

Oil

written by

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INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

A beam of light shines through a small old window.

A Dream Catcher dangles from the window sill, it is homemade with twigs and threads. The only open window in the house gives a brief amount of sunlight each day just enough for a person to dream of the outside world.

She looks up into the window, a beautiful aboriginal woman thin and frail. SHENOA, twenty years old. Her bright eyes look up as if freedom is close but too far. This is the only light she will receive all day.

The silhouette of the dream catcher is seen on her body. She is wearing a worn tank top and underwear, reaching up to the dream catcher and spinning it at random intervals.

SHENOA (V.O.)

My father told me a story when I was young. He told me long ago, near the beginning of the world, Grey Eagle guarded the sun, moon, stars, water, and fire. But Grey Eagle hated people. He hated them so much that he kept these things hidden away, and the people lived in cold and darkness. Grey Eagle had a beautiful daughter who fancied Raven, for Raven was a handsome white bird who loved Grey Eagle's daughter in return. He was invited to the longhouse of Grey Eagle. Raven looked about the walls of the lodge and saw the sun, the moon, the stars, water, and fire. Raven was ashamed of Grey Eagle for hiding them, and knew what he must do. When no one was watching, he stole all these things from the lodge of Grey Eagle. He flew with them right up the smoke hole of the long house. He flew and he flew, higher and higher. He hung the sun as high as he could in the sky. It made so much light that he was able to escape all the way to an island far out in the ocean. When night fell, he flew again, this time fastening the moon up in the sky and hanging each star in its own place around the heavens. Then he flew back over the land, still carrying the water and the fire.

(MORE)

SHENOA (V.O.) (CONT'D)

When he reached the right place, he dropped the water, creating the source of all fresh water - rivers, lakes, and streams. Raven flew on, still carrying the stick of fire in his beak. As he flew, the smoke blew back on him, turning all of his feathers the darkest black. When his beak became too hot, he dropped the fire on some rocks, concealing it within them. Still today when we strike two stones together, drops of fire will spark out. And still today, we see the black feathers of the raven, darkened forever because he brought good things to this world. It feels like I am the Raven and I've been here in the lodge for years. Three winters in this house. I've tried to escape and leave this place behind, but he finds me. He always does.

-HOW THE RAVEN STOLE THE SUN

FLASHBACK:

INT/EXT. DOORWAY - DAY

A door knob twists. Footsteps make the sound of somebody sprinting. Shenoa is dashing to the front door.

With all her strength she hits the opening door sending a man trying to enter to the ground. This is DAVE. A bearded man in his early thirties. He looks Blue Collar like he just got back from a construction site.

Dave grunts in frustration as he begins his pursuit.

DAVE

Ah fuck.

EXT. FIELD - DAY

Shenoa is limping through a field of snow. She hardly has any clothes on and is barefoot. The winter cold is too much for her.

Dave catches up to her and picks her up carrying her back to the house.

Shenoa is shaking uncontrollably it must be -35 outside.

INT. BEDROOM — DAY

Shenoa is kicking and screaming with what energy she has left. The room is dark and dreary. Closer to a prison cell than a bedroom.

SHENOA

No, no.

DAVE

Sh...

Dave throws her onto the bed and puts her under the covers to warm her up.

END FLASHBACK:

INT. LIVING ROOM — DAY

The light still shines on Shenoa's face. She's almost motionless. Stuck in her own imagination thinking of the freedom of the world outside as she stares at the dream catcher.

She walks around the room. Random pieces of old furniture make up the decor. The house is worn down. The person is almost too poor to renovate it or doesn't care enough to repair it.

Random alterations to the house exist to turn the house into a prison. The gray tones make it look the part.

A blacked out kitchen window with metal bars bolted into the frame of the house.

A hole in the wall where Shenoa tried to escape shows rebar in the walls.

SHENOA (V.O.)

One week on. One week off. I tried to escape every chance I got at first.

A metal wire is wrapped around Shenoa's ankle. This is high grade titanium welded to her ankle.

SHENOA (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Each time he finds me. We are alone in the wilderness. Far from people. Nobody hears my cries or screams.

(MORE)

SHENOA (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
I still try to keep strong so that  
I can leave this place some day.

Shenoa is dancing. It is a traditional aboriginal dance that she learned as a child. She moves around the room as if there were drums beating and people chanting.

SHENOA (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
I have to do chores. I wash his  
clothes by hand.

INT. LAUNDRY ROOM — DAY

Shenoa is scrubbing a rubber work suite. It is drenched in oil stains. She struggles to brush the stains out with all her strength.

SHENOA (V.O.)  
It's the only way to get the oil  
out.

Oil runs off the clothes into an old drainage sink. The basement has small cracks of light peaking through the concrete. The area reminiscent of an old storm cellar.

INT. LIVING ROOM — DAY

Shenoa gets up and stretches. She is barely wearing any clothes.

She moves around the room, not much to do. She scratches her hair. Looking around curious and puzzled what to do.

SHENOA (V.O.)  
He makes me clean and cook for him.  
Some weeks he barely leaves me  
enough to live. When I don't do  
something he hurts me. He turns off  
the heat for a week. It gets cold  
and alone. I get frightened each  
week. I know when he comes home. I  
dread it.

Shenoa takes the Dream Catcher down and hides it underneath the couch. She straightens the furniture. Puffs the pillows.

INT. BEDROOM — DAY

Shenoa is making the bed, tightening the sheets and covers. Her leash is long enough to make it around the house.

SHENOA (V.O.)  
If I try to escape it hurts more.  
If I do what he wants I survive.  
I'm in less pain.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Shenoa leans against the wall. She slides down. Looking scared and hopeless.

SHENOA (V.O.)  
I can't help but be scared. Each  
time he comes back.

She curls into a ball afraid of Dave coming through the front door.

A key is turning the locks on the front door. Somebody is coming through. The door creaks open. Dave's silhouette shines through the open door.

Shenoa is in the corner trying to protect herself from Dave.

SHENOA  
No. No.

Dave walks up to her and starts to grab her wrists and drag her to the bedroom.

Shenoa isn't fighting so much as making crying pleas. She has almost given in.

SHENOA (CONT'D)  
Please stop.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Shenoa is staring up at the ceiling blankly. Waiting for it to be over. Dave's shoulders move back and forward. He is raping her.

She has no emotion or no feeling. She is just sitting there letting him finish off.

SHENOA (V.O.)  
Week after week. He takes me when  
he wants. I don't know how to fight  
back anymore.

## INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Shenoa is lying on her side looking away from her captor. Dave just lies there. He's done what he wants. Looking happy with himself.

DAVE

Front room.

Shenoa goes to the living room. Dave commands a certain amount of obedience. This is the prison that he has designed for Shenoa.

There is a table with a bunch of photos of Dave growing up with his family. They almost look normal making it weird that Dave is a kidnapper and rapist.

He is staring at the table with intent as he believes that he has just done well by his family.

## INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Shenoa is sleeping on the couch with a small blanket draped around her. Her eyes open, she won't sleep tonight.

## INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Shenoa is bringing Dave a sandwich. He sits on the couch with his feet kicked up.

What's more hard work the oil fields or keeping her prisoner.

DAVE

You remind me of her.

SHENOA

Your mother?

DAVE

No you're not that beautiful.

SHENOA

Leanna.

DAVE

Yes. I remember it like yesterday. He forced me out of the house into some bullshit college program. He was drunk as a donkey.

SHENOA

Not like you.

DAVE

I enjoy a drink every now and again. But he enjoyed her when he got drunk. Slipped into her room. My mother turned a blind eye.

SHENOA

You're stronger than him.

DAVE

Damn right I am. You have her eyes and her fingers.

SHENOA

Why don't you go back to her?

DAVE

I tried once. It didn't end well. No I'll never see them again. Just like you'll never see your family again.

EXT. FRONT OF HOUSE — MORNING

Dave is parking a snowmobile in his shed on the outside of the house. Another freezing cold day.

He drapes a hunting rifle on his shoulder.

He locks his gun away and begins to walk into the house. The garage looks like the most modern part of the house. With locked utility drawers that house tools and equipment.

INT. BEDROOM — MORNING

Dave walks into the bedroom his family pictures smashed. The pictures are out of their frames and some are ripped.

Dave is reacting emotionally. He grabs her hair and pulls her out of the room.

DAVE

Well. You did this. You bitch. Know you can think about it outside.

Dave charges out of the room.



INT. LIVING ROOM — MORNING

Dave throws her into the middle of the room. She really has no weight to her.

Shenoa gets back up and firmly stands in the middle of the room and watches Dave charge at her.

SHENOA

Your family is as fucked up as you are.

DAVE

No.

Dave pushes her into the corner and smacks her in the face.

She lies against the wall trying to fend off Dave.

EXT. HOUSE — DAY

Shenoa is huddled outside the houses front door, freezing attached to her leash.

SHENOA

I can't. I can't. Ah...

The cold is torture if you're left outside long enough with no clothes.

SHENOA (CONT'D)

Help. Help.

INT. LIVING ROOM — MORNING

The morning light peeks through the window. Birds chirp outside.

Dave is unloading groceries in the kitchen.

Shenoa comes over to help him. She is peaking at the groceries like a nervous kid hoping that there will be enough to hold her in Dave's absence.

SHENOA

There isn't enough.

DAVE

There's enough for me. Don't want a fat Indian girl.

SHENOA  
I'll get sick again.

DAVE  
Groceries are expensive. I need a  
new truck.

SHENOA  
Did you get it?

Shenoa grabs a pregnancy test from one of the grocery bags.  
She goes to the washroom.

DAVE  
With the door open.

INT. WASHROOM — MORNING

Shenoa has a pregnancy test in her hands as she sits on the  
toilette. The color turns blue. Dave walks in.

DAVE  
So what is it?

SHENOA  
It looks like I'll be eating for  
two.

DAVE  
Shit.

Dave looks disappointed and leans up against the door. He  
doesn't know what to think or feel.

DAVE (CONT'D)  
Go into the other room.

SHENOA  
I didn't mean to get pregnant.

DAVE  
Now.

Shenoa leaves into the other room.

DAVE (CONT'D)  
Ah.

Dave begins shouting at the top of his lungs and is tearing  
apart the bathroom. Beating holes in the wall and ripping  
shelves off their hinges.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Shenoa is lying on the floor again. Staring at the window.

The dream catcher moves left to right. She is alone again while Dave is working in the oil fields.

Her hands are moving around her stomach.

SHENOA (V.O.)

I always thought I would be the raven. Flying out of here giving the world everything wonderful. But maybe I'm Grey Eagle's daughter and you were the one to fly away. Either way I will love you and protect you.

INT. LAUNDRY ROOM - DAY

Shenoa is cleaning Dave's oil dirtied clothes. Scrubbing as hard as she can.

SHENOA

Hmm...

There are some stubborn stains. But nothing a little elbow grease can't solve.

SHENOA (V.O.)

