the silence.

**EXT. WOODS - AFTERNOON**

Kit leans down and picks up the hefty squirrel's limp body.

He removes the arrow from where its furry face used to be and slides it back into his belt.

Reaching back, he pulls his knife from its sheath and begins to skin and gut the squirrel.

He tosses the innards on the ground where they land in a viscous pile.

The cleaned squirrel is wrapped in some buckskin from John's pants and placed in his possibles bag next to another squirrel already inside.

He climbs back onto Ellie and continues on.

**EXT. WOODS/STREAM - LATE AFTERNOON**

Our duo takes a break beside a small flowing stream.

Ellie drinks while Kit dips his hands into the icy water, washing away the dry squirrel blood.

Ellie's ears begin to perk up at a faint sound that travels on the wind. She looks towards the trees.

*grunt*

Kit looks at Ellie and then looks in the direction she's staring.

*GRUNT*

Kit picks up the sound too.

Closing his eyes he listens... he hears it again.

*GRUNT... GRUNT*

It's the grunting of a buck.

It's faint but it's there.

He ties Ellie to a tree and heads off towards the noise.

**EXT. WOODS - LATE AFTERNOON**

Kit makes his way through the woods. He sees some fresh-looking mule deer tracks and follows them.

It's not long until he spots the buck through the branches of the trees.

Closing in on the animal, he loads his bow up and takes aim at its heart but the snow under his feet lets out a loud creak.

The deer lifts his head and turns in Kit's direction.

Spotted.

He lets the arrow fly but the buck begins to run. It lets out a squeal as it's struck in the lung.

It's not the immediate kill shot Kit was looking for.

KIT

SHIT!

He makes chase.

#### **EXT. WOODS - LATE AFTERNOON**

It's a foot race.

Kit is fast but he can't keep up with the panicked animal.

Smoke pours from his mouth as the cold fights to steal air from his lungs.

He stops to get his bearings. He's lost the deer. He's going to have to trail it.

#### **EXT. WOODS - EARLY EVENING**

Following the deer's hoof prints and blood trail, Kit can tell it's slowing down, the blood drops from its wound aren't as spread apart.

Finally he sees the animal in the distance. It's laying in the snow.

Kit creeps closer to get a better look.

The deer seems to get spooked and tries to get back to its feet just as the alpha and white wolf emerge from the shadow of the trees.

Kit takes cover.

The black wolf lunges for the deer's jugular. A high pitch screaming sound fills the air and the buck's legs kick frantically. The white wolf goes behind the wounded animal and pulls its back legs out.

Kit watches for a beat before quietly slipping away.

The deer's screams of agony echo through the trees as the wolves begin to eat the creature alive.

**EXT. WOODS/STREAM - NIGHT**

We are back at the stream where Kit left Ellie. He has set up camp for the evening.

A fire burns.

He cooks one of the squirrels that he shot earlier as he stares into the flames.

KIT

I gotta do something about those  
wolves Ellie. I'm either gonna  
starve to death or that big black  
one's gonna rip my throat out.

Lifting the squirrel to his mouth, he takes a bite and looks at the meager meal.

KIT

These tree rats ain't gonna cut  
it...

Ellie comes up and smells the cooked rodent, then nibbles on the neck of his shirt.

KIT

(jokingly)  
And I really don't wanna have to  
eat ya.

He scratches her face lovingly until she sharply lifts her head.

Kit quickly stands and readies his bow. His eyes scan the forest but everything outside the ring of fire is pitch black.

All we hear is Ellie's heavy breathing.

He waits....and waits... and waits... Nothing.

He lowers his bow and turns back to the fire.

Right then a very large set of eyes catches the firelight behind Kit. Ellie whinnies and Kit turns back around with his bow drawn but the eyes are already gone.

Kit lowers his bow and pats Ellie on the neck to calm her down.

KIT  
 It's alright girl. Let's try to  
 get some sleep... see what we can  
 do in the morning.

Kit picks up the squirrel he dropped and gets ready to settle  
 in for the night.

**EXT. WOODS/STREAM - NIGHT**

Snow gently falls as we look down on a sleeping Kit.

The campfire still burns, casting a deep orange glow.

We slowly push in on Kit's face.

That's when we hear it...

CRACK CRACK CRACK

Only this time it's much closer than before.

**EXT. WOODS/DEER KILL SITE - MORNING**

Standing in the woods where the wolves took down the buck, Kit  
 looks around for a sign of the kill.

He starts digging through the freshly fallen snow. All he finds  
 is the buck's chewed up femur.

KIT  
 Maybe a bear carried it off?

He notices a trail of trampled shrubs.

KIT  
 (to Ellie)  
 Let's take a look. What do you  
 think?

He pulls himself onto Ellie's back and they head out.

**EXT. WOODS - MORNING**

Gently bouncing up and down in his saddle, Kit follows a trail  
 of broken saplings and crushed shrubs.

He dismounts and checks the area.

He notices some long white hairs stuck to a dark tree trunk. He  
 pulls them off to examine them, then holds them out for Ellie.  
 She takes a sniff and lets out a disapproving snort.

KIT

Hmmm...

Sliding back into the saddle, they head off deeper into the woods.

**EXT. WOODS/CLEARING - MORNING**

Kit and Ellie arrive at a clearing.

On the far end is a large rise that has a massive dead tree standing at the top of it. The trunk has been burned out from being struck by lightning.

KIT

(quietly) )

Woah girl.

They stop.

Kit clocks large disturbances in the snow and larger broken trees littered around the edge of the clearing.

Ellie starts getting shifty. Kit can feel her body tensing up between his legs, something's wrong.

There's a rustling on the rise in front of them.

The black wolf emerges from its den in the burnt out tree trunk. It turns and looks towards the two of them.

He pulls his bow but before he can nock an arrow the white wolf emerges from a small den that's tucked under an upturned tree nearby.

It bounds towards them and gets a good bite in on one of Ellie's back legs.

She starts circling and kicking frantically. A hoof lands a glancing blow and Ellie takes off running.

**EXT. WOODS - MORNING**

We hear the sound of thundering hooves as they smack against the snow. Ellie's powerful legs leaving a cloud of powder in her wake.

We see Kit white-knuckling Ellie's reins as she sprints through the trees.

He looks over his shoulder and sees that the white wolf is in pursuit.

He turns back around. The black wolf appears right in front of them.

Ellie skids into a hairpin turn to avoid the Alpha. She takes off in another direction.

It's all Kit can do to not get thrown.

The wolves have closed the gap and are sprinting on either side of them now, occasionally moving in to snap at Ellie's ankles.

Kit sits up with his bow and fires at the black wolf. The arrow shatters on a passing tree.

He nocks another and pulls the string to his ear.

At the last second he spots a massive low hanging branch flying towards him.

Bark scrapes down the back of his jacket as he ducks just making it by the skin of his teeth.

Sights set back on the Alpha he prepares to fire again, but before he can, Ellie trips.

She tumbles ass over teakettle through the snow and slowly slides to a stop against a massive thicket of dead bushes.

Kit takes a nose-dive but quickly gets up to his knees.

He frantically looks for his bow which he lost in the fall.

He spots it nearby and runs for it. He snatches it up and draws an arrow.

His eyes shoot back and forth, madly looking for a danger that never comes.

The wolves are gone.

A painful neighing snaps Kit back.

#### **EXT. WOODS/THICKET - DAY**

Wide-eyed and panicking, Ellie tries to get up but has gotten herself tangled in the thicket.

Still keeping an eye out for the wolves Kit tries to calm her down.

KIT  
Alright girl... easy... easy.  
Shhhh.

She mellows a bit as he softly strokes her face and neck.

