

NOTE:

Characters are identified by functional monikers (e.g., LIMP, LAUGHER) rather than personal names. This reflects HOLT's POV and how he categorizes threats under stress. These are not nicknames used in dialogue.

CHARACTERS (FUNCTIONAL IDENTIFIERS)

HOLT
LIMP
LAUGHER
SQUEELER
GIMP
GIRLS
SLAUGHTER
SKINNIES
BRAWLER
BUTCHER
MOTHER

SNOW SQUALL

ACT I - THE WITNESS

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Cold storm night.

A small bedroom. Dim. Quiet.

A WOMAN sleeps on her side, facing away.

A CHILD is tucked behind her for warmth. Extra blankets piled high.

HOLT stands in the doorway, framed by hall light.

Large frame, held deliberately small.

The CHILD stirs.

CHILD (half-asleep)

Love you.

HOLT steps in, crouches slightly so his voice doesn't carry.

HOLT

Love you too.

Goodnight.

He pulls the door almost closed.

Not all the way.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Shower steam curls thick against the ceiling.

Water shuts off.

HOLT stands still, listening.

Pipes tick.

Wind presses against the house.

INT. GARAGE - NIGHT

A single bulb swings gently.

Unpacked boxes marked KITCHEN and HOLT'S THINGS.

A motorcycle rests in the corner.

Helmet and gloves on its bags.

A heavy work coat hangs nearby - dark, thick, well worn -Evan- on the name patch.

The garage door is cracked open.
Snow falls sideways outside.
HOLT slips on headphones.
Music only.
He takes a slow draw.
Exhales into the cold.
His head bobs slightly as he watches the snow.
He steps back inside.
Closes the door.
Underneath: gray sweatpants. No shirt.
Old criminal tattoos wind across his torso and arms.
He bends, fingers a hole in one sock.
A toe peeks through.
Lean. Working muscle.
The cold hits him.
A thin wisp of smoke escapes his lungs unintentionally.
INT. KITCHEN – NIGHT
Dim light.
HOLT stands at the sink.
Hands moving through warm water.
Steam rises, fogging the window above the basin.
A child's cartoon cup nearby.
Mail spread across the counter.
On top:
A MISSING PERSONS FLYER – multiple faces.
HOLT still wears the headphones.
Through the fogged glass – his reflection.
Beyond it:
A wide, dark field.
A thin tree line.
Snow glowing faintly.
A DARK SHAPE moves between the trees.
Not fast.
Not slow.
Deliberate.
HOLT freezes.
He slides the headphones down.
A weather alert murmurs from a radio.
RADIO (V.O.)
...sudden snow squalls moving through the region...
...zero visibility conditions...
...residents urged to stay indoors...
The shape reaches the next stand of trees.
Disappears.
Only snow.
Wind.
HOLT leans closer.
Nothing.
He exhales – then stops.
Smells his breath.
FLASHBACK – INT. SMALL ROOM – DAY

HOLT, younger. Tracksuit. Leather boots planted.
Men sit around a table.
Drugs exchanged from a backpack.
A blunt burns.
One man's hand slides for a pistol.
HOLT reacts.
He grabs the gun hand.
Wrenches hard.
The slide pops free.
The weapon falls apart mid-motion - clattering uselessly to
the floor.
HOLT rolls the man backward, pins him into a corner.
Boot against face.
Arm bar locked.
Twisting.
BACK TO SCENE
HOLT grins faintly.
Shakes his head.
Turns off the sink.
INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT
HOLT enters quietly.
He gently untangles the CHILD's leg from the blanket.
Pulls the covers back over her.
Draws her closer.
Dark.
INT. FOYER - NIGHT (NEXT NIGHT)
Snowy boots land on the mat.
The door closes quietly in frame.
Snow still clings - unmelted.
Camera follows socked feet with black pant legs dragging under
the heels.
One sock has a hole.
A toe peeks through.
HOLT moves silently.
His foot nearly lands toe-first on a loose board.
He freezes.
Shifts one board over.
Continues.
INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT
Urgent.
Camera stops at the base of the toilet - HOLT's pants bottoms
worn under his heels.
He urinates.
A splash hits the sock.
HOLT
Ugh-
He shakes his foot and continues.
Camera shifts up behind his head - toward the window.
The same field.
The same tree line.
The DARK SHAPE again.

