

INT. POLICE CRUISER-MORNING

FRANK MALLOY and DEAN KNETTERING sit comfortably in their police cruiser as Frank drives through town.

Frank is driving one-hand on the wheel, the other wrapped around a sandwich.

Dean sips a fountain soda, sunglasses on, staring out the window.

DEAN

You think Martha's just looking for visitors again?

Frank takes another bite of his sandwich and softly places it on his leg, making sure it won't fall.

FRANK

I dunno. Maybe? She's gotten a lot better with her acting.

DEAN

Why doesn't she just talk to Henry? He's always back there on one of those slot machines, throwing his pension away.

FRANK

You ever try talking to Henry when he's on one of them things? Its like...talking to a brick wall.

Frank and Dean turn a corner. They see MARTHA down the road, pacing in circles on the sidewalk.

Frank pulls the car up next to her, putting the cruiser in park, and gets out. Dean rolls his window down and Martha walks over by him.

EXT. LAUNDROMAT

MARTHA

Oh thank goodness you two showed up. I was gettin' worried.

DEAN

Well, it is our job Martha, you know that. Now what's gotcha pacing around out here?

Frank steps up beside Martha, leaning against the cruiser.

MARTHA

Oh there's some animal in there. I don't know how it got in, but I need it out. Its driving away my customers.

Dean and Frank take a look around a very empty town. Dean's eyes slowly roll back to Martha.

DEAN

Well, we don't want that.

FRANK

Dean...how bout you take a look on inside. I'll try and get the net from the back.

DEAN

Sir yes sir.

Dean gets out of the cruiser. Frank walks toward the back of the cruiser and opens the rear hatch, rummaging through things. Martha and Dean walk up the steps and Martha starts unlocking the door.

MARTHA

I haven't seen em through the window for a while, so it must be in the back.

DEAN

Did you make sure Henry ain't back there?

MARTHA

Oh, heavens I didn't think about that. I don't know. I don't think he's back there.

DEAN

Let's hope not. For his safety...and his Social Security's.

Martha unlocks the door and steps aside for Dean to enter.

INT. LAUNDROMAT

The room is quiet-rows of gleaming machines. One dryer tumbles in the back. Dean slips his sunglasses into his pocket. He moves slow, eyes scanning.

Dean hears a rustling noise from the back. He gets closer to the barely open door, and sees a shadow moving along the floor.

Dean looks back outside, to see Frank still messing with the net, as Martha tries to help. Dean takes one last deep breath before pushing the door open.

DEAN
Holy Shit!

A black bear is nose deep in a toppled shelf. HENRY stands atop a slot machine, shaking in fear.

DEAN (CONT'D)
Henry!? Jesus. Henry you okay up there?

Henry's mouth opens but nothing comes out.

DEAN (CONT'D)
Henry I'll be right back. I swear to you Henry, I swear.

Dean goes toward the door to the laundromat as Henry watches the bear rummage on the ground.

EXT.LAUNDROMAT

Dean walks out the door, hands in pockets, calm as ever. Frank is still messing with the net. Dean snatches the net from Frank.

DEAN
We don't need the net.

FRANK
No? Cause...cause it's small? Mouse-sized?

Dean shakes his head.

DEAN
No. Bigger.

FRANK
Huh? You're kidding.

Dean reaches from the back of the cruiser and pulls out a 12-Gauge and a box of shells.

DEAN

Nope. Henry's in the back with a black bear.

Beat.

FRANK

A bear? Like...a real bear?

DEAN

Mm-Hmm.

Dean loads the shotgun, making sure he's putting in the shells right.

FRANK

Dean, we're not...we can't-

DEAN

We're not trained for *wildlife logistics*, sure.

Dean cocks the shotgun, his eyes on Frank.

DEAN (CONT'D)

But that doesn't mean we're hopeless.

FRANK

Just don't do that unless-

DEAN

I won't. But I am gonna get Henry out of there.

Dean walks back into the laundromat.

DEAN (CONT'D)

Cover yer ears Martha. It might get loud.

INT. LAUNDROMAT

Dean walks slowly through the laundromat, gun at the ready.

DEAN

Henry? You still alive back there?

Dean stands around the corner of the door, taking a deep breath before turning the corner.

The bear makes a small movement towards Dean and the door.

Dean jumps out of fear, dropping the shotgun.

DEAN (CONT'D)

Oh fuck!

