

FROST BITE

Written by

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Based on

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1 EXT. SNOWY ROAD - DAY 1

A bulky, black bus idles on an icy road. The bright yellow NYSUS Hockey logo on the side shines in the wintry landscape.

CUT TO:

2 INT. TEAM BUS - SAME 2

Black thread NYSUS patches adorn yellow letterman jackets with navy blue sleeves -- all worn by the despondent ice hockey team.

The players sulk, staring out at the dull, frigid landscape.

Portly, gray-haired DRIVER eyes his phone navigation -- instructions blip in and out, constantly recalculating.

BRIAN -- white, shaggy black hair, overweight -- discreetly passes a flask to his seat mate CASEY -- olive skin, dyed blond hair, one obviously false tooth.

Casey sullenly takes a swig while Brian stretches out his swollen and bandaged leg.

CASEY

Lost and lost.

A few players SNICKER, the first spark of joy we have seen.

At the front of the bus, Assistant Coach LARSEN -- late 30s black female, shoulder length braids with matching yellow and blue beads -- spots the flask transfer.

LARSEN

(ready to scold)

Hey --

Coach MORALES -- early 60s Hispanic male, long face with too many wrinkles -- clears his throat, eyes on his phone.

CLOSE UP: PHONE -- WAITING FOR A RETIREMENT EMAIL TO SEND.

LARSEN (CONT'D)

But on the road?

MORALES

You'll ease up on that.

(smiles)

You're already ignoring certain instructions.

MORALES' POV ON LARSEN'S SEVEN MONTH PREGNANT STOMACH.

LARSEN

(down to a whisper)
I wish you'd tell them, Coach
Morales... because... I'm gonna
have my hands full --

MORALES

(sincere)
And they are the most capable hands
that I could leave this team in.

She lightly shoves him.

LARSEN

Sid, I'm hormonal enough already,
don't make me cry.

CUT TO:

Casey picking at his pristine neon yellow goalie mask.

BRIAN

Stop being mad you didn't take a
puck to the face.

CASEY

(raising mask)
Isn't that what this is for?

Brian takes the flask back.

CASEY (CONT'D)

I lost us the game, I deserve that.

BRIAN

(shrugging and swigging)
My leg hurts.

They can't help but exchange smirks.

3

INT. TEAM BUS - LATER

3

Morales stands, aimlessly walking towards the bus door --
stares at the expansive whiteout.

SWISH -- his email sent.

MORALES

It went through!

All the young men CHEER. Larsen sends Morales a sad, knowing glance but he swiftly returns to business.

MORALES (CONT'D)
 (pointing at Driver's nav)
 That's a service road or something,
 right? Let's follow the signal.
 Maybe in that clearing?

CLOSE UP: ROUTE STILL BUFFERING UNSUCCESSFULLY.

DRIVER
 Okay, let's try it!

Larsen eyes the sporadically freezing map warily.

FADE TO:

4 EXT. CLEARING - TRAIL SIDE - DAY 4

The trail widens as the bus makes its way into the clearing.

Driver cranks open the door -- Morales bundles his coat closer and steps out onto the pure white field.

Several players -- Casey included -- move up to the bus door, eager to get a better look.

5 EXT. CLEARING - MIDDLE - DAY 5

Morales arrives at the middle of the clearing, cellphone high in the air.

CLOSE UP: MORALES' PHONE -- MOVING FURTHER AWAY FROM THE TRAIL HEAD / BUS GETS A STRONGER SIGNAL.

The tundra itself GROANS and YAWNS...

KK..... MMMAAA.... -- the vibrations from underneath.

CAMERA FOLLOWS MORALES' HEAD MOVEMENT -- FROM PHONE / SKY TO THE SNOWY GROUND.

He carefully pushes a layer of snow aside with his foot.

Fear -- in its most primal form -- seizes him.

Morales' phone fully updates -- the tan and green map suddenly becomes blue.

They are on a LAKE.

6 EXT. CLEARING - TRAIL SIDE - DAY 6

The vibrations -- Kkiiikkiii..... Maaaaaaaaa -- continue.

CRACK!!! The ice breaks, sending the front right bus tire into the water.

The vehicle lurches -- the four people standing closest to the door are launched out, Casey included.

His mask slips from his fingers and disappears under the ice barrier.

CASEY

No!

Coach Larsen is another victim of the ice break -- she twists her body to not land on her stomach.

POV FROM UNDERWATER, THROUGH THE OPEN HOLE -- the freezing water bubbles up upon exposure. The yellow and blue uniforms are distorted, like a shading of a half-remembered image.

7 EXT. CLEARING - MIDDLE - DAY 7

MORALES

Shit!

