

B R E A T H E

By

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V7
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FADE IN

EXT. ALASKA WILDERNESS - VALLEY - DAY

Soaring snow-draped mountains. Running between them, a valley covered in a blanket of white. Cutting through it, mostly covered with ice, a CHORTLING BROOK. The whole thing might be from a Courier & Ives card.

A deer tentatively approaches the brook, cranes its neck forward, laps at the exposed water.

SUPER: Chugach Mountains
150 Miles East of Anchorage, Alaska

EXT. SIDE OF THE MOUNTAIN - SAME

In the distance, the deer. Just a brown dot on the white landscape standing next to the black ribbon of exposed water.

CLOSE

The snow trembles. Vibrates. A far away RUMBLE.

The snow trickles down the slope as the RUMBLE jars it loose. It runs down the steep slope like liquid.

EXT. ALASKA WILDERNESS - VALLEY - SAME

The deer looks up from its drink. The RUMBLE grows louder. Thunder? It's head cocks, suddenly suspicious. Wary.

ROAAAAARRRRRR!

A Sikorski S92A, a beast of a helicopter, passes overhead.

The deer runs for its life. Darts towards the nearby trees.

EXT. SKY - MOMENTS LATER

The powerful 'copter whizzes over the mountains at two hundred fifty miles per hour.

In the distance, jagged snow-covered mountains. Terrifying and beautiful, all at once.

HELICOPTER PILOT (O.S.)
Twenty minutes 'till touchdown,
folks --

INT. HELICOPTER - SAME

Leather. Gold accents. An interior Trump would approve of. Above -- the WHUMP WHUMP WHUMP of the rotors is muffled, distant.

HELICOPTER PILOT (O.S.)
 -- Might get a little choppy.

We're smack-dab in the middle of a group of ten high-end salespeople up from Seattle on a reward-style vacation with their boss, PETE (50). Pete looks like he might do commercials for Viagra. Thick hair. Bronzed skin. Best smile money can buy.

PETE
 I've said it before. I'll say it again. To the victor goes the spoils. You think Kross & Bentley's taking their sales team on an all-expense trip to die for? No they are not.

POP! Pete opens a bottle of *Krug Clos du Mesnil* Champagne. Pours a glass. Hands the bottle to BECCA (23). Long brown hair. Big brown puppy-dog eyes.

PETE (CONT'D)
 This place is the ultimate. Secluded. Fantastic skiing. First class all the way.

Becca pours a glass and passes it to --

JEREMY (25), not too tall, but full of energy. He's hoping this trip will finally give him the opportunity to get into Becca's pants. He leans close to her.

JEREMY
 You ask me, these things are all hocus-pocus bullshit. Just a reason for the big wigs to have a million dollar chateau stashed away in the middle of nowhere.

She smiles, ignores him.

BECCA
 Pete, you got someone to give us lessons? What happens if I ski off a cliff or something?

PETE
 Don't worry, sugar. You get lost, we got electronic stuff. Find you buried 'neath thirty feet of ice.

BECCA
 (sotto voce)
 That's comforting... I guess.

Jeremy's still trying.

JEREMY

I checked before we came up here.
Guess what the temperature is in
the Bahamas? Guess? Eighty. Eighty
and sunny.

He pours a glass and passes the bottle to --

TARA EVANS (22), a beautiful blonde. Petite with big eyes.
She's smart. Ambitious. But wonders if there's more to life
than a six-figure salary and sixteen hour days.

She takes the bottle from Jeremy and passes it to --

LOGAN CARTRIGHT (25), tall, broad shouldered, well-mannered.
Pete's favorite and seemingly everyone's best friend. He's
right next to Tara, an arm slung around her shoulders.

LOGAN

None for you?

TARA

Stomach's a little upset.

Logan looks around, sees the others are distracted, and
sneaks a kiss. She smiles.

A quick private moment.

LOGAN

It's gonna be OK, Tara. They'll get
drunk, we'll slip in 'Hey
everybody! Tara's prego!' Next
morning, they'll forget.

Tara looks around. Nervous about the announcement.

TARA

Maybe we should wait till we get
back? Maybe we should --

LOGAN

C'mon, babe. We're up here to
celebrate. That's what this is for
me. A celebration. It's a good
thing, right?

Tara nods, but still looks unsure. He takes her by the chin,
turns her head until they're eye-to-eye.

LOGAN (CONT'D)

It's a good thing.

She smiles. He pours some champagne for himself and then
hands the bottle across the aisle to --

CHAZ D'TESSIO (29). Obviously chiseled underneath his expensive clothes. Winter tan. Good looking. Would be quite the prize if he wasn't such a douche.

Chaz tilts the bottle towards --

LUCY CHO (25), an exotic black haired beauty. Smart. Hot. Quick with the comeback. She's also a lesbian.

CHAZ

They say Champagne was originally used by the kings of England as an aphrodisiac...

Lucy puts her glass up. Chaz pours.

LUCY

Really? England, huh? Champagne comes from France, dumbass.

Chaz's face falls: *busted*.

Lucy downs her champagne. Winks at Chaz. Takes the bottle from him and hands it to --

AMY RENNOLDS (23), Pete's secretary and part-time lover. She foolishly hopes Pete will someday leave his wife to be with her.

Amy pours herself a glass. As she drinks, she stares across the aisle at Pete, who's now in a quiet conversation with Becca.

Next to her --

MONA (29), tall, thin, cold. She watches Amy watch Pete.

MONA

You know he's using you?

Amy takes a slug from the bottle as she shakes her head: *poor Mona*.

AMY

At least someone will touch me.

She offers the bottle to Mona who looks away in disgust.

MONA

I'm not putting that thing to my lips after you've drank from it.

AMY

Well, I'm sure you've put your lips to all sorts of nasty things, Mona.

Amy hands the bottle past Mona to --

SANDRO (26), alone in the back. Strong guy. Short curly hair. Slight Italian accent. A hard-working immigrant. Resourceful. Smart.

