

(Printed with the demonstration version of Fade In)

SCENE 1: EXT.

An abandoned campsite; torn canvas tents and discarded equipment. Isolde (woman, early 30s) is the only apparent survivor.

ISOLDE
(groans)

CLOSE UP ON NECK

Isolde reaches for her neck and touches a locket. She flips it open to show a worn photo pairing.

EXTREME CLOSE UP ON LOCKET

One is of herself, happier, brighter and with more colour. The other is a woman with a sensible face and arctic dress.

CLOSE UP ON ISOLDE

Isolde kisses the locket and clutches it to her chest, face pained. She lingers a moment before tucking it into her dress pocket. Her stomach grumbles and she doubles over, clutching it.

PANNING SHOT OF CAMPSITE FOLLOWED BY ZOOM OUT

The camp is abandoned. A zoom out shows the spread of abandonment as Isolde begins to traipse through, searching for supplies.

CREDITS ROLL OVER SCENE.

MID SHOT TRACKING ISOLDE

Isolde finds a line tied to a central post in camp. She looks forward into the white-out weather.

MID SHOT ON WEATHER

CLOSE UP ON ISOLDE

Steeling herself, Isolde grits her teeth and begins tying the rope around her waist. She shudders as a harsh wind blows through her.

ISOLDE
By God, I will not be stopped. Even
if he has damned me to hell.

MID SHOT ON ISOLDE

Isolde pushes through the blizzard, a dark figure against a sheet of white. She is buffeted by the winds and adapts her figure, arching her shoulders and crouching low. Her movements are distinctly animal-like.

CLOSE UP ON ISOLDE

Isolde's eyes are wild and her skin is chapped by the wind. Her hair rises about her face and her teeth are bared.

WIDE SHOT ON ISOLDE

The wind screams and Isolde screams back, the sound one and the same.

MID SHOT ON ISOLDE

As Isolde raises her arms to meet the wind's assault, the line goes taut and snaps. She is thrown onto her back and scrambles in the snow desperately. A breeze blows the hair out of her face and she sniffs, the movement exaggerated.

SHOT ON LANDSCAPE

Through the snow, the dark outline of a ship can be seen. Around it are shards of ice like teeth rising from a mouth.

MID SHOT ON ISOLDE

Isolde approaches the ship and sees that it is trapped in pack ice. She stays low and cautious, despite the hunger in her eyes. She hides behind a jutting piece of ice as voices fade into earshot.

MID SHOT ON JACQUES AND DOMINICK.

Jacques (man, early 30s, well-groomed and pretentious looking) is huddled by Dominick (man, 40, bearded and resigned, wearing a crucifix).

DOMINICK

God will not judge us. Heaven will
admit more cannibals than suicides.

CLOSE UP ON JACQUES

Jacques looks nervously around, holding Dominick by the arm.

JACQUES

She's already half dead anyway. It's
a mercy, and we'll take some of her
home to bury.

(MORE)

JACQUES (cont'd)
I'll buy a pretty headstone with
what's left of her dowry.

CLOSE UP ON ISOLDE

Isolde's eyes are furious as she realises the men are discussing Laura's death. She clutches the locket around her neck and stumbles back a step.

CLOSE UP ON ISOLDE'S FOOT

Isolde's foot meets the ice with a resounding crack that rends the air.

MID SHOT ON JACQUES AND DOMINICK

Both Jacques and Dominick look up at the noise.

MID SHOT ON ISOLDE

Isolde approaches the men, the ice continuing to crack under her feet.

MID SHOT ON JACQUES AND DOMINICK

Horror crosses both Jacques and Dominick's faces. Jacques scrambles for his gun as Dominick crosses himself.

JACQUES (cont'd)
Impossible! You're supposed to be
dead, witch!

DOMINICK
(murmuring the
Lord's Prayer)

CLOSE UP ON ISOLDE

Isolde's face has changed to become fully monstrous. She screams at the two men and this time her voice can be heard over the wind instead of consumed by it.

MID SHOT ON ISOLDE, JACQUES AND DOMINICK

Isolde launches herself on Jacques and consumes him, ripping open his neck. Dominick sinks to his knees, holding his cross.

MID SHOT ON ISOLDE AND DOMINICK

Isolde approaches Dominick, covered in Jacques' gore. She kicks him aside and stalks towards the ship, which rises out of the gloom in front of her. Dominick drops his cross and dashes into the snow.

CLOSE UP ON ISOLDE'S FACE

Isolde's bestial anger turns to grief.

ISOLDE

Laura!

MID SHOT ON SHIP

The sound of Isolde's voice echoes around the ship.

LAURA

(laboured breathing)

MID SHOT ON LAURA

Laura (woman, early 30s, haggard and near death) is crouched by the side of the ship. Her extremities are frostbitten and her eyelashes stick together as she tries to look up.

POV SHOT LAURA

Laura looks up through her eyelashes and sees Isolde silhouetted in the frost. Through the ice, Isolde looks like an angel.

LAURA (cont'd)

My love...I did not think they let
our kind into heaven...

MID SHOT ON ISOLDE AND LAURA

Isolde falls to her knees in front of Laura and embraces her.

ISOLDE

(crying)

Isolde runs clawed fingers covered in blood through Laura's partially frozen hair and cups her face.

CLOSE UP ON ISOLDE AND LAURA

Isolde holds Laura close and nuzzles her neck. Laura's eyes widen as Isolde bites her. Laura's body spasms as Isolde slashes her palm and brings it to Laura's lips.

ISOLDE (cont'd)

Drink, love. Though I cannot promise
it will bring you to heaven, it will
give you back to me.

Laura drinks and begins to lick the gore off of Isolde, life returning to her skin. The two women kiss and embrace as snow flurries around them. They shine bright against the darkness of the ship.

WIDE SHOT ON DOMINICK

Dominick approaches icy cliffs, his breath heaving as he stumbles forward. In the distance, a ship puffing smoke can be seen.

MID SHOT ON DOMINICK, ISOLDE AND LAURA

Dominick raises his hands to signal the ship as Isolde and Laura approach him from behind.

CLOSE UP ON DOMINICK

Dominick hears the ice crack and cries out, falling into the snow. As he turns, Isolde and Laura's shadows are shown above him. They suddenly draw in as he continues to scream.

END.