I just need to keep working hard and maybe he'll let us be a family. Or I can leave. But he finds me time after time.

Shenoa has a bucket full of oil grease. She wipes the grease on her ankle and slips her leash off.

SHENOA (V.O.) (CONT'D)

He doesn't know that I can escape the leash. I'm waiting till the summer when my feet don't freeze.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Shenoa goes into the center of the room and does some stretches. She is free of her leash and enjoys the movement. To her this is a small win.

SHENOA (V.O.)  
I don't know what the future holds.  
I need to be strong for me and my  
raven.

INT. BEDROOM — NIGHT

Shenoa is in bed at night. She shifts around below the blankets. Tossing and turning.

Shenoa wakes up in a cold sweat. Her heart beating out of her chest. She is out of breath.

SHENOA (V.O.)  
The dream catcher must have missed  
one.

EXT. DRIVEWAY — MORNING

A pickup truck is pulling into the driveway. It looks like there are chains on the tires to keep it balanced on the country road.

INT. KITCHEN — MORNING

Dave unloads more groceries. Shenoa is getting out of bed greeting Dave with a smile.

SHENOA  
More food this week.

DAVE  
Now that you're eating for two.

SHENOA  
You're letting me keep Raven.

DAVE  
You named it. For now yes.

Shenoa hugs Dave and is all smiles almost as if she is pretending to be a normal couple.

INT. BEDROOM — NIGHT

Dave is lying on his back getting a massage by Shenoa. Hands move up and down Dave's coarse back.

DAVE  
Why Raven?

SHENOA

Raven was my mother's name.

Dave turns and smiles at Shenoa. He grabs her hands and holds them close to her body.

Shenoa stops and faces him. They're looking into each other's eyes.

SHENOA (CONT'D)

Can we be a family?

DAVE

Yes.

The two sit in silence on the bed. We can almost feel the tension between captive and captor in a pause.

DAVE (CONT'D)

As long as there is no trouble.  
Don't have the energy to deal with  
you, a baby and work. If you try  
anything.

SHENOA

I won't.

DAVE

Better not. Trained you well.

Shenoa moves into his arms and they lay together. A normal couple.

INT. KITCHEN — MORNING

Dave is loading his Duffel bag full of work clothes. A helmet, rubber gloves, work pants and a mask.

Shenoa puts his lunch in a metal container.

DAVE

Do you have my work suite?

SHENOA

It is still hanging in the laundry  
room.

Dave suddenly smashes his fist on the kitchen cabinet and then against the fridge. Yells furiously and uncontrolled.

DAVE

God-damn it.

It looks like Dave is about to beat Shenoa. She begins to cry and move into a little ball in the corner.

SHENOA  
(Cries)  
No.

DAVE  
Get up I'm not going to. Go get the  
suite.

INT. LAUNDRY ROOM — MORNING

Shenoa taking a clean rubber suite off its hanger. She is folding it neatly into a bag.

More dirty suites lay in hampers in the room. Covered in mud and oil. This is one dirty man Shenoa has to clean up after.

INT. LIVING ROOM — MORNING

Shenoa hands it to Dave. He takes the bag and shoves it into his bigger Duffel bag. It's big enough to fit a small body.

SHENOA  
It's dry now.

DAVE  
That's your job. Do it right.

Dave leaves through the front door. There are sounds of him locking the doors behind him. Sounds of a diesel truck driving off.

Shenoa is trying to catch her breath. She just avoided a beating but still relieved she's alone.

INT. LIVING ROOM — NIGHT

The dream catcher hangs from the ceiling as Shenoa lies on the floor. The bed still doesn't appeal to her as much.

SHENOA (V.O.)  
I now think that there is a life  
out of here. That Raven will grow  
up free. Maybe if he trusts me  
enough he can think that we can  
live together outside here. As a  
family in the city.

Shenoa reaches up to the dream catcher. She is almost dancing with her arms. She moves them down and around her belly where the fetus is becoming a small child.

SHENOA (V.O.) (CONT'D)

He has given me more than any other man in my life. Maybe I could learn to love him and be with him. He can take care us. Let Raven fly.

INT. WASHROOM - DAY

Shenoa has put on clothes today and it looks like she is brushing her hair making herself look nice for no apparent reason. Shenoa looks at herself in the mirror.

SHENOA

You'd make a good mother.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY/NIGHT

Shenoa is sitting on the couch all dressed up in an outfit that looks traditional and old-fashioned. Waiting to be a mother. The light moves in and out of the room. She sits alone at night.

The traditional housewife you'd see in the 1950's. Waiting and longing for her husbands return. Shenoa is putting on the role to keep her hopes up.

INT. LAUNDRY ROOM - DAY

The clothes are all clean and nicely folded. Some rubber suites are hanging on clothing lines.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Shenoa is still in her clothes and waiting patiently. She wipes the kitchen counters as a distraction.

SHENOA (V.O.)

Is this what a good wife does? Is this what a good mother does?

Shenoa is going diligently about her chores. Even cleaning the inside of the fridge.

EXT. PARKING LOT — DAY

It looks like Dave is all finished his week at the refinery. He is loading his equipment into the back of his truck.

HAL, an older man with a few more years of blue collar work around his belly approaches Dave.

HAL

Hey Dave. We just got word they're opening two new plants up the road.

DAVE

Lot's more oil. Lot more work.

HAL

Might need you to take on a bigger role training the boys.

DAVE

Okay. Gotta keep that black gold flowing.

HAL

That's what I wanted to hear.

Dave gets into his truck.

INT. WASHROOM — DAY

Shenoa is over the toilette with morning sickness. She moves her hair behind her neck. Picking herself up, she walks out of the bathroom. More of a mess than usual.

INT. KITCHEN — DAY

Dave is unloading more groceries into the cabinets. Shenoa walks in a little dizzy and unwell.

DAVE

Are you done?

Shenoa nods.

SHENOA

Mm...

DAVE

I'll be working more, so I'll have to leave you longer.



SHENOA

Will there be enough food?

DAVE

Twice as much and I got Raven something.

Dave reaches into a grocery bag and gives Shenoa a white teddy bear.

DAVE (CONT'D)

This is for Raven when she comes.

SHENOA

Thank you.

Shenoa has a small look of joy on her face. She celebrates and hugs Dave.

INT. BEDROOM — NIGHT

Shenoa is lying on top of Dave, nothing covering them but a blanket. Almost looks like she is there intentionally. Maybe she is just a good actress.

SHENOA (V.O.)

This isn't that bad. I can live with no love in my heart as long as I know Raven will have a chance.

INT. WASHROOM — MORNING

Shenoa is over the toilet again. More sick than usual. She walks out of the washroom.

INT. LIVING ROOM — DAY

Shenoa walks into the living room grasping her belly. She is experiencing a gross amount of pain. Stumbling back and forward she finally collapses onto the floor.

INT. MACHINE ROOM — DAY

It is a small warehouse floor. Dave is getting a processor up and running. The machine seems stubborn unable to start. Dave is fixing the machine.

DAVE

And there she goes.

The machine starts up. A conveyor belt starts rotating. One of Dave's colleagues walks up to him.

OIL WORKER

You really love this Dave?

DAVE

Gotta get that oil. Keep that black gold running.

Dave smiles as the refineries' operation begins to get back to normal.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM — DAY

Three panelists are sitting at a table dressed in professional business attire. Two middle-aged men and a woman sport the panel of people interviewing Dave for a job.

Dave enters the room for his interview. He is wearing loose business attire. His shirt is barely tucked in and his tie messy around his neck.

HAL

Common in Dave. How are you doing today?

Dave walks up to the chair and sits in front of the panel.

DAVE

Good.

HAL

Thank you for joining us today. Of course, we're creating three new wells or clear cutting two thousand acres of forest to mine the oil out of the sand, and we need a site supervisor.

DAVE

We need more oil.

HAL

We brought you in today because of your extensive experience. But really we need to know more about you to make an informed decision.

LADY BOSS

Dave we are going to be trusting a lot of company resources behind the project, and we'd like to know we have the right man for the job.

BOSS 2

There is a lot at stake right now. This project has been entrusted to us because we won a bid to develop the land on indigenous territory.

DAVE

There is only one way to develop that land and that's clear cutting them forests. Digging up that sand and running it through a processor and throwing whatever is left in them tailing ponds.

HAL

We're well aware of the environmental toll of the process.

DAVE

Well it's the cheapest way to get the oil out of the ground.

BOSS LADY

It takes a considerable workforce to create the operation. You haven't stopped working for us since you started. What's life like for you up here?

DAVE

It's my mission. Getting that oil into the cars, into the factories. I'm not going to stop till I get every damn drop out of that ground. We need that energy. That black gold.

HAL

You're level of determination and purpose is impressive. Dave I think you're the right man for the job. I'm going to improve your salary increase to 250 000 a year plus benefits and paid vacation.

INT. LIVING ROOM — DAY

Shenoa stares at the dream catcher. She holds her belly unable to move. Blood stains litter the carpet. She has lost Raven.

Shenoa is in tears. There is no child to look forward to. She is going to have to escape by herself for herself.

SHENOA  
(Cries)

Locks unwind. Dave enters the house locking the door behind him.

Shenoa doesn't look like she's moving.

DAVE  
Well what happened here?

Dave walks up to Shenoa and pushes her hair behind her head. She's unconscious but still shivering from the cold.

He picks her up and carries her to another room.

INT. BEDROOM — DAY

Dave carries Shenoa into the bed and tucks her under the covers. Despite him holding her captive against her will it looks like the man actually cares for her.

Shenoa looks like she is sleeping peacefully in the silent room.

A pair of wire cutters cuts off the wire around Shenoa's ankle as it can be a hassle for Dave to move her around.

SHENOA  
I lost Raven.

DAVE  
I know, sleep now. It will take a while.

Dave rolls up the covers on Shenoa. She falls asleep.

INT. KITCHEN — NIGHT

Shenoa stumbles into the kitchen. Looking dizzy and half out of it.

Dave is throwing out things from the fridge. He is pouring out a juice jug down the drain.

SHENOA  
What are you doing?

DAVE  
You didn't think I actually wanted to have a kid with you. You wench. Ha ha.

SHENOA  
What. Why?

DAVE  
You'll cook and you'll clean my clothes tell every goddamn drop of oil is squeezed from this earth. I would never raise a child with you. I poisoned the juice and the food.

SHENOA  
No.

Shenoa slips back into the bedroom.

INT. BEDROOM — DAY

Shenoa again passes out on the bed. Maybe this is sadness or the weakness after her miscarriage.

DAVE  
(Laughter)

SHENOA  
No.

EXT. HOUSE — MORNING

Birds are chirping outside. The surrounding tree branches are covered in snow. Winter is in its deepest cold.

INT. LIVING ROOM — MORNING

Dave wakes up. He is slowly moving on the couch. He doesn't look like he is very enthusiastic. Not exactly a morning person.

DAVE  
You awake in there? Open the door.

Shenoa opens the door and smashes Dave's head with a lamp. He falls to the floor like a tree in the forest.