Sandro nods in thanks and fills his glass.

EXT. WINDING ROAD - CONTINUOUS

A recently cleared road. A MOOSE stands along the edge and picks at some grass exposed by the plow.

In the distance, mountains reach into the clouds.

The moose looks up as the helicopter passes overhead. Next to the moose, a sign: "Avalanche Warning! Skiers Must Keep Beacons Activated At All Times!"

EXT. SKY - MOMENTS LATER

The helicopter circles above a large lodge.

From the air, a long driveway leads from the road to the lodge. Near the road, about one hundred yards in front of the lodge, a barn and silo are seen.

PETE (O.S.)

There she is! Your home away from home.

Behind the lodge, a large open snow-covered field, about a half-acre, and then the foot of the immense mountain.

Just in front of the lodge, a white van pulls away and heads towards a helipad.

EXT. HELIPAD - MOMENTS LATER

The big 'copter touches down on the helipad. The van waits off to the side.

INT. VAN - MOMENTS LATER

Our group has crammed into the van. Cramped, but happy as they look out the windows up at the spectacular view.

CHAZ

So... what? We couldn't have driven up here?

GRADY, 60's, full time cook, butler, holder of local lore, and now, van driver, looks into the rear-view mirror.

GRADY

They can't plow fast enough this time of year. Most of the equipment is dedicated to main highways.

IN THE BACK OF THE VAN

Tara and Logan have their heads close to the window. Outside, flurries dance in a light wind.

TARA

Everything's so beautiful.

Logan looks at her. Studies her beauty. Smiles. In love.

EXT. LODGE - BY THE FRONT DOOR - MOMENTS LATER

In the distance, the big Sikorsky lifts into the air and flies over them on its way out.

The van stops by the steps that lead into the lodge.

Big place. Impressive. A rich man's toy. Spare no expense. Windows everywhere. Money oozes from the hand-cut woods. Smoke rises from the chimney.

Our group climbs out. Stretches. Walks up the stairs and into the open doors.

Pete sees a deer in the back field. He stops and stares.

EXT. BACK FIELD - SAME

In the field, a deer stands stock-still and looks back at Pete through the flurries.

Above the mountains, storm clouds gather.

INT. LODGE - KITCHEN - LATER

Our gang lounges around the upscale kitchen.

The open floor plan allows guests to see the kitchen, dining room, and great room simultaneously. Heavy woods. Leather. Tasteful paintings.

Through the many windows, drop-dead snow-covered scenery: the mountains, the woods, images that would make Ansel Adams take notice.

GRADY

I'm here to help. The family employees me --

TARA

Family?

GRADY

This house is owned by the Tollephsen's. Mr. Tollephsen recently passed after ...

Grady takes a moment. Awkward.

GRADY (CONT'D)

After a long respiratory illness.
It was expected.

(beat)

He spent his last few months here.
The view. The horses...

CHAZ

Horses? Here?

GRADY

It calmed him. He'd sit out on the
porch. Look down at them. Watch
them train.

MONA

We didn't see any horses.

GRADY

During the colder months, they're
kept in the barn. A man comes up.
Tends to them. The silo's stocked
with corn. I assure you, they're
well taken care of.

(wistful)

Mr. Tollephsen took excellent care
of all of us.

INT. LODGE - GREAT ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

A huge room. Soaring ceilings. Overstuffed furniture. The massive fireplace provides the main focal point. Double-wide with a huge gas-powered fire roaring around fake logs.

To the left of the fireplace, a huge twenty-by-twenty picture-window looks into the back field and the foot of the mountain.

The group follows Grady in.

GRADY

And this is the great room.

The group looks around, takes it in. Impressive. Tara and Logan drift over to the picture window and look out.

Light snow falls.

TARA

Wow. Just... wow.

Grady and the others walk up behind them and take in the view.

GRADY
Record snow this year.

From beyond the mountain tops, a RUMBLE OF THUNDER.

GRADY (CONT'D)
Wouldn't be surprised if we got
twelve, maybe sixteen inches
tonight.

CHAZ
This is gonna be so bad-ass.

AMY
Ever worry about an avalanche?

Grady smiles. Almost a laugh.

GRADY
Does the fisherman fear the shark?
It just comes with the territory,
miss. Besides, the house is
virtually avalanche proof.

Mona, transfixed by the view, shakes a cigarette from the
pack.

GRADY (CONT'D)
Smoking outside, please miss?

Mona puts the cigarette back.

JEREMY
Avalanche rolls over me, I'd just
dig my way out. What's the big
deal?

GRADY
No, sir. You wouldn't.

PETE
You wouldn't be able to move.

JEREMY
I could --

Pete smiles, claps him on the shoulder: *stupid macho kid.*

PETE
Not one muscle.

CHAZ
You're supposed to sort of clear a
space in front of your face. Get
some air to breath.

PETE

Sure. That'll buy you... oh, about a minute? Trust me, guys. Doesn't matter how much time you spend in the gym, you're buried under the snow, you're buried forever.

Lucy looks sort of nervous.

LUCY

Can we can all the death talk?

Grady sees she's nervous. Wants to comfort her. He presses a button near the window.

An electric motor WHIRS as a storm shutter begins to roll down over huge window.

GRADY

Relax, dear. We get a little snow, we just seal ourselves in. Wait it out. Used them just last winter for the very thing.

He turns to them, smiles.

GRADY (CONT'D)

Now. Upstairs you'll find the rooms...

Our group works their way up the nearby stairs.

INT. LODGE - UPSTAIRS HALL - MOMENTS LATER

The house guests drift to their rooms.

GRADY (V.O.)

... Already prepared. Feel free to get settled and we'll see you for dinner in, say, an hour?

Chaz passes a thermostat. It reads '74F.'

Tara and Logan enter a bedroom hand-in-hand.

Jeremy follows Becca to her room, but she stops him with a friendly hand to the chest and closes the door in his face.

Pete opens a door, looks inside.

PETE

Amy, you're in here.

