

INT. MATT'S TRAILER -- BEDROOM -- LATER.

Natalie rests her head on his chest. They stare at the ceiling.

We hear the sound of SNOWMOBILES. They pull close. We hear DRUNKEN LAUGHTER. Lonely men violating the night with their noise.

Matt's face clouds.

MATT

~~Shit. The vultures have returned.
Put something on, babe.~~

We hear the TRAILER DOOR FLY OPEN.

She climbs back in bed. They listen to the drunk men stumble through the trailer, laughing.

START

PETE (O.S.)

Smells like sex in here!

We hear stumbling toward the canvas door -- fashioned like an accordion -- that separates them from the rest of the trailer.

MATT

Guys ... Come on. Leave us alone, okay?

The accordion door is thrown open. PETE MICKENS, 30'S, skinny, dark eyes, stares drunkenly at them. Behind him we see CURTIS.

PETE

What're you two doing?

MATT

Come on.

Pete stumbles in and sits on the edge of the bed. Bloodshot eyes. Big smile. Looks at Natalie.

PETE

Hello there.

NATALIE

... Hi, Pete.

He looks at her form under the sheet.

WIND RIVER
bass/casting

PETE

Wonder what you got on under those sheets.

The trailer door opens. We hear more men enter.

NATALIE

A fluffy, down coat. Not very sexy.

PETE

Fluffy sounds good to me.

Matt sits up. Pete looks at his bare torso.

MATT

Pete. Come on. Go to your room.

PETE

You naked, Matt? What have you guys been doing?

MATT

Get out of here!!!

PETE

Whooooo ...

Curtis laughs. We see shadows move behind him. TWO MORE MEN PEER IN.

Natalie is starting to get nervous. Matt is starting to get pissed.

PETE (CONT'D)

Come on. Let me have a little peak.

He moves to lift the sheet and Matt slaps his hand. Pete does it again and Matt slaps it again.

To Pete, this is rapidly becoming a game. He holds up his hands, gesturing surrender, then yanks the sheet hard, pulling it down below Natalie's waist.

We see flashes of her skin.

Matt reaches over and grabs at the sheet as Natalie rolls away from Pete, pulling the coat closed.

Her ass hangs half-out of her sweats. The gawking men see it before Matt wins control of the sheet.

The look on the men's faces turns from humor to hunger in an instant.

NATALIE

STOP IT! PLEASE.

PETE
 Don't bullshit me girl, you're
 sticking your little ass out like a
 flag --

Matt's fist slams into his chin, knocking him backwards.

MATT
 Get the fuck out.

Curtis laughs. Pete doesn't.

CURTIS
 Pete, let's go. He doesn't want to
 share.

PETE
 Oh, I can see that ...

We look into Pete's cold eyes.

PETE (CONT'D)
 But sharing is what friends do --

STOP

Pete launches himself over Natalie and punches Matt in the face. Doesn't stop with one. A fight breaks out on the bed -- right on top of Natalie -- who screams and struggles to get free.

Pete has the leverage, punching furiously. Natalie grabs Pete by his hair and pulls back. Hard.

Curtis and the others cheer and laugh.

Matt slams his fist into Pete's jaw with such force he knocks both Pete and Natalie off the bed.

Natalie's coat flies open -- exposing her breasts to the men that loom over her.

Matt rises and punches, wild. Rocks Curtis with a shot, who yells and hits back.

~~It is quickly escalating to a point of no return.~~

WIND RIVER
 bass/casting

Pete lays in the snow, blindfolded. Hands bound. The blindfold is ripped off. His hands cut free.

Cory stands over him.

START

CORY
Know where you are?

PETE
... No.

Pete shivers in the snow, his breath crystallizing the instant it's exhaled.

CORY
That's Gannet Peak. Highest mountain in Wyoming.

We look around. Deep in the land of nothing. Only bitter cold.

CORY (CONT'D)
On the hottest day in August there's a foot of snow. Today ...

Cory looks at him.

CORY (CONT'D)
It's too cold to snow.

PETE
Okay ... Okay ... Let's just -- let's talk for a minute.

CORY
Alright.

Pete's teeth chatter -- he looks down at his feet -- NO SHOES.

PETE
Wha -- WHAT THE FUCK!? (Sobs) -- what the, what --

CORY
I give you a minute and this is how you spend it -- cussing and crying?

PETE
Listen, okay ... I've made mistakes. I've ... I've ...

WIND RIVER
bass/casting

CORY

What. What did you do. I'm not a policeman -- tell me the truth and I'll give you a chance.

PETE

Alright. Just ... You know what it's like? Stuck out in this frozen hell -- nothing to do? No nothing. No women, no fun? Just fucking ... snow and silence.

CORY

My people have been stuck in this shit for a century. Snow and silence is the only thing that hasn't been taken from us ... You took from us too, didn't you?

PETE

I don't -- how did I --

CORY

You have a little taste, did you? Got lonely ... Got drunk?

Beat.

CORY (CONT'D)

Then what did you get?

Pete can barely speak, he is shivering so hard.

CORY (CONT'D)

If you did it, be a man and say it. Say 'I raped her'.

PETE

... I raped her.

Cory nods.

CORY

Now say, 'her boyfriend tried to stop me, and we beat him to death.'

He nods.

CORY (CONT'D)

Nod won't cut it. Not today. Say it.

PETE

We-we-we d-d- we beat him.

WIND RIVER
bass/casting

CORY
Fair enough.

Cory stands. Grabs his rifle. Slings it over his shoulder.

CORY (CONT'D)
Let's go.

PETE
Wha -- wha -- where.

CORY
You get the same chance she got.

PETE
What did she -- what did she get?

CORY
Stand up big boy. I'm a man of my word. If you can make it to the highway, you're a free man.

Pete stands up. Looks around -- they are so deep in the mountains, so high up, the valley isn't even visible.

PETE
Where -- where's the highway?

He looks at Cory, eyes wide.

CORY
You know how far it is from that drill camp to where Natalie was found -- almost six miles. Barefoot. That's a warrior. (Looks the freezing man over) I doubt you'll make it six hundred feet. Still, we should make this fair ...

Cory walks up pulling a large hunting knife from its sheath and slices Pete's parka open down the middle.

CORY (CONT'D)
There we go.

PETE
I don't understand. What do you want me to do?

Cory steps close to him.

CORY
I want you to run.

STOP