Shenoa frisks his pockets for the keys and grabs them out of Dave's pants. He wrestles with her and tries to bring her to the floor.

Shenoa pushes Dave down and runs to the door. She quickly unlocks the three pad locks on the door and runs out.

EXT. HOUSE — MORNING

Shenoa bursts out of the house wearing nothing but her underwear. She is sprinting as fast as she can to get away from Dave.

Dave follows Shenoa out of the house.

DAVE

You know you won't get far.

Dave goes inside and shuts the doors behind him.

EXT. ROAD — MORNING

Shenoa is running down the road in her bare feet. It was roughly plowed probably by Dave himself. The road is rugged and hard.

Pure determination and anger drives Shenoa to run at her fastest. Like Pocahontas moving through woods or painting the colors of the wind behind her.

INT. LIVING ROOM — DAY

Dave is putting on his work pants. He reaches into a coat room and grabs his jacket. He puts on his boots and gets his keys out of his jacket.

EXT. ROAD — MORNING

Shenoa is running out of breath. She pauses and looks around.

The motor of a snowmobile heard in the distance. It is Dave and he is moving closer. Shenoa has never made it this far before. She keeps running.

EXT. ROAD CROSSING — DAY

Shenoa looks at the road ahead. She has reached the main highway. Well plowed and there might even be traffic in the distance.

SHENOA

Yes.

Dave is coming up behind Shenoa. Sounds of his snowmobile in the distance.

SHENOA (CONT'D)

Help. Help me.

Shenoa runs into the center of the highway but no cars are coming.

Dave is turning the corner in his snowmobile.

SHENOA (CONT'D)

No.

EXT. RIVER — DAY

A slow moving river follows the highway. It is frozen most of the way across.

Shenoa runs onto it to get away from Dave.

Steps echoing from below the surface of the water.

The ice breaks and Shenoa goes below the surface.

She sinks lower and lower staring into the above crack where light is shining through the ice.

SHENOA (V.O.)

Is this it. The ending. Just here I realized it. It wasn't my unborn child that was Raven it was me. I will escape this monster. This will not be my end.

Shenoa bursts out of the opening in the water. Wading into freezing cold water. She looks further forward to the freedom that lies across.

SHENOA (CONT'D)

I won't go back.

Dave stands at the side of the river. He waves at her.

DAVE

Shenoa.

Shenoa freezing, stops in her tracks and passes out. Falling into the freezing water of the slow moving river.

Dave walks up to the whole in the ice and carefully grabs Shenoa. She gasps for breath still alive.

EXT. ROAD CROSSING — DAY

Dave is driving the snowmobile back to his house. Shenoa is on the back wrapped in a blanket.

INT. BEDROOM — NIGHT

Shenoa is wrapped in heavy blanket and towels. Shivering with a bad case of hypothermia.

A blow torch lights. Dave is welding Shenoa's leash back on her.

DAVE

Girl. I should throw you out with the trash.

Shenoa gets up at the burning feeling of the torch. Dave smacks her with the backhand of his wrist.

DAVE (CONT'D)

Sit down.

SHENOA

I hate you.

DAVE

I know.

SHENOA

I'm going to kill you.

DAVE

If you could you would've already.

Dave cools the weld with a bucket of cold water.

SHENOA

You killed Raven. You killed our child.

DAVE

You see them.



Dave points to the pictures by the bed.

DAVE (CONT'D)

They were a family based on love  
and affection. This is different. I  
can't have that not while I'm here.  
So I'll take you as many times as I  
want. Tell I suck every bit of oil  
dry from this earth. Sleep now  
you've been through a lot.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Dave is getting ready to go to work again. Putting on his clothes and stuffing his Duffel bag. He leaves out the door locking it behind him.

Shenoa walks out from her bedroom and makes a funny face at him as he leaves. She grabs the dream catcher from underneath the sofa.

INT. LAUNDRY ROOM - DAY

Shenoa is scrubbing Dave's work clothes putting in some serious elbow grease. The oil spills off the rubber jump suite and Shenoa's hands blacken as she scrapes off the crud.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Shenoa is lying in bed. Doing nothing. She looks depressed. Tears run down her eyes. She is crying at night.

EXT. MOTHERS HOUSE - DAY

A police cruiser pulls up to a small country home. A quiet place on the side of the highway in a reserve.

INT. FAMILY ROOM - DAY

AMELIA, a 40 odd senior police officer in the RCMP, is sitting across from Shenoa's mother. Her professionalism and intellect is the reason she was assigned to this case.

The house is little less than average. Nothing to brag about but a home.

She sits down next to Shenoa's mother, JEN. A distinguished mother barely holding on to her wits. She has other kids to worry about but Shenoa is top of mind.

AMELIA

Did Shenoa tell you anything about where she was going?

JEN

She told me that she was going out with her friends. I dropped her off and that was the last time I saw her. That was years ago.

AMELIA

Did she tell you of any plans to leave in the future?

JEN

She told me all the time that she wanted to leave someday. To go to college or to travel. She wouldn't just take off like this.

AMELIA

Did Shenoa have any enemies that you know about? Jealous boyfriends or people she didn't get along with.

JEN

No. There were a few boys on the reserve that asked her out. Called on the phone a few times. But she was a good girl. A good girl.

AMELIA

Can I see her belongings.

INT. SHENOA'S ROOM - DAY

Amelia is looking around in Shenoa's room. She reaches over and grabs a picture with her and her friends.

AMELIA

You don't look like you ran. Certainly didn't deserve to go missing.

She puts the picture back on the shelf.

AMELIA (CONT'D)

Let's see what your friends have to say.

EXT. MOTHERS HOUSE — DAY

Amelia looks around at the other not so pretty houses on the Indian Reserve.

AMELIA  
Where did you go?

She gets back into her police vehicle.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM — DAY

MARLEE and ALINTA are sitting behind a table. Shenoa's friends are the same age and similar complexions to her. Both young and naive adults little more than teenagers.

Amelia enters the room. Shenoa's friends look nervous and emotional.

AMELIA  
Thank you for coming in. I just need to ask you about the night your friend went missing. I know its been a while since the initial investigation.

ALINTA  
I didn't know she was going to try to walk home.

AMELIA  
Let's back up. Was there anyone at the bar that night that looked suspicious?

MARLEE  
There must have been ten men who approached Shenoa. She was one of the few single women there.

AMELIA  
But she didn't go home with any men?

MARLEE  
No. We left the bar. We went back to Alinta's trailer and partied for a bit.

AMELIA  
How did you know Shenoa was going to get home okay?

MARLEE

We make the walk to town all the time. Sometimes there is no other way back.

AMELIA

How long is the walk?

MARLEE

An hour maybe less.

ALINTA

Do you know what happened to her?

AMELIA

The chances of finding a missing person greatly reduce after 48 hours. I don't think we're looking for her anymore. Just the person she was with that night.

INT. POLICE CRUISER — DAY

Amelia is riding shotgun on her way to Shenoa's crime scene. OFFICER BEN is driving her. Ben is a aboriginal, middle-aged police officer.

OFFICER BEN

You know these people don't live the greatest lives. Every week it's something different a drug overdose, a shooting or a prostitute goes crazy. Sometimes it's hard to blame anything other than this shit situation. It's just a reserve.

AMELIA

Well she has a mother and sisters counting on me to give her an explanation other than she lives in a shit place.

OFFICER BEN

No but if tell them that they'll understand it. And listen to it. You might only find heart break here.

AMELIA

Says someone who's already given up looking.

(MORE)

AMELIA (CONT'D)

You can drop me off at the shoulder. Just at the turn off to the reserve.

OFFICER BEN

What are you gonna walk back. I'm not that bad company.

AMELIA

Actually you are.

OFFICER BEN

Give me a call if you need me.

EXT. ROAD SHOULDER — DAY

Amelia gets out of the police car and looks around the side of the road. She's in full winter clothing. Looking around the area.

She closes the door. Hal turns the car around and drives back.

AMELIA

People make the walk all the time.  
Fuck it's cold.

Amelia begins walking back to the station.

EXT. WOODS — DAY

Amelia is hiking up a small hill that overlooks the road. She is standing on a rock looking at the road where Shenoa when missing.

Really she's not hoping to find anything. More walking just to clear her head.

AMELIA

Who uses this road. Where do they come from and where do they go. You could be anywhere. With anybody. But you're not.

INT. POLICE STATION — DAY

Amelia walks in to the station. She looks like Leonardo DiCaprio after the fight with the bear. Cold and freezing.

AMELIA

People make that hike every day.

OFFICER BEN

Yea. It's a good walk. You want some coffee.

AMELIA

Tea would be good.

OFFICER BEN

Did you find anything on your walk.

AMELIA

It could have been a hit-and-run and somebody tried to cover it up. She might have been taken by somebody on the highway.

Amelia walks over to a map behind the counter. It shows the stretch of highway on the map in Northern Canada.

OFFICER BEN

It's really impossible to tell.

AMELIA

Who uses the highway the most.

OFFICER BEN

It's hard to tell. Most of the people using the highway are people are either loggers, oil and gas worker. Really it's hard to tell sometimes. It's really just a handful of police officers for an area the size of Switzerland. About 20 000 square miles.

AMELIA

Let me get a list of the local mines and forestry companies, so I can ask around.

OFFICER BEN

Might be a looking for a needle in a haystack. There are thousands of workers who use those roads.

AMELIA

A lot of lonely men left out in the cold.

OFFICER BEN

Not as well armed as you.

AMELIA

Maybe some better.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Amelia is looking over some paper work. They contain files with different pictures of aboriginal women. Missing people reports.

OFFICER BEN

What can I do for you today officer?

AMELIA

I've been called back to Ottawa. There is a commission to determine the cause of the missing victims.

OFFICER BEN

But you didn't find anything different about any of them. Not that you've shared with me.

AMELIA

You're not wrong. Aside from the fact that all the victims I'm looking disappeared in the same area.

OFFICER BEN

So what are you going to tell them?

AMELIA

The truth.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Shenoa is on the floor again. Absorbing all the light from the window that she can.

SHENOA (V.O.)

I always want to hurt him now. At first, I wanted to escape. Now he has taken everything from me. I want to take everything from him.

Shenoa is walking to the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Shenoa is looking around. Trying to open a locked cabinet. She opens the fridge. The cutlery drawer, only plastic spoons.

SHENOA (V.O.)

What to do it with? Can I cut him with a plastic spoon. Can I wrap the leash around his neck and pull as hard as I can. Strangle him with my own hands. Every time I fight him he always wins. He's always stronger.

INT. LAUNDRY ROOM — DAY

Shenoa flicks on a light. It flickers on and off.

SHENOA (V.O.)

From taking oil from the earth. So much muscle so much strength. I'm strong too.

Shenoa is finishing scrubbing a set of rubber pants.

Her hands blackened by the oil stains. She looks down at her hands.

SHENOA (V.O.) (CONT'D)

He said tell every drop of oil is drained from the Earth. Maybe I can drown him in oil. No.

