

SCRIPT TITLE

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FADE IN

EXT. MINNESOTA'S SNOWY LANDSCAPE - DAY

A snowstorm rages. A car is stuck in an ditch.
A traffic sign reads: (Snowy American city) 10 miles

INT. CAR - DAY

Wind howling. Behind the wheel sits big, bearded man BADGER wearing a Christmas hat. He's looking at a blanket wrapped MAGS (Maggy) who's face shows pain.

BADGER
Are you sure?

MAGS
Yes, come on, let's go.

Badger turns the key in the ignition. Nothing. Badger and Mags look at each other.

MAGS (CONT'D)
Son of a

BADGER
He came out of nowhere.

Mags sighs.

MAGS
Yeah.

BADGER
It could have been one of Santa's.

MAGS
Fuck Badger. What are we going to do now? It is minus fifteen outside.

She looks on a map with pain in her face.

MAGS (CONT'D)
We are ten miles away from the next town.

Badger looks at his water bottle.

BADGER
I have a few sips. You?

Mags tries to keep it together as she peers into her bag. Her blanket falls, revealing a huge pregnant belly.

MAGS

None. I have just enough snacks for one meal.

BADGER

Right.

MAGS

We have to walk. We don't know how long the storm is going to last. Ten miles is a two hour walk.

BADGER

Eh no we're not. I will walk, you are going to stay here and eat your snacks.

MAGS

We are a team and we do not leave a team member behind.

Badger zips his coat up and pulls his hat further down.

BADGER

This isn't a job and we do what is best for the team. And this is the best. Besides I have better insulation.

He pats his belly.

MAGS

You cant leave me here. Crap. Why did you have to go here for Christmas?

BADGER

We don't have time for a discussion. It is still light now.

He looks at the car's clock. Two PM.

MAGS

Exactly so lets get going.

BADGER

Now listen Mags. It is a two hour walk if there isn't any snow or snow storm. These wind is blasting at, at least forty five miles an hour.

(MORE)

BADGER (CONT'D)

That makes the wind chill factor about minus forty four. Frostbite can set in after five minutes. You are thirty three weeks pregnant!

MAGS

Don't lecture your sergeant.

BADGER

Just stay here.

Badger opens the door and gets out. As the door slams shut Mags goes into panic mode. She goes after him.

EXT. CAR - DAY

Snow blows around the car as a hunched over Mags watches Badger walk into the snowstorm.

MAGS

Badger, come back here! That's an order!

Badger hurries back, opens the back seat door and pushes her into the car.

INT. CAR - DAY

As the car door SLAMS shut Badger is eye to eye with a sweaty, rapid breathing Mags.

BADGER

Sit there and shut up. We are not working, so you are not the fucking boss, Sarge. Your little hormone punks have made you their bitch. They are making you panic, scared and are messing with your head. You would never done this otherwise. You are going to put the little fuckers on the bench and take shit back into your own hands again before they get you and your kid killed. In case that is too hard let me introduce myself to the little shits. I am the man who takes bombs apart and is always ready to die. You little shits are on time out. Sarge and me run the show. Right?

MAGS

Right.

BADGER

Stay here and do whatever you can to stay warm. I'll be back. We don't leave anyone behind.

He kisses her head. Looks at her belly and CLICK, WHOOSH, SLAM, is gone. Mags starts crying.

EXT. MINNESOTA'S SNOWY LANDSCAPE - DAY

A snow covered Badger trudges on in the snowstorm. He checks his watch. Four PM.

BADGER

Cold is emotion. You can switch off emotion.

He searches the sky for the sun. Nothing is distinguishable. He looks around. Nothing but storm. He trudges on.

He looks back at the few feet of road, he has just walked. His footsteps are gone. The road is no longer distinguishable from the rest of the landscape.

INT. CAR - DAY

Mags rubs her painful belly.

MAGS

Take it easy little guy.

She notices her breath vapor.

MAGS (CONT'D)

Stay warm.

She looks at the seats in front of her.

Sitting on the drivers seat, eating a bar, she takes a butterfly knife out of her pocket and flings it open, sticks it into the seat and rips the fabric loose.

MAGS (CONT'D)

Snow means nothing to us.

Squatting on the drivers seat, GROANING, she cuts en rips the carpet of the floor.

On the backseat, next to her stash, she pulls the hat shelf off. She spots something in the trunk.

In the trunk she cuts and pulls at the carpet. She cringes.

MAGS (CONT'D)

Ouch.

She finds the spare tire. Sticks the knife into it. HISSING it empties.

MAGS (CONT'D)

Ouch. Shit.

In the back seat, between the junk, she sits HUFFING and PUFFING, cutting an inner tire.

EXT. NORTH DAKOTA LANDSCAPE - NIGHT

TEETH CHATTERING

Badger's face and beard are covered in icicles. He looks around, no view. Hij turns, walking backwards he wrestles with his hands to look at his watch. Seven past eight PM.

He looks around in desperation and starts crying.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

A BABY CRIES

Mags shakes under pieces of carpet, holding her baby. Wrapped in upholstery inside inner tire, it looks like a caterpillar holding on to her with a umbilical cord tail.

MAGS

Shh, uncle Badger will come for you. Don't be afraid. He won't let anything happen to you.

She looks at the car's clock. Eight thirty PM. The baby quiets down. Mags realizes something. She opens the skylight.

A bit of snow falls in. Through the crack she sees the Aurora Borealis across a starry sky. She smiles a tiny smile.

MAGS (CONT'D)

And she named her Aurora.

Tired, she grabs a pen and write aurora on the baby's forehead. As the pen drops Mags eyes close.

AN ENGINE (O.S)

BADGER
Sarge! Mags!

EXT. MINNESOTA'S SNOWY LANDSCAPE - NIGHT

A snowplow stands on the road besides their car. Badger carries a blanket wrapped Mags with her caterpillar baby.

BADGER
I order you to take care of diaper duty. I am not ready for that kind of shit. SARGE!

Mags eyes open to see a crying Badger. Looking like a Viking Santa under a starry sky decorated with an aurora borealis streamer.

MAGS
Next year we do a tropical Christmas.

Badger smiles through his tears. He climbs into the snow plow with them.

BADGER
Always barking.

INT. SNOW PLOW - NIGHT

A tiny light shines overhead. Badger sits with Mags and Aurora in his lap.

MAGS
Calling me mad?

BADGER
No Sarge, wouldn't dream of it. I am so telling her that you wrote on her forehead.

MAGS
Traitor.

Badger smiles. The snowplow's engine ROARS to life.

FADE OUT.