KIT

That's it. I can't help ya if you  
don't calm down.

That's when he sees it... Her front leg is broken. A death sentence.

KIT

No...no no no NO! DAMN IT!

Kit's outburst spooks Ellie. She tries to get up but he gently holds her still.

Ellie lets out a loud *HUFF*.

KIT

I'm sorry. I'm sorry. Shhhhh It's  
OK.

He lovingly runs his fingers through her mane. His eyes begin to brim with tears.

They sit in the snow for a quiet beat until finally Kit kisses her on the nose one last time.

He slides his knife from its sheath, and places it on her carotid artery. He raises the blade into the air and plunges it hard towards Ellie's neck. Before the knife makes contact, Ellie is violently ripped into the thicket. Her body crashing into Kit on the way, slamming him to the ground.

The hit has dazed him. He begins to slowly climb to his feet. the world sounds muffled. He shakes his head trying to clear the fog and focus his eyes. Suddenly sound comes rushing back. He hears Ellie let out a terrified whinny which snaps him to attention.

We hear crashing trees and Ellie's screams get further and further away as she's taken deeper and deeper into the forest.

#### **EXT. WOODS - DAY**

The snow has started up again.

Kit is sprinting like a mad man trying to chase down Ellie.

The sound of her screams and breaking branches come from somewhere far off in the woods.

Just as it seems he's closing in on her, he hears a *whinny* come from a totally different part of the forest.

Whatever has her, it's moving fast.

Suddenly everything goes quiet.

He stops and listens.

KIT  
(whispers)  
Come on girl.

Another shriek echos through the rattling trees.

The chase continues.

**EXT. WOODS - AFTERNOON**

Sweat pours from Kit's brow.

ELLIE *whinnies*. It's shaky, weak.

She *whinnies* again.

It sounds like whatever has her has finally stopped moving.

**EXT. WOODS/CLEARING/TREE LINE - AFTERNOON**

The snow is now falling in heavily. Large flakes begin to obscure Kit's vision.

Stooped low, Kit moves in the direction he last heard Ellie.

A quick look around and he realizes he's made his way back to the clearing where the wolf dens are.

He hangs back behind the tree line for cover.

Another feeble *whinny* and he finally sees her.

She's sprawled out, beat up and with snapped bones protruding through her skin. Broken but somehow still alive.

Kit's bloodshot eyes search the clearing for any signs of danger.

He goes to make a move towards Ellie but stops when he spots the Alpha emerge from its den.

He slips behind a large tree for cover.

The Alpha heads down the hillside towards Ellie but suddenly vanishes as if into thin air. After a beat it reappears right next to the horse.

KIT  
What the hell?

He watches as the wolf sniffs at Ellie's face and licks the blood seeping from her wounds.

Weakly kicking her one good leg, she tries to keep the Alpha at bay.

It's hard for Kit to watch.

The wolf walks back the way it came, once again disappearing and then reappearing.

It sits down and waits.

A confused Kit looks on as a gust of wind blows through the clearing, creating a strange ripple in the snow on the hill.

That's when he notices the hillside seems to be gently rising and falling almost like it's breathing.

He inches closer for a better look.

Just then we hear a loud groan and creaking of snow.

Kit's view is partially obscured by trees and underbrush but he can see something starting to move.

He watches as whatever it is starts to take shape.

It's huge.

12 feet tall, barrel chest, broad shoulders, all muscle. Long arms with hands twice the size of dinner plates, thick legs with wide feet that act like snowshoes, and piercing blue eyes that stare out of cracked frostbite blue skin that is pulled tight over a mouth full of razor sharp teeth with canines the size of steak knives. It's a snow beast. Some kind of **yeti or Sasquatch, Bigfoot, the missing link**. Stuck somewhere between human and some kind of gorilla monster hybrid.

Its thick ivory coat ripples in the wind.

The Alpha was passing behind it. Kit couldn't tell because the creature blends in almost perfectly with the snow.

#### **EXT. WOODS/CLEARING/TREE LINE - AFTERNOON**

Kit takes a few deep breaths as he tries to process what the hell he's seeing.

He watches as the beast goes over to a downed tree. It rips off a thick branch and starts hitting it against the trunk.

CRACK CRACK CRACK

Its club splinters and the creature tosses it to the ground.

A moment of realization, that's the noise he's been hearing over the last few days.

The White wolf arrives in the clearing.

**EXT. WOODS/CLEARING/TREE LINE - AFTERNOON**

**(note: the creature stuff will be obscured in some way until the end)**

Kit watches as the white wolf runs up to the Alpha and licks its face in greeting.

The snow beast settles back down by Ellie. Its body is mostly turned away from Kit obscuring its face.

With the back of its giant hand, it gives Ellie a small nudge.

She gives a faint snort and a few pathetic kicks.

The wolves pace in anticipation of food but the excitement is just too much for the white wolf.

With an unhinged jaw it takes an aggressive bite at Ellie's thigh.

A painful whinny and More feeble kicking.

KIT  
Not like this...

The monster pushes the wolf away and begins to examine the mustang.

Thick fingers gently poke at the the tips of bones that are popping through her skin.

Its large hand combs through her tangled red mane.

Curious blue eyes lock onto hers.

Ellie is terrified. Her breathing is rapid and she's frothing at the mouth.

The creature grabs her by the back legs and stands up.

It easily lifts Ellie in front of its face and starts to tease the wolves by swinging her broken body just out of reach of their gnashing teeth.

It's excruciatingly painful for her and she begins to freak out.

A horrible screeching sound leaves her mouth and with her last bit of strength she kicks and writhes trying to escape the creature but its hand is closed around her ankles like a vice.

**EXT. WOODS/CLEARING/TREE LINE - AFTERNOON**

Kit can't take it anymore.

KIT  
Not like this.

His raises his bow and pulls back on the string.

In Kit's POV we are looking down the shaft of the arrow as it's being aimed.

The snow creature is in his sights, he holds... doesn't fire.

The arrow drifts over to Ellie.

The poor girl's body is moving around so much it's hard for him to get a clean shot.

KIT  
Come on, help me out.

Almost as if she heard him, Ellie settles down just enough...

KIT  
Good girl.

The arrow pierces the frigid air.

THWACK. Right through her heart.

Her body goes limp and she dies almost instantly.

In the clearing, the creature looks at the arrow sticking out of Ellie's chest and then back in the direction it came from.

Furious, it slams her lifeless body to the ground and lets out a monstrous roar. The wolves cower and Kit's heart climbs into his throat. The sound rips through the silent forest bouncing off the trees and shaking the snow from their branches.

**EXT. WOODS - LATE AFTERNOON**

Kit is hauling ass, kicking up powder with every stride.

He sprints through the forest, jumping rocks and logs, his face bleeding from the whipping tree branches.

His lungs are screaming for air but he knows if he stops he's dead.

Then like a gift from god, he spots a cleft in a nearby cliff wall. He cuts towards it.

The beast is tearing through the trees behind him. Its bellowing cries seem to be getting closer and closer until they are right on top of him.

Looking over his shoulder, he stumbles and falls to the ground. His hands cover his head as his body folds into a tight ball preparing for what's next.

But theres nothing...

Silence.

Where the hell is this thing?

He climbs to his feet...

Something crashes on his left, he turns...

A grunt in the trees to his right...

A cracking sound above him...

He slowly cranes his neck up towards the noise.

He looks into a tangle of branches and snow covered old pines. He spots movement and notices a set of eyes looking back at him, studying him from between the mess of branches and needles.

The creature blends in with its environment perfectly.

They both stare for a moment before Kit looks towards the opening in the cliff wall.

He takes a step and the creature lets out a huff.... It's now or never.

