

WOLF

by

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FADE TO BLACK:

INT. CABIN - DAY

Strong wind can be heard outside. The view from the large window shows nothing but snow.

By the dining table, KRISTOFF, 10 years old, eats his porridge.

Next to him, TOTO, 7 years, attempts to spread butter on his toast.

Their father ROMAN, 50's, makes an entrance from the other room, dressed in full winter clothing, appears to be a bear hide coat.

ROMAN

Kristoff, help your brother out.
Can't you see he is struggling?

Kristoff rolls his eyes as he grabs the knife from his brother.

Roman walks over to them and gives each of them a big hug.

ROMAN

I will be back soon, have to meet
the workers to fix the fence.

KRISTOFF

Why can't we come with you?

ROMAN

It isn't safe.

TOTO

Because of the wolves?

ROMAN

Yes, Toto, that is why I have to go
fix the fence.

He gets up to leave.

ROMAN

Take care of each other.

KRISTOFF

We will Papa.

He shuts the door behind him as he leaves.

As Toto devours his toast, Kristoff notices the rifle hang on the wall.

KRISTOFF

Papa forgot his rifle.

TOTO

Will the wolves get him?

KRISTOFF

I don't think so.

Toto smiles. Kristoff can't take his eyes off the rifle.

MOMENTS LATER.

Toto plays with some wooden blocks. Kristoff walks past him, towards the rifle and grabs it.

KRISTOFF

It's really heavy.

TOTO

Papa said we shouldn't touch it.

KRISTOFF

Just having a look.

Toto shrugs his shoulders and gets back to his blocks.

KRISTOFF

Let's go try it out. We might catch something for dinner.

TOTO

I don't think that's a good idea.

KRISTOFF

Well am going, you can stay here if you like.

As Kristoff suits up, Toto weighs the options in his head.

TOTO

Wait for me!

With rifle in hand, they both head out.

INT. FOREST - DAY

A blanket of snow covers the ground. The trees appear a mute painted white. The air is thick and moist. Every few steps reveals the rich soil underneath.

Toto trails behind his older brother.

TOTO

What if we get lost?

KRISTOFF

Quiet Toto, we won't find anything if you keep talking.

TOTO

Do you even know how to use papa's rifle?

Silence.

KRISTOFF

Kind of. I have seen him use it.

TOTO

We should get a deer like the one
he got last time.

KRISTOFF

Quiet Toto.

They approach a long stretching fence. Kristoff throws the gun over then lifts his brother up to cross over, followed by him.

MOMENTS LATER.

Toto appears exhausted from all the walking. He holds onto his brother's coat. Kristoff looks determined, eyes focused.

He halts suddenly. He looks up in the sky.

TOTO

Why did we stop?

KRISTOFF

(points upwards)

Look.

TOTO

Smoke?

KRISTOFF

Yes, someone lives here.

TOTO

The man in the woods. Papa told me
about him.

Just then, a DEER strolls gracefully in the distance.

Kristoff with excitement taps his brother.

TOTO

It's so beautiful.

KRISTOFF

It will be on the plate.

They both lay down behind a nearby tree trunk.

Kristoff cautiously aims the rifle at the deer. He pulls the trigger but it jams.

TOTO

You missed!

KRISTOFF

No I didn't. It didn't fire.

Kristoff examines the rifle with his eyes. He bangs it against the trunk.

KRISTOFF

Stupid! Piece! Of garbage!

The rifle fires! A sound of the shot echoes throughout the forest.

INT. CABIN - DAY

Roman returns, shivering from the unforgiving cold.

Kristoff sits by the dining table, motionless.

ROMAN

We managed to get part of the fence fixed, should be done before christmas. What shall we prepare for supper?

Kristoff doesn't respond.

ROMAN

Shall we make some stew?

Kristoff nods his head.

ROMAN

Ok, let me confirm with your brother.

Kristoff looks on with worry as his father leaves the room.

Roman returns from checking all the rooms. His face is filled with worry.

ROMAN

Where is Toto?

Kristoff doesn't answer.

ROMAN

Answer me boy!

Kristoff stays gruesomely quiet. Roman walks over and grabs him by both hands.

ROMAN

Where is Toto, Kristoff? Where is your brother?

KRISTOFF

(in tears)

The... Man... In... The... Woods.

ROMAN

The man in the woods?

