

COLD BLOOD
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Registered WGAW
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Final Draft

Bad Bunny Pictures Inc.

FADE IN:

EXT. NEAR RUBY, ALASKA - DUSK

The low hanging afternoon sun bathes WHITE MOUNTAINS in amber. MAJESTIC PINES sway as snow blows like talcum powder across a RURAL ROAD. It's a scene of absolute serenity...

Suddenly, the peace is shattered! A STATION WAGON flips across the road in a violent roll! The car careens to a stop in a snowbank. Upside-down. Tires still spinning...

EXT. RURAL ROAD - MOMENTS LATER

Eight-year-old MAGGIE BARNES awakens. Thrown from the car. Parka torn. Face bleeding. Slowly, she crawls to the driver's side window and peers inside. A CHILD SAFETY seat points away from her.

MAGGIE
Mom? Are you okay?

No response. Maggie's MOTHER drapes upside-down, her parka hood obscuring her face. Maggie reaches inside and brushes the hood back. A face appears. One with a deep, red slash across it's forehead! Maggie thrusts herself back.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
Mom, no! No!

Suddenly, a HORRIBLE, GUTTURAL SNARL cuts off Maggie's cries. She trembles, frozen in fear and shock. Slowly, Maggie turns and stares into the bushes across the road...

MAGGIE'S POV

The bushes SHAKE VIOLENTLY! The snarl louder! Closer!

BACK

Maggie's eyes swell with TERROR! She stumbles to her feet and runs!

EXT. THE FOREST - DUSK

Maggie slips and slides through the deep powder, running as fast as her small legs will allow. The fierce snarl gains!

She zips past looming pines, their icicles dangling like fangs.

Maggie tumbles down a large EMBANKMENT, bursts through a bush and slides out onto a...

EXT. FROZEN LAKE - DUSK

Maggie slips and stumbles out onto the middle of the lake. She stops. The snarl gone. She looks back to the shore.

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MAGGIE'S POV

A bush gently sways. Then, WHITE HOT BREATH pulsates out!

BACK

Maggie takes a terror-stricken step backwards. Then another... So paralyzed in fear, she barely hears the CRACKING SOUND. Maggie looks down.

MAGGIE'S POV

LONG WHITE LINES shoot across the ice like lightning strikes. The ice FRACTURES!

BACK

Maggie bursts through the ice and falls into the frigid blackness.

UNDER THE ICE

Maggie bobs up and hits nothing but ice. She flails! She claws! She presses her mouth to a narrow air pocket and gasps for breath!

ABOVE THE ICE

Maggie's horrified eyes stare through the dull grey ice as slowly, she slips away from THE HOLE!

On the ice's surface, SOMETHING tracks along with Maggie...

Something with LARGE WHITE PAWS and HUGE GLEAMING CLAWS!

MAGGIE (V.O.)
GET AWAY FROM ME!!!

CUT TO:

INT. MAGGIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

MAGGIE BARNES, now 23, bolts up in bed. Sweat soaks the sheets. She cups a shaking hand over the PENDANT that dangles from her neck. One made of Amber encased in black Onyx. Slowly, her breathing returns to normal.

Maggie climbs out of bed and crosses into what-should-be a DINING ROOM. Instead of a table and hutch, there's only a TATTERED PUNCHING BAG. Maggie pushes it once, then ATTACKS! She fires right after left after right. A SAVAGE BARRAGE.

The PHONE RINGS. Maggie ignores it, but it won't stop. She throws one more uppercut and reluctantly answers.

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MAGGIE
(out of breath)
Yeah?

VOICE ON PHONE
Margaret Elizabeth Barnes?

MAGGIE
Yeah?

She wipes the sweat off her forehead with her shirt.

VOICE ON PHONE
Born 11/2/79 in Ruby, Alaska. Mother,
Joan? Father...

MAGGIE
Who the hell is this?

VOICE ON PHONE
Miss Barnes, my name's Jacobs. Medical
Examiner from Ruby. I'm sorry to call so
early but I'm afraid I have bad news.
Your father's dead.

Maggie is stone-faced. A long beat passes...

MAGGIE
That it?

VOICE ON PHONE
(taken back)
Well, Alaska state law requires the
nearest living relative to claim the
body. Providing that relative...

MAGGIE
Get my brother Jessie.

VOICE ON PHONE
That's what I'm saying, Miss Barnes.
Providing that the relative is not
incapacitated, or incarcerated. Your
brother Jessie's in jail. (beat) Now,
will you be able to make the trip...