Shenoa moves her hands down the clean pants.

SHENOA

Oil can catch fire.

Shenoa looks like a new vigor has awakened in her. The idea has given her a new hope to end this prison sentence.

INT. MACHINE ROOM — DAY

Dave is hard at work operating the conveyor belt. He looks like he is riding that machinery like a wild stallion. This is what Dave gets up early in the morning to do every day.

He is working hand in hand with a young man in his early 20s. STEVE is your average overweight blue collar worker, the type that these jobs attract.

STEVE

Having a good day Dave?

DAVE

Gotta get that oil out.



STEVE  
Love this guy.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Dave is coming through the front doors. Shenoa is waiting for him like a 1950s house wife. Dressed in cheap sexy clothes and with some make up.

She walks over and hugs him.

SHENOA (V.O.)  
One week I play the good housewife  
and the next week I am the Raven  
learning to fly again.

INT. LAUNDRY ROOM - DAY

Shenoa is brushing the oil from Dave's work clothes into a bucket. She looks like she is working hard. The clothes are clean.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Pacing back and forward through the living room. She knows that this plan requires patience. Her excitement can hardly be held in.

SHENOA  
How to start a fire? He turns off  
the gas and locks away the  
lighters. What he won't see.

INT. LAUNDRY ROOM - DAY

There are a few unfinished walls in the basement. Shenoa removes one of the two by fours from the basement wall. Less than a foot in length.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Shenoa has the end of a mop handle and the piece of wood laid out in the center of the room.

SHENOA (V.O.)  
I must be the only aboriginal  
person to never start a fire.

Sounds of sticks scratching together. Shenoa is working the two sticks together. She moves them forward and back. She twists the mop handle trying to get the coal.

Shenoa is going crazy on the sticks trying to start this fire.

SHENOA

Ah.

Shenoa is struggling to make something happen.

A pile of papers are in the center of the room. It looks like she is ready to start a fire in the middle of the house. Small enough to clean up the mess afterwards.

Shenoa is almost dancing around trying to get this fire lit.

She is rubbing the two sticks together. Her hands are starting to blister.

The mop handle snaps sending a splint into Shenoa's hand. She starts bleeding intensely.

SHENOA (CONT'D)

(cries)

Ow.

The large wood splinter is sticking out of Shenoa's hand. Blood splattering on the carpet and floor.

INT. LAUNDRY ROOM — DAY

Shenoa's bloody hand moving towards the large basement sink. She runs the cold water and sticks her bloodied hand in the sink.

Shenoa grabs the splinter in her hand and pulls it out of her hand.

SHENOA

Ah.

The pain brings her to her knees. Tears run down her face. This might be the nail in her coffin.

She wraps her hand with a piece of cloth. The blood seems to be stopping.

INT. LIVING ROOM — DAY

A brush moves along the floor wiping up the blood stains. She struggles to hold the brush straight with one of her hands still with a fresh wound.

Shenoa is impeccable at cleaning up after herself. She has to be to save herself from a beating.

Dave walks into the house. Shenoa has a saddening look on her face.

Dave puts down his work bag and slowly walks towards Shenoa. Sitting on the couch where he tells her to be when he gets home.

DAVE

What happened?

SHENOA

I opened a can. The metal cut my hand.

DAVE

Stupid girl. Start dinner I'm hungry.

Dave unlocks the pantry. Shenoa walks up and grabs a lighter.

SHENOA

Is the gas on?

DAVE

Same as every week.

Dave walks in and sits on the couch. Shenoa grabs a lighter.

INT. KITCHEN — DAY

Shenoa is holding down the gas on the lighter. She cracks open a few cans of stew.

INT. LIVING ROOM — DAY

Shenoa is straightening Dave's boots at the front door. She is hanging his jacket. Her hand still on the gas of the lighter.

INT. KITCHEN — DAY

Shenoa plops the canned stew into the pot and turns the gas on full. She clicks the lighter it has run out of gas.

INT. LIVING ROOM — DAY

Shenoa approaches Dave and shows him the empty lighter.

SHENOA

It's out.

DAVE

So get another one. They're in the pantry.

Dave hands her the keys. She opens up the closet reaches in and finds a new lighter. Throwing out the old one in the trash.

INT. KITCHEN — DAY

Shenoa re-fires the gas and lights the stove burner with the new lighter. The stew is heating up. Shenoa gets out a nice big bowl.

FLASHBACK:

INT. CLASSROOM — DAY

A classroom of young aboriginal teenagers and women is gathered around the room. A young woman in her thirties is sitting in a circle with an elderly woman.

This is a healing circle. Shenoa and her friends are gathered in a circle listening to the elderly women share her experiences.

ELDERLY WOMEN

We never had schools like this when we were younger. Sometimes men came and took us to white people schools.

SHENOA

Where all the cool kids go.

TEACHER

Shenoa that's enough.

## ELDERLY WOMEN

When we tried to speak up or go home to our families they would beat us and abuse us. No we didn't learn anything and it wasn't a party. Half of us didn't survive into our thirties.

## TEACHER

At one point indigenous children were sent to schools to correct our behavior. To change who we are.

## ELDERLY WOMEN

But they didn't. We are who we are. Just remember no one can take that from you.

The class is in a silent awe.

END FLASHBACK:

## INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

A large bottle of whiskey sits on the coffee table. Dave sits on the sofa with his legs crossed and feet up. Shenoa sits down across from Dave.

## DAVE

You should thank me for what I did for you. You know that your people are going the way of the electric car.

Dave swaying side to side. A little tipsy from the whiskey but maybe even more dangerous.

## DAVE (CONT'D)

You hear that wench. Grateful.

## SHENOA

I'm grateful.

## DAVE

I did you a favor.

Dave sits and sips his whiskey.

INT. BEDROOM — NIGHT

Shenoa lying flat on her back. Waiting for this barely competent man to finish his business. Her eyes lie open at the thought of starting on her plan.

Dave finishes off. The two lie side by side.

DAVE

Get out.

Shenoa leaves the room.

INT. KITCHEN — NIGHT

Shenoa sneaking into the kitchen on her tip toes. She reaches into the trash. Being careful not to make a sound, or she'll wake the beast in the next room.

She sees the lighter atop the garbage and grabs it.

INT. LIVING ROOM — NIGHT

Shenoa puts the lighter underneath the couch next to the dream catcher. She lies down on the couch and falls asleep.

INT. LIVING ROOM — DAY

Shenoa is seeing Dave off again.

SHENOA (V.O)

Days turn into weeks and week's months.

INT. LAUNDRY ROOM — DAY

Shenoa is carefully brushing off the oil in Dave's clothing into a bucket. The bucket almost appears half full. She scrubs and scrubs.

INT. LIVING ROOM — NIGHT

Shenoa has gathered some paper and tissue in the middle of the room. This cave women is about to start a fire.

A lighter sparks against the tissue paper. Try after try, nothing is igniting.

Magic happens a spark turns into an open flame. Shenoa has done it. Her little pile of paper is burning in a small fire.

SHENOA  
(shouts of joy)  
Oh. Oh. Yes, Yes.

Shenoa quickly grabs a broom stick with pieces of towel or clothing wrapped around it dipped in oil from Dave's clothing.

The broom handle ignites into a quick burning torch. Shenoa is amazed. The oil is highly flammable. She stops from her burst of joy and marvels at what she has created.

Beating of drums. Shenoa starts dancing to the beats of her imaginary pow wow going on in the background.

She flips and turns, moving the torch around. This was the dance that her mother did for her and her ancestors did before the coming of a new season.

The living room has become a stage for Shenoa's dancing and for the first time in a long time she feels life within her. Movement becomes freedom and it is within her grasp.

Shenoa is the solo act in her own pow wow!

INT. LIVING ROOM — MORNING

Shenoa is lying on the floor next to the blackened pile of papers. Her renewed hope has given her the energy and attitude to succeed.

Noises of a vehicle are approaching. It's Dave home a few days early.

Shenoa wakes up in a panic. She starts cleaning the pile of burnt papers on the floor.

She brings her torch into the laundry room.

Quickly returning to the mess she made. She uses a broom to sweep up the mess and hides the lighter under the couch.

Dave comes through the front door.

SHENOA  
You're back early.

DAVE  
Fuck it's my house I'll come back  
when I please.

SHENOA

I was going to clean everything.  
Make it look perfect.

DAVE

It's not usually this dirty in  
here. You must be a fucking mess  
when I'm not around.

INT. KITCHEN — MORNING

Dave is walking around the kitchen island.

DAVE

Cook me some breakfast.

Dirty dishes on the counter.

DAVE (CONT'D)

What the fuck is going on here?

INT. LIVING ROOM — MORNING

Dave is walking to the window. He's moving towards Shenoa's  
Dream catcher.

DAVE

What's this? Hmm... Answer me.

SHENOA

It's a dream catcher.

DAVE

Didn't I tell you I don't want any  
of this shit around.

SHENOA

It helps me sleep.

Dave walks up to Shenoa. She falls to her knees. Dave grabs  
her by the elbow and slaps her in the face. He starts hitting  
her violently.

INT. WASHROOM — DAY

Shenoa is looking at herself in the mirror. Beaten and  
bruised. She looks tired and exhausted. Her eye is black from  
the beating.



INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Shenoa is limping towards the window. The only light she'll get all day is shining through. She stumbles towards the one beam of light.

SHENOA (V.O.)

Is it worth it. There is nothing left to catch my dreams. I have to endure them. If I fail he might kill me.

FLASHBACK:

INT. FRIENDS BEDROOM - NIGHT

Shenoa is putting makeup on. Nothing too special maybe a little too much like teenagers do. Loud beats are dropping in the background.

Shenoa's friends are getting ready for a night out. Two girls the same age as her, aboriginal party animals off the reserve. They are sipping on white wine in plastic cups. They're dancing to the music.

ALINTA

Oh, you go girl.

Marlee, is breaking it down dancing. The girls are having a fun party night.

MARLEE

Somebody's getting lit.

Marlee walks up to Shenoa and starts moving her hands through Shenoa's hair.

MARLEE (CONT'D)

Shenoa you're so pretty.

SHENOA

Thank you. Is this dress too short?

MARLEE

No it's perfect. Ben's coming to pick us up at eight.

SHENOA

Shit. I'm almost done.

Shenoa finishes up her makeup.

## INT. BAR — NIGHT

Shenoa and her friends do a shot at the bar. It looks like something nasty. The place is a rundown country hole also the only bar within driving distance.

There is a mix of characters at the bar some of which look even dirtier than Dave. There is also some teenage aboriginal boys that are hanging out on the dance floor.

The girls order another round of drinks at the bar. One of the boy walks up to kiss Shenoa. She turns her cheek and gives him the cold shoulder.

SHENOA

Ah. Gross.

## EXT. FORT MCMURRY HOTEL — EVENING

Dave's white pickup truck sits outside a half empty parking lot. Snow falls in the parking lot of highway hotel. Nothing special just a regular Inn something like what you'd put your in laws in for your destination wedding.