The shotgun goes off, putting a hole in the wall. The bang deafens Henry.

Frank and Martha flinch outside.

The bear growls now starting to move closer to Dean. Henry's shaking topples over the slot machine.

DEAN (CONT'D)

Oh god!

Dean sprints outside the laundromat, the bear in tow.

EXT. LAUNDROMAT

Dean jumps down the steps and runs around the other side of the cruiser, where Frank and Martha are standing. The bear runs down the steps, past the cruiser, causing Martha to scream, and then down the road, towards some trees.

DEAN

(exasperated)

I thought I was gonna die back there.

FRANK

Is Henry fine? He didn't get-

DEAN

No-no. The shot went through the wall.

MARTHA

What?!

Henry comes out the laundromat, a a wet mark clear on his pants, holding the shotgun Dean dropped.

FRANK

Hey, there...Henry. You alright?

Henry walks down towards the group and hands over the shotgun to Frank and pulls out a receipt he got from the slot machine.

HENRY

Martha you owe me 73 dollars.

FRANK

Welp, Henry's...alright. We best get back to the station, whatchu say Dean?

DEAN

I say alrighy.

Dean walks over to the other side of the cruiser and gets in. Frank tosses the shotgun in the back seat, and gets in the cruiser.

FRANK

Martha, I hope you have a fine day.

MARTHA

What about the hole in my wall?!

Frank doesn't respond, as he puts the cruiser in drive and drives off. Dean puts his sunglasses back on.

DEAN

Until another day Martha.

Martha and Henry stand on the sidewalk. Beat.

HENRY

How bout that 73 dollars?

MARTHA

Oh, shut the hell up Henry.

INT. POLICE STATION

Frank sits at his desk, hunt and pecking away at the keyboard. Dean stares at a vending machine. MARLA, the desk clerk and dispatcher plays solitaire at her desk.

DEAN

Marla? Did that guy come to fix this thing yet?

MARLA

No, he won't be here till Tuesday.

DEAN

Oh what? I thought you said Saturday?

MARLA

Nope.

Dean's shoulders fall, his arms going limp, dropping a five

dollar bill from his hand.

DEAN

Why don't we just break into the thing?

FRANK

Because that's illegal.

DEAN

But we own the damn thing don't we? It's in our station.

FRANK

No...the vending machine company owns it. Town didn't feel like buying one, so they leased one instead.

DEAN

That doesn't sound smart in the long run.

FRANK

No it does not.

Dean walks back and sits at his desk.

DEAN

Don't write that I got scared and dropped the shotgun.

FRANK

I...didn't. But now that I know what *did* happen in the there, I will write it down.

DEAN

Oh heavens sake, Frankie. Its not like you don't lie on other cases for yourself..

FRANK

I-I don't...lie-what?

DEAN

Oh come on. I saw the one with that moose on the porch last month. You didn't sprain your ankle saving no damn cat, you fell running from that beast.

FRANK

It was a beast, and frankly I don't think the city, or my insurance need to know exactly what happened.

DEAN

So then just say the bear snatched the gun from me. Please Frank?

Frank takes a sip from his coffee.

FRANK

Fine.

Dean starts spinning in his chair.

DEAN

Oh thank you Frankie. Thank you.

Marla gets a call from the 911 line.

MARLA

What's the problem hon? Oh? Oh alright, I'll send our finest right away.

DEAN

What is it now Marla?

FRANK

Hopefully not another moose is stuck on someone's porch.

MARLA

Nope. Someone got lost on the trail by Redwoods. Needs help.

DEAN

Isn't there like people for that kind of stuff?

MARLA

Yeah, you guys.

DEAN

Oh come on you know what I meant Marla.

Frank steps up from his chair and grabs his jacket and keys.

FRANK

Come on Dean, lets go help them.

DEAN

Can't you handle this one yerself?

FRANK

You know I get scared alone on those trails.

DEAN

Oh come on it's just woods...and bears...and moose. Lynx. Couple of wolves. Alright I'm coming.

Dean gets up from his seat and grabs his jacket.

DEAN (CONT'D)

Marla you hold down the fort. Kill anyone who trespasses.

MARLA

With pleasure.

FRANK

Please don't kill anyone. Just like...injure 'em if you have to.

DEAN

Sometimes Frankie, you're just no fun.

FRANK

I appreciate your generosity.

Frank and Dean leave the station.

