

WHITEWASH

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1

OPENING CREDITS

INSERT: A pure white blanket of snow fills the screen. The first credits slowly appear, black on white. We hear the muffled sound of an engine. After the title *Whitewash* fades out, a hand enters the shot and wipes away the snow.

Under the snow, is a dark green rubber tarp. The credits slowly continue over this new background, this time white on dark green. Suddenly, the tarp is pulled away from the top of the screen.

This reveals a faded yellow metal plate. The sound of the engine becomes clearer. The plate is scratched and rusty and is screwed in with two bolts on top. The credits continue, black on yellow. A pair of hands unscrews the bolts. The plate is taken away.

We are left with a running engine. It is running so fast that it vibrates. The sound is now omnipresent. As the last credit fades out, the engine stops.

CUT TO:

2

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - CONTINUOUS

PAUL BLACKBURN, 45, walks hurriedly through a vicious snowstorm without a coat. He is wearing an *April Wine* concert T-Shirt. He picks up the pace every couple of steps, then slows down again to catch his breath.

It becomes increasingly difficult to continue. Exhausted, he stops and rests his hands on his knees. His entire body is shivering.

Suddenly headlights appear behind him. He turns and sees a vehicle heading straight at him!!! The vehicle breaks to try and stop! Paul holds up his hand as if desperately trying to stop the machine... BUT IT'S TOO LATE! PAUL GETS VIOLENTLY RAMMED INTO BY THE VEHICLE!

The machine comes to a complete stop! It is a small yellow snowplow designed to clear sidewalks with a front shovel riding on caterpillar tracks. The entire machine could fit on the back of a pickup truck.

The blowing wind rocks the plow gently back and forth. The side door cracks open...

BRUCE LANDRY, 50, drunkenly stumbles out of the plow into the raging storm. He can barely keep his eyes open as the snow whips his scruffy face. His eyes are heavy. He is wearing a flimsy winter jacket and a ragged wool hat.

The headlights beam down on Paul lying face down in the snow. Bruce leans down to take a closer look. He pokes the body.

BRUCE

Oh...God...no, no, no...

There is no response.

He pokes again. Still no response.

Silence: the only thing we hear is the wind and the muted sound of "*Chats Sauvages*" by *Marjo* coming from the radio inside the plow.

Bruce flips the body exposing Paul's skinny face, rugged skin and deep wrinkles. His cheek is swollen and covered in hundreds of tiny red dots.

Bruce shakes the body in an attempt to reanimate the victim.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

Come on...

No response. Paul is dead.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

Oh shit.

Bruce releases the victim and paces back and forth holding his head.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

(panicked)

...Ooooooh... man...shit, shit, shit....

He looks around nervously. There is no one in sight. He takes a deep breath to calm down and suddenly springs into action!

He grabs the body and clumsily struggles to place him in the tight space between the front shovel and the windshield.

He places the upper body, then grabs the feet. But as he places the feet, the upper body falls back to the ground.

Bruce finally succeeds in holding the body in place, but it's not holding by much. He looks around one last time to make sure he wasn't seen and rushes back behind the wheel.

3

INT. SNOWPLOW - CONTINUOUS

Bruce is covered in snow. He is sweating and breathing heavily. He is on the verge of a panic attack.

He slams his hand into the radio to turn it off.

He looks at the body just below his windshield which is already accumulating snow. He lifts the front shovel in an attempt to hold it in place.

He shifts into first gear, makes a slow u-turn and then drives off as fast as he can in the direction he came from. He speeds down the residential street while keeping an eye on the body.

Headlights appear in the far distance ahead of him!

Bruce immediately stops the plow. He can't tell if the vehicle ahead is parked or if it's coming towards him. He angrily makes another u-turn to head back in the opposite direction.

He drives past the site of the accident until he arrives at an intersection. He stops at the red light. The distant headlights are coming up behind him. He looks in all possible directions nervously: no one in sight...so he cautiously turns right...but hits a pothole propelling the body off the front shovel into the middle of the intersection!

He slams on the breaks and rushes out of the plow.

4

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Darkness.

Bruce struggles to pick up the heavy body. He puts it back in place and runs back to the cabin to grab a thin yellow rope from under his seat and ties the body to the front shovel.

Bruce quickly secures the body in place, rushes behind the wheel and speeds off just as the other vehicle arrives at the red light.

5 **INT. SNOWPLOW - MOMENTS LATER**

Adrenaline rushes through his veins.

Something rattles as it rolls around the cabin floor. He searches with his right hand while keeping his other hand on the wheel and his eyes on the road. He can't find whatever is rolling around.

Bruce drives full throttle. The houses become sparse as the residential street turns into a country road.

The snowplow has a weak suspension and Bruce bounces around the cabin. He hits one particular tough bump that crushes his forehead into the odometer and other gauges set up above the windshield.

BRUCE
(painfully)
Owwwwwwwwwwww...mother shit bitch...

Blood runs down his face. It's a deep gash. He wipes the blood with the back of his hand which distracts him momentarily. He continues as fast and as straight as possible despite his severe drunken state.

Suddenly, he sees flashing red, blue and orange lights coming from around the curve of the road ahead! It's impossible to tell if they are police cars, ambulances, or tow trucks. Bruce stops. He can't risk continuing in this direction.

He looks back as he weighs his options. He picks up the bottle of Southern Comfort which was rolling around on the floor. He takes a swig.

He has no choice: he cuts perpendicularly into the forest away from the road.

He drives up on top of a snowbank but the plow won't tip forward! The tracks are buried deep in the snow and he's on a heavy slant facing upward.

He slams on the gas.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

COME ON!!!

But the plow stays put! He tries again and leans his body weight forward to try and make the plow tip over the snowbank.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

...come on sack o' shit...

The plow begins to rock back and forth to the rhythm of Bruce shifting his weight.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

...that's it...come on...

The plow swings back and forth on top of the snow bank like a pendulum thanks to Bruce leaning forward and then jumping back. Finally, he gets traction and the plow swings over the snowbank into the forest but the body falls off the front shovel!

Bruce stops just by a wooden pylon (for power lines) leaning at 45 degrees.

A car approaches...Bruce turns off the headlights and engine...the car drives by.

6

EXT. FOREST - CONTINUOUS

The winds are ferocious and the blowing snow is blinding.

Bruce is knee-deep in snow and alone in the forest. He can still see the flashing lights of emergency vehicles in the distance.

He grabs the body and attempts to swing it across his shoulder but it's too heavy! He falls backwards under the crushing weight of the dead body! His face is in the victim's naked armpit.

BRUCE

Ahhhh....get off fat ass!

He pulls himself out from under the body, grabs the shovel strapped to the back of the plow's cabin and painfully drags the body into the woods by one leg.

With relentless effort, he makes it deep into the woods. He falls to his knees and digs frantically with his bare hands, but the storm makes it difficult to make any progress.

He stops when he notices the victim is wearing thin leather gloves. He pulls them off the dead hands and slips them on. They are very tight.

As he digs with the gloves, he eventually manages to see the ground. He tries to dig but the earth is as hard as a rock. Completely frozen. Bruce hits the ground in frustration.

He flips the body and lays it on the frozen earth. He grabs him by the shoulders and stares intensely into the dead man's eyes. He looks as if he's about to say something but doesn't.

Instead, Bruce is distracted by blood in the snow coming from the victim's legs: he has clear horizontal lines cutting through his pants resulting from the impact with the front shovel of the plow. It's a clear demarcation across the shins and thighs.

He frisks him: he goes through every pocket. He seems to be looking for something specific but can't find it. However, he does find a wallet, which he keeps, but there is nothing else in the man's pockets. Bruce is confused.

He buries him under a pile of snow.

He falls to his knees and stares at the burial site. He respectfully touches the snow-covered body.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

...sorry....

7 **INT. SNOWPLOW - CONTINUOUS**

Bruce is cold and wet. He looks out at his footprints leading from the plow to the burial site. He takes a long swig of booze.

His eyes glazed over, he looks out again into the woods. The blowing snow has already begun erasing his tracks. He takes another swig, revs the engine, and drives off.

8 **EXT. FOREST - CONTINUOUS**

Bruce continues to force his way through the bumpy forest. He circumvents obstacles as best he can and tries to keep driving through open spaces.

JUMP CUT TO:

Bruce crashes through trees and snow banks at full speed and jumps a few inches in the air through a hedge of pine trees. The landing is rough and Bruce knocks his forehead in the same spot which increases the bleeding.

JUMP CUT TO:

He joins up with a road on which he drives for a while before cutting back into the woods.

JUMP CUT TO:

Bruce cuts through a wide open field at high speed.

JUMP CUT TO:

He zigzags around boulders in the forest.

9 **INT. SNOWPLOW - CONTINUOUS**

Bruce is so drunk that his eyes roll around and his eyelids close slowly, then reopen as he tries to focus.

He struggles to remain conscious and not pass out but his head bobs up and down...

10 **EXT. FOREST - CONTINUOUS**

The plow drives off into the distance. The two red taillights merge into one as he disappears over the horizon, out of sight.

A slow **FADE TO BLACK** on the fading taillights.

FADE TO BLACK.

Not a sound is heard. Darkness.

11 **INT. SNOWPLOW - MORNING**

SLOW FADE IN on Bruce's face, with his eyes positioned where the disappearing taillights were.

He stares blankly into space and peels his face off the frosted window.

He looks around, confused.

He rubs his head in pain as his eyes adjust to the blinding translucent light. His body is awkwardly cramped in the tiny cabin. There isn't even room for him to fully extend his legs.

He touches his forehead which is covered in dried blood. His eyes are bloodshot. His mouth is dry and pasty. His face is ghostly white. He feels nauseous. Hungover.

There is a constant rattling noise in the background. He reaches for the door handle, pulls it, and the door swings open: bright white light and blowing snow immediately crash into the plow. He shivers.

12 **EXT. FOREST SURROUNDING THE PLOW - CONTINUOUS**

He wiggles out and falls into a snow bank using his bare hands to cushion the landing.

He pulls himself up and looks around: **HE IS IN THE MIDDLE OF NOWHERE!**

He turns slowly to look in every direction. Everything is covered by a thick blanket of white snow that has erased all tracks, which makes it impossible to know which direction he came from. It all looks the same. There are no reference points. He is extremely confused and quickly overwhelmed.

His back hurts. He lifts his coat and shirt and sees a red mark across his lower back. He takes a few steps to walk it off.

Bruce looks around again. Panic sets in.

SUPER: "DAY 1"

Bruce looks for the source of the constant rattling noise. He sits in the plow, leaving the door open, and leans his head out to peek below the machine. The rattling is coming from a broken axel spinning under the plow (the engine is still running). He pulls his head up quickly and pauses for a moment, trying his best not to vomit.

BRUCE
(to himself)
...no puke...no puke...

He puts the stick shift from DRIVE into REVERSE. The machine doesn't move. It's broken!

He puts it in the PARKED position and turns off the engine. He looks at the several gauges above the windshield on which he knocked his forehead the night before. One of them is the gas gauge: it is near empty.

Bruce steps out of the plow and studies its position: it is slightly leaning against a large rock below an oak tree he crashed into.

He looks to the plow as if it could provide answers. The small yellow engine is tightly wedged between the tree and the rock. He can't figure out how he got it in that position. He grabs the black leather gloves from the floor of the cabin and struggles to slip into them with his wet hands.

He looks around suspiciously to see if police or anyone else is following him. He slowly takes cover behind a nearby tree.

After a few moments, he concludes that he is alone. So, he cautiously emerges from behind the tree and struggles to climb on the roof of the snowplow to get a better view of his surroundings. He keeps his balance on the slippery metal surface by holding the branch of the nearby oak tree rising 10 meters toward the sky.

Again he looks around suspiciously. There is no one. As a safety precaution, he chooses to sit on the roof.

The cold is turning the scar on his forehead purple. Bruce's eyes swell up and his whole upper body starts rocking back and forth. His head begins to nod. His face turns red. He looks like he's in a trance but he starts crying.

Bruce sobs uncontrollably. His crying is deep and painful.

After a few moments, he tries to regain his composure. But can't. He slaps his face to calm down!

BRUCE (CONT'D)

Aaaaaahhh...

He takes a few deep breaths and wipes the tears from his face.

He stops crying and climbs down from the roof.

Once safely on the ground, he meticulously studies the front shovel of the snowplow. He wipes all the dirt and snow and scrutinizes every square inch. He identifies a dark brown stain, which could be blood, but he's not sure. He scrubs the stain but it won't come off.

