

SNOW WORMS

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. ALASKAN WILDERNESS - DAY

Endless remote wilderness in all directions.

A small single engine plane with pontoons flies over a vast forest. In the background, a snow covered mountain range.

The plane descends, flies over a cluster of buildings.

SUPER: CAMP ICE CUBE, RESEARCH STATION

The plane continues, flies over a hill behind the buildings.

On the other side of the hill, an expanse of open water. On the other side of the water, a glacier.

The airplane dips one wing, banks, descends, lands on the water. The pontoons leave a wake as the plane approaches a small dock on shore.

EXT. SMALL DOCK ON LAKE - DAY

Wind, light snow.

The pilot, JONES, 30s, jumps from the cockpit, secures the plane to the dock.

Two men, EVANS and JOHNSON, both 30s exit the plane. All three men unload boxes from the plane onto the dock.

Jones shakes hands with the men.

JONES

See you boys later. This'll be my
last flight of the season.

Jones points up at the sky.

JONES (CONT'D)

Weather turning bad. Good luck.

Jones unties the plane, gets in, taxis away from the dock.

The plane gains speed, gets airborne, vanishes from view.

EXT. SMALL DOCK ON LAKE - DAY

Evans and Johnson load the cargo onto sleds.

Evans picks up, puts on a harness attached to one of the sleds. Johnson imitates Evans, puts on the harness attached to the other sled.

Evans points, leads the way.

Both men lean into their harnesses, pull the loaded sleds away from the dock, up a slight grade.

Evans shouts over his shoulder to Johnson, points.

EVANS

Not far -- Just over this rise.

Johnson cups his hand over his mouth, shouts to Evans.

JOHNSON

Back in the lower 48, I'd have to pay for a cardio workout like this.

Evans looks back at Johnson.

EVANS

That's the spirit -- You're going to love your time up here at Camp Ice Cube.

The two men stop when they reach the top of the rise. They stand in silence as they survey the scene below.

EXT. ALASKAN WILDERNESS - DAY

Below the rise, Camp Ice Cube. A single line of smokes rises from one of the buildings.

The men make their way towards the camp.

INT. CABIN AT CAMP ICE CUBE - DAY

Bunks, computers, equipment. MARY PARKER, 20s, sits at a desk making computer entries. She hums to music only she can hear.

A loud pounding on the door startles Mary. She jumps up, pulls earbuds from her ears.

EVANS (V.O.)

ANYBODY HOME?

Mary hurries to the door, opens it.

MARY

Evans, I've asked you not to do
that -- You almost scared the fudge
outta me.

Evans and Johnson enter the room, brush snow from their
jackets, stomp their feet.

Evans points at Johnson.

EVANS

Mary, this handsome young man is
Johnson -- A new subject for your
home cooking experiments...

Mary smiles, swings at Evans with her fist. Evans ducks.

Evans looks at Johnson, winks, puts up his fists defensively,
assumes the stance of a boxer.

EVANS (CONT'D)

Remember, bob and weave -- And
watch out for Mary's biscuits.

Evans points over his shoulder, grins.

EVANS (CONT'D)

We have more than one good man
buried out back behind the huts.

INT. CABIN AT CAMP ICE CUBE - DAY

Mary, Evans and Johnson stand in the middle of the hut. Mary
extends her hand to Johnson. They shake. Mary puts her hands
on her hips.

MARY

Glad to have you aboard. I've heard
all of Evans' material and am happy
to see a new face...

JOHNSON

Glad to be here. It's a real honor.
I've read some of your work and
found it fascinating...

Evans covers his face with his hands.

EVANS

Oh geez, not another suck-up. Her
head is so big now, she can hardly
get thru the door...

Mary dismisses Evans with a wave of her hand.

MARY
Professional jealousy is such an
ugly thing...

She smiles at Johnson.

MARY (CONT'D)
Don't you agree?

Mary does not wait for his response. She claps her hands together, pushes the men towards the door.

MARY (CONT'D)
OK boys, get out there and unload
the sleds -- If you're extra
special good, I'll whip you up a
batch of my world famous biscuits
for supper.
(small beat)
Chop, chop.

Evans and Johnson go back outside. Mary closes the door behind them.

EXT. FACE OF GLACIER - DAY

A thunderous noise shatters the pristine silence as huge blocks of ice shear off the face of the glacier, fall into open water below.

As the blocks of ice float away from the glacier, dark twisted cylindrical shapes can be seen inside the ice.

Water laps on exposed segments of the 10 to 12 foot long SNOW WORMS inside the ice. The snow worms work themselves free from the ice, reanimate, swim towards the shore.

EXT. SHORE - DAY

Snow worms make their way to the shore near the dock where the bush plane landed. They leave the water, move inland, burrow under the snow, wait.