Amy slides past him, looks into his eyes. He winks at her. Walks to the next door down.

PETE (CONT'D)
And I'm in here.

Sandro and Mona snag their own bedrooms. Jeremy catches up to Chaz just as he opens the door to a free bedroom. Through the door, there are two beds.

JEREMY
You wanna bunk up?

Chaz looks at him with disgust.

JEREMY (CONT'D)
Guess not.

Further down the hall, Pete's found the last bedroom.

PETE
One down here, Jeremy.

INT. LODGE - GREAT ROOM - LATER

The group stands around the fire. Most with some sort of alcoholic beverage. In the b.g., Grady sets the dining room table.

PETE
How much time, Grady?

GRADY
'Bout ten minutes, Sir.

PETE
(to the group)
Great. Put your drinks down. Gather close.

They put their drinks down. Gather near Pete.

PETE (CONT'D)
OK. You know I've gotta write this shit off somehow...

Laughter.

PETE (CONT'D)
So here's what we're gonna do. A little game...

A good natured GROAN.

PETE (CONT'D)
Relax. Nobody has to take off their clothes or anything.
(beat)
That comes later.
(MORE)

PETE (CONT'D)
 (laughter)
 Seriously, though...

Pete holds up a five foot long light-weight pole.

PETE (CONT'D)
 This is called the helium stick.
 Anyone know why?

CHAZ
 Cuz' it floats?

PETE
 Cuz' it floats! Well said, Chaz.
 That it does. Line up. Face each
 other. Five on one side. Four on
 the other.

They line up. Tara facing Logan. Chaz facing Amy. Lucy facing
 Becca. Jeremy facing Mona. Sandro the lone man.

PETE (CONT'D)
 Stick out your index fingers, but
 don't let 'em touch. Waist high.

They stick their fingers out and Pete rests the helium stick
 on top of them.

PETE (CONT'D)
 Keep it steady. Got it? Don't move.

The group balances the helium stick. They make minor, yet
 critical adjustments.

PETE (CONT'D)
 OK. Now like I said, helium sticks
 tend to float upward by themselves.

CHAZ
 Like my dick in the morning.

Pete ignores him.

PETE
 But you're the best damn ad team at
 Aster & Merriman so you're gonna
 whip this. Now, slowly, when I
 count to three, I want you to lower
 the pole to the floor.

JEREMY
 (to Becca)
 He said pole.

Becca giggles, gets it under control.

PETE
You can not take your fingers off
the pole.

Becca looks at Jeremy, a grin on her face.

BECCA
Don't say it.

Jeremy smiles back.

PETE
One... two... three...

They slowly work the helium stick towards the floor.

Chaz's end lifts higher.

LOGAN
Goddamit Chaz!

Chaz's pissed at himself.

CHAZ
Fuck you!

Chaz rubs a hand over his face. Regroups.

LOGAN
You ready?

CHAZ
YES I'M READY!

Logan shakes his head at the childish outburst.

LOGAN
OK. Now slowly...

The group slowly lowers the helium stick towards the floor.
Chaz's end rises. Again.

He's pissed.

CHAZ
This is gay!

He grabs the helium stick. Stops the exercise.

CHAZ (CONT'D)
We need a plan!

JEREMY
Here's the plan. How about you join
the team. Come on in for the big
win. Stop fucking us over.

Chaz looks at Jeremy hard. Like a schoolyard bully. Everyone sees Chaz's ice-cold stare.

JEREMY (CONT'D)
What? Now you're pissed? What are you, twelve?

This doesn't help. Chaz's sour mood increases.

JEREMY (CONT'D)
We all work together, Chaz.

Pete's suddenly back in the mix.

PETE
Just like on the accounts?

Everyone looks over at Pete. Then heads drop as they suddenly get the point of the exercise.

PETE (CONT'D)
We gotta work together, gang. Work together or we're all fucked. *Capisce?*

Most nod. Chaz looks away. Pete notices.

PETE (CONT'D)
Chaz!

Chaz looks back, a stung little boy.

PETE (CONT'D)
You *capisce?*

Chaz reluctantly nods 'yes.'

PETE (CONT'D)
Then say it!

CHAZ
Yeah, I *capisce*, boss.

Pete smiles at him. Smiles the way a proud father smiles at a son who's finally learned a particularly difficult lesson.

PETE
OK, then. Let's try again.

They reset the helium stick.

PETE (CONT'D)
OK. On three. One... Two...

INT. LODGE - DINING ROOM - LATER

A dinner to end all dinners. Bloody meat. Strong drink. Laughter. One liners. From the great room, music BLARES -- the late seventies hit *FM* by Steeley Dan. So loud, it almost washes them out.

STEELY DAN (ON THE STEREO)
*Worry the bottle, mamma. It's
 grapefruit wine!*

Pete holds court. A man's man.

PETE
 No no no. This was back in eighty-five. Back when we were starting out. We were out in LA sewing up the, uh, the Atari contract. I think it was the Atari contract. Anyway Hef was on the board.

Chaz's jaw drops. Mouth full of food.

CHAZ
 Hue Hefner? The Hef?

PETE
 Yeah. The one and only. So we close the deal, Hef invites us back for a drink --

CHAZ
 At the house? At the.. the...

PETE
 Yeah, right. The Playboy Mansion. So we went. Did some blow. Met the girls. Hung out --

CHAZ
 At the Playboy mansion?

Pete laughs at the star-struck Chaz.

PETE
 Yeah. You OK, Chaz? Am I not speaking English?

Everyone laughs.

PETE (CONT'D)
 So it's late. Like four in the morning. But I'm wired, you know? Whacked out. Hef says 'hey, I wanna show you something.' So we grab our wine and I follow him --

Grady hovers.

GRADY
Refill, sir?

Pete smiles up at Grady and raises his empty wine glass.

INT. LODGE - GREAT ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Pete sits on a couch in front of a fire. He's surrounded by his minions. He finishes his story.

On the stereo Steely Dan rips into the final verse of FM.

PETE
We go down these stairs, those
circular kind, into this, shit, I
dunno, dungeon sort of thing.

Tara's not particularly interested in Pete's tale of debauchery. She picks up a snow globe from the table. Inside, the Chugach mountain range.

PETE (CONT'D)
We walk down this hall. It's like
we stepped back through time.

Tara shakes the snow-globe. Fake-snow dances.

PETE (CONT'D)
Finally, after like, Jesus, like
ten minutes of walking down this
hall, we come to a door.

CHAZ
No! It isn't...

PETE
It is.

INT. PLAYBOY MANSION - ELVIS ROOM - 25 YEARS AGO - NIGHT

HUGH HEFNER (59) opens the door for YOUNG PETE (25) on a jungle-themed room. Scantly clad WOMEN (20's) lounge here and there.

Young Pete smiles as Hef claps him on the back, extends his hand: *after you*.

BACK IN THE GREAT ROOM - PRESENT TIME

Wide eyes as Pete wraps up his story.

PETE
It was the highlight of my young
life.

He WINKS at Amy.

PETE (CONT'D)
My young life.

Mona shakes a cigarette from the pack. Grady's right there.

GRADY
No smoking, miss.

Grady adjusts the fireplace.

CHAZ
That's... that's fucking awesome.

The group laughs. Grady adjusts the screen on the fire.

CHAZ (CONT'D)
Must be a real motherfucker to drag
in the wood, huh Jeeves?

Grady turns to Chaz. Patiently answers.

GRADY
It's Grady, sir. The fireplace is
gas, sir. Not real.

Chaz has no comeback for his stupidity.

CHAZ
Oh.

A new song starts. BOOGIE WITH STU by Led Zeppelin. The
percussion-heavy boogie-woogie number is infectious,
impossible not to like.

CHAZ (CONT'D)
What the fuck is this!? Turn off
the old people's shit, Jeeves!

Grady goes to change the channel.

PETE
Whoa! Stop! It's Boogie with Stu!

Pete hops to his feet, holds his hand out for Amy. She takes
it, stands, and they dance to the funky boogie/blues number.

LED ZEPPELIN (ON THE STEREO)
*I don't want no tutti-frutti, no
lollipop / Come on, baby, just
rock, rock, rock...*

Chaz watches the improbable couple dance. Disbelief mingles
with disgust.

CHAZ
 (sotto voce)
 What the fuck?

Grady somehow overhears. He leans close.

GRADY
 Zeppelin. Physical Graffiti.

Chaz looks at Grady, shakes his head 'no.'

CHAZ
 I guess this was good when it first
 came out... like back in the
 eighteen-hundreds?

Now it's Grady's turn to shake his head at the young punk's disrespect.

In the center of the room, Pete and Amy dance as if they were alone. The others CLAP to the beat.

Chaz sips his drink. Watches them with barely concealed disgust.

EXT. MOUNTAINSIDE - DAY

A beautiful day. A bright blue sky. Near the top of the mountain. So clear, the horizon seems endless.

EXT. SKI SLOPE - DAY

Our group navigates up-hill in high-end snowmobiles.

EXT. SKI SLOPE - TOP OF THE RUN - DAY

Snow-mobiles sit parked not too far away.

Chaz, dressed head-to-toe in green ski-gear, is the first to finish gearing up. He stands, pulls his face-mask into place. Raises his hands above his head and yells --

CHAZ
 Hulk smash!

He takes off down the slope. The other watch, shake their heads at the bravado.

PETE
 I swear that boy's already had some
 sort of brain trauma.

The group laughs. Pulls goggles into place. Takes off down the hill. Some with more skill than others. Shrieks of laughter. Jaw-dropping scenery.

MOMENTS LATER

Tara and Logan start down the slope. Barely move. Tara's taking it easy. She stops.

TARA
You go on.

Logan comes back to her, pulls his mask aside. Smiles at her.

LOGAN
What's up?

TARA
I think I'm just gonna take one of the snowmobiles down. Why risk it, right?

The smile falls from his face. He looks longingly down-hill.

LOGAN
Oh. Well. OK. I'll go with you.

TARA
Nah, you go. I'll be OK.

He cocks his head.

LOGAN
You sure?

She smiles at him. Trust mixed with love.

TARA
Double-sure. Have fun. Sew those wild oats now. Because eight months from now, you're mine.

He shuffles up to her, kisses her cheek, turns and skis downhill.

TARA (CONT'D)
Be careful!

EXT. SKI SLOPE - HALF-WAY DOWN - LATER

Sandro navigates the trail. From out of nowhere, Chaz flies by at break-neck pace. Almost hits Sandro.

Sandro pulls his ski-mask aside. Yells at Chaz --

SANDRO
Sonny Bono died that way!

CHAZ
Fuuuuccckkk him!

Sandro can't help but smile. He looks over. Not far off the trail, Jeremy and Becca have stopped. He's kissing her.

SANDRO
Hey! You two!

They look over, embarrassed to be caught.

SANDRO (CONT'D)
You keep that up, you'll stick together!

CLOSE TO BECCA AND JEREMY

JEREMY
(to Becca)
That doesn't sound half-bad.

She giggles and play-smacks Jeremy on the chest with her big glove.

EXT. SKI SLOPE - NEAR THE BOTTOM - LATER

Amy stands near a snow-mobile and fiddles with the bindings on one of her skis.

Pete skis up. Skids to a halt in a spray of ice.

He pulls his visor aside, reveals his perfect tan and perfect teeth.

PETE
There she is! Missed you up there.

AMY
One of my things came apart from my thing.

He grins, kicks out of his skis, walks over to her, kneels at her feet, and examines her bindings.

AMY (CONT'D)
(re: Pete kneeling)
What are the odds I'm going to see that sometime in my future.

He looks up at her, doesn't get it.

AMY (CONT'D)
You on one knee in front of me.

He shakes his head, chuckles as he puts it together. His head drops as he works on the binding.