Kit makes a break for it.

All he can hear is the crashing and wailing of the monster in tow.

He makes a final push and dives headfirst.

**INT. CAVE - LATE AFTERNOON**

Flying through the small opening, Kit crashes to the rocky floor of what has turned out to be a large cave.

He gets his feet under him as fast as he can.

The last arrow is nocked. He cringes in pain as he pulls the bow string back and aims at the cave entrance.

His eyes blink rapidly trying to adjust to the lack of light.

The creature has stopped screaming.

It's silent again. The only sound is Kit's rapid breathing.

Then like a flash the white wolf rushes through the opening but the jagged arrowhead was hungry and waiting.

Theres a **TWANG** followed by a loud **YELP** as the wolf is struck.

Kit pulls his knife but the white wolf has already scrambled out through the mouth of the cave.

The creature roars and the sound bounces off the rock walls.

The shadow of the beast moves in the cave entrance but it's too big to fit through.

A violent banging begins outside, causing small debris to come raining down onto Kit's head.

As the onslaught continues outside, Kit backs himself further into the cave.

The banging stops and the shadow of the creature disappears. It seems like its given up.

Kit takes a beat to catch his breath.

A sound off to his side makes him freeze. He whips around brandishing his knife.

The blade has stopped mere inches from William's throat.

KIT  
(confused)  
What the hell?

William stands frozen with his hands up.

He looks like hell.

WILLIAM  
(whispers)  
Hey Kit.

**INT. CAVE - DUSK**

The sun shining through the cave entrance has dimmed.

A small fire lights up the walls.

Kit and William sit across from each other. The silence is deafening.

Finally...

WILLIAM  
Do you have any food?

Kit just stares.

WILLIAM  
Please, Im starving.

Kit reaches into his bag and splits a piece of pemmican in half. He holds a piece out to William who grabs it greedily.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)  
Thank you... I had some jerky, but that ran out a few days ago.

KIT  
Why are you still here?

WILLIAM  
I didn't make it out.

KIT  
No shit, what happened?

WILLIAM  
I was packing up the horses to head out. I had Shadow and Wings all set and tied together and was trying to get Ellie loaded up but she was fighting me the whole time. I left the paddock open by mistake and she broke free. I jumped up onto Shadow and was pulling wings behind me when I went after her.

William stares at the piece of pemmican Kit is still holding.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

You gonna eat that?

Kit hands over his pemmican and William continues on with his mouth full.

WILLIAM

I tracked her for a while but the storm was practically a white out. Eventually I lost her completely. That's when I heard this...sound. Like a loud cracking sound. I had heard it once before back at the cabin. All of a sudden Shadow spooked and took off like a bat out of hell. Headed straight towards a drop off. I only just made it out of the saddle before he tumbled over the edge. Took Wings and all the supplies down with him.

KIT

It's all gone?

WILLIAM

All of it...everything.. I've got nothing.

KIT

Sounds familiar...

William winces a bit.

WILLIAM

I fell into a snow drift, twisted both my knees up real bad. I just laid there, stuck. I didn't see it coming until it was almost right in front of me. Froze my blood colder than that mess of snow I was buried in. Like a nightmare come to life.

KIT

Why didn't it kill you?

WILLIAM

I was buried so deep and the snow was coming down so heavy I guess it didn't see me.

(MORE)

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

It looked over the edge where the horses tumbled and then turned back and disappeared like it was some kind of giant fucking ghost. I fought my way out of the drift and realized I was all turned around.

KIT

And the wolves?

WILLIAM

Wolves?

KIT

Were there wolves with it?

WILLIAM

No. I knew I wouldn't make it back to the cabin, especially with my knees all busted up. Got real lucky that I found this cave.

William looks at the cave entrance

WILLIAM

What the hell is that thing?

KIT

I don't know... something I've never seen before.

WILLIAM

Evil...

KIT

No. I've seen evil. only man knows how to truly be evil.

Kit looks towards the cave entrance.

KIT (CONT'D)

We've been pushing further and further into these wild places without asking ourselves if we belong there... We shouldn't be surprised when nature starts to push back.

Kit looks back and stares hard at William. Long beat.

WILLIAM

I really am sorry...

KIT

Don't.

WILLIAM

Come on, don't get your back up...  
the storm... if I didn't leave...

KIT

You did leave and look at you now.

WILLIAM

Well... I never should have. I  
should have stayed and helped John  
help you.

KIT

Instead you killed John.

William sees he's losing Kit.

WILLIAM

I know... John was a good man. It  
was an accident.

KIT

Bullshit. You call putting a knife  
through a man's heart an accident?

William doesn't answer.

KIT (CONT'D)

How about a bullet through his  
skull?

William scrambles...

WILLIAM

Kit, you were delirious with  
fever. you're confused. I don't  
know what you think you saw but  
John came at me first. I was  
defending myself.

KIT

I'm not confused about nothin you  
yellow bellied sonofabitch. I know  
what I saw.

William backpedals.

WILLIAM

I made a mistake... It was a  
terrible mistake.

Kit looks at William considering what to do next...

KIT  
I told John when I buried him that  
I would kill you.

Fear crosses William's face.

WILLIAM  
Please... don't. Please don't do  
that...

KIT  
Don't need to.

Kit stands up.

WILLIAM  
Where are you going...

Kit says nothing. grabs his bag and bow. William begins to  
panic.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)  
Where are you going?

KIT  
I'm leaving.

William struggles to stand.

WILLIAM  
You leave me here and I'm as good  
as dead.

KIT  
I know.

WILLIAM  
Take me with you.

William sees his lifeline slipping away.

WILLIAM  
I can make it back to the cabin if  
you help me. I can make it. I know  
I can. Please show mercy... please  
forgive me. Don't leave me here to  
die. You have a good heart. You  
don't actually want to do that.

KIT  
You want mercy and forgiveness?  
You fucked up. You killed the only  
man up here that would be willing  
to give it to you.  
(MORE)

KIT (CONT'D)

If the corpse of John Baxter  
walked into this fucking cave and  
you asked it for forgiveness he  
would probably still give it.

WILLIAM

I know...

KIT

I'm not John Baxter.

William starts tapping his jacket pockets looking for something.

WILLIAM

I have gold!

Kit turns back towards William as he reaches into his jacket pulling out a small satchel of gold.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

I lied, I lied to you. I'm  
sorry... I have... I have gold. I  
really did lose most of it, but  
take this! It's yours! Just take  
me with you!

KIT

I wouldn't take you with me for  
all the gold in all the rivers and  
streams in California.

Kit meets William's eyes, deadly serious...

KIT

If you come near that cabin it  
will be the last thing you ever  
do.

Kit turns his back on William and goes to pick up his things.

William seethes as Kit walk away. He reaches his hand towards his belt and pulls his knife.

Kit hears the blade ring as it leaves the sheath.

He turns towards William just as he lunges, barely avoiding the blade.

William follows it up with a hook to Kit's jaw before he swings his knife again.

Kit ducks under the blade and hits William with a brutal uppercut before smashing his fist into one of his busted knees.

William almost buckles but tackles Kit backwards into the fire. Sparks explode everywhere.

They roll across the floor fighting for position. William ends up on top. He goes to stab Kit. Kit grabs his wrists holding the knife blade at bay.

They struggle until Kit reaches for an arrow tucked into his belt and stabs William in his armpit.

William yelps in pain. They separate and stand up.

William snaps the arrow before charging Kit again. Kit slips out of the way and like a flash pulls his knife and slices it across Williams face, destroying one of his eyes.

William grabs the wound screaming. Blood pours through his fingers.

Kit picks up his things and walks out of the cave.

