

Senior Division, Dramatic Script
Mark Norberg, St. John's
Bone (an excerpt)

EXT. TOP OF BLUFF - DAY

As they crest the top of the bluff, the woman collapses.
Her body unable to take another step.

The girl grabs her mother's hand, desperately trying to get her up. She looks down the hill to see the man getting dangerously close.

A veil of serenity appears on the woman's face. She's accepted her fate. She caresses her daughter's face and nods. She must go on without her.

The girl shakes her head and tries one last time to pull her mother up, giving it everything she's got.

THWACK, a bullet clips the ground near the girl's feet, sending a plume of dust into the air.

The girl reluctantly dashes into the woods, disappearing into the trees as the man summits the hill.

He smiles. Sinister. His crooked, brown teeth barely visible under his thick, unkempt beard. He tucks his pistol into his trousers as he approaches.

The woman tries to shuffle away. It's no use. He hovers over her, blocking what little daylight is left. Her hands claw at the dirt as she searches for something...anything.

Her hand lands on a sun-bleached caribou bone, she grips it tightly and points it toward him, her hand trembling. He scoffs.

He tears open his shirt and leans down, pointing to his throat.

She feebly points the jagged end of the bone to his neck. He leans in even more, taunting her. The sharp tip barely denting his skin.