

The Elements

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FADE IN:

EXT. WINTER FOREST - DAY

Miles and miles of a frozen covered landscape. Tall white spruces, snow everywhere.

Through the thick heavily dense trees, a man sits at the bottom of one. BILL (late forties), his back leaned up against it.

His beard and face are covered in frost. A look of hopelessness envelopes him.

He peers down at his right leg. A hard white bone protrudes out through his calf.

He touches the bone lightly. He winces from the sheer pain.

Sound of snow CRUNCHING nearby.

His head nervously jerks from side to side, as he tries to locate the origin.

A younger man approaches. JEFF(late twenties).

JEFF

You wouldn't believe what I found.

BILL

Anyone else alive?

JEFF

No, just more bodies. But look what I found.

Jeff pulls out a lighter.

JEFF(CONT'D)

You believe it, fuckin' fire.

Bill let's out a hopeful laugh.

BILL

Where did you find it?

JEFF

Found it on a body. To think I gave up smoking cause' I thought it kill me. Who knew.

(CONTINUED)

BILL

OK, lets' get this fire started.

Jeff crouches down to an already built makeshift fire pit. A one foot hole covered in twigs and leaves.

He clicks the lighter, Nothing. He tries again and again. Over and over, no flame.

BILL

C'mon, C'mon.

JEFF

It was working before. C'mon you fuckin' piece of shit, work!

CLICK, CLICK, CLICK... nothing.

BILL

Jeff, Just go man. Just go.

JEFF

What? Stop talking crazy.

He continues to CLICK the lighter.

BILL

You need to leave me here.

JEFF

I'm not just gonna' leave you here to die.

BILL

You'll die if you stay. I cant move. I wish I could, I just cant. I don't have the energy. And I cant put pressure on this. But you can go and find help. Do it now, while we still have time.

JEFF

I cant leave you like this.

BILL

Yes you can. I'm asking you to. Please, Just go. There's no point of arguing.

Jeff hands him the lighter.

JEFF

Take this then. Just keep trying.
Don't stop, you hear me? You need
to get a fire goin' before...

BILL

I know.

JEFF

I'll send someone back as soon as I
can.

BILL

I know you will. Hey, good luck.

JEFF

Yea, you too Bill.

Jeff walks away.

EXT. NIGHT

The cold wind howls as it courses between trees.

Bill bares down, taking the brunt of the harsh blistering
wind.

BILL

I'm goin' home. I'm goin' home. I'm
goin'..

EXT. FOREST - MORNING

Bill is leaned over on his side as he tries to get the
lighter to work.

CLICK, CLICK CLICK...nothing.

He leans back up, defeated.

Sounds of snow CRUNCHING behind him.

BILL

Jeff? That you?

No answer.

Bill positions his body to see behind him. What he see's is
not Jeff. Instead, a large rare White tiger approaches him
slowly.

Bill snaps his head back around. Drenched in utter fear. He
remains absolutely still.

(CONTINUED)

The White tiger circles Bill. It finally stops directly in front of him. The large blue eyes of the tiger lock in with Bill's.

The tiger moves in closer. Inches from Bill's face.

Bill is motionless. Frozen in place.

As they continue to lock eyes, fear is replaced with a strange sense of serenity. As this large beautiful white tiger appears to have no intent to harm the man.

The tiger slowly backs up, then proceeds to walk away.

Bill breathes a sigh of relief. He picks up the lighter and tries once more.

CLICK, CLICK...FIRE!

It works. Bill feverishly puts the lighter underneath the brush of twigs and leaves.

Smoke, then fire emerges from the pit.

BILL

Yes! Yes!. Oh god thank you.

He rubs his hands and places them above the fire.

LATER --

The fire still burns, it CRACKLES and POPS.

Bill stomach GRUMBLES. His body is weakened as Famine takes hold.

He spots nearby, a weasel like animal. The Ermine.

It pops it's head out of a hole in the lower basin of a tree, then retreats back inside.

LATER --

Bill looks down at his broken leg, and the bone that sticks out. He makes a decision. He uses his thumb to push the bone back in place.

He presses down hard.

BILL

Ahhhhhhhh!

The bone slips beneath the skin. He uses a ripped piece of cloth from the inside lining of his jacket, to tighten and strengthen the use of his leg.

LATER --

Clutching himself up with a large branch. Bill makes his way to the tree where the Ermine was spotted.

He leans up against the tree. With a shorter stick in his other hand, he uses it to jab inside the hole.

Sounds of the Ermine SCREAMING.

He continues to thrust the stick, jabbing away.

The screams come to a stop.

He pulls the stick out with the carcass of a dead Ermine on the other end.

LATER --

Bill chews off a piece of cooked Ermine at the end of a stick. A look of pleasant satisfaction across his face.

LATER --

Bill stuffs cooked Ermine meat into his pockets. He stands up using a branch for support.

He takes a 360 degree look around him. Then chooses to head in the direction that Jeff went.

Each step painful. Each step more impossible than the next. But Bill strides on.

He stops.

Bill gazes at something before him. It's a limb. Half an arm, resting in the snow.

He then looks up ahead, see's in the distance a large metal object with a red stripe down the middle.

It's the wing of the plane.

Pieces of wreckage are scattered all around. Luggage's and seats are planted in the snow.

He scours the area. He collects a few useful items. A bottle of whiskey and bag of potato chips.

He moves on.

(CONTINUED)

EXT. NIGHT

Another frigid night is before him. He balls him self up, he suffers through it.

BILL
(convincing himself)
I'm goin' home. I'm goin' home.

EXT. MORNING

Bill walks through a patch of deep packed snow. Snow up to his knee.

He spots a blue material in the snow in ahead of him. It stands alone in the sea of pure white.

He makes his way up to it.

It's a body.

He turns the body over of the man with the blue jacket.

It's Jeff. Frozen stiff. His insides have been shredded and ripped up.

BILL
Jeff.

Bill can see dotted specs of blood leading away from Jeff's body. But before Bill can investigate this further, a sudden horrific sound shakes him to his core.

Two teeth snarling timber wolves, fifteen feet back, eye down Bill.

BILL
Shit.

Bill survey's the landscape around him. Mobility, near zero. Survival, doubtful.

The timber wolves move in.

Bill grips his branch, the only weapon he's got.

BILL
You want dinner? Well you're gonna'
have to earn it.

The timber wolves charge in.

A loud growl stops both of them in their tracks.

(CONTINUED)

The white tiger rears up from the side of them.

The timber wolves snarl back.

The tiger growls again.

Both timber wolves retreat in fear.

Bill looks over at the tiger.

BILL

Thanks.

The tiger disappears back into the woods.

LATER --

Bill approaches an opening in the trees. A clearing ahead.
What he see's --

Miles of frozen tundra. But at the edge of the horizon,
hope. A mountain top, void of snow. Green trees litter it's
top. And more importantly, a highway that wraps around it.

BILL

I'm coming home.

Bill marches on.

FADE OUT: