

AND I DWELT IN THE LAND OF NOD

A Thriller / Horror

Written by

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(WRITING SAMPLE)

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FADE IN:

BLACK SCREEN

SUPER:

"And it came to pass, when they were in the field, that Cain rose up against Abel his brother, and slew him... And the Lord said, Now art thou cursed from the earth which hath opened her mouth to receive thy brother's blood from thy hand... And Cain said unto the Lord, My punishment is greater than I can bear, and it shall come to pass that every one that findeth me shall slay me... And the Lord set a mark upon Cain, lest any finding him should kill him. And Cain went out from the presence of the Lord, and dwelt in the land of Nod, on the East of Eden"
GENESIS 4:8-16

FADE OUT / FADE IN

EXT. THICK NORTHERN FOREST DEEP WITH SNOW - EVENING

A LONE FIRST NATION HUNTER, 28, dressed in heavy winter buckskin clothing, carrying meager hunting supplies and an old pioneer rifle, trudges uphill on wooden snowshoes.

SUPER: NORTHERN CANADA, ALBERTA, WINTER 1885

EXT. FOREST RIDGE OF A HIGH HILL

The lone Hunter reaches the top of the ridge and looks at the sight before him.

The view is a vast winter wilderness of hills and valleys. No sign of any civilization. The sun sets on the horizon.

The lone Hunter looks weary and continues his trek down the other side of the ridge.

EXT. THICK FOREST DEEP WITH SNOW - NIGHT

The lone Hunter sits in a thicket of trees. A small campfire in front of him.

EXT. SNOWY HILLTOP - SAME NIGHT

A BLACK WOLF stands on the ridge. A second GREY WOLF runs up and gets its attention. They run off into the darkness of the thick trees below.

EXT. THE LONE NATIVE HUNTER'S SMALL CAMP

The Hunter hears the wolves howl in the distance. He becomes alert and holds his rifle close.

EXT. LONE NATIVE HUNTER'S SMALL CAMP - EARLY MORNING

The Hunter wakes up. He is seated next to the burned ashes of his campfire. His rifle is in his lap. He slowly stands and puts on his snowshoes.

EXT. THICK FOREST DEEP WITH SNOW - LATER

The lone Hunter walks slow and discovers wolf tracks. He looks nervously around. He follows the tracks.

EXT. A SECOND SMALL CAMP - EVENING

The lone Hunter is trying to light a fire with his flint, but is having no success. He looks cold and hungry. He struggles to stand and move forward. He picks at the driest branches and twigs he can find to burn.

He suddenly sees a twig poking out of the snow that has some brown leaves and black withered berries. He rushes to the branch and picks at the foliage in desperation. He devours the leaves and berries in a rush of starvation.

EXT. SECOND SMALL CAMP - MORNING

The lone Hunter is sick. He throws up and clutches his stomach in pain. The two wolves emerge from the trees. The Hunter goes for his rifle. The wolves don't attack.

The Hunter fires a rifle shot, but misses the wolves. The Hunter struggles to load another bullet.

The wolves stand motionless as an unknown figure buried in the snow rises up behind the Hunter. The unknown person is tall and skinny, draped in dirty blood stained animal furs and wearing a wolf head hood. From underneath the hood, long scraggly black human hair also covers his dark hidden face.

The Hunter suspects something and quickly turns around to see the horrific sight of this EVIL WOLF PERSON. Evil Wolf Person is suddenly swift and merciless. He strikes the Hunter down with one strong blow of a hatchet to the Hunter's head.

EXT. THICK FOREST DEEP WITH SNOW - LATER

The Evil Wolf Person drags the body of the lone Hunter through the snow. A giant bloody gash across the Hunter's face shows that his head was almost split in two by the hatchet blow.

The snow covered ground becomes more gruesome as it changes color from white to stained red. Frozen and rotten animal carcasses litter the area. Some of the bones and meat look like human remains.

The Evil Wolf Person then hangs the body of the Hunter upside down by ropes on a sturdy worn tree branch.

CLOSE UP - THE SNOWY GROUND BENEATH THE HANGING HUNTER

The Evil Wolf Person breathes heavy as the sound of his hatchet cutting up the lone Hunter's body is heard. Blood drops speckle the snow. The blood droplets stream down more until a large gush of blood spills out all over.

EXT. THE EVIL WOLF PERSON'S LAIR IN THE FOREST - CONTINUOUS

The two wolves stand at a distance and watch. A piece of meat is tossed to them. They grab and snarl over it.