#### **EXT. OUTSIDE OF CAVE - DUSK**

Kit cautiously makes his way out of the cave, hyper aware of both the threat inside and out.

He looks around for any sign of the beast.

William's screams echo from inside of the cave.

He decides to make his move.

He doesn't get more than 100 feet from the cave entrance when out of nowhere the creature comes crashing down from above just barely missing Kit.

The monster swipes at him creating a massive wave of snow.

Kit dives out of the way.

He looks back towards the monster preparing for what's next when...

William, totally oblivious of what's going on, comes screaming out of the cave wielding his knife and heads right for Kit.

The creature turns towards the sound.

Kit sees his chance and makes a break for it.

The beast moves on William.

It goes to grab him as William finally seems to realize what's happening.

He turns and tries desperately to make his way back to the safe haven of the cave but it's too late.

The creature seizes him in its massive hands. William frantically digs his fingers into the snow, trying for anything to help keep himself on the ground but it's no use.

The beast lifts him towards its mouth. William's body shakes uncontrollably, not from the cold but from the stench of the creature's breath blasting into his face, it's the smell of death. We see the beast's jaws reflected in his one good eye before its razor sharp teeth sink into his soft pink flesh.

William shrieks as the creature takes a massive great white sized bite out of his rib cage.

A pool of blood splashes to the ground followed by a screaming William. His body drops like a worn out rag doll at the beast's feet. He attempts to drag himself through the snow, leaving behind a trail of gore until the light finally leaves his eyes.

#### **EXT. WOODS - EARLY EVENING**

Kit sprints through the woods.

He stops briefly to check the stars and regain his bearings before taking off again.

#### **EXT. CABIN CLEARING - EARLY EVENING**

Kit emerges quickly from the woods and heads to the cabin.

#### **INT. CABIN - EARLY EVENING**

Kit pushes through the door and drops his bow and possible bag on the floor. He stands in the middle of the cabin unsure of what to do with himself.

He goes over to one of the shelves and reaches up to grab a whiskey bottle but his shoulder starts giving him trouble.

He slips his hand into the neck of his jacket to check and when he pulls it out it's covered in blood. His wound has opened back up.

He grits his teeth and grabs the bottle of whiskey. He takes a long pull before picking up some Yarrow and popping a handful of it into his mouth.

He pulls a chair over to the window and sits down. He takes off his jacket to examine his damaged shoulder and arms.

He spits the yarrow paste into his hand and takes a long pull of the whiskey bottle to kill the dry mouth. He begins to apply the paste to his wounds.

Behind him through the window everything seems calm and quiet, peaceful even but now he knows what's lurking in those trees.

Kit finishes up. He takes another look out the window and another long swig from the whiskey bottle.

After a beat he throws his jacket back on and heads out the cabin door, taking the whiskey with him.

**EXT. GRAVESITE - EVENING**

We see the pile of snow next to that shitty cross.

Kit has dug John up again. He's looking a little more decomposed every time.

Kit takes a swig from his whiskey bottle.

KIT  
I'm sorry I keep doing this. I'll  
try not to do it again but... I  
just needed to talk some things  
out but...

Kit gestures to the desolate world around him.

KIT (CONT'D)  
You know how you would say "what  
the forest hides, man was never  
meant to find?" Well... I found  
it. I found William too.

Another swig.

KIT (CONT'D)  
That bushwhacking coward tried to  
stab me in the back. I cut him  
good before that thing finally  
finished him off.

Kit takes another swig.

KIT (CONT'D)  
And those fucking wolves? They  
were mighty friendly with it when  
they were...

Kit trails off. This is hard for him to talk about.

KIT (CONT'D)

When they were torturing my Ellie.  
She didn't deserve to go like  
that.

Kit stops pacing and stares at John.

KIT (CONT'D)

Ellie was my baby sister Emma's  
horse. I never told you that.  
Emma's no longer with us. I didn't  
tell you that either. She worked  
her tail off at the small farm up  
the road from where we lived to  
buy that horse. She would tell me  
all about her in letters she sent  
while we were off fighting. Said  
she loved the way their names  
sounded when you said them  
together and how she couldn't wait  
for me to get home and meet her so  
we could go ride.

Swig

KIT (CONT'D)

I was excited to get back, but  
when I finally got home it was  
Emma, Ellie and Arthur. Arthur  
owned the farm Emma worked at. Him  
and Emma became friendly during  
her time there. I could tell  
Arthur didn't love that I was  
around and I didn't love Arthur  
being around. Didn't like the way  
he looked at Emma, rubbed me  
wrong. I caught him yelling at her  
and I had to step in. Told him to  
fuck off. He didn't like that. He  
disappeared for a while. Began to  
think we wouldn't see him again.

Swig.

KIT (CONT'D)

One day I came home from checking  
snares. As soon as I walked  
through the door I almost slipped  
on a puddle of blood. Arthur and  
his two brothers were standing  
over Emma. She was naked and had  
been beaten so bad I could barely  
recognize her. Arthur just laughed  
as he buttoned up his trousers.

(MORE)

KIT (CONT'D)

I can still hear it sometimes bouncing around my head. Next thing I knew I was tying Arthur's two broken arms to the bed frame while his brothers tried to stanch matching slit throats. I picked Emma up and carried her outside to Ellie. I knew she didn't have long. Ellie walked over and put her nose on Emma's forehead until she passed in my arms. I buried her in a peaceful spot out back before setting the house on fire. I just sat there Listening until the screaming stopped. I climbed onto Ellie and burned down the farm up the road to cover my tracks then I headed out to find you. You didn't ask any questions you just took me in. I wish you could have met Emma. You would have loved her.

CRACK CRACK CRACK. The sound snaps Kit back.

KIT

You hear that? I don't think that thing likes that I'm up here very much.

CRACK CRACK CRACK. Trees crack again.

KIT

I don't think it likes it at all.

# **INT. CABIN - NIGHT**

It's late.

The cabin is dark and cold.

There's no fire for worry of drawing extra attention, only the low light of a lantern.

Kit closes the large travel chest and heads over to the chair by the window.

He has all of the rope from the travel chest pulled out and begins the tedious process of unbraiding it.

His eyes begin to flutter. He's physically and mentally exhausted. He looks like hell.

A faint crack from outside snaps him back awake.

He moves to the window, stooping low so only his eyes reach above the frame.

Another faint crack.

The trees sway in the distance.

He blows out the lantern and now the only light in the cabin comes from the glow of the moon.

The creature slowly emerges from the woods. Its body all but disappears into the surrounding snow.

The beast follows the tree line heading towards the cabin.

It's coming up from the rear.

Kit creeps towards the back wall and places himself as flat against it as possible.

He just barely hears the creature's muted footsteps gently padding their way to the back of the cabin. Its large feet act like a snow shoe keeping it from sinking down into the powder or making too much noise.

From the darkness the monster's hand appears and softly presses up against the back window. It's so large it almost covers the whole thing. We can see deep grooves etched into its palm. It reaches a rugged finger out and curiously taps on the window-pane before pulling its hand away.

We hear hushed grunting noises as it makes a move to a side window.

Kit slides along the wall staying as low as he can until he's once again safely out of sight.

This time the monster presses half of its face against the small side window. We see it squint one of its giant blue eyes trying to get a better look inside. The weathered skin on its face wrinkles up like cracked leather. It lets out a light snort that fogs up the glass and backs away.

It's muffled footsteps now make their way towards the front of the cabin.

As quickly and as silently as he can, Kit makes a break for the front and tucks himself against the wall.

The footsteps seem to have stopped. Is it gone?

He starts to stand up to check but just as he does, that large blue eye fills up the front window.

Kit ducks back down and freezes. Did it see him?