Morales tries to run back to the bus, but slips on the ice -- his ankle twists underneath him.

8 EXT. CLEARING - TRAIL SIDE - DAY 8

The pulsing, groaning ice -- Kkiiiiii.... Kkiiiiii.... Mmm.... Mmmmaa... -- begins to dislodge snow from its stagnant and growing piles.

LARSEN

(getting team's attention)

Hey! HEY! Get down and crawl! The rest of you! Go to the back and get out that way!

9 INT. TEAM BUS - DAY 9

The bus sinks further, but the remaining team members make their way to the back, as ice-cold water flows in.

10 EXT. CLEARING - TRAIL SIDE - DAY

10

Brian gently sets himself on the ground out the back door, joining his other teammates.

CASEY
(sarcastic)
Where's the flask?

BRIAN
All mine, dude.

Kiiiiiii..... Kiiiiiii..... Mmmmmaaaa.....

The ice BREAKS open -- from BENEATH.

A GLOVED HAND emerges and grips Brian's injured leg. He HOWLS in pain.

Brian is yanked through the three-foot opening -- his legs go into full 180-degree splits to contort his body through the hole.

CASEY
BRIAN!!!

The immediate witnesses abandon reason -- they run, but the ice breaks and they fall in at various points.

LARSEN
STAY ON THE GROUND!!

The young men float in their individual ice holes, teeth chattering -- not from the cold.

Like ground vermin, the hockey players disappear -- SCREAMS of pain and panic are thrown into the wild wind like a choir.

Bubbles rise at each ice hole only for a moment before the freezing boil cuts itself off.

Casey is pulled down -- but his arm is grabbed by Larsen!

CASEY
Coach, please!!

LARSEN
I have you! I have you, Casey!

It's a necessary lie, but a lie all the same -- Casey suffers the same fate. Under he goes.

11 EXT. CLEARING - MIDDLE - DAY 11

Morales crawls and thrusts himself forward, his arm pushing a large patch of snow aside and exposing the water's ceiling.

A hand reaches out to him from underneath!

He pounds on the ice, desperate to try and crack it.

MORALES

I got you! I got you!!

Streaks of wispy crimson bloom towards the surface -- the arm is a severed one.

THE BODIES OF MORALES' DISMEMBERED TEAM CASCADE BENEATH HIM, UNTOUCHABLE UNDER THE ICE.

Casey's goalie mask floats up to the ice, it's neon yellow unmistakable -- but as it gets closer to the light...

Casey's mask and face have been brutally smashed together and fused into a singular fleshy, fiberglass mess.

12 EXT. CLEARING - TRAIL SIDE - DAY 12

Larsen's turtle-like movement results in a CRACKLE of ice.

UNDERWATER POV: the aquatic monster tracks the pregnant woman, intently focused on her swollen stomach.

BAM (Kkkkkiii kkkiii mmmmaa mmmmaa) as the ice cracks!

Larsen SCREAMS and snaps her eyes shut, ready to be dragged underwater.

13 EXT. CLEARING - SHORE - MOMENTS LATER 13

The large slab of ice is scooted along the water and tipped over. Larsen is deposited onto the shore -- sees the dead grass underneath the snow.

Disbelief washes over her face -- but it quickly disappears.

A winding crack splinters towards Morales.

14 EXT. SNOWY ROAD - TRAIL HEAD - DAY 14

The vibrations dislodge more snow -- the falling powder begins to reveal a wooden sign.

15 EXT. CLEARING - MIDDLE - DAY 15

LARSEN
(from shore)
SID!! RUN!!

Morales dashes as fast as he can, bounding painfully onto the most snowy patches for greater traction.

CUT TO:

16 EXT. SNOWY ROAD - TRAIL HEAD - DAY 16

The shaken snow continues to reveal a hidden past. The sign sways gently with each pounding and shake of the ice.

17 EXT. CLEARING - MIDDLE - DAY 17

The echoing Kiii Kiii Kiii, Maaa Maaa Maaa grows louder as the pursuer's wide shoulders slams into their icy ceiling.

18 EXT. SNOWY ROAD - TRAIL HEAD - DAY 18

The paint has faded, but the carved words on the wooden sign are unmistakable.

WELCOME TO CAMP CRYSTAL LAKE.

CUT TO:

19 EXT. CLEARING - MIDDLE - DAY 19

Morales continues to run -- but fate has caught up.

SLOW MOTION: A MONSTROUSLY LARGE MAN BURSTS OUT FROM UNDERNEATH THE ICE.

Morales SCREAMS, ensnared by the figure's vise-like grip and dragged under.

Camera stays above the water as Sid Morales disappears into the frigid depths of Crystal Lake.

CUT TO BLACK.

END