## INT. HOTEL ROOM — NIGHT

Brittany, a slightly chubby blonde prostitute, is rocking on top of Dave. Finishing off the hour that he paid for. Dave comes and removes his rain coat.

Brittany moves to the end of the bed.

BRITTANY

That will be 400 dollars. Plus a tip.

DAVE

Yea. What if I think I should get it for free.

BRITTANY

You think I'm running a charity way the fuck up here. I got two other clients trying to get me right now.

Dave reaches over lightly like he is trying to massage Brittany's neck.

He grabs her and chokes her with two hands around her neck. She is struggling to get Dave's hands off of her.

DAVE  
You're mien bitch.

BRITTANY  
(Gasping)  
Okay. Stop, Stop.

Brittany about to lose consciousness takes a deep breath. Dave loosens his grip and lets Brittany slip away to the washroom.

INT. WASHROOM – NIGHT

Brittany is coughing. She runs the tap and takes a sip of water.

Her phone sits on the counter top. She grabs it and makes a quick text. "Help" appears on the screen. She flips the phone over.

DAVE(V.O.)  
What's going on in there?

BRITTANY  
You about ready for round two?

INT. HOTEL ROOM – NIGHT

Brittany opens the washroom door and walks out seductively. Dave is on the bed waiting.

DAVE  
That's my girl.

Brittany walks out of the washroom and sits on top of Dave like she is about to straddle him.

Suddenly a man bursts through the front door. Wearing full winter gear. This man looks ready for a fight. He takes out a baton and extends it to hitting distance.

DAVE (CONT'D)  
What the fuck.

BRITTANY  
Beat the shit out of this fucker.  
He was strangling me and shit.

Dave takes a run at Brittany's pimp, and he tackles him sending him into the hotel wall. The pimp smashes Dave with his baton splattering blood across the hotel wall.

Dave falls to the ground like a tree in the forest.

Dave is lying naked on the hotel room. Brittany must have taken all his clothes. Dave is coming too.

DAVE

Oh. What.

He gets up tipsy. Butt Naked.

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY — NIGHT

Dave is walking down the hotel hallway with nothing but his Jacket on. Butt naked Dave looks like he is on a war path. He walks straight towards the hotel exit.

The exit doors slide open with snow blowing in from the winter storm.

EXT. HOTEL PARKING LOT — NIGHT

A winter storm blows down heavily on the hotel parking lot. A naked man wearing nothing but a winter coat runs out of the hotel.

Dave walks up to his white truck and unlocks his the back door.

He's not looking for his pants. Dave's ass hangs out the back of his truck while he is pulling out a Twelve Gage shotgun.

Walking back towards the hotel Dave loads a few shells into the gun.

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY — NIGHT

Dave points the shotgun at the hotel attendant. Rob, a scared overweight guy in his 40s, looks at Dave with begging eyes.

ROB

Hey, I only work here man.

DAVE

What room is she in?

ROB

Who?

DAVE

The blond prostitute and her pimp boyfriend.

ROB  
I think they left.

Dave pumps a shell into the chamber.

DAVE  
There car is outside.

ROB  
Let me just check.

Rob looks at the sign in book.

ROB (CONT'D)  
It looks like 242.

Dave shoots Rob in the head with some buck shot. A fatal wound.

He is marching down the hall towards room 242. Dave smashes the door in with the bud of his rifle.

INT. HOTEL ROOM 242 - NIGHT

Dave breaks the door in. Brittany is freaking out and her pimp charges toward a counter. It looks like he is running towards a handgun.

Dave shoots the pimp right in the chest. He walks up to him and beats his head in with the bud of his rifle.

DAVE  
Aw. You piece of shit. Take it.  
Take it. You're mien bitch.

BRITTANY  
Oh my god. Oh my god. You freak you  
killed him.

Brittany makes a dive for the handgun. Dave shoots her twice in the chest.

Dave's pants are on the couch. He walks over and puts them on.

DAVE  
Fucking slut.

Life slips out of Brittany's eyes slowly. Dave walks away.

EXT. BAR — NIGHT

Shenoa stumbles outside the bar. Two of her friends follow behind her laughing. She is wearing a cheap dress and make up done like an amateur. Everything you need to survive the cold night.

SHENOA (V.O.)

It was my first night out.

Shenoa walks out of the bar and down the long road. Marlee is in the hands of one of the teenage men.

MARLEE

Shenoa where are you going?

SHENOA

I'm going home.

ALINTA

Are you crazy your miles away. It's cold out.

Shenoa walks down the small town road.

EXT. ROADSIDE — NIGHT

Shenoa is wandering down a pitch black highway in the middle of the night.

Dave's pickup truck pulls over in front of Shenoa.

SHENOA

I'm good.

Shenoa waves at Dave.

Dave gets out of his pickup truck and runs at Shenoa. He chases her down and grabs her. Moving her into the passenger side of his truck.

Dave pulls out a long metal flashlight and beats her on the head knocking her out.

END FLASHBACK:

INT. LIVING ROOM — DAY

Shenoa starts to look at the empty window.

SHENOA (V.O.)

But what life is worth living here.  
What is life if I can't see all  
that Raven created. The Earth, the  
rivers and the sea.

Shenoa takes the cushions off the couch and starts peeling layers of thread from the bottom of the sofa.

INT. WASHROOM — DAY

Shenoa takes off the round handle off a trash can in the bathroom.

INT. LIVING ROOM — DAY

Shenoa hangs a new dream catcher on the top of the window. Homemade and rustic but it looks and acts like a dream catcher.

SHENOA

That's better.

INT. OFFICE — DAY

Dave sits at the table behind the desk. His boss pulls up the chair. They are both sporting their work uniforms. Dave's boss has a look of disappointment on his face.

HAL

They're going to end the goddamn development.

DAVE

Who?

HAL

The goddamn savages. They've been complaining to the MP that the pipeline damages their land irreparably.

DAVE

We've already planned for the extra employees. The sites were planned, and we're about to break ground.

HAL

They're about to protest at the Peace River site.

(MORE)

HAL (CONT'D)

The media is attending. Unless you can keep them from the meeting.

DAVE

What do you mean?

HAL

Nothing. I didn't mean anything by it. Officially I can't be involved in any activities to prevent the pipeline. Unofficially you boys will be out of work in 3 months if that pipeline doesn't get through.

DAVE

Understood.

HAL

Don't do anything that can be traced back to us.

INT. STAFF ROOM - DAY

A few blue collar workers are putting away their equipment. The locker room has a table in the center about a half dozen workers are gathering around the table. These workers look like they've seen the far side of a frozen hell whole.

DAVE

Here's the bottom line fellas. We don't have the supply in this area to fill the pipeline, so we need to open new refineries. We can't run the pipeline if the Indians protest, so we got to figure out what to do stop them from showing up.

STEVE

How far away is the pipeline from their houses? If they don't have working vehicles they can't reach the protest.

Dave looks around at the other worker.

EXT. CHIEFS HOUSE - DAWN

A gorgeous house sits at the top of a long driveway. A wealthy person lives there by the sight of the brand new pickup truck and cars in the drive way.



Dave's truck roles up to the drive way as the morning sun peaks above the horizon. He jumps out with an air compressor and walks up to the nearest car.

Like a sneaky cat Dave holds the air compressor gun next to the tires and shoots a burst of air shattering the rubber.

Two cars have flat tires in the drive way. The central window of the house shows a man throwing on his coat. A twelve gauge in his hand ready for business.

The front door bursts open. The chief (60 odd), proud and angry, points his gun at Dave and fires some buck shot. Dents appear in Dave's pickup truck.

Dave takes cover behind the truck as the driver starts to pull away.

He jumps into the back of the pickup truck. Nothing but big smiles on Dave face. He pulled it off after all.

DAVE

Go, go, go.

The pickup truck pulls away with Dave in the back. A few more rounds of buckshot hit the truck. A clean escape.

The family of the chief comes out beside him. His daughter, wife and two sons are there watching as Dave drives away.

DAVE (CONT'D)

Fucking Indians.

INT. LAUNDRY ROOM — NIGHT

Shenoa sits in the laundry room. Her hands grab her belly. The lights dim to the point where she can't see herself only her pale silhouette.

SHENOA (V.O.)

Now I know what I must do. I spent the last weeks thinking it was you. Thinking that your wings will spread wide and fly across the sky free to go wherever you want. This is where we say goodbye. It was always me. It always had to be me.

INT. LAUNDRY ROOM — DAY

Shenoa is still scrubbing the oil dirtied clothing again and again. Brushes to the clothing as if it were paint brush to canvas.

SHENOA (V.O.,)

As he takes oil from the Earth I  
take it from him. More and more  
until finally there is enough.

EXT. DRIVEWAY — MORNING

The truck pulls into the driveway. Footsteps step out of the car door. Dave is walking into his house. His key chain dangling from his jacket pocket.

Dave opens the locks on the front door carefully. Having been surprised by Shenoa before.

INT. LIVING ROOM — DAY

Dave walks into the house. No surprises. He comes home to a friendly submissive Shenoa.

DAVE

Yea.

SHENOA

Hey.

DAVE

Bedroom.

Shenoa walks into the bedroom. Dave locks her inside.

Dave brings in a Duffel bag full of Costco groceries. He unlocks the door.

Shenoa comes out and helps him unpack the groceries.

SHENOA

Good week?

DAVE

Lots of oil. Made three more wells.

SHENOA

I'll cook your favorite tonight.

INT. LIVING ROOM — NIGHT

Dave is kicking back on the couch again with a bottle of whiskey in his hands. Almost too drunk one could really take advantage of him right now.

An empty plate on the coffee table. A T-bone steak looks like it has been chewed at by a hungry dog.

DAVE

I'm going to bed. Sing me that song. The one my mother always sung.

SHENOA

Somewhere over the rainbow, way up high. And the dreams that you dream of, once in a lullaby. Somewhere over the rainbow, blue birds fly. And the dreams that you dream of, dreams really do come true Someday I'll wish upon a star Wake up where the clouds are far behind me.

Shenoa moves the dish into the kitchen and empties the plate into the trash. She comes back and helps Dave to bed.

SHENOA (CONT'D)

Where trouble melts like lemon drops High above the chimney top That's where you'll find me Somewhere over the rainbow, bluebirds fly And the dream that you dare to Why, oh why can't I? Someday I'll wish upon a star Wake up where the clouds are far behind me.

INT. BEDROOM — NIGHT

Shenoa is tucking Dave into bed. Making him as comfortable as possible.

SHENOA

Where trouble melts like lemon drops High above the chimney top That's where you'll find me Somewhere over the rainbow, way up high And the dream that you dare to Why, oh why can't I?

Dave is knotting off.

DAVE

Outside.

Shenoa leaves closing the door behind her. It looks like Dave has forgotten to lock the door behind him.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Shenoa is tip toeing through the living room. She walks through as quietly as she can.