The eye backs away again.

Suddenly one of the creature's giant arms comes crashing through the glass. It sends shards flying down onto Kit's head. It fishes around looking for anything alive in the dark cabin.

Kit struggles not to make a sound as the beast's hand swipes dangerously close to his face.

As the creature feels around, Kit can't help but notice a large blood stain, probably from William, on its wrist. The red sticks out like a sore thumb against the ghost white fur.

The monster reaches deeper into the cabin, knocking into the shelves hanging on the wall.

Pots and pans *clatter* to the floor.

Sharply lurching towards the sound, it wraps its dense fingers around a large cast-iron pot and pulls it through the window.

From outside there comes an angry snarl and a thundering *SMASH*.

A few moments later we hear the soft padding of the monster's footsteps as they head further and further from the cabin.

Kit warily peers up and over the window frame to watch the creature slink back into the woods.

#### **EXT. CABIN CLEARING - NIGHT**

The cabin door slowly *creaks* open and Kit pops his head out.

It's quiet.

He scans the tree line checking for any sign of the beast.

It seems clear.

He walks towards the large cast-iron pot that's sticking out of the snow.

He picks it up and turns it over in his hands. It's been crushed like it was made of tinfoil.

Kit turns back to the door...

It has a crack in it that runs from the bottom almost clear to the top.

He looks back towards the woods and then down to the pot in his hands. He drops it and heads back inside.

#### **INT. CABIN - LATE EVENING**

Its pre-dawn, the moon hangs in the sky.

There is still no fire in the fireplace and a scrap piece of fur has been hung in front of the shattered window to try to keep the cold out.

Kit is wrapped tightly in his coat and animal pelts, mind racing, trying to get some much needed rest. His breath turns to smoke as he tosses and turns.

No sleep will come tonight.

He slowly slides out from under the pelts, chokes down a big piece of pemmican, grabs the rope he was working on before the creature showed up, and gets back to work unbraiding it.

#### **INT. CABIN - LATE EVENING**

Walking through the cabin, Kit picks up all the cans and tin pots he can carry.

He places them down beside a pile that's already on the table. Next he checks how much rope he's got, it's a lot of cordage.

Kit rubs his cold hands together, they are slowly coming back to life.

KIT  
(re his hands)  
Wake up fellas, come on.

He gets to work on breaking down the tin pots and cans and attaching them to the cordage.

#### **EXT. CABIN CLEARING - SUNRISE**

The sun is just starting to rise, it struggles to break through the clouds and grey skies. There is a cold tension in the air that is amplified by the biting wind.

Kit stands with his tin covered rope curled up in his hands and his bow slung on his back.

He looks at the forest and knows that he has no choice but to go in there.

He ignores the lump forming in his throat, takes a deep breath and breaks into a low run across the clearing towards the tree line.

The tin clanks as he moves.

**EXT. TREE LINE - SUNRISE**

With his back pressed firmly against an old dead pine, Kit starts to unfurl the tin covered rope.

Moving from tree to tree for cover, he gets to work tying the cordage.

He weaves in and out of branches, ties up high and down low covering as much of the area as he possibly can.

He may not be able to get it all but it will have to do.

**EXT. TREE LINE - MID MORNING**

The sun is higher in the sky and has begun to warm the world up a bit.

Kit lowers his hood and wipes his brow as he stands back to observe his work.

A slight breeze comes through and the tin starts to gently  
*RATTLE and CHIME*

KIT  
That'll work.

He pulls the hood on his jacket back up and he heads deeper into the woods with a new found determination.

**EXT. WOODS - MID MORNING**

Kit walks through the forest hacking down dead trees and saplings, collecting as much wood as he can.

A quick moment to give his hurt arms and shoulder a rest before he gathers up a pile and heads back to the cabin.

**EXT. CABIN CLEARING - LATE AFTERNOON**

We hear the *clattering* sound of sticks and branches being dropped.

There is a very large wood pile laying at Kit's feet.

He's been going at this for hours. His body is beat and his wounds are throbbing, it's a mental game at this point.

A few deep breaths and he heads back into the woods for another trip.

**EXT. CABIN CLEARING - SUNSET**

Standing in the horse paddock, Kit looks at the large burn piles he has scattered around the clearing.

Long shadows stretch across the ground as the sun begins to drop behind the mountains.

A loud groan involuntarily falls from his mouth as he reaches his hands towards the sky.

Stiff and sore, it's been a long day but there's still more work to be done.

He grabs a few long saplings from the ground, shoots a quick glance into the trees and heads inside.

**INT. CABIN - EVENING**

A small fire animates flickering shadows onto the cabin walls. It's nice to have the warmth again.

There's a squirrel hanging from the trammel hook cooking over the flames.

Kit is finishing up placing strips of his old bloody shirt into a few half filled whiskey bottles.

Molotov cocktails.

He finishes up and wipes his hands on his pants, reaches for the cooked squirrel.

With some effort he lowers himself down into a rickety chair. He reaches for the cooked squirrel and takes a bite before resting it on his lap and grabbing one of the long saplings he brought inside.

Knife firmly in hand, he begins to carve one end of the stick into a sharp point.

After a few swipes of his blade he places the tip into the fire to harden the wood and takes another bite of squirrel.

He is transfixed by the dancing flames until...

*rattle rattle rattle.* It's the tin rope.

His attention is pulled to the outside.

*rattle rattle rattle*

There it is again. Only this time it sounds like it's going off at a different part of the tree line.

He stands up and peeks his head out the window.

A monstrous **ROAR** explodes from the woods and the trees shake and bend.

The tin rope clangs together like crazy as the creature tears it apart.

Then once again, silence.

All of a sudden something big is launched up and over the tree tops and comes crashing to the ground in front of the cabin.

#### **EXT. CABIN CLEARING - NIGHT**

Standing in the clearing with his bow in hand, Kit looks towards the forest for any sign of the monster.

The shadows of the trees shifting in the wind are playing tricks on him.

Kit nocks an arrow and makes his way over to the unknown object.

It's hard to understand what he's looking at but after a few more feet he realizes what the damn thing is...

It's the white wolf. The one he shot in William's cave.

He crouches down for a closer look.

It's completely mangled from the fall. Limbs hang at odd angles, tongue sticks out from its mouth, teeth missing.

This isn't right, something is off.

Without warning another object flies up and over the treetops. This one is much larger.

Kit looks up just in the nick of time.

Quick as a bunny he dives out of the way just as the thing smashes into the ground exactly where he was just standing.

The shadow bounces and slides into one of the burn piles, sending debris flying everywhere.

With his heart racing Kit gets to his feet. He looks at the tree tops, what else might be coming for him?

Once he feels it's safe enough he walks over to whatever this thing is.

A few steps closer...

It's Ellie but only her front half.

Guts are pouring out, her bones are broken and chunks of flesh are missing from her neck but somehow her saddle is still attached.

Kit walks over and kneels in the snow. He rests a hand on her nose. It's upsetting for him to see her like that. He starts to rock back and forth a bit. He's on the brink of falling apart.

He takes a few deep breaths and manages to pull himself together before sliding the saddle off of her body.

He checks it out.

One of the saddle bags was ripped open and is empty.

He looks at the other one. The foot trap and rope are still in there.

#### **INT. CABIN - NIGHT**

Kit sits in the cabin looking out the window. The foot trap and rope sit on the table beside him.

#### **EXT. CLEARING - NIGHT**

Kit stands above Ellie with his hatchet drawn.

KIT  
sorry girl.

He leans down and begins cutting.

**EXT. WOODS - NIGHT**

The moon breaks through the clouds.

Kit quietly creeps through the woods. His possibles bag is stuffed and he has the foot trap and rope in his hand.