PETE

It's not all it's cracked up to be,
sweetheart.

(looks up at her)

We have fun, don't we?

She bites her lip, nods: *yeah, we do.*

PETE (CONT'D)

So why spoil it?

AMY

Because people talk, Pete!

He manages a tight smile, reaches down, fixes her binding.

He stands, dusts the snow from his hands.

PETE

I know they do, sugar. I know they
do. And I'm working on it. I am.
Promise. But you're here, right?
You're here. She's not.

(beat)

And that's something, ain't it?

She nods 'yes.'

He leans in. Kisses her. Breaks away and looks up at the sky.

PETE (CONT'D)

OK, then. That's something.

(beat)

I think we got time for one last
run. You game?

She smiles, takes his hand. They walk toward the snowmobiles.
He smacks her ass and she YELPS in delight.

EXT. ICY ROAD - DAY

The van carefully navigates the icy road.

INT. VAN - SAME

Our group sits packed shoulder-to-shoulder in the van. They
stare out the windows, worn from the day's activities.

NEAR THE BACK

Chaz sleeps, leaning against the window.

Mona smacks him in the arm.

MONA

Rise and shine, jack off.

Chaz sputters awake. Stares at Mona for a sec.

CHAZ
I must still be dreaming. I'm
staring at some sort of hideous
fucking monster.

She shakes her head 'no' and turns away.

EXT. ICY ROAD - SAME

The van turns onto the driveway and passes the barn.

INT. VAN - SAME

Chaz stares out at the barn.

Chaz's POV: A quick glimpse of movement. The horses.

BACK IN THE VAN

Chaz's brow furrows as he wonders about the horses.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE LODGE - MOMENTS LATER

The van pulls up. Ski gear piled atop. Stops right by the steps that lead up to the lodge.

The group piles out. Exhausted. Up the steps. Grady waits at the open door.

GRADY
Can I help with your gear?

CHAZ
Can we get it later, I'm exhausted?

MONA
For once I agree with the douche.

PETE
We'll grab it later, Grady.

IN THE KITCHEN - LATER

Grady cleans dishes. In the b.g., the gang sits around the fire, alcohol in hand. They LAUGH at a shared joke.

Becca and Jeremy pass by hand-in-hand. They're heading towards a darkened back hall. Grady notices.

GRADY
Excuse me?

They stop, wait.

GRADY (CONT'D)
 Owner's quarters down there. Off
 limits, if you don't mind.

They smile and head off in the opposite direction.

UPSTAIRS HALL - NIGHT

Dark. Quiet. Everyone tucked snugly in their beds.

A door opens. A silhouette crosses the hall. Opens another
 door. Disappears inside.

INT. LODGE - BECCA'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jeremy stands just inside the doors dressed only in his
 boxers, a blanket draped over his shoulders.

He squints as he tries to adjust to the darkness. On the bed,
 under the blankets, a human shape.

Jeremy walks closer.

JEREMY

Psst!

No response. Jeremy whips the covers aside. Empty bed.

The lights flick on. Jeremy jumps in surprise, spins --

Becca stands near the light switch. Open nightgown barely
 covering her breasts. Flat belly and skimpy panties on
 display. She looks pissed.

BECCA

Jesus, dude! What the fuck!? I
 could have you fired!

JEREMY

I uh... It was... I thought...

She watches him squirm. Just for a sec, though, then her face
 cracks into a huge smile and she laughs. His face wrinkles in
 confusion.

She drops her robe, turns off the light, crosses the bedroom.

BECCA

I almost fell asleep. Wasn't sure
 if you were gonna come.

The embrace, kiss. He smiles.

JEREMY

Well I, uh... I can come right now
 if you want me to.

She lets out a playful SIGH OF DISGUST and pushes him down into the bed.

INT. LODGE - GREAT ROOM - LATER

Pete sits alone and stares at the fire. In the b.g., Grady moves about the kitchen.

Everyone else has gone to bed.

Pete puts a cigarette in his mouth. Goes to light it.

Grady pops in.

GRADY

Sir, please? Outside? There's an alcove near the back door.

INT. LODGE - LOGAN AND TARA'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Logan and Tara are tangled within the sheets. Body's pressed close. Heavy breathing. Moans of pleasure.

On the radio, The Flys sing Got You (Where I Want You).

THE FLYS (ON THE RADIO)

I think you're smart/ You sweet thing / Tell me your name / I'm dying here...

She looks up at him. Eyes meet. Trust. Never-ending trust.

LOGAN

I want to spend the rest of my life with you...

TARA

When should we tell them?

LOGAN

Tomorrow. We'll tell them tomorrow.

She smiles. Kisses him. Gives herself completely.

THE FLYS (ON THE RADIO)

Ooh, got you where I want you / Ooh, got you where I want you...

EXT. ALCOVE - NIGHT

Pete stares out at the picturesque back yard as he smokes.

IN THE CLEARING

Snow pours down. Not whipped by wind. But straight down. From high above, a RUMBLE OF THUNDER, a quick flicker of lightning. A snow-thunderstorm.

A deer picks at the reedy grass that pokes through the snow-covered field.

IN THE ALCOVE

Pete sees the deer. Wants a closer look. Steps into the snowstorm.

IN THE CLEARING

The deer shivers, aggravated.

Pete crosses the clearing. CRUNCHES through the snow. Nears the base of the mountain. Tries to sneak closer to the deer.

Suddenly, birds BURST from the trees and into the air. The deer takes off.

For a moment... nothing but complete silence.

And then... a FAR AWAY RUMBLE.

Pete looks up the mountain, vaguely concerned: *more thunder?*

EXT. MOUNTAIN HIGHWAY - 5000 FEET ABOVE THE LODGE - SAME

An ice-covered road. Headlights approach. A dark green SUV, skis mounted atop, rounds a curve...

WHOOSH!

AVALANCHE!

An enormous wall of snow fifty feet high ROARS downhill at one hundred twenty miles per hour.