INT. LAUNDRY ROOM - NIGHT

She keeps the lights off and reaches behind the washer to grab the torch. She dips the edge of the torch in a bucket of oil.

Using soap and the greasy oil she slips off her leash.

Shenoa puts on one of Dave's rubber suits.

Using the mud from the bucket Shenoa makes lines around her eyes and to her hair. Similar to the war paint of the Mohicans.

She puts her hair in a bun and leaves.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Shenoa tip toes to the couch and reaches under it. She grabs the lighter. A stack of tissues and paper is made in the center of the room.

Quietly Shenoa strikes the lighter. She looks nervous if Dave catches her this could be her last beating.

She strikes and strikes again. This is maybe her last chance. The paper isn't catching fire. Light strikes again. This time the tissue catches fire.

Quickly Shenoa lights her torch ablaze. Slowly she takes a few steps towards the bedroom.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Shenoa opens the door slowly with a lit torch in hand. She moves towards the bed slowly.

Plastic grocery bags filled with oil seep through the bottom of the mattress. Oil drips to the floor. Dave's bed is a primed explosive ready to be lit.

Dave's eyes blink open. Shenoa is standing over top of him.

DAVE  
You look beautiful.

SHENOA  
I hate you.

Shenoa's torch touches one of the oil bags in the bottom of mattress. Instantly the mattress goes up in flame. Dave erupts into flames.

DAVE  
(screams)

AH. AH.

The man is on fire along with most of the bedroom. This is what Shenoa has been working for. She stands back and watches. The flames enthrall the bedroom.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

The house has begins to smoke in the dead of night.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Most of the bedroom is in flames. Dave is struggling to move covered in flames.

Shenoa is almost happy. Her eyes light up as the flames overcome the room and begin to overcome the house.

SHENOA  
Burn. Burn.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Shenoa is out running the flames by moving into the living room. The place is burning down around her. The flame retardant clothing offers her some protection.

Shenoa goes to the front door. She tries to open it repeatedly but Dave has hidden the keys.

She has nothing to do but wait till the flames overcome her.

An opening in the house emerges as the flames begin to overcome the house. Part of the roof falls in collapsing the surrounding walls.

Shenoa huddled in a corner sees the opening to the outside world and makes a run for it. Her suit catches fire.

EXT. HOUSE — NIGHT

Shenoa runs through the burning flames. Her suite is on fire. She jumps out of the house and into the snow.

The flames are growing and engrossing the entire house.

Shenoa stands up and moves away from the burning rubble. Her rubber suite is almost all burnt off.

EXT. FRONT OF HOUSE — NIGHT

Shenoa stands in the driveway looking at the house as it burns to the ground. Basking in the warmth of an old life.

Dave with a last ditch effort runs out of the flames still on fire. He collapses into a pile of snow beside Shenoa. Dead for good.

Shenoa takes a deep breath and sits down next to the house. She awaits the morning and a long walk in the warmth of the fire.

EXT. BURNT HOUSE — MORNING

Shenoa is going through wreckage of the house looking for anything useful. She puts on a charred looking pair of boots.

She walks over to a wood pile and grabs a splitting axe that lies by the pile.

Walking over to Dave's charred corpse. She thrusts the axe into Dave's skull as if the fire didn't do the job.

She looks through a trunk in the back of Dave's truck. She grabs a wrench and smashes Dave's window. She finds a work jacket. Doing up the jacket as tight as she can she begins her hike.

EXT. ROAD — MORNING

Shenoa is walking down the road. A wanderlust traveler hardly bothered by the cold. She has been walking for miles.

Two pickup trucks with trailers are parked alongside the road. Snowmobile trails leave into the forest.

Shenoa doesn't look like she is doing well. She tries the door handles on the trucks. There is nothing she can get from the trucks.

The poor girl walks down the snowmobile tracks into the wilderness. She hopes to find the drivers.

EXT. RIVER PATH - DAY

Shenoa is walking down the snowy paths trying to find the snowmobile. Mountains in the background. The thin narrow path follows a river.

Shenoa is alone in the wilderness escarpment. Surviving the cold by herself.

EXT. RIVER BANK - DAY

A muzzle sticks out of the grass with a crystal clear scope zoomed in on an open field. Not a sound. The hunters have a clear view of the field from their perch.

A deer passes by their view far off in the field. Grazing in the wild.

A bullet is cocked into the guns chamber.

Suddenly the deer is scared off.

Shenoa struggles to make her way through the deep snow.

The hunter stairs down the business end of his rifle. He's unsure. Is this girl his enemy, his game or does he help her. He takes a deep breath.

Shenoa stops in her tracks and collapses to her knees. She's spotted the hunters far off.

The man removes his face mask. Broad and proud. He looks like an Elder Chieftain. His spotter gets up with him.

The Elder walks up to Shenoa as she lies shivering in the cold snow. He drapes her with his coat and helps her up.

The spotter drives his snowmobile over. They are hustling to help her anyway they can. She lies on the space behind the snowmobile driver.

The elder reaches into a bag on the snowmobile and pulls out a blanket wrapping it around her.

ELDER

Bring her back to the truck. We'll  
take her to the hospital from  
there.

The snowmobile takes off back towards the truck.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - DAY

An older aboriginal woman comes running down the hallway. She is in tears, Shenoa's two younger sisters come running beside her.

JEN

Where is she?

She looks at the nurse in the hallway.

NURSE

Three rooms down.

JEN

Oh my god. Oh my god.

Shenoa's mother overcome with emotion and joy. Her daughter is alive. This is a first step in reuniting a family after years of thinking she was dead or lost.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Shenoa's family walks into the room. Her mother in tears, she runs over and gives her a hug.

JEN

You're alive. Oh, you're alive.

A small smile erupts on Shenoa's face. She is finally reunited with her family.

Her sisters walk up and hug her too. Shenoa's family is warming her heart.

The three women sit in chairs next to Shenoa's hospital bed.

JEN (CONT'D)

I never gave up. I always knew you  
were alive. Where were you?



SHENOA

I was taken. The night I went into town. I walked home and he took me in truck. I lived captured in his house for years.

JEN

I'm sorry. I'm so sorry.

SHENOA

You didn't do anything.

SISTER

It's good to see you.

JEN

What happened to him? The man who took you.

SHENOA

He's dead. Burned in a fire. I think I want to go home.

JEN

We still have your room.

Shenoa is falling asleep in the hospital bed.

JEN (CONT'D)

I'm going to stay with her. Can you go home prepare the room.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM — NIGHT

Shenoa's mother is hanging over her bed. Not exactly in a comfortable sleep.

Shenoa wakes up. Tosses and turns.

SHENOA

Mom.

JEN

Yes.

SHENOA

I'm hungry.

Shenoa gets out of her bed and gently is tucking her mother into her hospital bed.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY — NIGHT

The hospital is dark, the lights are off. Shenoa walks down the hall alone.

SHENOA

Hello.

She takes baby steps down the hall. There are no nurses or orderlies.

INT. HOSPITAL KITCHEN — DAY

A white refrigerator door opens and Shenoa is digging around for a microwaveable dinner. She pops it in the microwave and waits.

KAREN, a white nurse in her forties, comes around the corner. Professional, salaried, she's seen her fair share of hospital incidents.

KAREN

You made it.

Shenoa jumps up scared. Karen scared the crap out of her.

KAREN (CONT'D)

Sorry. I didn't mean to startle you. You look like you'd been out there for a while.

SHENOA

Yes. I'm very hungry. He usually ate most of the food.

KAREN

He.

SHENOA

Dave. He kept me locked up for years.

Shenoa digs into the macaroni and cheese dinner.

SHENOA (CONT'D)

I find it hard to sleep. I can't stop thinking of it.

KAREN

I find it hard sometimes too. Helping all the patients that are in critical care. Wait here.

Karen leaves. Shenoa digs in to her microwave dinner. Karen returns and gives Shenoa a prescription bottle of pills.

KAREN (CONT'D)

That's Vicodin. Pop one of those before you go to bed. Don't let the doctors know I slipped it to you.

SHENOA

Thank you.

KAREN

Jesus Christ hone. I'm sorry for you. That you had to go through that. Don't ever let someone tell you what's good for you. You do what you need to for the pain.

Karen leaves the room. Shenoa looks at the pills and takes one with her water.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM — NIGHT

Shenoa sneaks into her bed with her mother. Gives her a hug and the two sleep together in peace for the first time in a while.

EXT. PARENTS HOUSE — DAY

An SUV pulls into a house on a reserve. Shenoa's mother and sister get out of the car. They help her out and through the door.

INT. SHENOA'S ROOM — DAY

Shenoa's mother opens the door for her to walk though. She walks in and takes a seat on the bed.

JEN

Not much has changed since you left. I put fresh sheets on the bed. Dinner is at six.

SHENOA

Thanks mom.

## INT. SHENOA'S ROOM - NIGHT

Shenoa is lying in bed. Her eyes wide open. She can't sleep in the normal of her family home any more than she could when she was Dave's prisoner. Post Traumatic Dave Syndrome.

Shenoa lies on the floor to trying get some sleep. It's a bit weird but whatever works. She tosses and turns.

## INT. MOTHERS KITCHEN - DAY

Shenoa's sisters and mother are having breakfast. Nothing special just cheerio's, toast and peanut butter. Shenoa walks in and pours a bowl of cereal.

JEN

How are you doing this morning?

SHENOA

I didn't sleep well again. Even with the pills.

JEN

We can go back to the hospital.

SHENOA

No it's alright. It's the dreams. I can't stop thinking somebody is coming.

SISTER

They sound more like nightmares.

JEN

Is there anything we can do?

SHENOA

When I was locked away I used to make dream catchers when nobody was around.

JEN

There is a crafts fair at the pow wow this weekend. We can go if you feel better.

## EXT. POW WOW - DAY

Ceremonial dancers are humming and singing in a circle. A small crowd watches as they sing the traditional songs of their ancestors. Loud music plays in the background.

A community has gathered in celebration of the changing of season. People are wearing traditional clothing and the women jingle dresses for the healing ceremony.

Shenoa's sister is one of the dancers. She dances around a drummer. Shenoa watches with her mother.

Shenoa is walking around and arts and crafts table with a variety of different dream catchers. A merchant is busy taking money from another woman.

SHENOA

How much for this one?

MERCHANT

For you it's free. A gift.

Shenoa picks up the dream catcher. She looks at her with guilty eyes.

SHENOA

Thank you.

MERCHANT

It's beautiful. I hope it works.  
Let me put in a bag for you.

Shenoa hands the woman the dream catcher. The merchant puts it in a leather pouch.

SHENOA

What's in there?

Shenoa points to a nearby tent.

MERCHANT

That is the elder's tent. It's were  
we go for healing and to ask  
forgiveness.

EXT. HEALING TENT — DAY

Shenoa wanders into the tent amidst all the noise. Drums beating in the background. Small totem poles stand guard around the entrance.