He grabs a fallen pine branch and scrubs harder. But the branch disintegrates between his fingers as he scrubs.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

(mumbling)

...cheap ass branch...

He tosses the branch and springs into action.

13 **EXT. FOREST SURROUNDING THE PLOW - MOMENTS LATER**

He swiftly grabs an old knapsack from behind the seat. He stuffs it with the bottle of Southern Comfort, a lighter (he grabs from the glove compartment) and a compass he rips off the dashboard. He grabs a brown paper bag from the floor and rips it open. Inside is an empty white cardboard plate. He digs his nose into it. It smells good.

He studies the position of the plow and looks at where the back is facing assuming he came from that direction. He checks the compass: the back of the plow is facing WEST.

He pulls up his flimsy collar, pulls down his wool tuque, and begins his trek.

14 **EXT. DEEP FOREST - DAY**

There is close to a meter of snow on the ground, which makes every step very difficult. He walks through trees of what is a rather flat area: no hills, no valleys, just flat land.

He walks. And walks.

BRUCE
(bewildered)
How far did I drive....

Bruce takes a handful of snow and stuffs it in his mouth. It's cold. Very cold. He keeps it in his mouth to melt and then tries to swallow the water. But the process is inefficient and unpleasant.

He grabs more snow and this time blows on it before eating it. He sucks up little chunks with his tongue. It's even more frustrating.

15 **EXT. DEEP FOREST - DUSK**

The sun is sinking fast and he is clearly lost. The depth of the snow makes it that much more exhausting. Fear and confusion are quickly setting in.

He blows hot breath on his hands as the flimsy gloves don't offer much protection from the cold.

Up ahead, he notices a fallen tree with its earth-covered roots exposed thus creating a sort of wall. He sits there in the dirt like a child lost in a shopping mall. The "wall" shelters him from the wind and snow.

BRUCE
(to himself)
...mother shit bitch...

16

EXT. DEEP FOREST - NIGHT

Bruce is afraid. The surrounding darkness is overwhelming.

Despite his fear, he cautiously ventures into the woods to collect small pieces of wood. He nervously carries these tiny branches back behind his "wall" of dirt and roots. He grabs the lighter from the bag and tries to light the messy pile of branches.

It doesn't work. He tries again - and fails again.

He lifts his shoulders, closes his eyes, and takes a deep breath.

BRUCE
(whispering)
...breathe in ...release...

He returns to the woods and examines the bark of nearby trees but can't find anything satisfactory. He is looking for a particular kind of tree but most trees are pine. He has no choice but to rip off a piece of thick bark from a pine. He smells the inner part of the bark curiously.

He tries to light the bark but again, he can't.

BRUCE (CONT'D)
(anger)
DAMN!!!

He quickly removes his coat, rips off the tag from the collar and quickly puts his coat back on.

He tries to light the tag. It works! He attempts to carry the tiny flame to the pile of branches but the flame expires.

He looks around nervously at the darkness and acknowledges that he is stuck where he is with no heat.

17 **EXT. DEEP FOREST - LATER THAT NIGHT**

Bruce is shivering and his teeth chatter. He chugs down the rest of the Southern Comfort in a few large gulps.

He unzips his pants and urinates in the bottle.

He caps the bottle and holds it to keep warm. He curls up in a shivering foetal ball holding the warm bottle of urine.

18 **EXT. DEEP FOREST - NIGHT**

Bruce's eyes are closed. His eyebrows and facial hair are covered in snow, his face is blistered by the cold and his teeth are chattering uncontrollably.

He gets up and moves around to keep warm. He looks out into the dark distance ahead in hopes of seeing a potential destination, but there is nothing. So, he thinks for a moment...

It is freezing...

He follows his own footsteps back to the plow.

19 **EXT. DEEP FOREST - DAWN**

Bruce follows his tracks in direction of the plow.

JUMP CUT TO:

The sun slowly rises. He sees the plow in the distance and picks up the pace as the cold is unbearable. Despite his exhaustion, he hurries through the thick snow.

20

INT. SNOWPLOW - MOMENTS LATER

Bruce rushes to the plow and removes the snow he piled over the door. Once inside, he immediately starts the engine and turns on the heater full blast. The heater isn't built-in to the plow (it looks like a small toolbox) and has a large fan mounted on top, just below the windshield.

He massages his frozen face to stimulate circulation. The thermometer indicates -18 degrees Celsius.

The gas gauge needle is at the bottom, but the engine is miraculously still running (!!!)

He awkwardly crouches to "hug" the heater which is difficult in the tight space.

JUMP CUT TO:

Bruce is warmer. Despite his exhaustion he can't sleep.

He reaches into his pocket and pulls out a few bills. He counts his money.

He stops -- frowns curiously -- and frantically starts looking through his coat pocket and pulls out the victim's wallet! He had forgotten about it! He takes out the cash and adds it to his own. He takes a moment to look at the ID cards identifying the victim as **PAUL BLACKBURN**.

Bruce looks at the photo IDs. This time he really tries to hold in his tears and not breakdown. But again, his eyes swell up.

BRUCE
(to ID card)
Friggin' prick!

He squeezes an ID card in his hand as if trying to crumple a piece of paper, but the card is too rigid.

21 **EXT. SNOWPLOW - MORNING**

Bruce is on all fours. He finishes digging a hole in the ground with a small branch. He puts the wallet down in the hole.

He aggressively covers the wallet with earth and snow. With the branch, he repeatedly stabs more snow over the wallet. He is very focussed.

He stabs and stabs again.

22 **EXT. BRUCE'S HOUSE - BACKYARD - MOMENTS LATER - FLASHBACK**

Bruce is shovelling the back porch. His technique is sloppy.

It's a small deck with a rusty gas barbecue in the corner and a table in the middle. The perimeter of the backyard is surrounded by a metal fence, part of which is leaning at 45 degrees. It is desolate.

Paul steps through the patio door directly onto the porch. He isn't wearing a coat or hat so he keeps his hands deep in his pockets and shrugs his shoulders to try and keep warm.

 PAUL
 (looks at the yard)
Nice.

 BRUCE
How d'you sleep?

 PAUL
Good.

Paul lights up a cigarette and offers one to Bruce who turns it down.

 PAUL (CONT'D)
About yesterday...

 BRUCE
Forget it...you were right. It's none of my business.

Bruce runs his shovel over the barbecue.

PAUL

You're a decent guy Bruce. One hell of a decent guy...I'll tell you that.

Bruce stops shovelling to catch his breath. He's not sure how to interpret the compliment.

PAUL (CONT'D)

I'm telling you. I've been around, and not everyone would do what you did. That was some real fuckin' decency you did for me.

BRUCE

Just seemed like the decent thing to do.

PAUL

Exactly. Case closed.

Bruce pushes the last of the snow off the edge of the balcony.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Did you eat?

BRUCE

There's cereal, if you want.

PAUL

How about I make us an omelette?

BRUCE

All I got is the Froot Loops. Sorry.

Paul kicks snow off the side of the balcony.

PAUL

I should take off anyway. Mind if I take a shower before I go?

BRUCE

Where you gonna go?

PAUL

Don't know yet.

BRUCE

There's no rush. Grab a bowl.

Paul pauses.

PAUL

Cool. Thanks.

23

INT. BRUCE'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - EVENING - FLASHBACK

Bruce and Paul sit across from each other in the living room. They slowly bob their heads to the beat of "**Eyes of a Stranger**" by **Payolas** playing on the radio. Bruce leans over and turns on the one lamp in the corner. It lights up the sallow walls. It is a sad environment. There are no pictures or books. Like a motel room, there is one small generic painting lost in the middle of a large white wall.

Paul sips a beer as he observes the china cabinet in the adjacent dining area. It isn't displaying much china but mostly filled with knick knacks: old grocery bags full of pennies, an old sewing machine, a pink sweater folded on a shelf, etc. There is one framed picture leaning on the middle shelf. It is Bruce and his wife posing behind a wooden cutout of a Samurai and a Geisha. Just below is a painting of Bruce and his wife posing in a more traditional manner. On top of the cabinet are several dolls with very realistic eyes. Paul is intrigued by them.

PAUL

Freaky little buggers.

BRUCE

My wife made 'em.

PAUL

No shit...

BRUCE

The eyes. Not the puppets.

PAUL

No shit...

BRUCE

She'd spend hours painting those little glass balls.

PAUL

Like a hobby?

BRUCE

Ya, but, it was pretty good money too.

PAUL

No shit...

BRUCE

Yup.

PAUL

So where is the old lady? You divorced?

Paul stuffs a couple chips in his mouth from the bag on the table between them.

BRUCE

Cancer.

PAUL

(mouth full)

My condolences.

(beat)

Was she Mexican?

BRUCE

No...why?

PAUL

(hinting at the dolls)

Mexicans love crafts.

(beat)

You ever been to Mexico? The Yucatan?

BRUCE

No.

PAUL

Mexico.

(beat)

Mehhico.

BRUCE

Mehhico.

PAUL

You got three states on the Yucatan peninsula: Yucatan, Campeche and Quintana Roo.

BRUCE

Quintana Roo. Nice.

PAUL

May I?

Paul holds up his empty beer bottle.

BRUCE

Go ahead.

Paul disappears into the kitchen.

PAUL (O.S.)

It's paradise down there. When you're hungry, there's buffets everywhere. Bar is always open. They take care of you. You want to go to the pool, you go to the pool. You want swim in the sea, you swim in the fuckin' sea.

Paul emerges from the kitchen with two fresh beers.

BRUCE

Quintana Roo.

PAUL

Quintana Roo.

BRUCE

Sounds awesome.

Paul opens the beers and gives one to Bruce.

PAUL

Couple of years ago, my wife and I got some of them fake tattoos.

BRUCE

Fake?

Paul plops back down on the sofa.

PAUL

Comes off after a week. You pick what you want and the guy sticks it on. Last time, I got a butterfly plastered on my lower back.

BRUCE

Like a stripper.

PAUL

Like a fuckin' stripper.

Paul stuffs a handful of chips into his mouth.

BRUCE

Awesome.

PAUL

(mouthful)

These are awesome!

He checks out the bag: "Spicy Chicken Wing"

PAUL (CONT'D)

(disbelief)

Chicken wing chips...fuck me!?

Bruce bursts out laughing. He stares at Paul with a genuine smile as Paul washes down the chips with half his beer. Paul becomes serious and leans in.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Listen Bruce, I hate to ask, but can I stay here again tonight? I promise I'll be gone tomorrow. I just need to get my shit together.

BRUCE

Of course. No worries.

Paul stretches across the table to tap Bruce's beer bottle with his. It's an awkwardly long stretch.

PAUL

(stretching)

Cheers bud.

BRUCE

Cheers.

24 **EXT. SNOWPLOW - DAY**

Bruce is crouched beside the plow sucking on an icicle. He breaks off a piece in his mouth. He is deep in thought.

SUPER: "DAY 2"

He struggles to crunch on the ice when he sees an old Ziplock bag on the cabin floor.

He spits out the ice.

He cleans the Ziplock bag and stuffs it with as much snow as possible. He places the snow-filled Ziplock by the heater.

25 **INT. SNOWPLOW - MOMENTS LATER**

He turns on the radio which is strapped to the side of the seat.

Bruce scans the dial. Nothing. He finds one radio station which is extremely scratchy and barely audible. He only hears the faint and distant notes of *"We're here for a good time (not a long time)" by Trooper.*

BRUCE

...come on, give me some news...

He scans again and stops the needle at every frequency, but he only has that one scratchy radio station. He jiggles the needle but it does nothing to improve reception.

He checks on his Ziplock bag: most of the snow has melted! He brings the bag to his mouth and drinks from it directly. In his haste, some of the water runs down his face onto his pants.

The engine stutters...Bruce nervously checks the gas gauge which indicates EMPTY. The stutter is only momentary and the engine continues running normally.

Bruce is relieved, but turns off the radio to save energy.

JUMP CUT TO:

He looks out at the darkness.

BRUCE (CONT'D)
 (mumbling to himself)
 ...big Mac, McDlt, a quarter-pounder with
 some cheese, filet-o-fish, filet-o-fish,
 filet-o-fish...

JUMP CUT TO:

Bruce struggles to find a comfortable position in which to fall asleep. He curls up both his legs, then tries to stretch them, but it's all very uncomfortable. He finally settles on leaning back holding one leg up to his chest.

BRUCE (CONT'D)
 (imitating the voice of an
 airline pilot)
 We'll be landing in Miami in three
 hours...

He closes his eyes.

26

INT. SNOWFLOW - NIGHT

Bruce wakes up shivering. The engine has stopped.