CLOSE UP - SNOWY GROUND BENEATH THE HANGING HUNTER

The Evil Wolf Person holds a wood carved bowl beneath the falling streams of blood coming from the poor Hunter's body. The Evil Wolf Person's hands are bony with long fingers and black fingernails. The bowl fills with the fresh human blood.

EXT. EVIL WOLF PERSON'S LAIR - CONTINUOUS

The Evil Wolf Person stands up straight with the bowl in his hands. His face still not seen behind the wolf head hood and long black hair. He drinks the blood.

He looks up, and from the darkness beyond the hood and long hair the only facial feature seen is a set of filed fanged teeth. He licks his lips with satisfaction.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT - PIONEER TRAIL THROUGH SNOWY HILLS - DAY

A NORTHWEST MOUNTED POLICEMAN, SAM KING, 34, slowly rides his horse. Sam is fit, wears a winter fur coat and hat. He has a noble professional air to him.

A YOUNG ADULT FIRST NATION MAN staggers drunk through the snow. He holds a ceramic jug and takes a drink. He sees Sam approach on his horse.

Sam rides at a leisurely pace when the Young Native Man with the jug jumps him from a large rock at the side of the trail. He knocks Sam from his horse.

Sam and the Young Native Man wrestle. The Young Native Man has a knife and slashes Sam's arm, cutting him. Sam then knocks him out with a forceful punch.

Sam picks up the jug. He smells it and makes an ugly face. Sam takes hold of the unconscious Native Man.

EXT. PIONEER TRAIL THROUGH SNOWY HILLS - LATER THAT DAY

Sam rides with the unconscious Native Man on the back of his horse. They approach a small village of teepees.

EXT. THE NATIVE VILLAGE

Sam slowly rides into the settlement with the unconscious Native Man. Sam is appalled by the sight he sees. The villagers are passed out drunk. Children in tattered clothes sit crying on the snowy ground.

Sam sees two Native men fighting. It is an older man against a younger one. Sam gets off his horse and breaks them up. Sam looks surprised at the older man.

SAM
Chief Strong Hawk?

CHIEF STRONG HAWK is ashamed. He runs to a teepee to hide. A NATIVE ELDER gripping a ceramic jug approaches Sam. He speaks in rough English as he vents his anger.

NATIVE ELDER

Look what you white man have done.
The buffalo no more. Our people
sick and hungry. We sign papers
that this land is ours, but all we
given is this.

He holds up the ceramic jug. Sam stares at the jug and takes it. He empties its contents onto the ground. The booze inside is brown and horrid.

SAM

Where did you get this?

NATIVE ELDER

A man comes from the north. He is
Centerman.

SAM

Centerman?

NATIVE ELDER

He stands in the centre of the
tribe. He is boastful and the young
men listen. All he do is take and
leave poison.

SAM

Tell me everything you know about
this guy.

The Elder senses Sam's desire to help and notices Sam's bleeding arm from the knife cut.

NATIVE ELDER

CHARGING BULL has injured you. We
will help you.

Sam nods with appreciation.

INT - A LARGE TEEPEE - EVENING

Sam sits at the centre fire with the Elder, Charging Bull and Chief Strong Hawk. Sam is without his fur jacket and his arm is bandaged up. An older Native woman is seated and sewing the knife cut on his jacket sleeve.

The men share a pipe, and Charging Bull is eager to hand it to Sam. Charging Bull and Chief Strong Hawk are low in spirit.

Sam smokes from the pipe and hands it to the Elder. Sam speaks roughly in their language.

SAM (SUBTITLES)
Charging Bull, Chief Strong Hawk,
your tobacco is good to me.

The mood lightens.

SAM
Just take it easy. Your hangovers
will get the better of you. Now,
what is happening here?

NATIVE ELDER
The land is starving. Rain not
falling. Grass not green. Now
winter come. Not able to hunt
gopher.

SAM
That's what you're living on?
Gophers?

The Native Men are silent. Sam lowers his head in shame. He feels the intense stares of his hosts. Chief Strong Hawk sees Sam's reaction and speaks, the Elder interprets.

NATIVE ELDER
We know what is taking place, but
no worry. We, the Siksika plains
people, and our leader Crowfoot
give word, we will not fight with
Big Bear and Riel.

Sam looks at the Elder and Chief. The Chief continues to talk. The Elder continues to interpret.

NATIVE ELDER
But one day soon, white man will
feel the pain of what he has done.

Sam clears his throat.

SAM
Where did you get the liquor?

NATIVE ELDER
Centerman comes from north.