EXT. HIKING TRAIL START

Dean and Frank exit the cruiser. Dean puts his hair back the way he likes. Frank struggles with his jacket zipper and puts gloves on.

DEAN

How deep are they?

FRANK

Somewhere round halfway, I think. Marla said they heard a river close by.

DEAN

Well let's get em before it starts to snow. I don't want to be here all day.

FRANK

Amen.

EXT. DEEP IN HIKING TRAIL

Frank and Dean are walking along the trail. Dean is using a large stick as a walking stick. Frank has his hands in his coat pockets.

DEAN

(calling out)

Hello!? Anybody out there?!

Beat.

Dean looks to Frank.

DEAN (CONT'D)

Is this thing on Frankie?

FRANK

Hopefully they're alright. Hope the "couple of wolves" didn't get them.

DEAN

Oh come. You and I both know there are a hell of a lot more wolves than a couple in these woods.

Then-

HIKER (O.S.)

(yelling)

Help! Heeelp!

DEAN

(yelling back)

Hold on! We'll be right there!

FRANK

Well they're still alive.

DEAN

Of course they are.

Dean and Frank start jogging along the trail, getting closer to where the voice was.

DEAN (CONT'D)

I think I see em. Red jacket. In the trees.

FRANK

MmHm.

Dean and Frank arrive to the hiker.

HIKER

Oh thank god. I was so lost. I thought I was gonna get killed by a couple of wolves or something.

DEAN

Oh don't worry. There'd be a lot more than just a couple to kill ya.

FRANK

Are you hurt?

HIKER

No. I just lost my way.

Frank eyes a sign, maybe 30 yards away, pointing the way out of the woods.

FRANK

Come on, we'll walk you out of here.

The trio start to walk back the way they came. Dean then sees someone deep in the woods, dragging a large bag behind them.

DEAN

You see that Frank? That looks like a bodybag.

FRANK

Might be...yard...trimmings?

DEAN

Oh god that reminds me, I haven't dragged my yard trimmings out in the woods for no one to find them yet.

FRANK

The best time is the present. Let's go check it out. You good to get back sir?

HIKER

Yes officer.

FRANK

Alright, stay safe now.

Dean and Frank head off trail. Walking carefully through the rugged nature floor. The hiker continues down the trail.

DEAN

I think there's a shack back there.
There's a smokestack.

FRANK

I don't think I've ever seen a cabin
back here before. And I've walked
through here hundreds of times.

DEAN

Does the city own those woods way out
there?

FRANK

Hell if I know. I say we go look
regardless.

DEAN

Agreed.

EXT. SMALL SHACK IN WOODS

Dean and Frank get closer to the shack, using trees as cover.

DEAN

What do we do here Frankie?

FRANK

I'm gonna go and knock. You hide back.
Maybe try and sneak around back, look
through a window.

Dean heads around the back of the small shack. Frank takes a deep breath and walks towards the front door, holding his composure. He sees lines in the snow from the bag leading inside. He knocks three heavy times.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Hello? Anybody home?

No answer. Dean has walked around back and is getting closer to a small window, still staying out of its sight. Frank

knocks three more times.

FRANK (CONT'D)

I saw you dragging something through here. Just making sure everything's alright.

Frank's about to knock again when a muffled voice comes from inside.

VOICE FROM BEHIND DOOR

Everything is alright officer. I appreciate your concern.

FRANK

Well, just checking in. I'll be on my way then.

Frank steps back from the shack, thinking about the voice he heard. He walks back, a few row of trees deep. He starts to motion over for Dean to come.

Frank wipes a bead of sweat on his forehead.

Suddenly, Frank's radio buzzes, scaring him.

MARLA (O.S)

Frank. Dean. I got a report from Tim that an entire deer has been taken from his freezer. And it's likely Rusty.

FRANK

Oh god. Umm...thank you Marla. Me and Dean are right on that.

Dean has gotten next to Frank.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Marla just said-

DEAN

No shit Frank, I got a radio too.

FRANK

right.

DEAN

I betcha that's Rusty in there.

FRANK

I thought that voice sounded familiar.

DEAN

How bout I talk this time? We know
Rusty prefers me.

FRANK

And I never understood why.

DEAN

Must be my good looks and natural
charisma, huh?

FRANK

Hmm, I thought maybe he just related
to you more. Might be your idea
though.

Dean walks up the shack and knocks 5 times quickly.