INT.FOREST - DAY

A group of 4 MEN walk through the forest. Each SHOUT OUT Toto's name.

Kristoff walks behind his father. He notices that Kristoff is tired. He lifts him up on his chest as they continue walking.

ROMAN
We'll find him.

A tear rolls down Kristoff's cheek.

The calls for Toto get louder and louder.

MOMENTS LATER.

They come across the same spot the two boys had been earlier.

ROMAN
Show me where you saw the man?

Kristoff points. Roman signals two men to head into that direction.

Not before long there is a whistle.

ROMAN
(to himself)
They have found him!

He puts Kristoff on the ground and runs towards the sounds! Everyone follows along. Kristoff walks slowly.

As he approaches, he finds his father viciously punching the MAN, late 30's, shabby and dirty.

ROMAN
(to the man)
Where is my boy?!

Roman draws a couple of blows. The man can only shield himself.

Roman suddenly stops having noticed his RIFLE lay against a hut, made of small branches, leaves and tree trunks. Must be where the man sleeps.

ROMAN
(to the man)
What did you do to my boy?

The man turns his gaze to Kristoff, bewildered.

The Man points at Kristoff, he attempts to speak but can't spit the words out instead uses his hands. Points back and forth to Kristoff and then the rifle.

ROMAN
(to Kristoff)
What does he mean?

Kristoff steps back slowly.

KRISTOFF
I told him to stay close. I told
him to not go anywhere. He never
listens.

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

The RIFLE let's out a loud bang!

KRISTOFF
It works!

No response.

KRISTOFF
Toto, it still....

He lifts his head up in search of his brother.

There he is a few steps away, laying motionless on the
ground, face down.

Kristoff runs to him.

KRISTOFF
Toto! Toto!

He turns him sideways. Droplets of blood drip from the back
of his head.

KRISTOFF
No! No! No! No! Toto get up!

No response. Toto's neck drops back in his brother's arms.

Kristoff is left speechless. He looks around the vast
surrounding of trees. For some reason he can't form the
words to call out for help.

He looks at the direction of the smoke. Grabs his brother by
his chest and drags him into that direction.

Kristoff approaches the hut.

KRISTOFF
Help! Somebody, please help!

There's no one, a kettle boils nearby on the camp fire.
Kristoff goes into panic mode as he walks back and forth.

MOMENTS LATER.

Kristoff covers a patch of ground with soil. He pats it gently.

There's a crackling of branches and twigs from a distance. He turns his attention to the direction of the sound.

He locks eyes with THE MAN, Kristoff slowly reaches for the rifle, quickly aims it at the MAN.

Unable to gather the courage to shoot, he throws the weapon and makes a run for it.

The MAN slowly walks towards the rifle. Picks it up as he admiring. A SMILE on his face. He notices the shallow grave that's just been made.

END OF FLASHBACK.

ROMAN

What did you do son?

Silence.

ROMAN

Answer me! Where is your brother?!

Without looking Kristoff points to a nearby tree with where there appears to be freshly planted soil.

Roman having noticed the spot, slowly walks, tears rolling down his face as he fails to hold them back.

He leans down slowly, uses his hands to dig through the soil.

The man notices the attention is away from him. He quietly but quickly crawls to the hut.

One of the men realises this.

MAN 1

He's reaching for the rifle!

They all in a panic, try to draw their weapons before the man can reach the hut.

BANG!

He drops right at the entrance. The men turn their gaze back to Roman. He fired the shot. Without a word, he turns back to digging the soil out the shallow grave.

TOTO (O.S)

Papa?

ROMAN

(to Kristoff)

Did you hear that?

Kristoff nods, as he points towards the hut. It's Toto, his face covered in dirt, a make shift bandage of dirty pieces of clothe wrapped around his head.

Roman reaches for his son.

ROMAN

(crying)

Oh, I thought I had lost you!

TOTO

What happened?

Kristoff looks on with worry as to what might be said next.

ROMAN

You mean you don't know?

TOTO

We had come to look for deer. And then.. I don't... Remember.

Kristoff drops to his knees, a sign of relief that no one has noticed.

ROMAN

What matters is that you're safe now. My boy is safe.

Kristoff wipes away the tears that can't stop flowing.

ROMAN

(to Kristoff)

It's ok, I told you we'd find him.

Kristoff glances at the dead man. His dead eyes staring right back at him.

FADE TO BLACK

THE END.