HOLT leans in, hidden in shadow.
Watching what's watching his house.
The figure shifts.
Snow thins.
Circular tracks appear.
HOLT's eyes widen.
His stream stops abruptly.
It had been there.
Waiting.
Choosing a vantage point.
INT. BEDROOM – NIGHT
Partner and child sleep.
HOLT opens the nightstand drawer.
A gun rests inside.
He reaches—
The partner shifts.
HOLT freezes.
His hand moves deeper.
He pulls out an old, worn pair of BRASS KNUCKLES.
-HOLT- Faintly engraved along the side.
The drawer closes slowly.
INT. FOYER – NIGHT
HOLT snatches the snowy boots.
Snow spills onto the mat – proof he's only been inside long
enough to see and decide.
The door closes.
Soft click.
INT. GARAGE – NIGHT
HOLT pulls on worn steel-toed work boots.
Tightens them.
The same boxes look now mid unpacked.
Motorcycle parked.
HOLT opens the side door – pauses.
He turns back to the bike.
Sits.
He pulls over his head a face sleeve – faded skull print from
cheekbones down.
Pulls on motorcycle gloves with a skeleton hand pattern – hard
plastic knuckle guards.
A white hood goes up – Black liner inside.
He grabs the heavy work coat.
Slips it on.
Steps toward the door.
As he opens it, a single snowflake drifts in.
Lands on the dark sleeve.
HOLT stops.
Looks at it.
Steps back.
Slips the coat off.
Hangs it up again.
The hanger sways gently.

The door shuts softly.
HOLT goes out in just the white hoodie.
EXT. FIELD – NIGHT
Snow and wind intensify.
Visibility drops.
HOLT follows a wooden cow fence.
Looks up at the bathroom window.
Right spot.
He jumps the fence.
Tree cluster ahead.
Camera stays low – knee down.
HOLT steps carefully into existing tracks.
A soft, warm yellow patch steams in the cold behind a small tree.
He crouches. Studies it.
The smell hits him. Oddly strong.
Chokes lightly.
FLASHBACK INT. DOORWAY-DAY.
HOLT holds a man over his shoulders.
Pressing his chest and torso into the upper frame.
The man groans.
He urinates on himself.
HOLT TURNS AWAY
Warm urine runs down his arm.
HOLT
Ugh.
BACK TO SCENE
The footprints are already filling with snow.
He confirms something waited.
The yellow collapses as it freezes.
It's real.
HOLT steps into the track.
Bigger than his.
Staggered.
Limping.
He follows.
Time passes.
HOLT's gait subtly changes.
The stagger.
The weight shift.
The hesitation.
Camera drifts ahead—
Over the shoulder of a large figure.
Still limping.
Camera drifts back—
HOLT, now moving exactly the same way.
He stops.
He crouches.
The white hoodie disappears into the snow.
The LIMPER is just ahead.
END ACT I

ACT II — THE DESCENT

EXT. VALLEY — NIGHT

HOLT follows the limping tracks downhill. Snow thickens. Wind howls.

The tracks stagger toward a narrow creek. HOLT crosses without breaking stride.

Lights appear ahead.

EXT. CABIN PROPERTY — NIGHT

An old cabin sits isolated.

The yard is cluttered with junked cars, old farm equipment, torn campers.

A chopping block stands alone. An axe buried deep. No woodpile. The block is stained dark red.

The LIMPET enters through a back door.

It's narrow. Older than code.

The frame pinches his shoulders as he goes through.

HOLT watches.

HOLT looks back once—distant houses barely visible through the storm—then moves toward the campers.

EXT. TORN CAMPER — NIGHT

A ripped tarp flaps weakly.

Rot hangs heavy.

Beneath the tarp: a frozen pool of red, basketball-sized ice.

FLASHBACK — INT. RUN-DOWN APARTMENT — NIGHT

HOLT stands against a refrigerator.

