

SILENT SNOW - EXCERPT

Written by

Ricky Johnson

EXT. STREET - NIGHT (DREAM SEQUENCE)

Alice stands in her robe, alone, on a desolate snowy street. A few streetlights illuminate the road ahead. She begins walking forward.

Crunching in the snow behind her is heard. She tries to turn her head, but can't. She keeps walking, her steps becoming slower and slower. She eventually stops. Noises from a hushed, echoey WHISPERING VOICE are heard.

WHISPERING VOICE (V.O.)

Turn around...

Alice's eyes go wide. The footsteps continue behind her. She tries to turn her head once more, but is unable to.

WHISPERING VOICE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Turn around...

The footsteps grow louder. The streetlights flicker more violently. Alice's face scrunches up. She tries to turn her head. As if finally unlocked, it whips around, her body following. The footsteps stop.

In front of her is a brown door. Alice looks at it curiously.

WHISPERING VOICE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Open the door...

Alice reaches forward and pulls the handle. An empty void greets her. Alice slowly steps forward into it.

INT. COTTAGE BASEMENT - NIGHT (DREAM SEQUENCE)

Alice finds she is inside her empty, derelict basement. She notices an open window in the distance, snow blowing in and piling on the floor.

A light turns on in front of her. She stares up at the dangling lightbulb from the ceiling, a cord hanging down. She reaches forward and pulls it. It comes off, falling to the ground.

Alice stares at it.

WHISPERING VOICE (V.O.)

The window...

A slam is heard. Alice jolts her head up, the window on the wall and snow below it now gone.

WHISPERING VOICE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
They're in the house...

ALICE
(confused)
What?

She brings her head back down to see a staircase in front of her. She slowly begins walking towards it.

She climbs the steps, the heavy creaks ringing out around her. She winces at the sounds.

ALICE (CONT'D)
(shakily)
Why are they so loud?

The creaks get louder, almost distorting into yells.

ALICE (CONT'D)
They're so loud...

Tears well up in Alice's eyes. She keeps climbing up the stairs. She soon reaches another door, extending her hand out and opening it.

INT. COTTAGE DOWNSTAIRS - CONTINUOUS (DREAM SEQUENCE)

Alice finds herself in her kitchen, Christmas decorations strewn about. The sink is full of dishes, a candle is lit on the counter as Christmas music rings through the air.

Across the kitchen in the living room is Sofia, late-20s, wearing a creme turtleneck and smiling as she watches a young CHILD, 2 years-old, play with a toy train on the ground. MARK, late-20s, with dark hair, a beard, and wearing a green sweater, sits next to her.

Alice walks up to the reclining chair, watching as Sofia and Mark smile at the child on the ground.

ALICE
Sofia? Mark?

They continue smiling. They don't pay any attention to Alice. The music in the room begins slightly distorting.

ALICE (CONT'D)
What are you doing here? It isn't
Christmas yet.

She looks at the fireplace as it roars heavy flames, the window next to it wide open. The air outside remains still. The music grows louder.

ALICE (CONT'D)

Who put this on? It's hurting my ears... Someone please turn it off.

WHISPERING VOICE (V.O.)

GET AWAY!

Alice jolts, the chair below her reclining slightly. She looks down to see Sofia, staring up at her, her smile wider than what is natural. Alice stumbles back, Sofia and Mark now vacant from her living room. The music is gone.

The chair folds back up. Alice backs down the hallway, watching the room. The fire ceases, the music stopping. Sofia's distorted face slowly peaks over the chair. Alice gasps.

WHISPERING VOICE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Go to bed. It's time to wake up...

Alice turns to run, but bumps into the front door suddenly behind her. Wind knocks against it, causing it to creak and waver in it's frame. She looks back at the chair, Sofia now gone.

She turns to the dark stairwell, A FIGURE disappearing behind a wall across the upstairs hallway. Alice jolts again.

ALICE

H-hello...?

Alice slowly ascends the stairs. When she reaches the top, she stares down the hallway towards an open door, an empty room lying beyond. Alice squints her eyes at it.

Footsteps are heard moving down the hallway. Alice gasps and turns, opening her bedroom door. The footsteps hurry.

INT. COTTAGE MASTER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS (DREAM SEQUENCE)

Alice's room is filled with snow. The window she fell asleep to is wide open, snow blowing in. She shuts and locks the door behind her. She backs away to her bed.

The footsteps reach the door, then stop. Alice stands, watching the door. She looks down at her feet, soaked in the snow.

She rubs her arms with her hands, her teeth chattering.

She looks back up at the door, now open. She lets out a gasp.

WHISPERING VOICE (V.O.)
SOMEBODY'S IN THE ROOM.

CUT TO:

INT. COTTAGE MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Alice's eyes shoot open and she sits up in bed. She clutches her chest, heavily panting. She looks at her bedroom door, now shut.

She turns to her nightstand, her phone missing. On the ground is a digital camera.

ALICE
(quietly)
What the...

She slowly pulls the covers back and steps down into her slippers. She reaches down and grabs the camera, turning it on.

She navigates to the gallery, starting at the first photo. It's Alice's cottage.

ALICE (CONT'D)
(nervously)
What?

The next photo is of a U-Haul truck parked outside, Alice standing on the porch hauling boxes inside. The next is of her cottage late at night. Next from outside her window, watching her cook in the kitchen.

ALICE (CONT'D)
Oh my god...

Next she is asleep on the recliner in the living room. Next is of her getting into her car in the driveway.

Alice's expression grows increasingly alarmed as she continues clicking through. Her expression soon freezes.

ALICE (CONT'D)
No... What is this, I...

A photo of Alice in the living room from earlier in the night, drinking her wine.

Another of her putting her glass in the sink. Next from a window by the door as she ascends the stairs.

The photos shift to inside her living room.

Alice's face stay's frozen.

Her downstairs hallway. The stairs. Her bedroom door. The door cracked open, Alice sleeping on the bed. One that's closer. Even closer. A few inches from her face.

ALICE (CONT'D)
(shakily)
This can't be happening...

One last blurred, shaky photo of her startling awake.

A creak is heard. Alice freezes. She looks up. The closet door is slightly cracked open. An inaudible, whispering voice can be heard.

Alice slowly stands. A hand slowly creeps out to pull the door back.

Alice lets out a scream and runs for her bedroom door. The closet door is thrown open behind her as she exits.