DEAN

Oh Rusty! Come on, we know its you in
there.

RUSTY (O.S)

Go away! Its my deer!

DEAN

Oh come on Rusty, you gotta pay for
that. You know this. Either you hand
me the cash for it, or we gotta take
you AND the deer back.

RUSTY (O.S)

I'll give ya quarter the deer.

Dean puts his hand under his chin, scratching it.

DEAN

Well...

FRANK

No Rusty, we need the full thing.

RUSTY (O.S)

Oh fuck you Frank. Me and Knettering
were onto something.

DEAN

We were onto something Frankie.

FRANK

I don't want to have to Tell Tim we let Rusty keep the deer. You know he's our best bet at getting the funds for a second cruiser. We gotta be on his good side.

DEAN

True, true. Ok Rusty. Three quarters the deer and we tell Tim the rest got nabbed by a bear.

RUSTY (O.S)

Deal.

Rusty quickly opens the door, and hands the bag containing three quarters of the deer to Dean and Frank.

DEAN

Pleasure to deal with ya Rusty.

RUSTY

Likewise.

Rusty shoots a death glare at Frank before slamming the door shut.

FRANK

Alright. Let's get out of here before it starts to snow.

Frank starts to walk off, leaving Dean and the bag behind.

DEAN

You aren't going to help me with this?

FRANK

Hell no.

Dean groans, heaves the bag onto his shoulder, and trudges after him.

DEAN

You're heartless Frankie.

FRANK

Thank you.

INT. POLICE CRUISER

Dan and Frank sit in their cruiser, in a spot overlooking the

docks. The snow starts to slowly fall all around them.

DEAN
You ever notice the snow sounds
different as of late?

FRANK
...what?

DEAN
The snow. It sounds different than
normal as of late. Like these past few
weeks.

FRANK
How do you mean? Like when we walk on
it? Or...?

DEAN
Not just when we walk on it. Like
everything. Like when it falls like it
is right now. Listen to it.

Frank rolls down his window and starts to listen to the snow
fall.

FRANK
It sounds the same to me.

DEAN
No-no Frank. You gotta really *listen*
to it. Put your ear closer to the
ground.

Frank sticks his head out of his window and proceeds to
listen to the snow fall again.

DEAN (CONT'D)
You can't tell me that sounds the same
as always.

FRANK
Dean. I don't think I'm hearing
anything from the snow right now.

DEAN
Turn the engine off Frank.

Frank turns the engine off and once again, listens to the
snow fall.

FRANK

Are you sure you don't just have
tinnitus?

DEAN

Frank I don't have no goddamn
tinnitus. I was at the doctor 3 weeks
ago. I swear to you there's a sound
when the snow falls.

FRANK

And you only hear it when it snows?

DEAN

The only time you're gonna hear snow
fall is when snow is falling.

Beat.

DEAN (CONT'D)

Maybe. You just don't know the
language.

FRANK

The language?

DEAN

Yeah. You don't know it, and that's
why you don't hear it.

FRANK

What the fuck is this conversa-

DEAN

Frank I ain't fucking with you. I'm
being serious.

FRANK

Well. If it is *talking*, then what's it
saying?

DEAN

I dunno. Maybe its, whispering stuff.
Stories. Shit like that.

FRANK

The snow is talking about stories?

DEAN

Yeah. Maybe memories. I mean god knows
how long some of this snow's been in

(MORE)

DEAN (CONT'D)
town. Probably remembers more about
this town than you or I.

FRANK
...maybe.

DEAN
So you're believing me now?

FRANK
Maybe. Maybe not. I still think you
might be hearing static.

DEAN
You turned the engine off Frank.

FRANK
Don't mean the radio isn't
doing...radio things.

Dean shakes his head in disbelief. Frank keeps resting his
head out his window.

FRANK (CONT'D)
I will say. What I do hear is silence.

Beat.

FRANK (CONT'D)
Can't say that I'm a fan.

DEAN
Don't like the silence? The peace and
quiet?

FRANK
No. Hard for me to sleep in silence.
Gotta have a fan going.

DEAN
You have a fan going at night? We're
in fucking Alaska, and you have a fan
running at night?

FRANK
Yep. Sleep like a baby with it on.

Beat.

DEAN
Well I for one like the silence.

FRANK
Why's that?

DEAN
Helps me listen to the snow fall
better.

FRANK
I bet it does.

Frank and Dean sit in the cruiser, in silence for a minute.