BRUCE
 (defeated)
 No...please, no...

He panics. He tries to start the engine but it's dead. He uses his lighter to look at the gas gauge. It's completely empty.

BRUCE (CONT'D)
 (desperation)
 No, no, no. Please.

He tries the engine one last time: it doesn't start!

27

EXT. FOREST SURROUNDING THE PLOW - LATE NIGHT

Bruce clears a patch of snow with his foot, gathers small pieces of wood and large pieces of birch bark from nearby trees. He tries to light the bark on fire, but the wind keeps blowing out the lighter.

He tears off a piece of the brown paper bag he sniffed earlier and lights it on fire! He transfers the flame to the bark. It works!

BRUCE

(proud)

Yes! Ha-ha...

JUMP CUT TO:

He keeps his hands hovering just over the flame.

He looks up at the star-filled sky. No clouds. In the distance, he notices what appears to be very faint lights. They are barely noticeable.

Bruce climbs on the roof of the plow to get a better look, but it isn't high enough to see the source of the lights. He grabs the lowest branch of the nearby oak tree and struggles to pull himself up as he is heavy and out-of-shape.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

(struggling)

Cooooome on fat ass.

He manages to climb to the first branch, which he straddles like a horse. He climbs to a second branch, and a third, until he finds himself 5 meters above ground.

He looks toward the faint lights and tries to make out the source. They are coming from the direction the snowplow is facing i.e. EAST.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

....yes...

28

EXT. DEEP FOREST - DAY

Bruce is walking with the knapsack strapped to his back. Again, the deep snow makes it difficult to make substantial progress.

Every step is increasingly painful and demanding as he gets visibly weaker. He drags his feet as the sun travels from one horizon to the other. Plus, his eyelashes are covered in ice, which makes it difficult to see.

He looks up as he walks under huge power lines.

SUPER: "DAY 3"

Bruce is on the verge of collapse.

Just as the sun sinks for another day, he sees a clearing up ahead. As he stumbles forward, he tries to pick up the pace. A colored dot appears between the trees.

Bruce approaches. It's a road sign!

He summons the energy to smile faintly to himself.

29

EXT. SMALL ROAD - DUSK

Bruce can barely stand as he emerges from the woods onto a road.

To his left, the road sign is set up in front of two barricades: "ROAD CLOSED". The road is buried in snow and unusable by any car.

To his right, a gas station and a diner about a half-kilometer away. That area is lit by two streetlights (lighting up the night sky).

BRUCE
(to himself)
...thank you.

No cars at the diner or garage, which makes sense given the state of the road. Bruce immediately heads to the diner: it is a two-storey building. The lower level is the restaurant and upstairs is a residence.

He passes a street sign indicating "ROUTE 141".

30

EXT. DINER - DUSK

As he approaches, he fears the diner is closed. But upon taking a closer look, he sees two silhouettes sitting at the counter.

Despite his fatigue and extreme hunger, he takes a moment and goes to the back of the diner and finds a hot air vent coming from the kitchen. He puts his face in the hot greasy air which melts away the ice and snow.

The heat on his face is orgasmic.

JUMP CUT TO:

As Bruce prepares to walk to the front of the diner, he looks himself over to make sure he's fit to be seen. He drops to the ground and rubs his sleeve in the snow to remove the dark stains of his own blood. Then he scrubs his sleeve on the cement wall of the restaurant. He scrubs and scrubs...

He walks back to the front of the diner.

He pulls on the front door, but it is locked. Bruce leans onto the glass door to peek inside and sees a **WAITRESS**, 30, sitting on the lap of the **COOK**, 45.

Bruce knocks on the glass door. The Cook and the Waitress immediately turn around. They are surprised to see someone at the door.

BRUCE
(screaming through the glass
door)
YOU OPEN?

The Cook and Waitress remain motionless, staring Bruce down from head to toe.

Bruce feels he is disturbing, so he waves and smiles politely to them. The Cook says something to the Waitress. She slowly grabs an apron from the counter, slips it on and walks to the front door.

31 **INT. DINER - CONTINUOUS**

She opens the door.

In the background, *"I just wanna stop" by Gino Vannelli* is playing.

 BRUCE

Sorry. You open?

 WAITRESS

 (long pause)

We are now.

 (beat)

Sit where you want.

The Waitress speaks with a heavy French Canadian accent.

Bruce closes the door behind him.

Bruce is beginning to look like a decrepit homeless man, and he's aware of it, which makes him uncomfortable.

The Cook and the Waitress remain very calm and just stare at Bruce. Their stoic and unpredictable stare instantly overwhelms Bruce with paranoia.

 WAITRESS (CONT'D)

 (curt)

M'man, y'a un client!

(Subtitle: Ma! We got a client!)

An **OLD WOMAN**, 80, is standing on a stoop at the back of the restaurant cleaning the window with a squeegee. She turns and looks at Bruce and sighs. Annoyed, she drops her squeegee in a bucket of water.

Bruce rushes to the toilet.

We stay with the Waitress and the Cook. They slowly look at each other.

They walk to the window to see how this man got here.

Suddenly, from behind the bathroom door, we hear the sound of water filling the sink. Then the sound of loud slurping. Heavy breathing and coughing now blend with the slurping.

The Waitress and Cook look at the bathroom with concern. She approaches the bathroom door. She is intrigued and somewhat disgusted.

The door swings open and Bruce comes out. He is surprised to see the Waitress staring at him. She forces an awkward smile.

WAITRESS (CONT'D)

(curt)

You sick?

BRUCE

I'm fine. I'll have...two burgers and a large coffee please.

Bruce peeks over her shoulder to scan behind the counter.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

And I'll have a large piece of pie as I wait...please.

The Waitress turns and sees the pie in the glass refrigerator.

WAITRESS

(baffled)

You want the pie before the burgers?

Bruce nods.

WAITRESS (CONT'D)

(to the cook)

Deux burgers.

(Subtitle: Two burgers.)

BRUCE

(to Waitress)

Medium rare.

WAITRESS

What?

BRUCE

The burgers...I like them medium rare.

WAITRESS
 (to the cook)
 Medium saignant.
(Subtitle: Medium rare.)

Bruce walks to a booth. A thermometer outside his window indicates minus 12 degrees Celsius.

The Old Woman is now going from table to table filling the napkin dispensers.

The Cook slowly grabs his apron and steps into the kitchen. The Waitress serves the piece of pie and coffee and brings them over to Bruce.

WAITRESS (CONT'D)
 How do you get here anyway?

Bruce looks down at his plate and can't wait any longer so he stuffs his mouth with a large piece of pie.

BRUCE
 (his mouth full)
 I, uh, I walked over.

WAITRESS
 (incredulous)
 Through the snow?

Bruce swallows.

BRUCE
 I'm at a friend's place just up the road,
 but no power, no gas.

Awkward silence. She senses Bruce is annoyed and walks away. But Bruce calls her back with his mouth full.

BRUCE (CONT'D)
 (mouth full)
 MMMMM!!!

He signals for her to wait a minute by holding up his finger. She fiddles with her plastic stir-stick as she waits for Bruce to swallow his food.

BRUCE (CONT'D)
 Sorry. A beer, please.
 (pause)
 (MORE)

BRUCE (CONT'D)

Also...I'm trying to get back to Macamic?
Any buses or trucks heading there?

WAITRESS

The road is closed. Stay with your
friend, it will be a while.

Bruce forces a casual smile. As the Waitress prepares to walk away, he interrupts her.

BRUCE

And, uh, can I use one?

Bruce points to the two computers set up in the corner.

She nods and walks away.

Bruce walks over to the corner of the dining area. He can feel the stare of the cook who's pressing down on the hamburger patty with his spatula. The Old Woman is still going from table to table refilling napkin dispensers.

Bruce sits at one of the clunky computers with his coffee. He pushes on the power button of the tower below the table and waits for the computer to boot. He clicks to the Internet.

In a search engine he types: "Missing People Quebec". The first hit is a *Sûreté du Québec* website with pages of pictures of missing men and women. He scrolls and FINDS A PICTURE OF PAUL!

His face turns ghostly white.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

(mumbling)

No...

Bruce panics. He looks up: the Waitress is chatting with the Cook as she waits for the hamburgers.

Bruce clicks on Paul's picture. On the new page is both Paul's picture AND BRUCE'S PICTURE with their names in caption.

The summary reads: "*The car of Paul Blackburn was found parked in front of Bruce Landry's house. Blackburn's wife reported him missing on February 26. There is no known connection between the two men...*"

The Waitress approaches with his food and beer. He immediately clicks on "CLEAR HISTORY" to erase his cyber tracks. He shuts off the computer and returns to his seat.

She holds up two plastic-wrapped cheese slices.

WAITRESS

You want cheese?

BRUCE

Sure.

She removes the top bun from the burgers and begins unwrapping the cheese.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

That's alright. I got it.

She smiles uncomfortably, gives him the cheese and walks away to the kitchen.

Bruce is panicked. The Old Woman is finished with the napkins. She has returned to her stoop, squeegee in hand, and cleaning the windows. She looks at Bruce. Bruce looks away. Outside, he glances at the thermometer and blowing snow.

He drinks his beer in two gulps and brings his plate to the cash.

WAITRESS

(confused)

It's not okay?

BRUCE

Actually, I'll take these to go. My friend is waiting.

WAITRESS

Sure.

She gives him the bill. Bruce digs into his pocket to get the money as she puts the burgers in a Styrofoam container.

WAITRESS (CONT'D)

We're having a big one tomorrow.

BRUCE

A what?

WAITRESS

Storm.

BRUCE

Again.

She nods. Bruce pays her.

WAITRESS

Thanks.

Bruce forces a smile as she returns to the kitchen.

He sees a coat, a fur hat and fur gloves hanging on the wall right in front of him. He grabs the hat and gloves and stuffs them in his coat.

He turns to see the Old Woman looking at him. She goes to speak but pauses as if confused or perhaps scared.

Bruce exits swiftly.

32

EXT. SMALL ROAD - NIGHT

Bruce walks out looking straight ahead. He is scared but walks calmly across the street. He does his best to stay out of sight while exploring the area but there is nothing except for the diner and gas station.

He looks back at the diner and sees the Cook and Waitress looking at him through the glass door.

He walks a bit further. He turns around again. The Cook and Waitress are now looking at the computer he was working on. They are both huddled around the screen.

BRUCE

Shit....

Bruce picks up the pace.

He passes by the garage. The lights are on inside; it seems open. He continues walking steadily down the road.

Darkness slowly surrounds him as he gets further and further away from the streetlights.

A pair of headlights appear in the distance ahead!

Bruce jumps off the road and crouches behind a tree!

He waits...

Two *Sûreté du Québec* Police snowmobiles fly across the snow and pull up to the diner! Bruce freezes...

BRUCE (CONT'D)
(to himself)
...can't... can't be... can't be for
me...

The two cops get off their snowmobiles and start discussing. One of them bursts out laughing. Without ever looking in Bruce's direction, the policemen enter the restaurant.

Bruce panics. He looks down the road for a moment. Complete darkness.

BRUCE (CONT'D)
...think God dammit...

He looks at the diner. He looks at the garage.

He runs towards the garage.

As he approaches, he notices a snowmobile parked by the entrance. He stops to look at the ignition: no keys.

33

INT. GARAGE - MOMENTS LATER

Bruce rushes inside. He's immediately faced with an overwhelming amount of clutter in the tiny space. There are VHS movies for rent, cans of motor oil, various keys hanging on loose hooks, car parts, a rusty toaster, etc. Amongst the clutter is a sign on the wall that reads "Smile you're on camera". Bruce follows the wire from the camera and sees that it's unplugged.

MONDOUX

(concerned)

Je peux vous aider?

(Subtitle: Can I help you?)

MONDOUX, 80, is sitting behind the counter, starring at him. Bruce can only see the man's head sticking out through all the clutter laying on the counter. Beside Mondoux is a calendar hanging on the wall, with pictures of half-naked firemen. It is in sharp contrast with the gentle-looking man. Bruce avoids eye contact as much as possible.

Bruce keeps scanning nervously at everything in the store.

BRUCE

Je dois juste me chauffer.

(Subtitle: I just need to warm up.)

He speaks French with a thick accent.

Bruce finds what he was looking for: a small tool display. He grabs a pair of small pliers that are cheaply made. He isn't satisfied.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

Il y a d'autres?

(Subtitle: you have anything else?)

MONDOUX

(looking around the clutter)

Non. J'pense pas.

(Subtitle: No. I don't think so.)