The waves consumes the SUV. Huge trees SNAP and we FOLLOW the avalanche down to the slope towards the lodge.

EXT. BACK YARD CLEARING - CONTINUOUS

Pete looks up. Eyes wide. Unbelieving. Rooted by fear.

A white wall of death roars down at him.

Pete turns. Runs toward the lodge. Boots CRUNCH in the snow. No way he'll make it.

INT. LODGE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Grady stands, head cocked, as he hears the distant ROAR. In his hand, a cup of steaming tea.

He looks towards the kitchen island. The salt and pepper shakers vibrate and dance a few inches across the counter.

He drops his cup. It CRASHES to the floor. He runs to the

GREAT ROOM.

Stops at the big picture window.

His eyes open wide as the monster avalanche approaches. He hits the button and the storm shutter begins to slowly close.

QUICK SERIES OF SHOTS - THE MONSTER APPROACHES

-- Tara and Logan cuddle.

-- Chaz sits up. Wonders what he hears.

-- Amy sits up in bed.

AMY

Pete!?

-- Sandro sits up, swings his feet out of bed, instantly alert. The room vibrates. Shakes. A picture falls from the wall and CRASHES to the floor.

-- Becca sleeps, head nuzzled into Jeremy's chest. Jeremy looks up at the ceiling, wonders what he hears.

END QUICK SERIES OF SHOTS

INT. LODGE - GREAT ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The RUMBLE becomes louder. Louder still. Now like a FREIGHT TRAIN!

The storm shutter has only made it half way down. Grady slowly squats as it closes, keeps his eyes on the approaching wall of snow.

GRADY

C'mon! Close... close...

INT. LODGE - UPSTAIRS HALL - CONTINUOUS

Sandro emerges into the hall. And then Chaz.

CHAZ

What is it!?

SANDRO

I don't --

KA-BLAM! A deafening explosion as the wave of ice and snow hits the house. The SOUNDS of GLASS BREAKING and WOOD SNAPPING. The lights go out.

EXT. LODGE - CONTINUOUS

The ocean of snow SLAMS into the house. COVERS it. The dark green SUV from the mountain road TUMBLES inside the fury, headlights dancing wildly.

The wave crashes into the van, turns on its side, CRUSHES it.

The wave ends, partially covering the barn and silo one hundred yards down-hill.

And then it's over. The ROAR dims to a thick silence. A muffled silence. Snow settles.

The house has been completely covered in ice. Entombed.

INT. LODGE - BASEMENT - SAME

A gas powered generator near the stairs kicks on. White exhaust rises into a vent that has been installed above it.

INT. LODGE - UPSTAIRS HALL - MOMENTS LATER

Doors open. Bodies pile into the hall. Chaos.

GROUP

What the fuck was that!? Pete?! Was
it an explosion!? Oh My God!
Everybody OK?

A flashlight dances in the hall. It's Grady!

GRADY

Gather downstairs! Quickly now!

INT. LODGE - GREAT ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

They're still in their nightclothes. They pelt Grady with questions as he goes around, checks the windows.

GROUP

What was it!? Was there an
accident!? A tornado? Sounded like
a train hit us!

GRADY

Avalanche. A monster.

Grady flips the switch to raise the storm shutter on the big picture window. On the other side, snow presses against the glass.

SANDRO

Oh My God...

The glass GROANS under the weight of the snow.

Up... up... slowly the storm shutter rises...

GASPS!

PETE

is pressed against the outside of the glass, right in the center. Dead. Smushed into the window. Mouth agape. Legs twisted. Head at an impossible angle.

Behind him, the entire twenty-foot picture window is obscured by snow.

CRRRAAAAACK...

The window spiderwebs, Pete's body the pressure point.

CHAZ

No fucking way...

The window holds. Barely.

Tears stream down Amy's face.

AMY

Close it. Please... please close it...

Grady obliges. Tara comes over, wraps Amy in a hug and lets her friend sob into her chest.

SANDRO

Windows. We've gotta check the other windows.

SERIES OF SHOTS - CHECKING THE WINDOWS

-- Chaz and Logan run upstairs

-- In the Kitchen, Sandro raises the blind. The window is obscured by snow.

-- Chaz enters a bedroom, rushes to a window, and pulls the curtains aside: nothing but snow.

-- Logan enters a different bedroom. Crosses to the window. Raises the blind. Nothing but snow.

END QUICK SERIES OF SHOTS

INT. LODGE - NEAR THE FRONT DOOR - MOMENTS LATER

Logan and Chaz come downstairs just as Sandro walks up.

Sandro pulls the front door open. Snow spills in.

CHAZ
We are so fucked.

INT. LODGE - GREAT ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

They're surrounded by lit candles. Small smoldering beacons that cast crazy dancing shadows.

SANDRO
The windows are covered...

CHAZ
All of them. We checked all of them.

From above a SINISTER GROAN OF STRESSED WOOD.

It's the lodge. The tremendous weight of the snow presses down on her roof. She's unsteady. Unsure. Like a power-lifter with ten pounds too much.

Heads looks up.

INT. LODGE - ATTIC - CONTINUOUS

In a corner, rafters give under the weight and CRASH down. Snow pours in, but the hole quickly chokes closed.

INT. LODGE - GREAT ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The group flinches at the SOUND of the rafters giving way.

Dusty plaster filters down through the flickering candles.

Tara COUGHS and tries to swat the dust away.

The girls huddle together and shiver.

LOGAN
Let's get some clothes on.

INT. LODGE - STAIRS - LATER

The gang trudges downstairs, now wearing winter gear.

INT. LODGE - GREAT ROOM - SAME

They assemble near the fireplace.

MONA
It's cold in here.

A WHOOSH as Grady lights the gas fireplace. Mona moves close, holds her hands out. Amy joins her.

GRADY

Gas line's are hardened. Only thing ever makes it through a storm. We've got the generator in the basement.

TARA

I thought I smelled something.