SAM
North... Edmonton? Is that where
he's from?

The Elder nods. Sam stares intensely at Chief Strong Hawk.

SAM
Chief Strong Hawk, tell me all you
can about this man.

Chief Strong Hawk looks at Sam and nods.

EXT. OUTSIDE A LARGE TIMBER WALLED FORT - DAY

Activity is busy as uniformed NWMP move about the snowy compound with supplies and horses, looking like they are preparing for war.

SAM (V.O.)
The settlement is decrepit...

EXT. INSIDE THE TIMBER WALLED FORT - CONTINUOUS

The Fort is a large open area with timber buildings along the walls. The buildings are offices, barracks and stables. A NWMP COMMANDER walks around the perimeter of the Fort, observing the activity of the Policemen around him. He is distracted and looks stressed as Sam follows next to him.

SAM
These people have been lied to and pushed around, forced to change their way of life because of our great expansion. And now they're starved and dying and trying to live off of mice and gophers.

NWMP COMMANDER
Your point, Constable. I'm in no mood for any of this right now.

SAM
There's a liquor trader working out of Edmonton region I think... That's if you want to call it liquor. He's making it himself.

NWMP COMMANDER
You taste any of it?

Sam holds up a small jug he is carrying.

SAM
You try.

The Commander stops and looks at the jug. He makes a disgruntled face and takes it.

He uncorks the top and boldly takes a swig. He immediately chokes on the liquor and spits it out. Other Police Constables notice.

NWMP COMMANDER
Lord god... Who is this guy?

INT. POLICE COMMANDER'S OFFICE - SHORT TIME LATER

Sam and the NWMP Commander enter. The Commander quickly goes to a cabinet and opens it. He takes out a whiskey bottle and Sam watches as he pours a shot.

NWMP COMMANDER
Get that god damn taste out of my mouth.

The Commander drinks the whiskey shot and looks at Sam.

NWMP COMMANDER
Want one?

Sam shakes his head. The Commander and Sam stare at each other for a moment. The Commander puts the bottle back into the cabinet. He goes to a corner desk stacked with papers and sits down.

NWMP COMMANDER
Sam King, how long you been with us?

SAM
Going on eight years.

NWMP COMMANDER
Most recruits your age would of done their time and moved on by now. You making this your career?

SAM
Can't say.

NWMP COMMANDER
You're good to the Indians, know a bit of their language, good with your horse and dog sled, don't drink.

SAM
I enjoy a good drink when I can, but these people... What is happening now is killing them.

The Commander shows his stress.

NWMP COMMANDER

You think I don't know that? Look out there. We're preparing for war. Against the Indians, Riel, our government, the railroad... Who knows? Nobody listens or gives a damn about us out here.

SAM

I do.

The Commander and Sam continue their stares.

NWMP COMMANDER

Then I'd say you made a career.

The Commander tries to relax a bit at his desk.

NWMP COMMANDER

Okay, who is this guy?

SAM

The Indians call him Centerman. He's making whiskey and travels with it, trading it off and taking advantage all he can.

NWMP COMMANDER

You sure he's at Edmonton?

SAM

Not yet, but information given me is pointing to all accounts that he is.

NWMP COMMANDER

Well then, good job. Go to Edmonton and bring this scoundrel to justice.

Sam hesitates a moment as he listens.

SAM

Me? By myself? Can't we send word to Fort Saskatchewan?

The Commander gives a laugh.

NWMP COMMANDER

Those boys? You were first stationed there weren't you?

SAM

I was. I patrolled, delivered mail.

NWMP COMMANDER

Yeah, well, you know the drill and things have changed a lot since that railroad rolled in. They're in their own world up there and it's the wild west right now. You think they know about a Whiskey Trader? They're probably drinking half the supply.

Sam breathes deep, not encouraged. The Commander notices.

NWMP COMMANDER

We're undermanned and you know this. We need more outposts on our borders, and need to deal with these rebel uprisings in the east territories. Riel has this country in a fervor. You're the only hand I got for this assignment... Do your duty. Get this bastard Centerman and bring him back dead or alive.

SAM

Dead?

The Commander shrugs.

NWMP COMMANDER

You never know now-a-days.

Sam nods and leaves. The Commander watches him go.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE WALLED FORT - DAY

Sam rides his horse through the main gate as Constables are occupied with their duties. Sam's horse carries full saddlebags. Sam slowly rides past the gate guard. They nod to each other.

GATE GUARD

Good luck, Sam.

SAM

You too.