His back to the entrance door.

Tracksuit. Same boots.

The old refrigerator hums.

A brown, syrupy liquid pools beneath its corner.

HOLT stares at it.

A hinge squeaks behind him.

An arm enters holding a revolver.

HOLT reacts instantly.

He wrenches the arm back.

Snaps it against the doorframe.

The revolver's cylinder snaps open.

Six brass rounds scatter across the floor.

The gun drops.

HOLT kicks the revolver across the room.

It skids under a bookshelf.

Disappears.

BACK TO SCENE

HOLT peers through a missing panel.

Inside—bodies. What's left of them.

A radio murmurs from the cabin.

HOLT exhales. Ducks behind the camper, blocking the house's view.

Then moves.

EXT. PORCH — NIGHT

Firelight glows through windows.

HOLT steps toward the screen door—
Footsteps inside.
He pivots, hops the rail, freezes against the houses corner.
The screen door SLAMS open.
A half-brute, half-slob lurches out.
LAUGHER
Fucking snow!
A low giggle escapes as he urinates over the rail.
HOLT doesn't move.
The man stumbles back inside.
EXT. BACK ADDITION — NIGHT
HOLT moves to the rear of the house.
He slips into the crooked rear door.
INT. MEAT ROOM — NIGHT
Packed dirt floor. Cold.
Flesh hangs from hooks like laundry.
A slab table sits against the wall—organs, pooled blood. Old.
HOLT opens a plank door with a rope handle. The inside is
soaked dark.
He enters.
INT. KITCHEN — NIGHT
Poor light. Rotting food. Pots stacked high.
They don't clean. They pile.
Footsteps pass.
HOLT waits.
He moves once they stop.
A broken hallway leads deeper.
INT. DINING AREA / LIVING ROOM — NIGHT
A filthy table—but set.
Mismatched plates and utensils.
Disgusting. Orderly.
HOLT steps past the head of the table.
The floor is caked with filth. A dark drag line smears down
the hall—dried for months.
Someone large sat here once.
A radio crackles with weather alerts. Static.
The radio is hurled across the room—
It slams just past HOLT.
LAUGHER (O.S.)
Fucking snow!
A voice cries. Younger, higher pitched.
SQUEELER
My talking box! Nooo!
HOLT quickly slips back into the hall.
A red-lit doorway ahead.
INT. RED ROOM — NIGHT
A red lamp glows.
Skin-red-soaked-draped over it.
On the bed: a mutilated male torso.
No limbs.
In the corner: a rusted wheelchair.

Shelves lined with mason jars—bloody drill bits, dirt, buttons, ears, fingers, eyes.

A door SLAMS somewhere else.

A man in a leather gimp suit carves flesh at a table. His mask sewn shut—no mouth.

The smell hits HOLT. He coughs.

FLASHBACK-INT. KITCHEN SMALL APARTMENT-DAY

HOLT is being pushed by 2 men.

His back against the cabinets.

HOLT releases a half grin.

He reaches down clicks on the stove.

He spins his arm loose and smashes one man's head into cabinet.

HOLT deflects the other man's sudden swings.

He locks one arm wrenching the man's face into the stove.

Burnt skin fills the air.

Screams echo around them.

BACK TO SCENE

GIMP turns, raises a butcher knife, tries to shout—

A TABLE SAW ROARS below, swallowing the warning.

GIMPS eyes widen. Fear.

HOLT half-grins and jukes.

GIMP lunges.

HOLT steps in, traps the arm, rolls it outward—

SNAP.

He spins GIMP hard into the wall.

The saw winds down.

GIMP tries to yell again.

HOLT grabs a jar of drill bits and rams it into the mask.

Glass and metal tear through leather.

GIMP gurgles. Dies.

Footsteps rush closely.

SQUEELER (O.S.)

I told you, don't touch my jars!

A smaller younger man charges in.

HOLT spins, wraps his legs, drives him forward—

His face impales on a broken shaft of wheelchair.

Silence.

The saw WHIRS again below.

A door SLAMS, again.

HOLT moves.