INT. TEPEE — DAY

Wandering into a massive cone. There are different decorations of furs and blankets. The tribal ELDER sits in the middle of the room. Old and wise to guid the hearts of the lost.

Different incense burns leaving a pail smoke in the room.

ELDER

Come in child. Word has spread  
about what happened to you. It will  
take time to heal those wounds.

SHENOA

I'm just glad to be free.

ELDER

And how did you escape?

SHENOA

I flew. Like the raven.

ELDER

Greyhowl has kept you for too long.  
Spread your wings and fly to the  
seas, in the mountains and through  
the streams. Take your time and  
heal child.

Shenoa looks at a massive dream catcher that hangs from the ceiling of the tepee. She closes her eyes and spins around in a circle.

The music from the singers outside beats louder and louder.

EXT. POLICE STATION – DAY

A cruiser pulls into the parking lot of the local police station. Run down just your average country police station. Few parking spaces are empty.

Shenoa's mothers car is parked in front of the station. An officer gets out of her car.

INT. POLICE STATION – DAY

Shenoa's mother is in the waiting room. Shenoa is at the counter filling out paper work.

Officer Ben is helping Shenoa with the paper work. He has a chill attitude about what has just happened to Shenoa.

OFFICER BEN

We found the cabin in the woods and  
recovered a body. We need some help  
to identify the man. Did you know  
his name?

SHENOA

His name was Dave. He worked in the oil sands.

OFFICER BEN

Do you mean dirty Dave? How about that. Hey Mark, you know that guy we picked up in the woods the other day. It was dirty Dave.

Shenoa is shocked and nervous that the officers are buddies with the man who kept her locked up for years.

OFFICER BEN (CONT'D)

Dave was a good guy. Anyway we have an officer who came down from Ottawa to get your statement. You can take a seat we'll be right with you.

Shenoa moves into the waiting room and sits down. Hiding her fear she is almost in tears.

AMELIA pops out of one of the interrogation rooms.

AMELIA

Shenoa?

SHENOA

Yes.

AMELIA

Can you come with me please.

INT. BRIEFING ROOM — DAY

Shenoa is sitting down across from Amelia. She is starting her interrogation.

AMELIA

My name is Amelia. I was sent from Ottawa to get your statement. You were missing for about two years. Did he take you anywhere else?

SHENOA

No. Just the house. I tried to escape but I never got further than the road.

AMELIA

Was this the man who kept you prisoner?

Amelia slides a folder over to Shenoa. She looks inside there is a prison photo of Dave.

SHENOA

Yes. That was him.

AMELIA

Shenoa I want you to think hard now. Were there any other women with you when you were locked away?

SHENOA

Other women. No. It was just me and him. He had no others.

AMELIA

Are you sure?

SHENOA

Yes. He would come home from work in the oil fields. I cleaned his clothes. He didn't have time for anyone else. Why is there others?

AMELIA

You were the 274th women to be reported missing in recent years. We'll be in touch if we find anything else out.

INT. SHENOA'S ROOM – NIGHT

Shenoa's new dream catcher is dangling from the ceiling. Shenoa's stares at the piece of art, her eyes wide open.

SHENOA (V.O.)

The dream catcher isn't working.  
The flames in my dreams keep  
growing and growing.

INT. BATHROOM – NIGHT

Shenoa struggles to open her sleeping pills or whatever other drugs are on her. She's a mess and keeps an open bottle of vodka close to her.

She looks in the mirror. There are more bags under her eyes. More tears running down her cheeks.



INT. SHENOA'S ROOM — NIGHT

Shenoa walks into her room and passes out on her bed with a bottle of vodka in her hands.

Shenoa's room becomes as much a prison as her previous living arrangements. Her eyes can't shut.

The dream catcher spinning and spinning from the ceiling.

INT. MOTHER KITCHEN — DAY

Shenoa's mother and sister are at the table waiting for her to come to the morning breakfast table.

JEN

It's not that big a house. I'm worried about you. You can just sit around here all day.

Shenoa walks up to the counter and pours a bowl of cereal.

SHENOA

Yea. You try being locked in a house for two years.

JEN

I think you need to see someone.

SISTER

We're all really worried.

SHENOA

I need to go back to the hospital to get more medication. Just leave me alone. I just need time.

Shenoa leaves the table with a bowl of cereal and goes back to her room.

SISTER

That went well.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM — DAY

The room is your typical examination room. The doctor, typical 40 odd white dude, removes an old paper towel from the bench.

Shenoa is sitting on a stool waiting for the doctor to give her instructions.

DOCTOR  
Have a seat up top.

The doctor pats down the bench twice.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)  
So what is it you wanted to see me  
for?

SHENOA  
I can't sleep.

DOCTOR  
Even with the sleeping pills I  
prescribed you?

SHENOA  
No they haven't been working. I  
just keep seeing him come through  
the doors. Waiting to take me away  
again. I need OXY cotton.

DOCTOR  
That's usually prescribed for  
people in a lot of pain.

SHENOA  
I am in pain all the time. What he  
did to me it doesn't go away.

DOCTOR  
I'm going to give you two weeks'  
worth. Start changing it from two  
pills a day to one pill a day. Wean  
yourself off of them. This is the  
last medication I can give you. You  
have to go a psychotherapist to get  
more. Good luck.

The doctor writes a prescription out on a piece of paper and  
gives it to Shenoa.

INT. MOTHERS CAR - DAY

Shenoa's mother is waiting for her in the car. She starts the  
ignition as Shenoa gets in.

JEN  
You know I'm really sorry about  
what happened to you. But I've lost  
too many friends to bad memories.  
When you disappeared it was harder  
on me than you can imagine.

SHENOA

Mom.

JEN

No listen. You need to tell me right now if you gave up on life in that mans house. Cause if you did I can't have you around your sisters.

SHENOA

No. I don't give up.

JEN

Okay.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM — DAY

A committee of five people sit behind a table on a podium. Amelia is behind a desk. There is maybe 50 people in the room listening to the committee.

CATHERINE, a white woman, educated and privileged in her early sixties is leading the committee on missing aboriginal women. She is joined by two chiefs and a few other panelists.

CATHERINE

Amelia you've been working the cases of several missing women in the areas in question. What progress have you made?

AMELIA

It would be inappropriate for me to comment on existing investigations. But I can neither confirm nor deny that these cases may be connected.

CATHERINE

There are a lot of families waiting for answers and of people outraged with this situation. Have you discovered anything that will console them?

AMELIA

Not at this time.

CATHERINE

Is there anything you wish to tell them?

AMELIA

The cases I'm currently working on are varied and different. No two victims seem to have anything in common and with the time and geography of the disappearances, it is highly unlikely that it is just one person or group of persons acting alone.

CATHERINE

What do you mean?

AMELIA

Well in normal conditions crime occurs sporadically. If an individual is poor and needs money they will rob a convenient store often because they are angry with their situation. We will put them in jail for causing harm and preventing further harm.

CATHERINE

Go on.

AMELIA

In this particular case this group of women seems to be under a systemic type of crime. Whereas convenient stores are commonly robbed by people in poverty who need money. Aboriginal women seem to be targeted by their proximity to men working in the natural resources sector, men on reserves dependent on government funding and an overall culture trying to reconcile a past of discrimination, racism and inequality.

CATHERINE

If I'm understanding you. You're saying that the people responsible for this group of women is us. The government.

AMELIA

Yes. The government is accountable for issues facing these communities. But it's not my place to question government policy. Just to find the murders.

INT. HALLWAY — DAY

Amelia is walking down the hallway. With her notes and briefcase. Catherine runs and catches to her as if she has a bone to pick.

CATHERINE

What do you think you're doing in there?

AMELIA

Telling the truth.

CATHERINE

These people didn't come for the truth. They are angry and frustrated. You just told them that their world is turning against them.

AMELIA

And, isn't it? You can't seriously tell me that there aren't problems on these reserves.

CATHERINE

All these people want to hear is that you are trying to solve these cases and making progress. What happens here is irrelevant. We can't do a damn thing to improve these conditions. That's somebody else's problem.

AMELIA

I'm not going to nod my head and sugar coat the truth for your political agenda.

CATHERINE

Then you look them in the eyes and tell them that you can find the people who did this. We both know the trail has gone cold.

INT. SHENOA'S ROOM — DAY

Knocks on the door. Shenoa is lying in bed. Messy and unmotivated. A millennial except with real problems.

INT. OUTSIDE SHENOA'S ROOM - DAY

Shenoa's mother is leaning on the door. Cautiously and carefully. She doesn't want to risk angering a healing daughter.

JEN

Shenoa your friends are here.  
Remember the girls from high  
school.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Shenoa's two friends are in the living room waiting to see her. They brought flowers. Not sure where they got them from this side of the reserve.

INT. OUTSIDE SHENOA'S ROOM - DAY

Shenoa's mother whispers and hugs the door frame.

JEN

Shenoa are you coming out. They  
came here to wish you well.

INT. SHENOA'S ROOM - DAY

Shenoa puts her bed covers over her face. Hiding under the covers not ready to continue her life. Especially for the friends who abandoned her.

SHENOA

I'm not coming out today.

INT. OUTSIDE SHENOA'S ROOM - DAY

Marlee walks up to Shenoa's mother and gently pats her on the shoulder signaling that it's okay for her to be there and not see Shenoa.

MARLEE

Shenoa we can't tell you how sorry  
we are that we left you that night.  
How grateful we are that you came  
back. If ever you need a friend  
Alinta is here too.

INT. SHENOA'S ROOM — DAY

Shenoa cries from under the covers. Not going to give them a response they wanted. She isn't moving.

INT. OUTSIDE SHENOA'S ROOM — DAY

Shenoa's mother put on a fake smile. Like she tried and failed but hasn't given up.

JEN  
We'll try again.

ALINTA  
Sorry.

JEN  
Don't be. You helped. Everything helps.

INT. FAMILY ROOM — DAY

Shenoa walks into the family room and turns on the television. She brings her blankets with her and turns on the TV.

JEN  
You haven't come out of your room since they came to see you. There flowers are still here.

SHENOA  
I don't care.

Shenoa's mother walks up to the television and turns it off.

JEN  
You know it's not okay. It is okay that you don't want to see your friends who left you that night. Or the people you used to hang out with. It's not okay to hide away here for the rest of your life. Getting drunk and high on pills moving from your bed to the couch.

SHENOA  
What do you want from me? Hun. You want me to go out there. Find a man, go to school and pretend like nothing ever happened.

(MORE)

## SHENOA (CONT'D)

When's it going to come up that man took me and tied me to an engine, kept me prisoner for two years. When is it going to come up that he raped me and beat me for years. How am I supposed to have a normal life with a man. Be a wife or live a regularly with friends.

Shenoa in tears gets up and throws her blankets aside. She can't keep herself together.

## JEN

Oh my daughter. What life has put you through already. Often life will throw at us events we can't bear. So instead of feeling our loss we'll seek comfort in a bottle or pills. After I thought I lost you this is where I was for the longest time. But against all odds you came back to me. I no longer see the girl I raised. No you are stronger now than when you left. Who in the world wouldn't want to see the strength you have. The person you've become. I'm proud of you. You survived.