Bruce holds on to them and keeps "shopping". He spots a pile of jerrycans.

BRUCE

C'est combien?

(Subtitle: How much?)

MONDOUX

\$8.99 pour le 20 litres.

(Subtitle: \$8.99 For the 20 litre.)

Bruce grabs three jerrycans.

BRUCE

J'prends du gaz.

(Subtitle: I'm just getting gas.)

Bruce exits towards the gas pumps. We stay with Mondoux who leans his head forward to watch Bruce.

Bruce puts down the three jerrycans and fills each one from a separate pump to save time. He takes a long nervous look over towards the diner.

The jerrycans are quickly filled. He leaves them by the pumps, and calmly returns inside.

He quickly looks for food: he sees two large cans of high-octane beers in the fridge, a half-empty rack of small chip bags (Doritos), and an old peanut distributor in the corner. He hesitates but grabs both beers and eight bags of chips.

He lays everything on the counter.

Still sitting behind his counter, Mondoux slowly tallies up all the bags of chips. Bruce is impatient. Again, he subtly glances outside towards the diner.

MONDOUX

Ca fait quatre-vingt-neuf dollars et quatre sous.

(Subtitle: That'll be \$89.04)

Bruce has just enough. He is left with ten dollars and some change.

BRUCE

Merci.

(Subtitle: Thanks.)

MONDOUX

On a aussi des peanuts.

(Subtitle: We also have peanuts.)

Bruce looks to the peanut machine and decides to grab some. He inserts a quarter and collects a handful of BBQ peanuts that he dumps in his pocket as Mondoux watches him.

BRUCE

Merci.
(*Subtitle: Thanks.*)

Bruce exits.

34 **EXT. SMALL ROAD - CONTINUOUS**

Bruce avoids the diner and heads directly across the street into the forest. Mumbling to himself, he nervously glances at the diner where the police snowmobiles are still parked in front. He walks through the trees but keeps his cool as he hopes they can't see him.

He's clear. He treks forward.

BRUCE

I'll get to you before they do Pauly.

35 **EXT. DEEP FOREST - NIGHT**

Bruce's frustration grows as he struggles through the snow. The jerrycans are excessively heavy. It almost looks as if the weight has lengthened Bruce's arms.

He's holding two jerrycans with his left arm and one with his right, while carrying his plastic bag filled with chips and beer in his mouth. The bag slowly slips from his mouth and he desperately tries to hold on using his tongue but it falls to the ground. He stops every couple of steps to catch his breath and rub his aching shoulders. And it's getting cold again...

He turns around to see if he's being followed: nobody. He sits in the snow and takes out the fur hat from his coat and unfolds it. It's an old woman's fur hat! Bruce is disenchanted. He hesitates, but rips off his old tuque and squeezes on the new hat and fur gloves. He pulls out the burgers and starts eating. He licks the juice dripping down on his fur gloves.

JUMP CUT TO:

The jerrycans are so heavy that he drags two of them along the ground while he tries to kick the third one.

JUMP CUT TO:

Bruce is dragging the three jerrycans on a 4-foot piece of bark that he's using as a sled. But the bark rips in half.

BRUCE
(mumbling)
...shitter...

He is forced to abandon one of the jerrycans. He hides it in a nook at the base of a tree. He studies the surroundings to remember where he hid it.

He wiggles his frostbitten nose with his hand.

36 **EXT. FOREST SURROUNDING THE PLOW - DAWN**

Bruce is on the verge of collapse.

He opens the gas tank, and summons the strength to bring the nozzle to the tank. Some of the gas spills onto the plow but Bruce manages to fit the nozzle inside the tank and empties both jerrycans.

He rushes inside and shuts the door.

37 **INT. SNOWPLOW - CONTINUOUS**

He starts the engine and turns on the heat full blast. The gas gauge indicates the tank is FULL. Bruce is relieved.

He removes his wet socks and places them on the heater along with his bare feet. He is warm and comfortable.

Once he is settled in, he opens a beer and a bag of *Doritos*. He stares blankly through the window.

38 **EXT. ABANDONED INDUSTRIAL PARKING LOT - DAY - FLASHBACK**

Through a frosted window, we see an old beat-up Cadillac Fleetwood in the far corner of an abandoned and snow-covered parking lot. There is an orange fluorescent sign taped in a corner of the windshield.

We are far away but someone or something is moving around inside the car.

39

INT. GENERAL STORE - DAY - FLASHBACK

Bruce observes the Cadillac through the frosted window of a general store. He is intrigued by it. He stuffs the last bite of an egg sandwich into his mouth.

It's the type of store in which you can find canned food, motor oil and diapers all on the same shelf. Bruce is sitting on the ice-cream freezer by the window. He rolls the plastic wrap from his sandwich into a little ball.

Behind the cash is a tough-looking woman, DAWN, 55. She has dyed red hair with grey roots and wrinkled leathery skin. She is sitting on a stool reading a tabloid newspaper laid out on the counter over a display of lottery tickets.

Bruce is hanging around with no apparent purpose. He throws his ball of plastic wrap into the garbage along with his empty coffee cup. He picks up a pack of three ping-pong balls sitting on a shelf.

BRUCE

You're selling ping pong balls now?

Dawn keeps her eyes glued to her newspaper.

DAWN

(dismissive)

Always have.

A CUSTOMER enters swiftly and looks around near the cash.

CUSTOMER

(to Dawn)

You got gum?

BRUCE

Right behind you.

The Customer had not noticed Bruce by the window. The customer spins around to find the gum display.

CUSTOMER

Ah...

He grabs a pack of gum and places it on the counter to pay.

DAWN
 (to customer)
 One dollar.

The Customer pays and exits just as swiftly. Bruce looks to Dawn, but she is focussed on her newspaper. He looks out through the frosted window again and sees the car in the distance.

BRUCE
 Ya, I got to get going, so...see you around.

Again, Dawn barely acknowledges Bruce.

DAWN
 See ya.

BRUCE
 Ya, later.

40

EXT. CITY CENTRE - DAY - FLASHBACK

Bruce walks through the city center: it's a very small municipality. The few stores are neglected and closed. Towering over the town is a tall industrial chimney reaching toward the sky.

He walks down the main road toward the Cadillac in the abandoned and snow-covered parking lot. The car is running.

As he approaches, he sees the orange sign in the windshield: "FOR SALE". The sign peaks his curiosity but as he draws closer he sees a hose coming from the back of the car. He walks around and sees it's a ventilation hose (used for dryers) strapped to the tail-pipe and channeling the exhaust into the car through the back window.

He picks up the pace, accelerating with every step. Through the steamy window, he sees Paul Blackburn lying on the backseat over a sleeping bag and pillow. Paul's eyes are closed as the car fills with carbon monoxide.

"Life is a Highway" by Tom Cochrane plays faintly inside the car.

Bruce knocks on the window with his fist.

BRUCE

Hey!

There is no response. Bruce tries to open the door: it's locked. He tries to pull the hose from the window but can't, so he awkwardly folds it to keep the poisonous gas from filling the car.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

HEY!

Paul slowly opens his eyes. As Bruce keeps the hose folded he tries to break the window with his elbow.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

Ow!

He can't break it.

PAUL

(groggy)

What the fuck tabarnac?

Paul is upset and swings the door open. He jumps out of the car and immediately takes a swing at Bruce! Bruce steps back to avoid the hit. He is surprised by the aggressive reaction.

BRUCE

Easy--

Paul takes another shot at him, and Bruce trips and falls to the ground to avoid the punch.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

Easy.

There is a long awkward silence as the men stare each other down. Bruce rubs his aching elbow as he pulls himself up.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

(referring to the music)

You a Cochrane fan?

Paul is annoyed and baffled by Bruce.

PAUL
(embarrassed)
Who the hell are you? Get out of here!

BRUCE
Hey...I'm just trying to help.

PAUL
Come on. Get out of here.

Paul gets back in his car and locks the doors. He looks at the ventilation hose left lying on the ground in the snow.

Bruce is bewildered, turns, and walks away. With every step he takes, he is increasingly troubled by what he just witnessed. After walking 100 meters, he stops to look back at the car. He feels compelled to intervene. He sighs and walks back.

Again, he knocks on the window. Paul looks at him in disbelief.

BRUCE
(screaming through the
window)
I think I should call someone?
(pause)
Or maybe you should call someone...

Paul stares at Bruce for a few moments.

PAUL
Fuck you!

BRUCE
(through the window)
Fine. Suit yourself.

Bruce picks up the ventilation hose and begins walking away. Paul exits the car.

PAUL
You Mother Teresa or something?

BRUCE
No.

PAUL

Well, give me back my hose.

BRUCE

Come on...man. What am I supposed to do here?

PAUL

Just give me my hose and walk away.

BRUCE

There's a phone up at McGarrigle's Grill. You could call someone?

PAUL

Just hand it over.

Bruce gives Paul the hose.

BRUCE

(hinting at the car)

She really for sale?

PAUL

Who cares?

BRUCE

If she is, let me take her for a test drive.

PAUL

You serious?

41 **INT. CADILLAC FLEETWOOD - 10 MINUTES LATER - FLASHBACK**

Bruce drives the car with Paul at his side. Awkward silence.

BRUCE

She handles nice.

PAUL

It's a 15-year-old Fleetwood. She handles like shit.

They drive by several run down houses all with a large satellite dish planted in the backyard like a tree.

Bruce snaps his fingers and points to a house.

He pulls up into the driveway. It's a simple bungalow that is somewhat rundown. He turns off the engine.

BRUCE

Want to come in for a minute?

Paul shakes his head. He is pale and seemingly ill.

PAUL

You some kind of gay pervert with a fetish for the homeless? Is that your thing?

BRUCE

I'm just trying to help out.

PAUL

Well, I'm fine. I'm not gonna do anything crazy.

BRUCE

What about a beer then?

Bruce steps out of the car and opens his single garage door revealing the yellow snowplow.

Paul remains in the car.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

You coming or not?

Paul gets out of the car and leans on the hood.

PAUL

(embarrassed)

I'm fine. I don't need your help.

Bruce is removing his boots while Paul remains by his car.

BRUCE

Alright. If you're fine come grab a beer. Then you can go.

Paul is still hesitant.

BRUCE (CONT'D)
 I've been where you are man.
 (beat)
 Now come on, I'm losing all my heat here.

Paul shuts the car door and enters the garage. He sees the yellow snowplow in the corner.

PAUL
 What do you do?

BRUCE
 Private contractor. I used to do snow removal, lawn mowing...

PAUL
 You retired?

Bruce pauses.

BRUCE
 Sort of.

Bruce pulls down the garage door.

42 **INT. SNOWPLOW - MORNING**

Bruce lies motionless staring blankly through the tiny window. The sky is dark. The storm is approaching. He seems sad. His beard has grown and his stubble is scruffier.

He turns on the radio. He listens to *"Undun" by The Guess Who.*

It makes him nostalgic.

SUPER: "DAY 4"

43 **EXT. FOREST SURROUNDING THE PLOW - LATER THAT MORNING**

The plow is slightly jacked to the side and the engine is running.

Bruce is lying down beside it with his arm stretched out underneath the machine near the spinning engine.

He's tightening something. With his other hand he is holding up the USER GUIDE.

BRUCE

You're going to move bitch.

"Fly at Night" by Chilliwack is crackling on the radio. Bruce forces really hard until his head turns bright red. Something is not working. Irate, he pulls out the pliers from underneath the plow.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

Aaah... donkey shit pliers!

He violently chucks the pliers into a nearby tree. They fall to the ground. He hears a subtle clicking sound. He looks at the plow strangely. He approaches the plow and turns. He realizes the noise isn't coming from the plow!

He leans inside the cabin and cuts the engine and radio. The clicking sound becomes louder. He slowly looks up toward the distant horizon AND SEES A HELICOPTER APPROACHING!

BRUCE (CONT'D)

(panicked)

Uhhh!

Bruce leaps to grab the bright red jerrycans and brings them in with him.

He shuts the door and crouches. He is scared and breathing heavily. He peeks at the sky through the frosted window but the jerrycans are blocking his view.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

(to himself)

That can't be the frigin' cops, Christ!!!

The helicopter passes over. Bruce remains hidden for several minutes until the helicopter disappears in the distance and the sound is barely audible.

He breathes a sigh of relief.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

(mumbling)

...bastards.

44

EXT. FOREST SURROUNDING THE PLOW - AFTERNOON

Bruce rushes to gather fallen pine branches from the surrounding area. He piles them beside the plow and returns to the forest to collect more.