INT. LIVING ROOM — NIGHT

HOLT presses against the wall near the screen door.

An arm reaches through.

HOLT snaps it against the frame.

LAUGHER groans and laughs—wet, broken.

HOLT spins LAUGHER arching the neck over his shoulder.

Grabbing his wirey hair for leverage.

He lifts him into the upper doorframe, crushes his throat.

Camera shows Feet kicking just above the floor. Dripping piss.

Still.

HOLT lowers the body quietly.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Three doors.

Bathroom: overflowing filth.

Second room: Automobile seats and broken wheelchairs.

One chair sits alone. A plaque:

WINTERSVILLE INSANE ASYLUM

(scratched through)

A path leads to a hole smashed through the ceiling.

Third door: small closet, a flickering light at the bottom of a deeply dug stairwell.

The saw ROARS again.

HOLT closes his eyes. Opens them.

Turns toward the stairs.

INT. BASEMENT STAIRS - NIGHT

HOLT lies flat, drags himself downward between bare 2x6 steps.

At the bottom—he flips and kneels.

HOLT stares down a long, narrow corridor. Low ceiling. Chains swaying.

A shadow crosses between doors.

HOLT moves.

INT. CAGE ROOM - NIGHT

Metal cages line the walls.

Girls huddle inside. Bare skin. Blood. Mud.

A whisper:

GIRL

Help us.

HOLT rolls behind debris.

He watches as a brute figure storms in, kicks the cage.

SLAUGHTER

Shut it!

The girls recoil.

HOLT locks eyes with one—hope and terror colliding.

The saw ROARS again. The girls scream.

Then silence.

HOLT raises a finger to his mask.

-Shhhhhh-

SLAUGHTER leaves.

HOLT follows.

INT. SLAUGHTER ROOM - NIGHT

Chains and hooks overhead.

A massive slab set into the floor.

Meat and bones everywhere.

This is where they torture and kill.

HOLT tightens his gloves.

Eyes sharp, he half grins wildly.

Then clears his throat loudly.

END ACT II

ACT III - THE CLEARING

INT. SLAUGHTER ROOM - NIGHT

Chains sway. The slab sits heavy as the throat clear echoes around.

SLAUGHTER turns, confused, annoyed—

HOLT is already inside his balance.

Like a flash he hooks his foot around SLAUGHTERS.

The foot twists.

The brute drops hard, knee folding with a wet crack. He braces on the slab. HOLT drops weight onto the arm and wrenches it across the edge.

Another break.

SLAUGHTER howls—rage, pain, disbelief.

HOLT climbs onto the slab grips and shoves. Stone grinds on dirt. The brute looks up just long enough to understand.

The slab comes down.

Silence.

HOLT drags what's left of the body into the narrow corridor, wedges it tight where the tunnel constricts—flesh and bone jammed into place.

A choke point.

A message.

HOLT steps back into the darkness, rolls his shoulders, listens. Something moves deeper in.

INT. CORRIDOR PINCH POINT — NIGHT

Narrow. Low ceiling. Chains sway overhead.

HOLT stays against the wall as a pale SKINNY rushes first—too fast, too eager. It slips in blood, crashes into a chain. HOLT wraps another chain around its neck and steps back, leaving it hanging. Choking.

A second SKINNY lunges and slams head-first into a beam.

HOLT kicks its arm out as it tries to rise.

A third SKINNY launches off the wall. HOLT ducks, redirects its momentum into the second. Skulls collide. One drops silent. Dead.

HOLT rolls, locks the third in a reverse carry, plants a boot against the wall, and pushes back—caving its chest into a support beam.

CRACK.

Gone.

INT. CAGE CHAMBER — NIGHT

The girls hear it. One looks toward the corridor.

A limp body lies half through the doorway.

Metal scrapes. A roar echoes closer.

They scream.

INT. BASEMENT CORRIDOR — CONTINUOUS

The BRAWLER enters—heavy, slow, hunched by the ceiling. He rips chains free wrapping them in its fist.

Swings wildly, smashing walls and beams. Wood splinters into HOLT'S face.