## INT. CRAFT STORE — DAY

The bell on the door frame rings. Shenoa walks into the unique crafts store. It's almost a homage to aboriginal art and culture.

Shenoa walks through the doors and begins peaking at the decorations. Fur pelts line the walls with art made of drift wood and paintings of aboriginal peoples.

Shenoa peeks at the paintings. In the corner of the store hangs a dream catcher. It's the size of a hola hoop. Extremely decorative and made with extreme care. These are not meant to catch your average Halloween nightmares.

Shenoa peaks and looks at several dream catchers in the store. She feels the spider web texture of an elaborately strung peace.

ANNE an aboriginal woman in her 40s walks up behind her. She looks like she's had a few stories of her own.



ANNE

It took me three months string the pattern on that one.

SHENOA

Oh, I'm sorry.

ANNE

No. It's okay. If my thumbs weren't so fat it would've been a day.

SHENOA

Where did you learn to make them?

ANNE

Anyone can get a crafts kit and make one. But these dream catchers are more like art. You can't always buy materials like Eagle or owl feathers. Why do you ask?

SHENOA

I used to make them.

ANNE

Why did you stop?

SHENOA

There was a fire. Since then nothings worked.

Shenoa walks around the store getting touchy felly with the different pieces.

ANNE

Bad dreams.

SHENOA

Dreams or memories.

ANNE

So the dreams aren't of your own making. You need to catch them nobody can do it for you.

SHENOA

What to do mean?

ANNE

We have a meet up every Sunday afternoon. We sit around a table and make stuff. You're more than welcome to attend.

(MORE)

ANNE (CONT'D)

We can teach you to make a dream catcher like this one. Maybe then you can stop the nightmares.

SHENOA

Maybe.

ANNE

We'll be seeing you.

INT. SHENOA'S ROOM - NIGHT

Shenoa is in bed tossing and turning. Her covers and sheets are a mess.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Shenoa is crying with Dave on top of her. She is being raped. Dave is on top of her keeping her in a submissive position against her will.

INT. SHENOA'S ROOM - NIGHT

Shenoa awakes from a dream in a cold sweat. The nightmares persist as Shenoa bursts out of her duvet covers.

A glass of cold water is placed on the table next to Shenoa's bed. She sits on the bed in her Pj's. An open pill bottle right beside her bed.

SHENOA

Shit.

INT. ARTS AND CRAFTS ROOM - DAY

Sewing machines clicking on a large table. A blanket is being fabricated.

Anne is leading Shenoa to a table where four women are sitting around working on various projects. A dream catcher, blankets and other pieces of half finished art lie around the workshop.

ANNE

Hello ladies. This is Shenoa.

LADIES

Hi Shenoa.

SHENOA

Hello.

ANNE

Shenoa has a nightmare problem.  
She's here to learn to make a new  
dream catcher.

MARGRET a confident old lady, walks up to Shenoa to help show her the ropes.

MARGRET

The first is always the worst.

SHENOA

I've made a few.

MARGRET

And where are they now?

SHENOA

Lost them in a fire.

ANNE

Let's get you started with the  
webbing. The first thing you need  
to learn is how to sew. Let's grab  
some baskets.

The two ladies pull up chairs around the table. There are two baskets usually made for sewing socks.

SHENOA

Why am I making socks?

ANNE

See you missed two loops here and  
there. If you can make a pair of  
socks for yourself you can sew  
threw a whole 1 tenth the size.

SHENOA

I can buy socks.

Shenoa pricks her finger trying to thread the needle.

SHENOA (CONT'D)

Fuck.

Her finger starts to bleed. She grabs cloth to hold back the blood. Her frustration is rising as she is clearly in pain.

MARGRET

That's the dullest needle we have.  
You're going to need a lot of work  
honey. Lord all mighty.

SHENOA

How do you do this all day?

ANNE

I think we need a smoke brake.

EXT. BACK OF CRAFTS STORE – DAY

Shenoa and the ladies are outside the store in the back of an  
alley way. Small blooms of smoke are rising.

LADIES

Coughs.

Shenoa takes a hit of a nice big joint. The girls are all  
taking hits of a few joints.

SHENOA

No wonder the art is so wild.

ANNE

It helps to smoke some times. So  
what was the dream? The one that  
brought you here.

SHENOA

It was less a dream more of a  
memory. I was taken prisoner by a  
man. He held me captive for years.  
He beat me and raped me over and  
over again. Every time I close my  
eyes he's there waiting for me.

Anne passes her a joint to smoke up.

ANNE

Shit. I'm sorry that happened to  
you.

The group of ladies, some of which are aboriginal, all stare  
in silence. Then after a brief pause Margret grabs a joint.

MARGRET

Shit. Sounds like my last marriage.

LADIES

Silent laughter.

SHENOA

Ha, ha.

ANNE

God I love Canada.

MARGRET

Yup.

INT. ARTS AND CRAFTS ROOM – DAY

Shenoa is twisting a few strings together slowly making the thin webbing that will hold together her dream catcher.

Shenoa is bending the thin tubing that will make the outline to her dream catcher.

She is fluffing out the owl feathers that will help decorate her art. It will also allow her to keep a watchful eye on predators during the evening.

Small hands thread a needle through tiny pinholes on the central circle.

INT. ARTS AND CRAFTS ROOM – DAY

Margret is walking by Shenoa's work space.

MARGRET

My god dear you're a mess. Spend some time cleaning this up.

Shenoa pauses and then gets back to work diligently. Shenoa is making a dream catcher as beautiful and elaborate as the expensive ones we say in the store.

ANNE

My darling it took you long enough.

SHENOA

What?

ANNE

I only make three of those a week.

SHENOA

I think it's good.

ANNE

I'm kidding it's beautiful Shenoa. Like you.

Shenoa places it on a rack in the center of the room. The bright light shines in on the dream catcher as it dangles back and forward. It has gorgeous white feathers and strings.

INT. SHENOA'S ROOM - NIGHT

Shenoa places the dream catcher by the window next to her bed. She has multiple ornaments by her window. Anything that will help her believe that a better sleep is possible.

She crawls under the covers of her mattress and looks up into the sky. Her eyes shut down slowly. Maybe the first good sleep she's had in years.

INT. SHRINKS OFFICE - DAY

Shenoa lies down on the sofa. A look of impatience in her eyes almost like this is the last place she wanted to be, probably there to score a prescription.

Nancy (45) sits and listens. She looks like she's on the wrong half of a middle-aged crisis hardly in a position to judge.

NANCY

The doctor recommended you spend at least ten sessions with me.

SHENOA

It's fine. I don't need your help.

NANCY

You know being a therapist I have the professional knowledge. I know stuff like when people tell you their fine nine times out of ten everybody is full of shit. You spent two years in some guys' basement without getting a little fucked. The least I can do is right you a prescription. Morphine?

SHENOA

Yes please.

NANCY

When you're ready for your life to not be in pieces stop taking it.

SHENOA

Okay.

Nancy writes on a piece of paper. She rips it off of her notepad and hands it to Shenoa.

SHENOA (CONT'D)

You're the only white bitch who doesn't want to help me.

NANCY

Mm...HM.

EXT. SHENOA'S HOUSE - DAY

Teacher is knocking on the front door. She looks determined to get hold of Shenoa. Shenoa answers the door carefully surprised and a little freaked to see her high school teacher.

SHENOA

Ms. Charlotte.

MS. CHARLOTTE

Oh, you poor girl.

SHENOA

I don't need any more self-pity.

MS. CHARLOTTE

No. But I came to tell you about the group off girls that meets every week. You met one of the elders once she did a chat.

SHENOA

Another party.

MS. CHARLOTTE

It is what it is. You met one of the women in class once. She was sad. I was sad when I heard what happened. Please Shenoa. Go to the group. You may be surprised. You may need them as much as they need you. Good luck. Here is the information.

Ms. Charlotte hands Shenoa a card. She takes it and closes the door.

INT. CHURCH HALL - DAY

A coffee pot is put into a coffee maker. Old fingers reach for the button to turn on the machine. Steam runs from the top of the pot.

A group of elderly aboriginal Women sit around the in a circle of chairs not too much unlike an AA meeting. One by one the ladies take center circle.

ELDERLY WOMEN

His name was Frederick. He used to visit the girls after lights off. When some of us told the other teachers there that he visited us every night and was touching us he beat us. He beat me with a wood stick. He said I used to be out of line, undisciplined, and he needed to break me in.

MAGGY

They had hundreds of them. Residential schools. They told us they were needed to help integrate us into society. Truth was I don't remember using anything they taught us and it was hell when I was there. The boys bullied each other and the girls were kept in separate areas.

JOAN

Every day, I would wake up, and she would be there. She called herself a nurse but every day she found something wrong with me. I wasn't white enough or my hair was too dirty. She used to take me in the showers and turn the water to too hot or too cold.

The ladies all turn to Shenoa. She's the only one who hasn't spoken.

ELDERLY WOMEN

You're the only one left. How come you're here?

Shenoa takes center circle.

SHENOA

I wasn't sent away in a school. No I was just walking home.

(MORE)



SHENOA (CONT'D)

We were in a bar not even having that good a time. He picked me up on the highway. I spent two years a prisoner in his house. He'd come home make me do his cleaning and cooking. He raped me over and over again. He even got me pregnant. Then he killed her. He killed Raven.

Shenoa is in tears. She is pouring her heart into the story.

SHENOA (CONT'D)

But I fought back. I started a fire when he was sleeping. Then I watched as he burned. I watched as his life turned into ash and fire. And now I'm here.

The room turns quiet. The women all stare at Shenoa.

ELDERLY WOMEN

Thank you Shenoa.

MAGGY

Thank you.

JOAN

Thank you.

INT. WASHROOM — NIGHT

Shenoa is in the washroom again. With her bottle of pills nearby. Her hand pressed up against the sink. It looks like she is fighting her urges to use the pills.

SHENOA (V.O.)

As it turns out the real prison Dave made for me wasn't in a house at all. It was in me. What I choose to do and not do.

Shenoa looks at the pills and flushes them down the sink.

SHENOA (V.O.)

I choose to be like Raven and explore.

EXT. MOTHERS CAR — DAY

Shenoa is in the car wearing a rad pair of sunglasses. She looks like a normal young woman with her hair blowing in the wind and her arm dangling out the car door window.

SHENOA (V.O.)

I want to explore the mountains.

EXT. BEACH — SUNSET

Shenoa's mother's car is parked at the edge of a beach. The sun reflects brightly on Shenoa's skin as she walks freely.

SHENOA (V.O.)

The rivers and the oceans. I want  
to live free. No longer am I going  
to be missing. I am going to be the  
one who finds the world.

Shenoa is doing a happy skip on the beach. Her arms are waving freely in the wind. A bright smile comes across her face as she starts realizing joys of freedom.