Dark clouds now cover most of the sky.

JUMP CUT TO:

He strategically places the branches over the plow as camouflage, especially the roof. He meticulously walks around to ensure the camouflage is efficiently covering every square inch of its yellow paint.

Bruce opens the door just a crack and stretches his arm inside. He starts the engine.

He runs out about 50 meters into the forest. He checks the visibility and noise level of the plow.

He runs to another spot to check from that angle: he's worried - he can hear the engine clearly.

JUMP CUT TO:

He is sitting on the ground scratching out the plow's serial number with the pliers.

BRUCE

You ain't mine anymore.

(beat)

Got that?

The winds are picking up and snow begins falling. Bruce has no option but to take cover inside the plow.

45

INT. SNOWPLOW- EVENING

The storm rages outside. The strong winds rock the plow back and forth and whips snow at the windows.

Bruce looks down at his compass as he hums "***Fly at Night***" by ***Chilliwack***. He draws a "map" in the foggy window. He writes ROUTE 141 next to one line.

BRUCE
...route 112 has to be this way.

He adds a perpendicular line for ROUTE 112. He looks at the gas gauge which indicates the tank is still full. He nonetheless turns off the motor to save gas.

JUMP CUT TO:

There are several empty bags of chips scattered throughout the cabin. He licks the inside of an empty bag.

For the first time, we notice his teeth are turning orange from his *Doritos* and BBQ peanut diet. He looks dirty.

Bruce closes his eyes and starts biting his fingernail.

BRUCE (CONT'D)
(speaking as he thinks)
Good evening officers.

A long pause as he mulls this over. He goes to speak, but stops and bites his inner cheek.

He stares straight ahead through the windshield.

BRUCE (CONT'D)
(to imaginary policemen)
I barely knew Paul. We'd hang out once in a while, but I wouldn't say we were close friends. Of course...of course. Any time officers. Thank you--

Bruce stops his fictitious conversation and shakes his head.

BRUCE (CONT'D)
They'll never buy it...

He calms down and looks away through the side window.

BRUCE (CONT'D)
And I can't start talking to myself all the time...

46 **EXT. FOREST SURROUNDING THE PLOW - MORNING**

The storm is over.

The entire landscape is covered in a thick white blanket of snow and the branches Bruce used as camouflage are scattered throughout the area. The snowplow is nowhere in sight.

The plow's door suddenly swings open revealing its location.

Bruce emerges. The snow is deep and reaches up to his waist making every step extremely difficult. He takes a moment to admire the beauty of the white landscape.

BRUCE
(in awe at the beauty)
...shitter.

JUMP CUT TO:

He finds **SOUTH** with the compass.

He grabs the knapsack inside the cabin and heads out in this new direction.

47 **EXT. FOREST - LATE AFTERNOON**

Bruce advances through the thick snow. The sun is already setting.

SUPER: "DAY 5"

He eventually comes across a faint smell. It is barely noticeable but he sniffs and tries to identify the source. The smell is coming from his left. He puts the compass away and follows his nose.

He takes a few steps in one direction and sniffs again.

His nose eventually leads him to an isolated house in the middle of a frozen lake with a a smoking chimney (the source of the smell).

From a distance, and camouflaged by the forest, Bruce observes the cozy-looking two-storey house with a nearby shed.

He can't see any roads leading to the house or even a car parked in front. It sits there in the middle of nowhere.

Bruce creeps across the open field toward the house.

48

EXT. ISOLATED HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON

There are a few trees close to the house in which Bruce takes cover.

He looks back at his footprints across the field.

BRUCE
(to himself)
Idiot.

Bruce notices many green plants near the windows. A dream catcher swings in the wind as it hangs near the side door.

He cautiously approaches the living-room window and peeks inside. Thankfully, there are many footprints around the house and he isn't making any fresh marks.

Inside, there is no sign of activity.

He walks to the nearby shed. From its window, he sees it is used as a storage area: tools, tires, old furniture, a freezer AND A SNOWMOBILE!

BRUCE (CONT'D)
(to himself)
Bingo...

He rushes to the front door of the shed which is facing the main house. But the door doesn't open. He pushes hard but it just won't budge. He pulls on the door as he lifts the handle and finally the door swings open!

He hurries inside and quickly shuts the door behind him.

49

INT. ISOLATED HOUSE - SHED - CONTINUOUS

He goes directly to the snowmobile. The key is in the ignition! He sits on the snowmobile, turns the key and...

BRUCE

You gotta be kidding...cock shit...

It won't start. He tries again. He notices the gas gauge is empty.

Bruce gets up to snoop around and finds a case of beer!

BRUCE (CONT'D)

Happy hour.

He opens it -- He grabs a bottle, opens it, but the beers are frozen!

He opens the old white chest freezer. Inside he finds: frozen bags of green peas, vegetable juice and a large bag of potatoes. He rips open a bag of peas and shoves the open bag into his mouth.

JUMP CUT TO:

He stuffs the knapsack with: a small hose and as many frozen beers as will fit.

Just as he prepares to leave, something else catches his eye. He smiles.

50

EXT. ISOLATED HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Bruce walks swiftly in the forest wearing snowshoes. He is carrying a large bag of potatoes across his shoulder and a large roll of pink fiberglass insulation in the other hand! The beer bottles jangle in his knapsack. As he advances, some of the pink foam gets caught in branches.

BRUCE

What's with all these friggin' branches everywhere!

JUMP CUT TO:

Bruce dumps the potatoes, the pink foam and the beers by a rock and hides them with a bit of snow.

51 **INT. ISOLATED HOUSE - SHED - MOMENTS LATER**

Bruce fills the knapsack with bags of frozen food from the freezer.

Suddenly, Bruce hears voices outside!

He peeks through the window and sees a Man, a Woman and a Boy approach on cross-country skis.

He looks for a place to hide but in his haste he knocks over several waterskis leaning against the wall that fall like dominos making a lot of noise!

He hurries to put them back up as the voices come closer. He puts up the last ski and hides behind the freezer. Silence.

He approaches the window and sees the family entering the main house. The man, ERIC, is mid 30s, balding with a slight gut. His wife, JULIE, also mid 30s, attractive but unkept.

It's too risky to make a run for it now. They would obviously see him. So, Bruce is stuck in the shed.

It's darker and colder. He is shivering.

52 **INT. ISOLATED HOUSE - SHED - EVENING**

It's dark out.

Bruce is by the door preparing to escape when Julie appears in the living room. She is freshly out of the shower walking in her towel.

BRUCE

Nice.

She brushes her hair as she looks outside.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

Very nice...

Eric enters the living room. He starts talking with Julie, but not a word of their conversation can be heard.

BRUCE (CONT'D)
 (imitating Eric)
 Honey did you see my green shirt? It was hanging in the kitchen...

BRUCE (CONT'D)
 (imitating Julie)
 No Hank, it's not there I checked...

BRUCE (CONT'D)
 (imitating Eric)
 Well where is it then?

BRUCE (CONT'D)
 (imitating Julie)
 I don't know. It's your shirt.

BRUCE (CONT'D)
 (imitating Eric)
 Well if I knew I wouldn't be asking, would I?

BRUCE (CONT'D)
 (imitating Julie)
 Stop it.

BRUCE (CONT'D)
 (imitating Eric)
 No, you stop it.
 (beat)
 Nice tush.

The couple sit down to watch television. Bruce can't go anywhere. A light snow begins to fall.

JUMP CUT TO:

Bruce is scrambling around empty boxes of 24 beers.

JUMP CUT TO:

Bruce passes time by playing darts. He throws six darts at the board. He collects them. He shoots again.

53 **INT. BRUCE'S HOUSE - MORNING - FLASHBACK**

Bruce is fresh out of bed and opens the bathroom door. He surprises Paul sitting on the toilet with his pants down casually leafing through a magazine.

 BRUCE
 (surprised)
 Sorry.

Bruce closes the door just as fast.

 PAUL (O.S.)
 No worries.

Bruce hesitates before speaking through the door.

54 **INT. BRUCE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - EVENING - FLASHBACK**

Paul cooks dinner for Bruce. He is stirring sizzling ground beef in a pan. As Bruce clears the dining room table, Paul holds a glass eye up to the light over the stove. He studies it in great detail.

 PAUL
 Stunning craftsmanship.

 BRUCE
 (nostalgic)
 She'd slave over every single one.

Paul leaves the stove, wipes his hands on a rag, and sits at the table still studying the glass eye.

 PAUL
 Gifted woman. How much they sell for?

 BRUCE
 Five or six bucks.

 PAUL
 Each one?

 BRUCE
 Yup.

PAUL
You got inventory?

BRUCE
Dozen or so boxes.

Bruce removes a white doily from the table and sets pink placemats. He attentively folds a napkin and places it below the fork.

PAUL
This is a gold mine. You should cash in.

BRUCE
I don't know.

PAUL
You know what you do...sell 'em online.
No middle man.

BRUCE
I sold my computer couple months back.

PAUL
Listen...I did this for 15 years.

Bruce steps up to the stove to stir the meat.

BRUCE
Oh ya?

PAUL
Bruce, you're looking at the top IT
consultant in town. Fuckin' World Wide
Web. You know it.

BRUCE
No shit...

PAUL
This is a niche market. We set up a
website, I do all the tech work...and we
give it a go. You and me bud.

BRUCE
I don't know.

PAUL

Fair enough. You're not ready. Just let me know when you are.

BRUCE

I will. Definitely. Definitely.

Paul puts the eye back in a shoebox in the corner of the table by the wall.

PAUL

(enthusiastic)

You know what?! Tonight...you and I are going out. My treat.

BRUCE

Where?

PAUL

It's Saturday night. I'm sure we can meet a couple of ladies. Look at us! I mean, look at us!

Bruce adds some pre-packaged spice from a generic taco kit into the meat.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Easy on the spice chief.

Paul grabs the wooden spoon from Bruce and takes his place back at the stove but Bruce doesn't appreciate being pushed aside.

55

INT. COUNTRY BAR - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

It is a near empty bar with neon signs in the window and a pool table at the back.

Bruce picks the upbeat song "**Long Dark Night**" by **John Fogerty** on the jukebox. He loves this song and begins moving to the beat.

Bruce and Paul dance at separate ends of the dance floor. Paul is checking out four 16-year-old girls taking pictures of each other with their cell phones. The girls aren't very good looking but they're wearing short skirts and too much make up.

Bruce heads for the toilet.

56 **INT. COUNTRY BAR - TOILET - CONTINUOUS - FLASHBACK**

Bruce stands at a urinal facing an ad for a local real estate agent. The Agent points to Bruce. The slogan: "You deserve the best."

Bruce observes the ad and eventually his head falls forward against the wall.

57 **INT. COUNTRY BAR - NIGHT - FLASHBACK**

Bruce returns to the dance floor to the song "*Tassez-vous de d'là*" by *Les Colocs*.

Paul is dancing near the girls in a blatantly sexual manner. He shakes his hips and rubs his inner thighs...it's more than inappropriate: it's disgusting. The girls slowly move away.

JUMP CUT TO:

It's later. They are among the few patrons remaining in the bar. They are in a quiet booth at the back near the pool table. They are both very drunk. "*Pocahontas*" by *Neil Young* is playing.

PAUL

Thanks for everything.

BRUCE

No worries.

PAUL

I promise I'll be gone in a couple days.

BRUCE

Sure.

Paul pauses.

PAUL

I need to ask you something.

Bruce looks at Paul curiously.

PAUL (CONT'D)

I need some cash. A loan. I'll pay it all back...but I'm in pretty deep.

BRUCE

How much?

PAUL

Fifteen.

BRUCE

Hundred?

PAUL

Thousand.

Bruce's drunken eyes pop open in surprise.

BRUCE

I'm broke man. In case you hadn't noticed.

PAUL

Come on. I'm sure you can help me out. Anything...

BRUCE

How does the top IT consultant in town, who travels to Mexico end up living in his car?

Paul looks at Bruce for a moment before answering.

PAUL

Debts. Big debts. Huge gambling debts. Debts like you wouldn't believe. I lost everything. You understand why I can't go home now?

BRUCE

You have to call her and tell her.

PAUL

I can't. I can't face her and tell her it's all gone. She doesn't deserve that.

BRUCE

I'm sure she'll be pissed but she'll understand.

(beat)

At least tell her you're ok.

PAUL

So you can't help me, right?

BRUCE

I wish I could, but I got nothing.

PAUL

I don't get it. Aren't you retired?

BRUCE

I'm not retired. I just can't work.

Bruce seems reluctant to explain why.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

About six months ago I had a bit of an accident.