Every few steps he stops and looks. Finally he sees what he's looking for.

Fresh wolf tracks.

He grabs some pine needles to cover his scent. He rubs them in his hands and all over the trap and rope before tying the rope to the foot trap and setting it in a shallow hole he's dug in the snow.

He covers the trap with a piece of Johns old union suit to keep it from freezing and piles snow on top.

He flips his possibles bag upside down and bits of Ellie fall out around the trap.

He pulls the rope to his hiding spot burying it as he goes.

**EXT. WOODS - NIGHT**

Kit waits. He rubs his hands together for warmth as he looks around the quiet forest for any signs of life.

KIT

Come on.

Suddenly Kit has an idea. He walks over to a dead tree and snaps off a low branch. He feels the weight in his hand before striking it against the tree trunk.

CRACK CRACK CRACK

He creeps back to his spot to wait, but it doesn't take long.

The Alpha appears like a shadow in the moonlight.

It sniffs the air before timidly trotting over to the meat laying on the ground. It takes a few bites.

Kit holds his breath as the Alpha gets closer to the trap.

SNAP the trap goes off sending a snow cloud into the air.

Kit jumps from his hiding spot and pulls the rope tight. Except it never goes tight.

He pulls the trap across the snow all the way to his feet as the frosty cloud settles. He realizes quickly that it misfired. The alpa is still loose.

KIT  
Oh shit....

**EXT. WOODS - NIGHT**

Kit is hauling ass. Trap and rope in hand. He weaves through trees. The Alpha chases him like a murderous shadow. Disappearing and reappearing behind him.

Kit keeps his eyes forward as he hears the wolf gaining on him.

**EXT. CABIN CLEARING - NIGHT**

From high above we see Kit explodes from the tree line into the cabin clearing. The Alpha on his heels. He slams the paddock gate behind him buying him a few precious seconds. He makes one last push for the front door. He rips it open and ducks out of sight. Except the door never closes. The Alpha leaps after Kit.

**INT. CABIN - NIGHT**

Kit lifts the empty travel chest up on its side. The powder keg and everything spill out. The Lid is open and waiting for the Alpha. The wolf meets the back of the chest with a massive smack.

Kit and the chest fly backwards.

Kit smashes to the floor but quickly jumps to his feet and over to the chest. He slams the Lid down locking the alpha inside just before it can break loose again.

Kit sits there fighting for breath. He cant believe that worked.

KIT  
Holy shit.

Kit stands and walks to the chest. He puts his hand on top.

KIT (CONT'D)  
Im sorry it came to this.

The chest lurches and Kit steps back tripping over the powder keg. He picks it up... he looks out the window... he gets an idea...

**EXT. GRAVESITE - EARLY MORNING**

Kit is stooped over, digging John up yet again. He is scooping the last bit of snow from his frozen corpse.

KIT

I know... I know... but I really  
do need your help. I was hoping  
that maybe that thing would leave  
me alone but that don't seem to be  
the case.

Kit takes some rope and kneels down next to John. He begins to tie the rope around his ankles.

KIT

The way I see it this plays out  
one of two ways. I kill the thing,  
survive the winter, and head back  
into town with a story so big  
ain't nobody gonna believe me.

He finishes tying up John's ankles.

KIT

Or... that thing kills me and we  
rot away up here together forever.

Kit grimaces a bit as he pulls the rope up and over his busted shoulder.

KIT

Only one way to find out.

He starts dragging John away.

**EXT. CABIN CLEARING - EARLY MORNING**

Kit is dragging John towards the cabin. John's stiff body leaves a shallow trail as he's pulled along.

KIT

You're pretty heavy for a dead  
guy.

Kit reaches the front door and muscles John inside.

**INT. CABIN - DAY**

John's decaying half naked corpse is thawing out by the crackling fire while the travel chest shakes as the Alpha struggles to get out.

A high pitched whine can be heard but it's muffled by the thick wood of the chest.

KIT  
(to the Alpha)  
Easy, you'll be out of there soon  
enough.

Kit sits by the fire looking at his cast iron ladle that's sitting on the coals.

It's filled with liquefied lead.

The burning wood pops and crackles.

Kit's hand reaches for the stick attached to the ladle.

He pours the liquid lead into his bullet mold and closes it. The lead hardens almost instantly.

Using his knife, he pops the bullet free of the mold.

KIT  
I gotta be honest with ya John,  
these last few hours you've been  
real shit company.

Kit laughs at his own joke. He's losing it a bit.

He picks up the lead ball up. It's hot to the touch.

He tosses it back and forth in his hands until it's cooled off.

With a soft *clink* the new bullet is dropped into the pouch of bullets from John's secret stash.

Kit places more lead on the hot ladle and waits for it to melt.

He looks over at John.

KIT  
Remember that first year you  
brought me up here? We set up camp  
deep in the woods to trap for a  
few days. We would wake up and  
head out to check our trap lines  
and they would be picked clean.  
One morning we found cougar tracks  
nearby and decided to trail em.  
After a while we came across the  
cougar's den. We waited for hours  
until that mama came out with her  
litter of kittens. Once we saw  
that we decided to leave her be.  
(MORE)

KIT (CONT'D)  
She was only doing what she knew  
to do.

Kit pours the molten lead into the bullet mold again.

KIT  
(cont'd)  
But I'll tell you what, if that  
mama cougar ever came for me in  
the middle of the night, I would  
have had no qualms about puttin  
her down.

Kit pops the bullet from the mold.

KIT  
Ellie was the last bit of Emma  
that I had left. I'm sad she's  
gone but I am not angry at the  
creature. It's not its fault, it's  
just nature.

He drops the final bullet in the pouch and holds it up. It sags  
low from the weight of all the ammo.

KIT  
(contd)  
But when it comes for me... I'm  
gonna put it down... It's man VS,  
simple as that.

A fire has been lit in Kit's belly. He's not going down without  
a fight.

He slips the pouch into his possibles bag.

#### **EXT. CABIN CLEARING - LATER**

A light snow begins to fall.

Kit is dragging John through the clearing towards the woods  
around the side of the cabin.

#### **EXT. WOODS - LATE AFTERNOON**

We are close up on the top of John's greasy head. His chin is  
drooping into his chest.

Slowly he lifts his blood crusted face to camera, dead eyes  
staring into ours until... slump... His whole head sharply  
drops then immediately shoots back up again.

The jolting up and down has caused John's mouth to open and tongue to flop out past his yellow teeth.

KIT

Shit. May have cooked ya a little too long.

We pull back to see kit trying to tie his dead half naked friend's head up to a tree.

A few bits of rope already hold his sagging body firmly to the trunk, giving the illusion that he's standing on his own.

His hands are tied together in front of him and at his feet sits the powder keg.

Kit finishes securing up his friend's head.

Reaching into his possibles bag, he takes out the pouch of lead bullets and begins to push them into the wounds on John's chest and forehead.

KIT

I had plans to come back up here and get you when this was all over, bury you proper. But that ain't gonna be an option now.

Kit takes another handful of bullets from his bag and continues on.

KIT

I just want to say thank you one last time before I leave ya here. Thank you for givin your life to try to save mine and for takin me on when I had no place else to go. You became a sort of father to me, taught me everything I know.

The last of the lead balls are placed into John's pockets and a few in his mouth for good measure. Kit lifts the powder keg and places it in John's hands. He ties it firmly into place.

KIT

You were a great man, and just crazy enough that I don't think you would be mad at me for this... at least I hope not.

Kit pulls his knife out. We can't quite make out what he's doing with it.

KIT  
I could stand here and talk on and  
on but I got the feeling I don't  
have a whole lotta time.