FRANK (CONT'D)
So you really think it's talking? The
snow?

DEAN
Mmm. Maybe.

Beat.

DEAN (CONT'D)
BUT. I do think its listening.

Frank exhales through his nose.

FRANK
I think I could agree with you there.

Before anything else can be said a crackle is heard one their
radios. Frank turns the engine back on.

MARLA (O.S.)
Hey boys. I got another call. Should
be the last one of the night.
Hopefully.

FRANK
What is it this time Marla?

MARLA (O.S.)
Somebody said there's a fishing boat
just floating around by the docks.
Nobody on it, nobody trying to get it.
Somewhere down by the green warehouse
dock.

DEAN

Well, let us go tango with a fishing boat. Hear from you tomorrow Marla.

MARLA (O.S)

Take care.

FRANK

Bye Marla.

Frank puts the car in drive and starts to head the two over to the fishing boat.

DEAN

Wonder why the hell there's just a boat floatin around?

FRANK

Yeah. Normally the dockworkers down there are on top of that kinda thing.

DEAN

By the *green* warehouse too. That one doesn't even get used like...ever. Shouldn't it be empty this time of year?

FRANK

I think so. But I'm not a dock worker so...I don't know.

EXT. DOCKS BY GREEN WAREHOUSE

Dean and Frank walk along the quiet docks.

FRANK

Where the hell is everyone? Only 11:30. Usually they're still packing up around now.

DEAN

Weird. I think I see the boat though. Man that's a ways out there.

FRANK

If only we had a police-use boat.

DEAN

I know. Shame that elk just went right through it. Tragedy.

FRANK
A national one.

Frank notices a small rowboat alongside the docks their standing on.

FRANK (CONT'D)
Welp, I don't see any other way than this thing right here.

DEAN
Oh Frank that's gonna be miserable. There's gotta be a better way.

Frank is already halfway in the boat.

FRANK
Dean get the hell in here.

Dean starts getting in the boat, reluctantly.

DEAN
What are we gonna do when we get to the boat?

FRANK
What we always do. Figure it out as we go.

The duo start rowing slowly to the fishing boat.

DEAN
This fucking sucks.

FRANK
Another thing we can agree on.

EXT. TOWN BAY

Frank and Dean pull up next to the boat. Frank steadies himself and jumps over. Dean flashes his light for Frank.

DEAN
You think its dead?

Frank walks to the helm, and tries to start it. The first two times nothing.

FRANK
Might be.

Frank tries one more time, and to him and Deans surprise, it starts right up.

DEAN

Thank god. Can just take this back to the docks.

Dean hops over and starts to tie the row boat to the fishing boat. Frank starts looking around. He notices a piece of paper that reads "Dump the crates, leave the boat".

FRANK

This is weird.

DEAN

What is it?

FRANK

It seems someone used this boat to dump some crates into the water, and then they just left it.

DEAN

For us to find?

FRANK

Doesn't say anything else. Or anything like that I guess.

Frank walks towards the back and notices a crate still on the boat, half opened. Dean comes next to him, flashing his light.

DEAN

This one of them crates?

Frank crouches down and starts to try and open it further.

FRANK

Might be. But then why would it still be here?

DEAN

Maybe they wanted us to find it.

FRANK

I don't think its that kind of situation.

DEAN

How do you mean?

FRANK

That *someone wanted us to find something*. I don't think we're in some conspiracy.

Frank is able to finally pry the crate open, to find a bunch of dead crabs in it.

DEAN

Hm. Not what I expected.

FRANK

What did you expect?

DEAN

Drugs. Blackmail. Doctored photos of me and Marla.

FRANK

That's ridiculous.

DEAN

Yeah. More likely to be doctored photos of me and *yoouuu*.

FRANK

Anything to make it easier for 'em to picture, huh?

DEAN

Always.

Frank sets the crate down and scoops some crabs that fell back into the crate.

FRANK

You got that rowboat tied down?

DEAN

Hopefully.

FRANK

Good enough for me.

DEAN

Lets blow this joint.

Frank drives the boat back to the docks, as Dean stands on the bow like Rose from Titanic.

DEAN (CONT'D)
Hold me Frankie!

FRANK
That's not safe.

DEAN
Oh come on, live a little!

FRANK
Oh alright. Let me slow the boat down
a bit.

DEAN
Woooooo.

CUT TO BLACK