PAUL

What?

BRUCE

I was plastered and...I crashed my plow into a Dairy Queen.

Paul starts laughing.

PAUL

That was you!

By now, Bruce is annoyed by Paul.

BRUCE

Second offence. I did 30 days in jail man.

(beat)

I lost my driver's license for the next three years. I can't drive my plow, I can't drive my car, I don't think I can drive the friggin' lawn mower.

PAUL

No shit.

BRUCE

And now, Dairy Queen is suing me personally for damages. Bottom line, I ain't got a dime.

A waitress brings the bill. Paul checks his pockets looking for his wallet.

PAUL

My wallet's at home. I'll get it next time bud.

Bruce reluctantly pulls his wallet out of his back pocket. He pays the bill.

58 **INT. BRUCE'S HOUSE - MORNING - FLASHBACK**

Bruce is just out of bed and opens the bathroom door. He is quite hungover. As he is about to open the faucet, he notices the sink is full of beard stubble. Bruce is slightly disgusted. He stares down into the sink's drain...

59 **INT. ISOLATED HOUSE - SHED - MORNING**

Bruce is asleep, leaning against the white chest freezer. The door of the shed cracks open. The BOY, 7, walks in and snoops around looking for something. The boy suddenly sees Bruce's legs right in front of him and freezes, breathless. Bruce feels a shadow on his face and slowly opens his eyes. He sees the child. Bruce's mouth drops open as if he's about to scream, but his vocal cords jam, and he just lets out a lot of hot air.

BRUCE

HHHHHHHHHHHHHHAAAAA!

The Boy steps back and his face begins to crisp up. Bruce's mute screech turns into a whimper.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

HHHHHHHHHHHHHOOOOOOOOOO! Please, please, please... Come back here... please...

Bruce gets up to grab the Boy who's backing up quickly towards the door. He leaps forward and seizes the Boy by the shoulders and puts him up against the wall.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

Please...

The child is terrified, paralyzed with fear.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

I'm not going to hurt you. Okay? I'm not going to hurt you... understand...I'm not going to hurt you...

Suddenly Bruce hears the front door of the house open. He looks through the planks of wood and sees the Woman standing in the doorway of the house.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

I'm sorry I scared you...I don't want you freaking out. Okay?

The boy is motionless.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

I'm not a bad guy.

WOMAN (O.S.)

(calling out)

SIMON!

The Boy goes to answer his mother but Bruce covers the Boy's mouth with his hand. The Boy starts crying. Bruce releases him.

BRUCE

I'm sorry. I'm sorry.

Bruce's eyes fill with tears.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

I'm so sorry. I didn't mean to-- Come on. I just wanted to warm up okay. I was cold.

Bruce stops himself and looks at the boy.

BRUCE (CONT'D)
 Tu parles français?
(Subtitle: You speak French?)

BOY
 Oui.
(Subtitle: Yes.)

BRUCE
 Fuck.
 (beat)
 Sorry, I shouldn't say that. You
 understand English?

BOY
 Yes.

BRUCE
 Good.

WOMAN (O.S)
 SIMON!

BRUCE
 Ah fuck.

Bruce peeks outside and sees Julie return inside to get her coat. He has an opportunity to make a run for it. Bruce looks at the Boy and doesn't know what to say.

He looks at the snowmobile, grabs his half-empty jerrycan and slips out the door.

60 **EXT. ISOLATED HOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

Bruce walks rapidly along the shed, across the field and into the forest.

SUPER: "DAY 6"

61 **EXT. FOREST - CONTINUOUS**

He runs as fast as he can, stooped down as to not be seen.

He plunges into the snow behind a tree. He turns around to look towards the house.

The Boy is being comforted by his mother at the front door. Eric runs out of the house in his shoes and tight turtleneck and immediately looks around. Nothing. He examines the footprints around the shed.

He notices the clear trail Bruce left leading into the woods.

Bruce is terrorized. Eric grabs a pair of high-tech snowshoes leaning by his front door.

Meanwhile, Bruce runs away. He runs desperately with his jerrycan in hand.

Completely out of breath, he collapses and crawls behind the rock where he hid the stolen goods. From behind the rock, he peeks at the house. Eric is quite far, but walking in his direction following the footprints. He is getting closer and Bruce is running out of options.

He takes a decision and emerges from behind the rock! He casually walks towards Eric pretending to be lost.

Eric stops in his tracks when he sees Bruce. He zips up his coat and does his best to conceal his fear.

Bruce pretends to be searching for something. After a moment, he looks over to Eric and pretends to be surprised to see him. Bruce raises his hand as to salute and walks towards him.

BRUCE

(with a fake smile)

Woah! I'm lost! You own that house back there?

Eric looks at Bruce's shoddy appearance from head to toe, especially the hat. Bruce's hand starts to quiver.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

I'm with a winter camping group nearby and--

ERIC

Were you just in my shed?

BRUCE

Yeah, I'm sorry, I took a break to warm up. Thank you.

Bruce points around, pretending to scout the area. Eric is still studying Bruce.

ERIC

Yah, no, there's no camping anywhere around here.

BRUCE

(trembling voice)
We're just further back toward...I didn't want to scare the little guy, your son.

ERIC

Well this is private property...
(pointing at the snowshoes)
Those mine?

BRUCE

No. They're mine.

Eric takes a close look at the snowshoes.

ERIC

I got some just like that. I think they're mine.

BRUCE

I swear.... (pause) I'm sorry for the inconvenience. I have to get back anyway. My group is waiting.

ERIC

(sarcastic)
Your camping group?

BRUCE

Yes.

Eric looks at Bruce sternly.

ERIC

I don't know who you are, but you ever go near my son again...you'll...you'll fuckin' regret it. You understand?

BRUCE

Easy. I'm sorry man...I just wanted to warm up.

Bruce turns and walks away.

Eric pauses for a minute before heading back to his house. The confrontation has shaken him.

We follow Eric instead of Bruce all the way back to the house.

62 **INT. ISOLATED HOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

Eric walks through the hallway into the living room, where the Woman is sitting in silence. Next to her, on the floor, is the Boy who is still crying.

JULIE
 (shaken)
 C'était qui Eric?
(Subtitle: Who was that?)

Eric sits down with Julie and puts his hand on his son's head. Eric shakes his head to imply "I don't know".

ERIC
 Ça va aller, il est parti.
*(Subtitle: It'll be fine.
 He's gone.)*

JULIE
 Appelle ton frère.
(Subtitle: Call your brother.)

Eric stares blankly at his son.

JULIE (CONT'D)
 Là-là!
(Subtitle: Now!)

Eric goes to the kitchen, picks up the phone and dials his brother.

63 **EXT. ISOLATED HOUSE - AFTERNOON**

Eric watches a snowmobile riding at high-speed across the open field. It pulls up next to him. The driver turns off the engine.

The driver steps off the snowmobile and removes his helmet. This is CHRISTIAN, 50. He is an older tougher looking man who contrarily to Eric seems much more robust and stern. He is wearing a coat with embroidery on the back: "Canadian Police Curling: Abitibi"

ERIC

As-tu ton gun?

(Subtitle: You bring your gun?)

Christian shakes his head.

64 **INT. ISOLATED HOUSE - SHED - MOMENTS LATER**

Eric is slightly intimidated by Christian.

Christian holds up his oversized Maglite (flashlight).

He very slowly swings it once from left to right like a sword. He straps it to his belt.

He grabs a hockey stick leaning in the corner of the shed and gives it to Eric.

CHRISTIAN

(French Canadian accent)

Let's go.

65 **EXT. FOREST - LATER**

Christian leads the way as they follow the tracks into the woods. In the background, Julie and the Boy stand in the middle of the field.

The trail is a confusing juxtaposition of snowshoe marks and footprints. A light wind blows a thin blanket of snow over the footprints, making them less and less visible as the men move forward.

They advance silently for a long time. Only the sound of their light high-tech snowshoes crushing the snow echoes through the forest.

...

Suddenly, they stop where Bruce had dumped the pink foam, the potatoes and beer. The stuff is gone.

The snow is now blurred by larger and deeper marks. To their surprise, the faint footsteps split in four different directions!

Eric and Christian look at each other, baffled. They walk around to see where the different trails lead adding their own footprints to the mix.

They zigzag through the forest, carefully trying to differentiate Bruce's footprints from their own. Christian signals to Eric to stop walking. They are clearly confused. Eric finds pink foam hanging from the branch of a tree. He examines it carefully and puts it in his pocket.

In the foreground, about 250 meters away, is a large mound of branches and snow. It is the snowplow! It looks like many other snow-covered rocks around it. The men are much too far to see it. Bruce, however, can see them clearly as he watches them from the plow.

We stay with Bruce.

66

INT. SNOWPLOW - EVENING

It's getting dark.

Bruce hears the men approaching! He breathes heavily.

He quietly places the remaining white cardboard plate and places it in front of the tiny peep hole.

Bruce closes his eyes and crisps his lips shut. He's terrified.

Christian and Eric have now lost track of the footprints but, without ever realizing it, they slowly get closer to the snowplow! Bruce can hear each and every footstep in the distance...

Slowly but surely, they walk past Bruce.

In the distance, Christian and Eric stop to confer. Christian turns on his flashlight as they debate quietly.

Bruce can't hear a word. But the men are far enough; Bruce decides to make a run for it!

He slowly opens the door and quietly steps out of the plow. He crawls a few meters away, then turns to look at his knapsack inside the plow. He crawls back, then takes a step on the lower frame of the plow's door to grab his stuff inside and... CRUNCH! The weight of the plow shifts on the snow and the machine tilts towards him.

BRUCE
(muffling his mouth with his
hand)

AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

Bruce's other foot is stuck under the plow! He falls to the ground and drags himself away from the plow to free his foot. He holds his ankle. THE PAIN IS EXCRUTIATING! His face is bright red and his eyeballs are bulging out of his head. He turns towards Eric and Christian... they have not heard a sound and still seem to be in a conversation.

Bruce rolls behind a small snow dune. He buries his face in the snow to ease the pain and covers his mouth with his hand to muffle any eventual sound. He can't hear the men's footsteps anymore. He waits.

Silence. He looks up... the men are returning home. He shivers and closes his eyes for a moment.

67 **INT. BRUCE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON - FLASHBACK**

Paul is sick. He is lying on the living room couch wrapped in a blanket and sleeping bag.

Meanwhile, Bruce is in his recliner chair watching the hockey game on TV surrounded by many empty beer bottles.

Paul shivers and looks at Bruce with droopy eyes.

BRUCE
That's an ugly fever.

Paul pulls himself up.

PAUL
(mumbling)
I'm gonna sleep downstairs.

Paul mumbles incomprehensibly as he drags his feet toward the basement door.

BRUCE

Buena Noche...

68

INT. GENERAL STORE - LATE AFTERNOON - FLASHBACK

Bruce arrives at the cash with a bottle of Southern Comfort. Dawn is watching the hockey game. She scans the bottle starring at her miniature television set.

DAWN

22 bucks.

BRUCE

(pointing to the shelf behind Dawn)

And give me some Tylenol Flu please.

(beat)

What is that?

Bruce is looking at the last food item under a heating lamp.

DAWN

Panini.

69

EXT. BRUCE'S GARAGE - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Bruce is freezing cold. He walks home through a violent snow storm, carrying his bottle and a brown paper bag from which he's eating the panini. He is very drunk and has trouble walking a straight line.

He enters his garage from a small door on the side.

He immediately plops down in the plow and looks through the glove compartment. He finds what he's looking for: an old pack of cigarettes. He opens it.

BRUCE

One pipe left...

He lights the cigarette and take a long puff. He sits back and takes a bite of panini. Then a puff.

He alternates between panini and nicotine. He finishes the panini and tosses the brown paper bag with the cardboard plate on the floor of the cabin.

He washes it down with Southern Comfort he keeps in his pocket -- when he hears a strange noise coming from inside the house that gets his attention.

He creeps towards the door leading to the house.

70

INT. BRUCE'S HOUSE - FLASHBACK

Bruce is very drunk but does his best to quietly enter the living room/dining room. He finds Paul, in his winter coat, rummaging through the dusty bags and boxes on the china cabinet! He is stuffing old jewelry in his pockets!

Bruce is in shock.

Paul feels someone is standing behind him and slowly turns to face Bruce.

PAUL
(shamefaced)
What--?

Both men look at each other. Bruce starts breathing heavily. He does a poor job of concealing his sense of betrayal.

BRUCE
(desecrated)
What--?