Maggie slams the phone down and stands there, unsure of her next move. Across the room on the mantle is a PHOTO. Eight-year-old Maggie hugging her younger brother Jessie.

Outside, dawn's first light glows across ROLLING SAND DUNES and CACTI. A BANK SIGN blinks in the distance. "5:27AM". "101 Degrees F"... "Welcome to Death Valley, CA."

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. RURAL ROAD, ALASKA - MORNING

A lonely, two-lane byway cuts through dense white forest. A RENTAL CAR knives through wind and hail the size of fists.

INT. RENTAL CAR - CONTINUOUS

Maggie turns the TUNER KNOB on the radio. Nothing but STATIC. End to end.

MAGGIE'S POV

A ROAD SIGN appears through the fogged windshield. "Ruby-- 137 Miles. No Services, Next 136 Miles".

BACK

MAGGIE
(disgusted)
Home sweet home...

EXT. RURAL ROAD - DAY

As the car passes, swirling snow reclaims the frozen blacktop, making it disappear under a frigid cover of cold.

EXT. JUST OUTSIDE RUBY, ALASKA - LATER

The car's brakes strain against the steep slope as Maggie rounds a bend. Below, surrounded on all sides by ominous jagged peaks, lies RUBY, ALASKA. Population 549.

EXT. MAIN STREET, RUBY - LATER

Maggie's road-salt stained rental lurches down MAIN STREET behind a SNOW PLOW. On the sidewalks, SHOPKEEPERS shovel fresh powder. It's a never ending battle; man vs. nature.

Maggie drives under a banner reading, "WELCOME TO THE DARK SUN FESTIVAL." She parks in front of the SHERIFF'S STATION and gets out. All around, TOWNSFOLK prepare for a party. Grandstands and food booths spring up. Kegs of beer roll off trucks. ARTISTS with CHAINSAWS sculpt huge blocks of ice. HUSKIES. BEARS. WOLVES.

Maggie steps out of the car. An eerie feeling washes over her. Slowly she turns, looks across the street and sees...

FIVE GUYS, all late teens. They wear open shirts, leather jackets and tattered jeans; not affected by the frigid cold at all. One by one, they approach.

Maggie tenses. ASHLEY, sporting a blonde buzz cut and jagged scar that splits his cheek in two, comes up to the passenger side. Leering.

DYLAN, tall and ripped with muscles, slams a boot-clad foot on the fender. Tribal Tattoos scar his bulging biceps.

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KYLE and LADD surround Maggie. These Native American twins have long black hair and angelic faces that belie their cold black eyes. They fold their arms in unison.

Maggie waits for the move. Any move. The guys just glare.

MAGGIE
Is there a problem?

They don't budge. Ladd's face breaks into a maniacal grin. Suddenly, Maggie feels hot breath on the back of her neck.

She wheels around and comes face to face with SEAN. Dark and handsome, his blue eyes burn with an intensity she's never seen. Maggie's mesmerized. She can't move. Can't speak.

Sean leans in close to Maggie's face. Close enough to do anything. A beat passes. Then, he takes a DEEP, LOUD SNIFF.

Immediately, the others break from the car and tear off down the street, whooping and hollering. Sean slowly leans away. He walks backwards down the street, never once breaking eye contact with Maggie. The gang turns a corner and is gone. Maggie lets out a heavy sigh.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
Jesus...

INT. SHERIFF'S STATION - DAY

DEPUTY FRANK GRANGE, (20s) freshly scrubbed and green, opens BOX after BOX of "Temporary No Parking" SIGNS. REED LEWIS (50's), a worried father, seethes at the counter, a stack of "MISSING" FLYERS under his arm.

REED
Look, Grace is a good kid. She might not be the best student but she's good. I know it's them bastards.

DEPUTY GRANGE
Reed, with all respect, this is the fifth time in 18 months your daughter has run away. She always comes back when...

REED
(explodes)
This is DIFFERENT!

DEPUTY GRANGE
Alright Reed, alright.

REED
This is different...

Maggie enters. Deputy Grange sees.

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DEPUTY GRANGE

Put your posters wherever you want, you
just calm down.

Grange crosses to the counter to meet Maggie. Reed pulls
open his STAPLER and retreats to the corkboard in the lounge.

DEPUTY GRANGE (CONT'D)

Morning. What can I do ya for?

MAGGIE

Who's in charge?

DEPUTY GRANGE

In charge would be Sheriff Whitehorse.

MAGGIE

I want to see my brother.

DEPUTY GRANGE

Who's your brother?