He puts his knife away.

KIT  
So this is either goodbye... or  
see you soon... Either way, thanks  
for everything.

Kit pats the powder keg before he turns and walks away. We stay  
on the keg and see that he has carved Ellie's name into the  
side of it.

**INT. CABIN - EARLY EVENING**

BANG goes the chest as the Alpha jolts.

Another attempt to break out.

Kit walks up, puts his hand on the lid, and *taps* gently  
*tap tap tap tap*

KIT  
Quiet now this will all be over  
shortly... one way or another.

The chest shakes again.

He walks back across the cabin and stops at four tall saplings  
that have been wedged deep into the secret compartment in the  
floor. They are arranged in the shape of a diamond.

He has filled the spaces around their base with debris locking  
them into place.

He has two other saplings attached horizontally to the ones in  
the floor at eye and chest level. They stick out far like a  
gate arm. One end is firmly attached to the saplings stuck in  
the ground and the other end has a sharp spear tip tied to it  
that faces towards the door.

He lashes two long pieces of rope right near the spear tips and  
begins to pull them backwards and away from the door, testing  
their flexibility.

The tall sticks in the hole hold tight and allow their  
horizontal partners to bend in a deep U shape.

Kit struggles with the weight of the saplings that want to snap forward and send their spear tips flying through the door frame.

He has made a bootleg version of a spring spear trap.

He slowly lets the ropes loose until the spears are back in their resting position.

He walks over to the table where the foot trap and powder horn from the secret compartment sits. He holds the horn up to the light of the fire to see how much powder remains. Almost full.

His attention is pulled away as...

*CRACK CRACK CRACK*

Kit walks to the window and looks towards the forest.

His grey eyes move over to the travel chest as the alpha howls.

It's time.

#### **EXT. CABIN CLEARING - NIGHT**

Thick snow has started falling from the sky.

the chest sits closed in the middle of the horse paddock. Its lid covered in a thick layer of powder.

The Alpha slams into the side.

It's pissed and wants out.

Kit is walking around lighting his burn piles and torches that he has placed all around the clearing.

The snow glows a deep orange, and the flames pop. Whipping shadows around as the wind blows.

Outside the ring of fire is ink black.

*CRACK CRACK CRACK*

The alpha howls again.

#### **EXT. CABIN CLEARING - LATER**

Looking down on the clearing.

The wind blows through the trees, and we hear the soft rustling of pine needles.

The flames flicker and pop ash into the air.

Rising embers mix with falling snow.

We can't see Kit but we hear the Alpha pleading from the travel chest.

**EXT. TREE LINE - NIGHT**

We are with Kit who is hiding in the tree line.

He is watching closely for any movement.

He thinks he sees something across the clearing.

Just his eyes playing tricks.

A small *pop* not too far off behind him grabs his attention.

He turns around slowly but doesn't see anything.

His eyes struggle to break through the dark.

Another small *popping* sound but this time it's coming from above him.

He looks up just as a shadow crosses his face.

The creature is climbing through the tree tops and passes right over him.

It freezes at the edge of the clearing 40 feet above kit.

Kit holds his breath and slowly tucks as close to the tree he's hiding behind as he can.

Branches make soft *popping* sounds as the beast quietly climbs down to the forest floor.

It lands only a few yards from where Kit is standing and lets out a low guttural sound.

The creature scans the forest and stops.

It's staring right in Kit's direction.

Kit's hands begin to reach for his knife and tomahawk.

Just when he's about to pull them, the Alpha lets out a long howl grabbing the creature's attention.

The creature turns towards the sound and starts making its way over to the Alpha.

**EXT. CABIN CLEARING - NIGHT**

Practically invisible, the snow beast quietly heads into the clearing.

As it gets closer, the orange from the fires reflects off its coat.

**EXT. TREE LINE - NIGHT**

Kit inches his way through the trees.

There's a lit torch he has placed near the tree line. He creeps towards it and ducks back into cover.

From his hiding place he watches as the creature arrives at the chest.

It looks at the unfamiliar object. Gently nudging it. It hears the Alpha moving around but can't figure out how to get to it.

Pulling an arrow from his belt, Kit nocks it and waits for his shot.

The creature continues to check out the box. Out of frustration it slams its hands down on the lid.

A flash of white powder as the hidden foot trap springs. It hits its mark this time.

The creature pulls his hand back and yelps in pain. The trap clenches down on its hand. We notice the powder horn is tied and hanging from it.

Kit lets out a whistle and the creature looks his way.

Perfect.

He slips out from his hiding spot and lowers the arrowhead into the torch.

With a sizzle the cloth sparks to life and lights up Kit's face.

Locked in on his target, Kit takes a deep breath, aims, and fires.

The arrow blazes through the air, heading straight for the powder horn hanging from the steel trap.

It's a direct hit.

The flaming tip pierces the hard shell of the horn and it explodes.

The monster's hand blows apart. Severing fingers and splashing dark blood all over its white coat.

In the chaos the creature kicks over the chest and the Alpha springs loose disappearing into the woods.

Kit grabs the torch and takes off running.

The monster looks towards where Kit disappeared and lets out a furious roar.

#### **EXT. WOODS - NIGHT**

Following it, Kit weaves in and out of the trees.

The torch casts sinister shadows across his face.

He hears the monster crashing through the woods howling.

We see a tsunami of snow blasting through the air all around the monster.

It's furious.

A large rock smashes into a tree trunk right by his head. The trunk splinters.

He ducks and almost trips just as another rock smashes beside him.

He finally sees what he's been looking for.

With one final burst of speed, Kit drops the torch and switches directions.

The monster bursts through the trees.

No Kit, just a burning torch crackling on the ground.

The creature huffs and clacks its teeth.

It looks around until something grabs its attention...

#### **It's John**

It lets out a deafening roar and rushes the body.

Kit quickly emerges from a hole he dug into a large snow drift.

He used the white wolf pelt to camouflage the entrance.

He lights an arrow from the torch he left laying on the ground.

The beast is almost on top of John.

He lifts his bow and takes aim.

He lets the arrow fly just as the monster raises its fists to cave in John's skull.

The creature is fast but the arrow gets there first.

It splits the wood of the barrel, igniting the powder.

**BOOM!**

The creature is knocked off its feet as lead bullets rip out of John's exploding body and launch themselves into its flesh.

The snow beast drops with a loud *THUMP*.

Body parts and chunks of flesh rain down, landing softly in the snow.

Flames have scorched the creature's fur, and blood is pouring from its wounds. It's making a high pitch wheezing sound every time it takes a breath like one of the bullets has pierced a lung.

It's plenty hurt but this isn't over yet.

Kit watches as the beast begins to slowly push itself back up to its feet.

KIT  
Alright, COME ON, I AIN'T DONE  
WITH YA YET!

Kit takes off in the direction of the cabin.

The monster struggles but isn't far behind.

**EXT. CABIN CLEARING - NIGHT**

Kit sprints the whole length of the clearing.

He gets to the door but doesn't go inside, instead he just waits in the doorway.

He sees the bloodstained monster coming through the trees towards the cabin.

KIT  
HEY! Over here! That's right!

He stands firm, waiting until the creature is only a few yards away before turning to go inside.

**INT. CABIN - NIGHT**

Kit barges through the door, tossing his bow aside.

He ducks the spear tips and snatches the rope for his spring spear trap.

His wet feet slip across the floor as he fights to bend the saplings as far back as he can.

The beast smashes into the front of the cabin, reaching its hand through the small door after Kit.

It thrashes its arm around wildly trying to grab him but comes up with air.

Stooping over, it looks through the doorway.

Now's his chance...