Paul nods his head, speechless. He slowly gets up, takes out two watches and some coins from his jogging pants and drops them on the china cabinet.

Paul walks slowly toward the exit.

Bruce feels extremely betrayed.

BRUCE (CONT'D)
(fragile)
I don't understand...what were
(beat)
... please...

Paul stays still, starring at the ground.

PAUL

I'm sorry.

He slowly turns around to leave.

BRUCE

(still uncomfortable)

You, uh,... have anything left in your pockets?

Bruce walks towards Paul and reaches for his bulging pockets. Paul steps back.

Again, Bruce leans in to reach for Paul's pocket. This time Paul awkwardly slaps his hand away.

Bruce is humiliated and slaps back.

Paul slaps again.

Bruce explodes and violently slaps Paul on the thigh and then the face! Paul swings his arms in the air to protect himself as Bruce tries to clumsily slap him again.

As Paul shoves his way to the door, Bruce grabs onto his coat. The coat rips open.

Dozens of taxidermy eyes roll out of Paul's pocket!

Paul runs toward the front door, but Bruce tackles him by the feet and they both fall to the ground.

As Paul tries to break free, he repeatedly kicks Bruce in the head.

Paul slips away, so Bruce grabs a stucco-base lamp and swings it at Paul and hits him in the face! (The lamp leaves a clear mark on his cheek with hundreds of tiny red dots.)

Paul rolls over in agony. He grabs an iron fireplace tool and awkwardly swings it at Bruce and hits him in the lower back!

Bruce screams in pain!

Paul gets up. Bruce grabs onto Paul's coat again, but it now rips off completely. Paul stumbles out the front door in his T-Shirt.

Bruce painfully gets up and staggers out as well.

71 **EXT. BRUCE'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS - FLASHBACK**

Paul is trying to get into his car but it's locked. He looks through his pants in search of his car keys but he can't find them.

BRUCE
(screaming)
PAUL!!!

Paul runs off into the storm.

Bruce starts to run after him. But his drunkenness and aching back make it hard for him to catch up. Paul is getting further and further away. Bruce stumbles and falls onto the snowy sidewalk.

72 **EXT. BRUCE'S HOUSE - GARAGE - MOMENTS LATER - FLASHBACK**

The garage door opens and Bruce drives out in the snowplow. He comes very close to hitting Paul's car parked in the driveway, but avoids it at the last second.

73 **EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - MOMENTS LATER - FLASHBACK**

Bruce is desperately looking for Paul. He pokes his head out the side window, but the whipping snow blinds him completely.

He pulls his head back in and tries to focus.

The storm makes it impossible for him to see for more than a couple of meters. His eyes are drunk and heavy.

BRUCE
...easy on the spice Chief...take it easy
on the spice...

SUDDENLY, PAUL APPEARS BEFORE HIM!

A SUDDEN BURST OF ANGER BLASTS THROUGH HIS ENTIRE BEING AS HE HONES IN ON PAUL AND PRESSES ON THE ACCELERATOR FOR A SPLIT SECOND...BUT HE REGRETS INSTANTLY AND IMMEDIATELY RETRACTS, AND SLAMS ON THE BREAKS TO TRY AND STOP...

BRUCE (CONT'D)

...uh...

PAUL TURNS TO FACE THE PLOW AND HOLDS UP HIS HAND...BUT IT'S TOO LATE: DESPITE BRUCE'S BEST EFFORTS, HE RUNS HIM OVER!

74

EXT. FOREST SURROUNDING THE PLOW - MORNING

Bruce looks catatonic. He slowly slides out of the plow and looks around 360 degrees.

He tries to stand up, but can't put any weight on his foot. It is too painful...

He lets himself drop to the ground. He rolls up his filthy pants and looks at his injured ankle: it's swelling up. It's a bad sprain.

He tries to turn it but he can't.

BRUCE

(whispering)

...mother shit bitch...cock-er spaniel...fuck...

75

EXT. FOREST SURROUNDING THE PLOW - LATER

Bruce is lying down on the pink foam with his eyes closed. He is surrounded by a half dozen empty beers. He is pretty inebriated. He pulls out a potato from the bag buried in the snow. He chews into it like one would eat an apple. He painfully swallows the last bite and takes a long swig of beer.

BRUCE

(focussed)

Let's do this.

JUMP CUT TO:

Bruce uses two branches as crutches. He scans every direction carefully. Nobody in sight.

He leaves his camp. But he quickly realizes it is impossible to sustain through the thick snow.

One of the "crutches" break off in his hand.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

Owww!

He sucks on his cold swollen fingers to ease the pain. He throws the crutches into the woods in abandon.

He lies in the snow holding his foot.

The pain is pulsating and he closes his eyes and takes very long and deep breaths.

Bruce slowly turns to the plow and looks at it hatefully.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

...why did you do that?

(speaking very rationally and slowly to the plow)

Please. I. Have. To. Go.

(beat)

-- dumb ass floozie--.

SUPER: "DAY 7"

He hums quietly.

FADE TO BLACK.

76

EXT. SNOWPLOW - DAY

A FEW DAYS HAVE PASSED:

The door of the plow swings open. Bruce has set up the insulation and the interior of the cabin is now completely pink!

Bruce sits at the bottom of a large pine tree, hidden by its branches. He nervously chips away at the trunk with a small metal latch. *(Bruce now has a longer beard. Plus, his face is very pale and the blisters on his face are darker. At this stage, Bruce is also extremely filthy and the bottom seam of his coat is now hanging off.)*

He rips off the bark of the tree and smells the interior. He licks it tentatively. He likes it.

He licks the inside part of the bark to the point of scraping it with his orange teeth. He suddenly looks up nervously at the forest.

BRUCE
 (to himself)
 ...are those assholes gonna come back?
 (pause)
 SHUT UP! SHUT UP! Stop talking to
 yourself and do something...

Bruce kneels down by the plow. He starts digging the snow away from under the plow with his hands.

He stares at the broken axel.

He clumsily tries to put it back in place, but it immediately falls back down. He shakes his head in resignation, bobbing back in forth.

BRUCE (CONT'D)
 (closing his eyes)
 One thing at a time. One thing at a time.

SUPER: "DAY 12"

77

EXT. FOREST SURROUNDING THE PLOW - LATE AFTERNOON

Bruce piles up a huge mound of snow about 3-meters high. He accomplishes this by leaning against a tree because he can not put any weight on his injured ankle. The way he looks around at things feels like his mental state is rapidly deteriorating.

He then lies on the ground and proceeds to dig out the interior like an igloo.

JUMP CUT TO:

Inside the snow fort, it is pitch black. Bruce is cleaning his face and hands with snow. He then grabs a handful of snow, unzips his coat and starts scrubbing his armpits. He pauses. He punches a hole through the wall to let in some light. He looks through the hole.

BRUCE
 (to the plow)
 Picaboo...I see you asshole.

He observes the plow suspiciously. The front shovel looks like a big mouth and the headlights look like two beady little eyes. Even the steering wheel in the middle looks like a nose.

78 **EXT. FOREST SURROUNDING THE PLOW - DAY**

Bruce gets out of the snow fort to use the bathroom. He pulls down his pants, near a tree, but he is suddenly shy. He hides behind the tree, sheltered from the invasive stare of the snowplow.

Bruce goes about his business.

BRUCE
(mumbling)
...there's gotta be reason... there's
gotta be a reason.

79 **EXT. FOREST SURROUNDING THE PLOW - MOMENTS LATER**

He spits at the windshield of the plow and then looks up.

BRUCE
(to the sky)
SO WHAT IS IT?! WHAT THE FUCK IS IT?!
WHAT IS THE REASON FOR THIS?! WHY CAN'T I
LEAVE HERE, HUH? IS THERE A REASON OR...
(beat, then to the plow)
Ahhh, or is it this little shit that's
trying to be funny? HUH, LITTLE SHIT, ARE
YOU TRYING TO BE FUNNY? ...It's you or me
little shit. One of us is not going to
make it...
(very calmly)
Now, can someone please tell me why I'm
being kept here?

80 **EXT. FOREST SURROUNDING THE PLOW - AFTERNOON**

The sun is at its zenith, high up in the sky. There isn't a cloud around.

We hear the sound of wood chipping. Bruce is carving a strange face in the bottom of the huge pine tree.

He is very focussed on his work, but keeps looking suspiciously at the plow.

He lies in the dirty snow and cups drinking water from a stream he discovered below.

He struggles to drag himself toward his snow fort. As he approaches, he carefully avoids being seen by the plow.

Bruce begins to laugh. He laughs hysterically. He gets as close to the ground as possible to hide from the plow but he can't stop laughing.

BRUCE
 (laughing hysterically)
 Oh God, that's rich!
 (pause)
 Cock shitta...

81 **INT. SNOW FORT - DUSK**

The sun has an orange glow as it sinks toward the horizon.

BRUCE
 (to imaginary policemen)
 You have to believe me, I didn't mean to officer, he... He tried KILLING himself for Christ sake! He was gonna die anyway! I did nothing wrong! This is crazy...I did nothing wrong.

Bruce looks at the snowplow through the peephole. His mood is somber. He looks directly at the plow and speaks to it.

BRUCE (CONT'D)
 (mumbling)
 ...you think I killed him on purpose...
 Well I didn't little shit. I didn't mean to kill him...
 (beat)
 YOU THINK YOU CAN KEEP ME HERE! WELL FUCK YOU!

Bruce collapses against the wall. He stares blankly into the darkness of the snow fort. A long pause.

He whimpers.

82

EXT. FOREST SURROUNDING THE PLOW - NIGHT

Bruce limps around the plow with great difficulty, a jerrycan in hand. He pours gasoline all over the machine and inside the cabin as well.

Once the plow is drenched in gasoline, he enters the cabin. He sits and stares solemnly as he takes the lighter from his pocket.

He closes his eyes and ignites the lighter. He brings the tiny flame to the dash board that instantly catches fire! The plow ignites in a large powerful flame. The fire produces a thick black cloud of smoke.

Just as he is to be completely engulfed, he jumps out!

He starts running frantically around the plow as he screams.

BRUCE

AAARRRHHHHH! Who's laughing now
Dingbat!!!

(beat)

DAMN YOU!!! YOU HEAR ME!!! DAMN YOU...
YOU FRICKIN' PUSSY!!! This is all your
fault... You're the one who killed him
anyway...

Bruce is suddenly stricken with remorse. He begins to shovel snow on the fire.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

... I'm sorry...

Bruce trips and his sleeve catches fire.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

Shit!

His entire coat is on fire and Bruce rolls around and buries his body and face deep under the snow. He succeeds in putting himself out but the plow is still on fire.

He lies there unconscious.

The gas burns quickly and the fire fades.

FADE TO BLACK.

83

EXT. FOREST SURROUNDING THE PLOW - DAY

Signs of Spring are emerging: the sunlight is brighter, birds are heard chirping as is the faint sound of rustling water. But the forest is still covered in snow.

The yellow plow is now black. It is damaged but not destroyed. The radio plays faintly in the background.

Bruce also looks like a carcass. He is lifeless and has collapsed under a pine tree. His skin is ghostly white and rubber-like and covered in blemishes and blisters from the cold. His lips have no distinct color and they are chapped, cracked and bruised. Part of his right arm is exposed because part of his coat was burnt in the fire. Melting snow drips on his face.

SUPER: "DAY 25"

The entire trunk of the tree has been carved with several shapes of animals, mountains, rivers, etc... It looks exactly like a totem.

"Life is a Highway" by Tom Cochrane comes on the radio. Bruce slowly turns his head. HE IS STILL ALIVE...!

Bruce looks at the plow, but the sunlight reflecting off the white snow is harsh on his eyes. He puts snow goggles on his nose. The goggles are in fact a piece of bark with a small slit to look through in order to protect from the bright sunlight.

84

INT. SNOW FORT - DAY

Bruce cuts a 3-foot piece of hose using the sharp edge of the shovel. He struggles cutting through the thick rubber. He coughs violently. He looks at the hand he coughed in and sees a few drops of blood. He looks up at the pink insulate that is now covering the inside of the fort. He nods.

BRUCE

The pink lady is making me cough is she?

85 **EXT. SNOWPLOW - MORNING**

Bruce inserts the piece of hose into the plow's gas tank. He puts the other end of the hose in his mouth and sucks as hard as he can. He coughs. He sucks again, and moments later gas comes flowing out. He fills a jerrycan with gas from the plow.

He looks around and mumbles incomprehensibly to himself.