GRADY

The fumes. Runs on gasoline --

LOGAN

Is it --

GRADY

Vented, yes? Some of the fumes must have found their way up here. It's not very powerful. Runs the fridge. The storm shutters. The blower for the heat.

MONA

Freezing my tits off!

JEREMY

What tits?

Amy shoots him a look: *asshole!*

Smoke, mostly clear, rises from the fake fire. Up the flue.

INT. LODGE - BASEMENT - SAME

The vent is backing up. White exhaust smoke swirls as it begins to fill up the basement.

EXT. AIRPORT - NIGHT

Flurries fill the air.

The rotors of three rescue 'copters slowly spin up. MEN scramble across the tarmac -- search and rescue crews. They climb into the birds. Launch into the night sky.

These three helicopters are ASAR (Avalanche Search and Rescue) Alpha, ASAR Baker, and ASAR Charlie.

INT. LODGE - GREAT ROOM - NIGHT

Tara stares at the snow globe on the table. No storm in there now.

TARA

They'll come for us, right?

Grady tries to put on a brave face.

GRADY

Of course, Miss. They'll search for us. That's what they do. Home in on our beacons.

Looks of uncertainty: *what beacons?*

EXT. SKY - MOMENTS LATER

The three helicopters rise above a mountain ridge and fly down into a valley. They split up, each going their own way.

FOLLOW ALONG with ASAR Baker, the middle helicopter.

INT. ASAR BAKER - NIGHT

A PILOT (40) maneuvers the craft. Next to him, COBB (35), the spotter, studies his instruments.

COBB

Should be close.

EXT. MOUNTAIN HIGHWAY - 5000 FEET ABOVE THE LODGE - MOMENTS LATER

ASAR Baker skims along one-hundred feet over the road.

Suddenly, the road ends, as if it has simply disappeared into a tall wall of snow -- the spill of the avalanche.

INT. ASAR BAKER - SAME

Cobb peers out at the devastation.

COBB

Jesus. Let's follow it down.

Cobb talks into his head set.

COBB (CONT'D)

Come in ASAR Alpha. ASAR Charlie.

EXT. SKY - SAME

ASAR Baker circles around and slowly follows the wreckage of the avalanche downhill.

COBB (O.S. - RADIO FILTER)

We're laying down a GPS marker.

This one's big.

EXT. SKY - A FEW MILES AWAY - SAME

ASAR Alpha makes a quick change of course as she circles around to home-in on Cobb's marker.

COBB (O.S. - RADIO FILTER)
Dense snow. Trees down. Level four.

EXT. SKY - ABOVE THE AVALANCHE WRECKAGE - SAME

ASAR Baker slowly follows the wreckage downhill. Her bright spot dances over the snow.

COBB (O.S. - RADIO FILTER)
We picked it up crossing highway
two-forty-nine. We'll follow down-
hill. You head up.

The spotlight catches sticks jutting from the snow. On closer look, the sticks are actually hooves and lower part of the legs of a deer.

COBB (O.S. - RADIO FILTER) (CONT'D)
We've begun our beacon sweep.

EXT. MOUNTAIN HIGHWAY - 5000 FEET ABOVE THE LODGE - SAME

ASAR Alpha and ASAR Charlie arrive at the road and follow the destruction up-hill.

ASAR ALPHA PILOT (O.S. - RADIO FILTER)
Copy that. Beginning sweep.

INT. LODGE - GREAT ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Grady looks from face to face, a little taken-aback.

GRADY
The... your snow gear. Beacons.
They have beacons. They have to.

AMY
What snow gear...?

SANDRO
The van. We left it in the van.

A far-away sound. All eyes go up

WHUMP WHUMP WHUMP...

Faint. Far away. The HELICOPTER.

EXT. ABOVE THE LODGE - MOMENTS LATER

ASAR Baker passes overhead. Mixed in with the avalanche remains are snapped trees, branches, dirt...

And the tip of the silo, topped with snow, barely rises above the snow-line. The barn, just a shadow. Perhaps a stand of snow-specked trees.

From above, it's almost invisible.

INT. LODGE - GREAT ROOM - SAME

All eyes towards the ceiling. Towards the WHUMP WHUMP WHUMP of ASAR Baker's rotors.

LOGAN
C'mon... c'mon...

Tara's hand finds Logan's. Squeezes hard.

Suddenly, the entire group begins to YELL.

GROUP
Hey! Hey, we're in here! We're trapped! Help us!

INT. LODGE - BASEMENT

Smoke everywhere. Swirling. Dense. Hiding the CHORTLING generator. It billows into the stairwell.

INT. ASAR BAKER - SAME

Cobb looks over at the Pilot.

COBB
You getting anything?

The Pilot looks over, shakes his head 'no.'

Cobb presses his headphones to his ears.

COBB (CONT'D)
Let's follow it back up. Just to be sure.

PILOT
Copy that.

EXT. ABOVE THE LODGE - SAME

WHOOSH! as the ASAR Baker ROARS past the POV and heads back up-hill.

COBB (O.S. - RADIO FILTER)
No sign of beacons. We're gonna sweep back up and wrap it up for tonight.

ASAR ALPHA PILOT (O.S. - RADIO FILTER)
Copy that.

INT. LODGE - GREAT ROOM - SAME

Now eyes drop to the floor as the SOUND of the helicopter fades.

CHAZ
Fuck fuck fuck FUCK!

LUCY
So the beacons are still out in the van. And who's idea was that?

A long beat. Accusing stares. No one wants to take the blame.

CHAZ
If you fuckers hadn't been so lazy--

Mona, by the fireplace, suddenly presses her hand to her head, eyes flutter, and she faints.

For a moment, people can only stare. Then Amy, also close the fireplace, faints as well.

SANDRO
Jesus! The chimney!

Sandro sucks in a breath, runs to the chimney. Coughs. Reaches for the flue...

SANDRO (CONT'D)
Ahhhh!

He jerks his scorched hand back. Tumbles backwards.

SANDRO (CONT'D)
The flues are already open!