Kit lets the ropes slip from his hands. The saplings whip forward, their spear tips embedding themselves in the neck and face of the monster with a dull *SLAP*.

Howling in pain, the creature reaches for the spear tips and pulls them from its body.

It attacks the trap ripping it through the door.

New blood pours from the large holes.

The creature, now almost more red than white, backs away from the cabin.

Silence.

Kit warily walks towards the door and looks out.

*WHAM*

He launches back just in time.

The monster begins ramming into the cabin trying to knock the whole thing down.

*WHAM*

Its shoulder slams into the outside wall.

*WHAM*

The whole cabin shakes.

Kit's lamp falls to the ground and breaks, spilling kerosene all over the floor.

WHAM

It hits it from another side. The structure is beginning to give out.

The creature slams into the cabin one more time, almost completely knocking one of the walls down.

It uses its giant hands to rip away at the crumbling wall in an attempt to get inside.

Kit looks over and sees the Molotov cocktails he made still sitting on the table.

He takes his flint and steel out and smashes them together, creating a spark.

Things are starting to fall down around him. The roof is caving in.

More sparks.

Finally, the alcohol-soaked wick takes. He uses it to light the other cocktails.

The beast has almost made its way inside.

Kit turns with his arm raised and lets the first cocktail fly.

It smashes into the creature, further burning its bloodstained coat and face. The beast claws at its body in an attempt to put itself out.

Some of the burning alcohol hits the pool of kerosene that has spread across the floor. It ignites quickly, lighting the cabin on fire.

Another loud roar and the creature starts to fight its way inside again.

A second cocktail is thrown.

The glass shatters and flaming liquid soaks everything.

The fire continues to burn hot and spread through the cabin.

Kit makes his way for one of the back windows just as the beast rips its way through the wall.

The creature begins crawling through the flames after him.

Almost at the window, he gets tugged backwards. The monster has grabbed his leg with its one good hand.

The force makes him drop the final Molotov cocktail. It clatters to the floor.

He kicks at the creatures face and hands with his free foot but it just squeezes harder.

The bones begin to snap and pop in Kit's shin until it finally breaks.

He screams in pain

KIT  
AAAAARRRRRGHHHHH!!!

Grabbing for his tomahawk, Kit smashes it down over and over again onto the beast's hand, drawing blood and severing fingers.

The creature finally lets go. The tomahawk stays firmly embedded in its hand.

Kit gets a grip on the fallen Molotov cocktail and scrambles away.

Flames lick the walls all around him.

He turns one last time to the monster and whips the final cocktail into its screaming maw just before he pulls himself up and out the window.

#### **EXT. CABIN CLEARING - NIGHT**

Crashing to the snow, Kit crawls away.

The creature screams and howls as it's burned alive.

A loud *CRUNCH* and the roof caves in.

Slowly, the muffled screaming stops.

Kit is really fucked up. He has a broken leg and severe burns on his face and hands. He knows he's not going to make it.

Gently, he reaches his burnt hand down to his side and pulls his pistol from its holster.

He gives a small chuckle as he watches the cabin burn, the flames flicker in his eyes.

He raises the pistol to his temple.

KIT  
Well, I did say I'd burn it to the  
ground.

He takes a deep breath and looks towards the sky.

KIT  
See you shortly pal...

Kit pulls the trigger....

*click.* Misfire

KIT  
Jesus Christ.... are you fucking  
kidding me?

He rolls the cylinder back, puts the gun up to his head and  
pulls the trigger...

*CLICK.* Misfire again.

Kit starts to laugh as he rolls the cylinder back one more  
time.

KIT  
I'm gonna be a minute!  
(to himself)  
At least I ain't gonna get turned  
into monster shit...

Just then a loud groaning sound comes from the cabin.

Kit looks up as the the creature pushes a large piece of the  
roof aside and emerges from the flames and debris.

80% of its body is covered in burns and blood, its face almost  
unrecognizable.

It looks over towards Kit.

KIT  
Sonofabitch.

It limps its battered body towards him wheezing with each step.

Kit doesn't even try to crawl away.

KIT  
Alright then...

He pulls his knife with his free hand but the creature grabs  
his wrist knocking the blade away.

The creature squeezes hard, snapping his wrist like a twig.

Kit growls in pain.

KIT  
AAAACKKKKKK!!!

The monster squats down to look at Kit face to face. Kit's grey eyes meet its good blue one.

They stare each other down. Both burnt, hurt, and dying but neither is willing to look away.

The creature roars and Kit screams right back.

KIT  
AHHHHHHHH!!!!!!!

The monster goes to lunge and Kit raises the pistol.

**BANG.** The thing goes off and hits the beast right between the eyes.

It drops like a sack of bricks right onto Kit's legs, pinning him to the ground.

Kit tries to push the dead beast off of him but he can't budge it.

KIT  
(to the pistol)  
OF COURSE! OF COURSE YOU GO OFF  
NOW YOU PIECE OF SHIT!

He throws the gun and tries to push the monster off of him again but it's not moving.

KIT  
(to himself)  
Stupid bastard... you use your  
only way out when you were just  
gonna die anyway. Stupid, stupid,  
bastard.

Yelling back at the pistol he threw away

KIT  
WHERE WERE YOU WHEN I NEEDED YA  
BARELY A MINUTE AGO!?

He looks around and spots his knife laying on the ground.

His fingers crawl along the snow desperately trying to grab the handle, but it's just out of reach.

He looks down at the hatchet embedded in the creatures hand but he can't get to that either.

Kit takes a deep breath and lays back in the snow, resigned to his fate.

He gives a small chuckle.

KIT  
(to the sky)  
Well John I guess I'm taking the  
long way.

CRACK CRACK CRACK

Kit shoots up. He can't believe it....

CRACK            CRACK

CRACK

CRACK

CRACK

CRACK

CRACK  
CRACK

\*CRACK

CRACK

CRACK

CRACK

CRACK

CRACK

CRACK  
CRACK

The cracking noises are coming from all over the woods.

His head moves towards each *cracking sound*. There are so many he's going to snap his neck trying to see where they're all coming from.

All at once they stop.

A familiar low growl sounds from the trees beside him.

Two wolves slip from the darkness.

They stare at Kit.

Kit stares back, unsure of what's going to happen next.

The wolves do nothing, they just sit.

A shadow crosses Kit's face.

He looks past the wolves just as another snow creature emerges from the woods.

This one is massive. It's at least twice the size of the last one and looks older. Its coat isn't as white and its face is more grizzled and scarred.

It's lit up by the smoldering cabin.

It makes its way over to Kit, its large feet quietly padding across the snow.

It squats down looking at the dead creature that has Kit pinned to the ground.

It gently lays a hand on it and makes a soft grumbling noise. It seems sad.

Finally it turns its attention to Kit. It's not quite sure what to make of him.

It's large blue eyes stare from deep set sockets. It leans in and the breath from the creatures nose blows Kit's hair back as it sniffs at him. It reaches out a giant hand and softly pulls and pokes at his scorched clothing before resting its palm on his head.

Kit knows.

He looks the creature in the eyes.

KIT  
No one would believe me anyway.

The camera begins to float up and away.

With a sickening crack the beast pulls hard, removing Kit's head from his neck. His body falls limp, pumping a massive pool of blood into the snow and onto the creatures feet.

The giant drops Kit's head to the ground before carefully picking up its fallen kin and placing it over its shoulder.

#### **EXT. CABIN CLEARING - NIGHT**

We see the cabin clearing from high above.

The creature walks slowly back into the woods followed by its wolves.

You almost wouldn't even know it was there if it weren't for the bloody footprints it was leaving behind.

We hold on the clearing as the snow continues to fall.

CUT TO BLACK.

THE END