86 **EXT. FOREST SURROUNDING THE PLOW - DAY**

Bruce takes a few steps to test his ankle. It is painful, but he is able to walk. He uses trees as support, but can definitely get around.

He puts on his snowshoes and painfully limps westbound.

 BRUCE
 ...the Bruce is loose...

87 **EXT. ISOLATED HOUSE - DAY**

Bruce approaches the house. He is apprehensive but goes nonetheless.

The house seems vacant.

He walks around it looking through every window. There is no one home. Everything is locked except for the small kitchen window which is slightly ajar. The window is small and about two meters off the ground.

Bruce punches his hand through the screen and pushes the window: it swings inward. With great difficulty he pulls himself up with his left hand and manages to squeeze his upper body through the frame.

 BRUCE
 (struggling)
 Uh....

He wiggles like a worm and his body weight balances him forward into the kitchen sink.

88 **INT. ISOLATED HOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

Bruce's head lands in the sink and he somersaults forward. He flips over and lands on the kitchen floor in a loud thud.

 BRUCE
 (faintly smiling to himself)
 I'm hooooome!

In front of him is the fridge. His voice is better but still scratchy.

 BRUCE (CONT'D)
 What's for supper sweetie pie?

Bruce opens the fridge. There is nothing but a carton of orange juice and a brick of cheese. Without hesitating he grabs the brick of cheddar and eats it like one would eat a chocolate bar. He washes it down with the orange juice.

89 **EXT. FIELD - DAY**

Bruce rides across a field on the snowmobile. He is wearing Eric's large high-tech snow parka! He's also wearing a new hat and sunglasses and his head is wrapped in a long scarf.

JUMP CUT TO:

Bruce rides down the road. The cold wind actually feels soothing.

He is free.

In the distance, he sees the tall industrial chimney of his hometown.

90 **EXT. ROAD - CONTINUOUS**

Bruce slows down by a large tree leaning against the power lines near the main road.

He stops and looks at the leaning tree. He hesitates, but eventually turns off the engine.

He walks in a given direction as if he remembers. He looks around. Confused.

He sees a lump of snow higher than the others. He limps toward it and starts digging afraid of what he might find. He digs through the snow. Nothing. He almost seems relieved.

JUMP CUT TO:

Bruce goes to another spot, near a familiar rock. He digs hesitantly. The ground at the bottom is completely frozen. He is puzzled and looks around again.

BRUCE
(mumbling)
Where are you Bojangles?

JUMP CUT TO:

Bruce digs another hole about 10 meters further. He mumbles incomprehensibly.

Suddenly, just a few meters away, he sees the tip of what could be an elbow sticking out of the snow! He rushes over and sweeps away the snow and sees "*April Wine Power Play Tour 1982*" on Paul's T-shirt.

Paul's body is frozen and mangled!

BRUCE (CONT'D)
(dismayed)
Ah Christ...Jesus Christ.

Bruce can't even bare to look at him as parts of his abdomen and face were eaten! He is nauseous. He slaps his hand over his mouth in disgust. He closes his eyes tightly.

He begins to cry.

BRUCE (CONT'D)
(crying)
No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no...

He grabs Paul under the arms and pulls him across the snow towards the snowplow.

91

EXT. LAKE SIDE - EVENING

Bruce drives alongside a small frozen lake. He is carrying Paul's body across his lap.

He steers very slowly onto the lake and stops right in the middle. He turns off the engine.

He respectfully places the body on the ground beside the snowmobile. He takes a last look at Paul.

Bruce stands on the snowmobile and starts to jump up and down.

He jumps. And jumps. And jumps.

He stops. Nothing is moving.

Bruce thinks for a moment, then starts jumping up and down again. The ice cracks!

Bruce jumps off. He waits. The ice still holds!

He gets back on, takes a deep breath and tries to jump higher. He repeats the movement several times, as if he's in a trance.

DOUG (O.S.)

(screaming)

What are you doing?

Bruce turns around to see a man, **DOUG**, 40, standing about 100 meters away. Behind the man, his wife is standing 30 meters further away. And behind her is a car. The car is still running and the doors are open.

DOUG (CONT'D)

(smiling nervously)

You're going to go right through there,
you better be careful!

Bruce slowly steps off the snowmobile. He's not sure what to do. Thankfully, Paul's body is on the other side of the snowmobile.

MICHELLE

What's he doing Doug?

BRUCE

I'm just trying to get her started again...

DOUG

You're going to zip right through the ice if you keep jumping on it like a maniac. Don't you know the lake is already melting?

MICHELLE

Get back here Doug!

Doug decides to slowly venture a bit further on the ice towards the snowmobile.

DOUG

Hold on, let me take a look at that.

Bruce calmly looks down at Paul's body. It has one arm sticking out beyond the coverage provided by the snowmobile. As Doug advances he sees the arm sticking out! Doug walks quickly in a new direction to confirm what he thinks he sees. HE SEES PAUL'S HEAD!

Michelle tries to catch up with Doug.

DOUG (CONT'D)

(trying to remain calm)

Michelle! Stay where you are!

Bruce freezes. Michelle stops.

DOUG (CONT'D)

Back to the car!

Doug swiftly turns around and walks away. We follow him. Michelle is running towards the car and Doug runs behind her.

DOUG (CONT'D)

Faster!

MICHELLE

Aaaaahhhhhh!

Doug runs as fast as possible.

CRACK!

Doug stops. He turns around and... he sees a hole in the ice: the snowmobile and the body have disappeared! Bruce is hanging on for dear life. His legs are underwater but his arms are keeping his upper body from going under.

Bruce looks at Doug desperately. Doug doesn't know if he should help. He takes a step toward Bruce but stops.

Bruce moans.

He pulls himself out and rolls onto the ice. His legs are dripping wet.

Michelle honks the car. Doug looks at Bruce and turns around and runs toward his car.

Bruce turns in the opposite direction from Doug, and rapidly limps away across the lake toward the opposite shore.

We leave Doug and run after Bruce.

Once we're at the hole, we look down into the dark water. The snowmobile is definitely gone. The water is almost still. We turn around in the direction of the couple. Doug is just standing there. Michelle has stepped out of the car and is also completely immobile.

We take off after Bruce again.

As we catch up to him, we see that Bruce is wobbling on with great difficulty. He falls to the ground. He gets back up, then falls again. He's drenched and shivering frantically.

Bruce looks behind to see if he's being followed. Nobody is after him. Nonetheless, he frenziedly tries to get up and move on.

We follow Bruce's efforts through the forest all the way to the town road.

92

EXT. BRUCE'S HOUSE - EVENING - MOMENTS LATER

Bruce is verging on hypothermia. He is hiding behind a few trees across the street from his house. He stares at his neighbor changing a light bulb over the front door.

When the neighbor returns indoors and the coast is clear, Bruce limps up to his own house.

Paul's car is still in his driveway.

He looks through his pockets for his keys but can't find them. Empty.

He walks to the back of the house, and without hesitation he breaks a window pane with his elbow. He sticks his hand through the pane and unlocks the back door. He slips into his house.

93 **INT. BRUCE'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

Bruce enters and looks around. He's home...

He begins removing his coat as he stumbles toward the living room.

He collapses face first on the floor and passes out.

94 **INT. BRUCE'S HOUSE - MORNING**

Bruce lays motionless on the ground. His head slowly turns and his eyes open. He is momentarily confused about where he is.

95 **INT. BRUCE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY**

Bruce is asleep in his bed under many layers of blankets. The parka is hanging in front of the window to block the sunlight. Around him are empty bags of flower and sugar and a ripped box of crackers.

96 **INT. BRUCE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT**

It is night.

Bruce rolls out of bed and walks across the bedroom. He pulls down his underwear and urinates on the wall. After the first few drops, he stops. He turns around and thinks for a moment. He pulls his underwear back up and walks to the bathroom.

97 **INT. BRUCE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT**

Bruce is laying on his back. His feet are soaking in a pot of hot water. A few of his toes are black. He is holding a bottle of *Crème de Menthe*.

He is rubbing his head against a hot air vent on the floor in a semiconscious state.

He looks at the mess left from his struggle with Paul. The jewelry and doll eyes are still scattered across the floor. He slowly picks up Paul's ripped coat. In the pocket, he finds more jewelry, eyes and Paul's car keys. He stares at them blankly.

From the corner of his eye, Bruce notices his neighbor is looking right towards him from his living room window! Bruce turns off the light and crawls away from the window.

The neighbor grabs a cell phone and dials.

Bruce's phone rings!

He freezes and stares at the ringing telephone.

98 **INT. BRUCE'S HOUSE - GARAGE - MOMENTS LATER**

Bruce pulls down a sled hanging from the ceiling and grabs two empty army-style duffel bags out of a corner.

99 **INT. BRUCE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

In the darkness, Bruce rapidly stuffs the bags with clothes.

100 **EXT. BRUCE'S HOUSE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

"Don't cry a tear" by Lyle Lovett plays over scenes 102 to 107.

The reverse taillights of Paul's Cadillac light up. Bruce speeds off down the street.

BRUCE
It does handle like shit.

101 **INT. SUPERMARKET - MORNING**

Bruce takes every single rib-eye steak he can from the meat freezer.

JUMP CUT TO:

He swiftly moves through an aisle, scanning all the shelves. He grabs dozens of boxes of energy bars and puts them in his overflowing cart. He also grabs as many packages of vacuum-sealed meat.

102 **EXT. SUPERMARKET - MOMENTS LATER**

Bruce loads a dozen grocery bags into the car and drives away.

103 **EXT. ROAD - LATER THAT DAY**

Bruce is driving at full speed. He passes by Mondoux's garage. The road is now open. He slams on the accelerator.

A bit further, he turns on a tiny country road but doesn't slow down.

Suddenly, he stops the car and gets out.

He looks around. He's in the middle of the woods.

He takes a tube out of the trunk, kneels down by the side of the car and siphons out gas into a brand new jerrycan.

104 **EXT. FOREST - LATER**

He limps through the forest with great difficulty, one duffel bag wrapped around each shoulder. He's breathing heavily. He's pulling the sled filled with his stuff.

105 **EXT. FOREST SURROUNDING THE PLOW - LATER**

Bruce arrives at the burnt snowplow.

(The music stops when Bruce arrives at the plow. It is completely silent until Fade Out.)

He stops and looks at it for a moment. He looks around. Nothing. He is alone. It is quiet.

106 **EXT. SNOWPLOW - LATER**

Bruce puts his steaks in a bag filled with snow and uses a rope to haul them high up a tree.

JUMP CUT TO:

He unplugs the plow's old battery and plugs in a new one. Scattered around the plow are basic tools, small motor parts and cans of oil.

107 **EXT. SNOWPLOW - DUSK**

Bruce works on fixing the plow. He start's the engine. It coughs... but then starts running.

JUMP CUT TO:

Bruce is digging through the snow until he finds some dead leaves.

He opens up a can of glue and starts spreading some of it all over his clothes. He then sticks the dead leaves onto himself. He then does the same thing to camouflage the plow.

108 **INT. SNOWPLOW - NIGHT**

Just by the plow is a fire with an old blackened grill lying at 45 degrees cooking a steak.

In the background is a strange sculpture he made of branches and leaves.

Bruce is sitting in the plow. Behind him are a few basic supplies: tuna cans, canned peaches, wood carving tools and packs of cigarettes. On the dashboard is the painting of him and his wife as well as one of the puppets that used to rest on top of the china cabinet. It seems to be looking directly at Bruce.

But Bruce is looking outside into the distance. He is numb.

109

EXT. SNOWPLOW - DAY

Bruce's beard has grown a little but he is pale, almost ghostlike. He is skinny. The interior and exterior of the plow are a complete mess: empty bottles and cans, ripped plastic bags sticking out of dirt brown snow, gas puddles, etc.

JUMP CUT TO:

The season has changed. The snow has melted and the forest has blossomed.

The plow seems to have sunk into the ground. The camouflage and forest blend perfectly together.

The ground is covered in apple cores and energy bar wrappers.

A jerrycan was cut in two and now collects rain water dripping from the evergreens.

110

EXT. SNOWPLOW - DAY

It is winter again.

SUPER: "YEAR 1"

Snow covers most of the machine.

Bruce is shivering and struggling to breath. His eyes slowly close...

...

A fist knocks on the window!

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Hey!

Bruce's eyes pop open.

CUT TO WHITE.

THE END.

The credits roll to "**Summer of '69**" by **Brian Adams** and a montage of happy pictures from Bruce's distant past: Bruce as a young man with long hair in a band, drinking beers by a campfire with his young wife, handlebar mustache, laughing, living, friends, etc.