

1 EXT. NORTHERN CANADA - AFTERNOON

The Sun is setting on the snowy fields and forests of Northern Canada.

The wind sweeps the snow in gusts, uninhabitable for any but the toughest of souls.

A woman in layers of brightly-colored winter gear flies on a snowmobile across the white expanse, bundles of supplies strapped to a sled trailing close behind.

SASHA TURNER, a 40-something tough-as-nails homesteader, grips the handlebars of the vehicle tighter, wiping snow off her helmet visor.

Stopping the snowmobile, she climbs off and approaches a nearly-invisible wire fence.

She wrenches a wooden pole out of the ground with a GRUNT and leads her vehicle through the opening.

After putting the fence pole back in place, she continues her ride home.

2 EXT. SASHA'S CABIN - AFTERNOON

Sasha pulls up to a small and unremarkable log cabin.

It is surrounded by tall Douglas firs and covered in snow, with large banks hanging off the roof's edges.

Next to the cabin is a small garage where she parks the snowmobile.

Untying her supplies, Sasha throws one of the boxes onto her shoulder and the other under her arm.

She walks to the cabin, unlocks the door, and KICKS snow off her boots before entering.

3 INT. SASHA'S CABIN

The interior of the cabin is as unremarkable as the outside.

Basic. Bare-bones. No frills.

Sasha hangs up her coat and rests the helmet on the dining room table before going to the wood-burning fireplace.

She throws in a couple of logs with kindling and a match.

Standing up, she glances at a photograph on the wall.

It's of a middle-aged man and a young girl fishing.

SASHA
(hushed)
Hey, Dad.

With a small smile, Sasha walks to the dining room table and sits in front of a radio.

Turning the dial, she takes hold of the receiver and presses the talk button with a plastic CLICK.

SASHA
Sasha Turner to Debra Eastland. Do you
come in? Over.

A moment passes before she hears a reply.

DEBRA (V.O.)
This is Debra. You're coming in loud
and clear. Over.

It is DEBRA EASTLAND, a 50-something woman from town with the raspy voice of a life-long smoker.

SASHA
Good to hear. I made it back from
town, safe and sound. Over.

DEBRA (V.O.)
Thanks for letting me know, Sasha. You
know how I worry about weather like
this. We're supposed to get more snow
tonight. You okay being all alone over
there? Over.

SASHA
You know I am. This isn't the first
storm I've been through. Besides, I'm
not alone, Debby; Dad's here, and I
have my good friend Mr. Daniels. Over.

Sasha chuckles, glancing at the half-dozen empty whiskey bottles in the kitchen trash.

DEBRA (V.O.)

(laughing)

Well, okay then! You take care of yourself, Sasha. Keep the fire burning, and give me a buzz if you get lonesome. Over.

SASHA

Thanks, Debra, you too. I'll reach out if I need anything. Over and out.

She's about to get up when she hears the radio BEEP again.

DEBRA (V.O.)

Oh, Sasha! I remembered that Bill spotted a grizzly three miles south of you. I just wanted to let you know. Keep your gun loaded, just in case. Over.

She clicks the talk button.

SASHA

Thanks for letting me know. I'll keep my eyes peeled. Over and out.

Walking to the living room, she pulls out an ammunition box and lifts the shotgun from the mantle on the wall.

Loading a couple of shells, she cocks it and sets it down on a chair.

4 INT. SASHA'S CABIN - EVENING

Wind WHIPS against the cabin, and the old wood CREAKS.

Sasha sits on her well-worn couch in front of the stove, a plate of fish and potatoes in her hands.

In the background, soft music plays on the radio.

Three loud BUZZES ring out from the radio, disrupting the peace of the cabin.

A robotic male voice follows the alarm.