

WHAT YOU DON'T KNOW WON'T HURT YOU
for The Impact (Act II or III)
Draft #3

by

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It's the end of the world but this family will never know.

EXT. MOUNTAIN - EVENING

Snow swirls in a gust of wind. Sun, mountain, a precipice and a dark abyss. A strange CLICKING sound surfs the air.

EXT. PINE FOREST - TREE LINE - ENCLOSURE - EVENING

Among the pine, a makeshift enclosure of tarpaulin attached between trunks. Trapped reindeer: hooves DRUMMING and that CLICKING sound from the shins of agitated deer as they move.

To one side of the enclosure, a blue truck, RADIO barely audible, a gangway to the open trailer, carcasses and blood.

Inside the enclosure, BJORN (32) tugs a lasso to get a tagged deer on the gangway. It bucks. He barely hangs on, exchanges a desperate look with ANNA (31) who jostles to escape hinds and horns of deer that push the tarpaulin to break out.

INT. BLUE TRUCK CAB - FRONT SEAT - EVENING

SIRI (4) wakes from sleep, kicks off the blanket. A raven seated on the hood, looks straight at her. Siri tightens her grip on a white cuddly lamb, stares back at the raven.

EXT. BLUE TRUCK - EVENING

Siri crawls out of the cab, lands in deep snow. Adjusts her red knit-cap, orients herself in the white mist. A fissure in the tarpaulin grows larger as deer push, CLICKING CLICKING.

EXT. INSIDE ENCLOSURE - EVENING

The deer jerks. Bjorn lets go. The lasso whips the air, he covers his head, dives. Everywhere, flaring nostrils, bulging eyes, DRUMMING hooves. Anna, beside him now, pulls him to his feet. They flee through swirling snow, up the gangway.

INT. TRAILER - EVENING

Bjorn and Anna slip in blood, bump into a carcass. PANTING. Anna takes in the swirling snow, the vanishing mountain. And a strangely darkening sky? And that CLICKING sound -

ANNA

Something is not right! The animals -
I've never seen them like this!

BJORN

It's just a storm, Anna! We'll bring
them back in for slaughter tomorrow!

Seized by a premonition, Anna moves deep into the trailer. Peers through the cab window, sees the abandoned blanket.

ANNA

Siri! She's gone!

She returns to the open trailer doors. Bjorn grabs her.

BJORN

No! They'll trample us to a pulp!

ANNA

She is out there, alone!

CRACK! The tarpaulin RIPS. Hooves DRUM as deer push through the hole. Anna bolts down the gangway. Bjorn follows.

EXT. INSIDE ENCLOSURE - EVENING

The sounds of the CHARGING HERD dwindle in the mist. Anna and Bjorn cross the enclosure, through the hole in the tarpaulin. Anna spots Siri's red knit-cap, trampled. Picks it up, clutching the cap and the talisman around her neck.

ANNA

Oh God!

BJORN

Siri! Siri!

Suddenly, he sees her in the crushed snow. He runs, kneels, hugs her tight. Anna too, transfixed by traces of hooves all around the girl - incredulous - falls to her knees, embraces Siri. The blizzard all around them.

BJORN (CONT'D)

We have to get back to the truck!

INT. BLUE TRUCK CAB - FRONT SEAT - EVENING

They clamber into the cab. Anna turns off the radio, lights a candle, wraps a blanket around Siri. They huddle, exchange tired smiles. The WIND outside. Siri yawns, blinks.

SIRI

I saw the raven, mummy. You told me to tell you if I saw it again. It spoke to me.

ANNA

The raven spoke to you?

SIRI

It said: don't be afraid.

Puzzled, Anna looks at the swirling snow, and at that rapidly encroaching darkness, obscuring the sinking sun. Touches her talisman. The earth shudders.