MAGGIE

Barnes. Jessie Barnes.

CLOSE UP

Reed puts his first staple straight through his thumb!

BACK

Reed turns and walks towards Maggie. Grange sees.

DEPUTY GRANGE

Hang on there, Reed.

Reed stops right in front of Maggie.

REED

(to Maggie)

Jessie Barnes is your brother?

MAGGIE

Yes.

REED

You looking to set him free?

MAGGIE

If I can.

Just then, Reed hauls back and SPITS, right on Maggie's coat!
A beat passes. Maggie balls her hand in a fist and pulls it
back.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

You son of a bit...

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Grange leaps the counter and pushes Reed out of the way. Maggie's left hook grazes Reed's ear.

DEPUTY GRANGE
That's it! That's it!

Grange bear-hugs Reed as he pushes him to the front door.

REED
What about Grace?!

DEPUTY GRANGE
Take some posters up to Monty's, put 'em in the window!

REED
Is that it?! That all you're gonna do!?

Grange pushes Reed through the front door.

DEPUTY GRANGE
Beat it! Come back when you calm down!

Grange turns and walks back to Maggie. He sheepishly pulls a HANKIE from his pocket and holds it right above the SPIT BALL, too terrified to wipe it for fear he might accidentally brush something of consequence. Maggie snatches it from him.

MAGGIE
Nice God damn town you got here.

Just then, SHERIFF ROY WHITEHORSE (50s) enters from the back with MAYOR DUANE PARKER (50s). Whitehorse is a no-nonsense Native American. Parker is a portly local businessman who became Mayor when no one else wanted the job.

MAYOR PARKER
We've got to make more room for buses behind the school.

SHERIFF WHITEHORSE
I got Hank plowing out the north side for RVs now. Can't be two places at once.

DEPUTY GRANGE
Uh... Sheriff...

MAYOR PARKER
Which is why I said we need more than one plow in this town.

SHERIFF WHITEHORSE
You got the money, buy a plow.

MAYOR PARKER
It's not a question of money. City Council allotted a certain....

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DEPUTY GRANGE
Uh... Sheriff this here is Maggie...

MAYOR PARKER
We need to talk about generators...

SHERIFF WHITEHORSE
Six is what we got, six is what we'll
live with...

DEPUTY GRANGE
Barnes, sir. Maggie Barnes.

The Sheriff and Mayor stop when they hear that name.

SHERIFF WHITEHORSE
Jessie?

MAGGIE
My brother.

SHERIFF WHITEHORSE
I'm sorry for your loss, Ms. Barnes.

MAYOR PARKER
We all are. Your father was... well, he
was part of this town. We'll always...

MAGGIE
Can I see my god damn brother, please!?

A beat passes.

SHERIFF WHITEHORSE
Grange, take Ms. Barnes to the tank.

DEPUTY GRANGE
Right. This way, Ms. Barnes.

He ushers her through a door. Mayor turns to the Sheriff.

MAYOR PARKER
Another Barnes. You gonna tell her?

SHERIFF WHITEHORSE
Yeah. I'll tell her.

INT. REAR OF BUILDING - DAY

A fluorescent light flickers as Grange opens a door into a
dark hallway that leads to one small cell.

DEPUTY GRANGE
Down at the end.

MAGGIE
Can I be alone with him?

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DEPUTY GRANGE

Be my guest.

He goes. Maggie slowly walks down the dank corridor towards the cell. With each step, a silhouetted figure comes into view. JESSIE. Back to her; eyes locked outside the window. Maggie stops. A long beat passes.

JESSIE

Big sister. Who said "you can't go home again"?

MAGGIE

Thomas Wolfe.

JESSIE

Guess he was wrong.

MAGGIE

I think he was right. So, making a lot of friends up here, Jes?

He turns to her. He's nineteen and like Maggie, he has dark, handsome features.

JESSIE

Small town. Lot of love to go around.

MAGGIE

You can keep it. (beat) Want to tell me what happened.

JESSIE

To me or the old man?

MAGGIE

You.

JESSIE

Drunk and disorderly. Town's favorite pastime. Oh, yeah, haven't seen you in a while, you wouldn't know that, would you?

MAGGIE

Jessie, I'm sorry.

JESSIE

Really? Somehow your concern rings a little false.

MAGGIE

I'll get you out of here, Jessie. Promise.

JESSIE

You know what, sis? After fifteen years, your promises don't mean dick.

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He crawls onto the bed, his back to her again. She wants to say more but doesn't have the words.

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