

Mauja  
Soft Deep Snow

Written by  
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FADE IN:

EXT. ABOVE THE CLOUDS - DAY

A beautiful blue sky, white clouds, a cotton ocean.

The warm sun flares the lens as we start to sink deeper and deeper into the soft clouds, turning into a heavy fog, no more blue sky.

Dark grey all around us, it starts to rain -- thin drops hitting the lens.

The rain starts to freeze at the screen, turning into ice-flowers, slowly forming the word:

MAUJA

Still grey, the rain turns into light snow.

Accompanied by some snowflakes, we break through the dark cover of clouds.

EXT. UNDERNEATH THE CLOUDS - DAY - CONTINUOUS

A landscape, fir trees, mountains, covered with white snow.

We sink deeper and deeper -- still flying.

Behind a snowy ridge, a small street -- we follow.

We hear music which is clearly from a RADIO broadcast.

RADIO JINGLE: V.O.A.

RADIO

Welcome to Voice of Alaska this late afternoon. My name is John Henry, and I hope you stay with us in the next hours. Hey folks, the weather report says we expect heavy snowfall in the next hours. So get the dog inside, heat up the fireplace and listen to Voice of Alaska. We have the right mood -- and now JOHNNY CASH with SPRINGTIME IN ALASKA. -- V.O.A., we warm you up.

The snowfall heavier, the street still underneath, a black SUV is driving far in the distance.

We get closer to the SUV.

A CADILLAC ESCALADE. A roof rack and skis on top.

Heavy snow, the car has problems making headway.

The SUV now in front of us, snow from the rear wheels sprays the lens of the camera.

We enter the car through the back window.

INT. SUV - DAY - CONTINUOUS

The radio is SOURCE MUSIC now.

A luxurious car, beige leather seats, the back seat is packed with suitcases and clothing hangers, numerous shopping bags.

The snowfall is very heavy now. The windscreen wiper barely gets through it. The street is almost not visible, covered with snow.

In the driver's seat, MICHAEL, early forties, good looking but a little bit chubby, not quite the hero type.

Michael is highly focused on the road.

In the passenger seat, ELIZABETH, late thirties, long blonde hair, pale elegance, a map on her lap, her right leg has a cast.

The mood between them seems to be very tense.

The radio still plays SPRINGTIME IN ALASKA.

Elizabeth looks at the map, looks at Michael, stares outside.

ELIZABETH

You know you took the wrong turn, or is this one of your famous short cuts again?

(she points at her cast)

The last intersection was wrong already.

Silence for a while. Michael ignores her, focuses on the street.

The snow turns into a white wall, the car breaks out again and again.

Michael has problems keeping the SUV on the road.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

(sights)

I am not even sure if this road is on the map.

The car hits a bump.

MICHAEL

Why can't you just shut up?

Michael tightens his grip, tries to keep the car straight.

ELIZABETH

Is it my fault? You are pissed because you took the wrong turn.

MICHAEL

Maybe you can't read directions?

ELIZABETH

Sure, men have this natural instinct and always find the way. Goes back into the Stone Age while we were guarding the fire.

MICHAEL

(very aggressive)

Just shut up!

ELIZABETH

Watch your mouth.

MICHAEL

Shut the fuck up or you can walk!

ELIZABETH

Who do you think you are? I can't take this shit anymore. I'm done with you.

Michael drives more aggressively. He doesn't care about the weather conditions anymore.

MICHAEL

You should have realized that years ago. We could have saved a lot of money and time.

ELIZABETH

You arrogant prick. Where would you be without me?

MICHAEL  
(to himself)  
Why do I have to listen to the same shit  
over and over again?

ELIZABETH  
(quiet & offended)  
You are such an ass.

The radio signal gets weaker. WHITE noise mixes with the music.

Elizabeth turns the radio off.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)  
This shit is getting on my nerves.

Michael turns the radio on again. WHITE NOISE, barely music.

MICHAEL  
Leave it alone.

Elizabeth wants to turn it off again, Michael grabs her wrist. Holds it tight.

ELIZABETH  
You're hurting me.

MICHAEL  
Elizabeth, back off. I am warning you.

She pulls her arm out of his grip.

ELIZABETH  
Oh, I am so scared.

Elizabeth looks frightened outside the window -- SCREAMS.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)  
Michael, look out!

A deer has jumped onto the street, looks at the car -- stunned!

MICHAEL  
Shit!

Elizabeth covers her face with her arms.

Michael tries to avoid the animal, makes a hard left turn, misses it, loses control over the vehicle.

The car starts to slide, breaks out, turns 180 degrees.

BANG -- something hits the right side of the car.

The car leaves the road -- slides down a slope --  
unstoppable.

With a hard hit, the car crashes into the deep snow.

METAL BREAKS -- the airbags inflate.

Elizabeth's and Michael's heads bangs against the  
airbags.

Snow smashes on the windscreen.

CUT TO BLACK.

INT. SUV - TWILIGHT

In the dark we hear a CLICKING NOISE, coming from the  
indicator.

STATIC NOISE from the radio.

DISSOLVE TO:

Dim, soft, blue light. Some blinking lights of the  
dashboard. The windows are covered with snow.

Elizabeth wakes up. Blood runs down her face. A big wound  
on her forehead. She is not moving, coughs.

ELIZABETH  
Michael?... Michael...Michael!

She tries to look slowly around. Blood in her eyes.

Michael is still not moving his head covered with the air  
bag.

Elizabeth turns to Michael.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)  
Michael! Answer me!

She tries to touch him, can't move her arm, it hurts.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)  
Michael, please, please answer me.

She shakes him gently. His eyes are closed, he doesn't  
move.