He rolls backwards over the pile of bodies, runs up the wall, spins over the brute's arm grabbing its chain.

Then the other arms chain.

He knots them into a third still swinging from above.
HOLT gives him a push with his shoulder.
The BRAWLER topples. His weight yanks his arms back—bones
crack. One tears free under his weight.
The chain rips loose. HOLT catches it, wraps it around the
brute's neck, pulls tight. Foot planted in his back.
Gasping.
Still.

INT. BASEMENT CORRIDOR — CONTINUOUS

A motor hums. Metal scrapes.
The BUTCHER WOMAN steps into view—huge, blood-soaked,
advancing with a mobile electric saw. She knows the space. She
doesn't rush.
Sparks fly as the blade chews dangling chains.
HOLT rushes her, swings chains into her face. She lands a hit.
HOLT rolls, creates distance.
A SKINNY squeezes past—she shoves him aside. The saw catches
him instead, screaming, still cutting.
She doesn't look.
HOLT slides between her feet, yanks the chain—the saw tears
through her leg. She collapses.
HOLT stomps the saw into her chest. The blade skips across her
face as the trigger releases.
The saw winds down.

INT. BASEMENT CORRIDOR — NIGHT

Silence. Only breathing.
HOLT crouches near the bodies.
A GIRL'S voice echoes: Hello?
A grotesque groan answers from deeper down the corridor.
HOLT listens curious. Then moves.

INT. CAGE ROOM — NIGHT

The girls huddle.
HOLT approaches slowly, hands open, keys visible.
They hesitate. Scared.
He unlocks cages, hands out coats.
They dress, shaking.
HOLT stands guard.

INT. BASEMENT SAW ROOM — NIGHT

At the far end—the MOTHER. Grotesque. Still eating.
She sees the girls. Thrashes, reaching. Can't move.
One girl lunges. HOLT stops her. Shakes his head.
He rigs the generator. Gas spills.
A spark.
Fire.

INT. BASEMENT STAIRS — NIGHT

HOLT leads the girls up, slow and careful.
They pass the room with the ceiling hole.
The camera stays behind focused in the room.
Empty. Still.
Then—
Wet boots drop into frame from the hole.

The LIMPER drops to the floor. Silent.
EXT. CABIN PORCH - NIGHT
The girls spill into the snow. Wind howls.
HOLT steps out last.
The LIMPER lunges—impact. The girls are flung clear. HOLT
skids across ice, hood and glove ripped away.
They face each other. Snow whipping.
FLASHBACK - NIGHT
HOLT on the ground. Three men on him. Blood pouring.
HOLT manages a hand into his pocket.
Brass knuckles slide onto his hand.
He grins. He'll survive.
BACK TO SCENE
HOLT raises his fists—one gloved, one brass.
He waves the LIMPER in.
They collide. Short, fast hits. Bone on metal. HOLT moves
sideways, never straight back. Cracked jaw. Ribs. Throat.
A heavy strike sends HOLT into the chopping block. The axe
rattles loose.
Both see it.
HOLT is faster.
Short arcs. Precise. Driving the LIMPER backward—rail
splintering.
One final strike.
The axe punches into the man's chin.
Brass drives it deeper.
The LIMPER crashes through the railing, impaled.
HOLT exhales.
EXT. CABIN - NIGHT
Fire glows. Smoke pours.
The girls huddle in coats.
Police lights crest the ridge.
HOLT turns away, pulls up his hood, walks back into the storm-
boots stepping into his own tracks.
Reverse.
INT. KITCHEN - MORNING
Coffee brews. Pancakes steam.
HOLT, clean shirt, bandaged hand, bruises blooming. He rolls
his shoulder.
A cartoon murmurs.
EXT. BURN BARREL - MORNING
Fire burns. Inside: the skull sleeve, the ruined glove, the
blood-stained hoodie.
Blood hisses on embers.
INT. KITCHEN - MORNING
A child's voice: Daddy?
HOLT turns, soft.
HOLT
Morning, honey.
The coffee pot clicks off. Steam rises.
Snow falls outside the window.

Faint red and blue flash in the distance.
END ACT III