Silence.

INT. CABIN AT CAMP ICE CUBE - DAY

The three researchers sit at a table. Mary offers Johnson a platter of biscuits. He hesitates, looks at Evans, takes one.

EVANS

Go ahead, I was just funning. Mary makes the best biscuits in Camp Ice Cube...

MARY

I make the ONLY biscuits in Camp Ice Cube...

She glances at Evans.

MARY (CONT'D)

Super boy here, can't boil water.

All laugh, enjoy Mary's biscuits.

EXT. SHORE - DAY

A large solitary bear shuffles along the shore. The snow worms barely disturb the surface of the snow as they move closer to the unsuspecting bear.

When the bear passes near where the snow worms lay in wait, they attack. They jump up from the snow, strike like snakes. They coil themselves around the bear's body.

The frightened and helpless bear thrashes about, cries out in pain, struggles to free itself from the constrictor like embrace of the snow worms.

The hungry snow worms sink their teeth into the bear.

Accompanied by loud slurping sounds, the snow worms suck out ALL of bear's bodily fluid leaving behind a collapsed, exsanguinated, crushed corpse -- A flat pile of bloody fur which was once a mighty bear.

The snow worms release the lifeless crushed body of the bear, slip back under the snow.

They leave a faint visible disturbance on the surface of the snow as the only evidence of their movement.

UNDER OPEN WATER - DAY

Something long and round passes thru the greenish grey water.

The shape of an Inuit kayak passes overhead. An oar dips into the water on one side of the craft, then the other.

A snow worm rises from the depth, overtakes the kayak from the rear, follows.

EXT. OPEN WATER DAY - DAY

Quiet, blocks of ice bob on the surface of the water.

An Inuit male, PATUKTUQ, 20s, paddles his kayak. He pauses, scans the area for prey.

From behind the Inuit, a snow worm slides itself up on the rear deck of the tiny craft. In one fluid movement, it coils itself around the Patuktuo's waist, slides over his shoulder, constricts.

The frightened man drops his oar, grabs for his knife in a scabbard hanging around his neck. He stabs at the snow worm.

The snow worm, rears its head back, exposes a mouthful of sharp teeth. The snow worm plunges these teeth into Patuktuo's neck. The kayak flips over, floats bottom skyward.

The kayak bucks from side to side, up and down.

UNDER OPEN WATER - DAY

Kayak upside down, Patuktuo struggles, fights for his life.

Unable to free himself from the snow worm's embrace, Patuktuo's body goes limp.

Patuktuo's open eyes bulge, air bubbles escape his mouth as the snow worm crushes his body.

The snow worm uncoils, pulls the man's body from the kayak like a gourmet diner pulls a snail from its shell.

EXT. OPEN WATER DAY - DAY

The snow worm and the man's body break the surface.

The snow worm drags the body thru the water to a nearby floating block of ice, pulls itself and its prize onto the ice. Snow worm coils itself around the man, constricts breaking the man's bones and turning his internal organs into mush. The worm feeds on the man.

Sea birds circle overhead, cry.

Silence.

EXT. INUIT VILLAGE - DAY

Scattered wooden structures line a road covered with ice and snow. Snowmobiles, piles of debris, native American Inuits go about their business.

INT. INUIT HOUSE - DAY

Small, cluttered.

A weathered Inuit shaman, ANIK, 60s, deep wrinkles in his face sits with his eyes closed. Around him, his extended family of all ages. Anik opens his eyes.

ANIK
(in Inuit w/ subtitles)
An evil comes.
(small beat)
An ancient evil returns and it is hungry. It has been asleep for a long time, but now it is awake.
(small beat)
Guard yourself and your children --
Death stalks us...

An Inuit man, UGALIK, opens the outside door, sticks his head inside.

UGALIK
(in Inuit w/ subtitles)
Come Grandfather.

EXT. INUIT HOUSE - DAY

The shaman followed by his family comes outside. Ugalik walks to a sled behind a snowmobile, pulls back a blanket exposing the crushed, empty corpse of Patuktug.

UGALIK
(in Inuit w/ subtitles)
We found his kayak floating upside down near the glacier.

Ugalik points at Patuktug's remains.

UGALIK (CONT'D)
(in Inuit w/ subtitles)
He was on a block of ice near the glacier. His knife is gone...

Ugalik points at a circular pattern of teeth marks on the neck of the corpse.

UGALIK (CONT'D)
(in Inuit w/ subtitles)
He put up a fight, but whatever it
was -- It was too much for him.

The old shaman looks down at the body.

ANIK
(in Inuit w/ subtitles)
The evil is here.

END FIRST PAGES.