LOGAN'S POV: Shifts from Sandro holding his burnt hand, to the key that controls the gas-flow to the fireplace.

BACK IN THE GREAT ROOM

Logan dashes to the fireplace. Skids to a stop. Turns the key -- turns the gas off. The fire extinguishes.

He coughs. Stumbles back.

INT. LODGE - KITCHEN - SAME

Smoke begins to seep from under the door that leads to the basement.

INT. LODGE - GREAT ROOM - SAME

Chaz and Jeremy pull the girls away from the fireplace.

CHAZ
What the fuck!?

Sandro looks from the unconscious girls to the fireplace. His brow knits as he slowly puts it together.

SANDRO
The fumes...
(beat)
They couldn't escape...
(beat)
They... the chimney... it's gotta
be blocked.

His eyes FLY OPEN as he suddenly realizes --

SANDRO (CONT'D)
CO2 poisoning. It's CO2 poisoning!

Sandro looks around: *candles everywhere!*

SANDRO (CONT'D)
The candles...

Logan's head follows. He puts it all together.

LOGAN
Candles! Put out the God damn
candles!

QUICK SERIES OF SHOTS - SNUFF THE CANDLES

-- on the kitchen counter, candles snuffed.

-- by the snow globe, candles snuffed.

-- by the front door, candles snuffed.

END QUICK SERIES OF SHOTS

INT. LODGE - GREAT ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

They stand in complete blackness. Except for a far-away RUMBLE.

TARA
Wh-what's that?

GRADY
Generator. I'll turn it off. Nobody
move. I'll get lamps as well.

COUGHS. Choked breaths.

INT. LODGE - KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Grady pulls open the door to the basement. Smoke pours in.

He steps back. Takes a deep breath. Heads down into the smoke.

INT. LODGE - BASEMENT - SAME

Grady fans the smoke away as he works his way blindly down the steps. Slips. Catches himself. Continues on.

INT. LODGE - GREAT ROOM - SAME

Sandro looks towards the kitchen. Sees the smoke.

SANDRO

Jesus!

He darts into the kitchen, Logan on his heels.

INT. LODGE - KITCHEN - SAME

Sandro and Logan skid to a stop. Fan the smoke away.

LOGAN

Grady! Mr. Grady!

Grady emerges from the smoke. Coughs. Almost knocks them over.

GRADY

Generator backed up!

INT. GREAT ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Grady sits on a couch. Recuperates. Next to him. Mona and Amy are still out.

GRADY

Of course it's vented. It must be covered. Just like the chimney. Must of been what got the girls. CO2 buildup.

Grady stands. Wobbles a little. Steadies.

GRADY (CONT'D)

OK. Should be cleared now. Let me fetch the lanterns.

LOGAN

I'll go, Mr. Grady, you rest.

Grady's touched by the gesture.

GRADY
I'm quite OK now, sir. Thank you.
Mostly just a bad bruise to the
ego. Tend to the girls. I'll be
right back.

Grady heads towards the haze-filled kitchen.

LOGAN
(to Chaz)
Should I go?

Chaz shrugs: *who gives a fuck?*

INT. LODGE -BASEMENT - MOMENTS LATER

A haze hangs in the air.

RIP! TEAR! Cardboard shredding. CLICK.

Grady's lit in the silver-blue glow of a fluorescent lamp.

Around him, basement clutter, including the box he's torn open which contains the remainder of the case of lights.

INT. LODGE - GREAT ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

It's near pitch black.

CLOMP CLOMP CLOMP

Footsteps. Grady walking up the basement stairs. He enters, almost an apparition, bathed in silver-blue light.

He approaches, sets the lamp down on the coffee table, and then hands out others from the case.

GRADY
We keep them around. Last season,
we lost power for seven days.

Jeremy takes one. Holds it up. Looks around.

CHAZ
We're... we're sealed in.

Mona and Amy, resting on couches, come around. They press their hands to their forehead to contain their headache.

Tara sits next to them, comforts them.

TARA
It's OK. You fainted. You're OK
now.

MONA
Jesus, what... what happened?

GRADY
CO2 poisoning, most likely, miss.

Sandro looks around, looks into the hazy darkness.

SANDRO
No electricity...

LOGAN
No heat. No phone. No flame.

TARA
We're gonna run out of air.

Sandro nods, agrees, can see the much bigger picture.

SANDRO
Yeah. All that other shit. That's bad. But with each breath, we're poisoning each other. Polluting the environment.

Chaz wonders out loud for them all...

CHAZ
How long?

LUCY
It... it depends on how much CO2 we're exhaling. Depends on the volume of air in the house.

JEREMY
Wikipedia would know. Wikipedia knows everything.

INT. LODGE - DINING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

They're gathered around the kitchen table. Cell phones are piled in the middle of the table. All useless without a signal.

Mona has her laptop open.

MONA
I can't connect to the internet.

SANDRO
We're buried under God knows how much snow.

LUCY
It's like we're underwater.

Grady walks up holding a CD. He hands it to Mona. She examines it. Seems puzzled.

MONA
Microsoft Encarta?

JEREMY
I didn't think they still made this.

CHAZ
They don't jackass. It's gotta be an old copy.

MOMENTS LATER

They crowd close to Mona's computer.

ON THE COMPUTER

A Microsoft Encarta article on Avalanches.

SNIPPETS OF TEXT "... entire town missing...", "... hundreds feared dead..." "... no warning..." "... buried alive..."

PICTURES: -- A frozen arm juts from the snow.
-- Before and after of a mountain slope:
Before, huge trees everywhere. After, trees flattened, snapped clean just a few feet off the ground.
-- A monster avalanche tears down a slope.

BACK IN THE DINING ROOM

TARA
Jesus. We're lucky to be alive.

SANDRO
Get to the part about CO2...

Mona scans the article.

CHAZ
What's to know? In with the oxygen.

He sucks in a deep breath to demonstrate.

CHAZ (CONT'D)
Out with the CO2.

He noisily exhales.

CHAZ (CONT'D)
Bio one-oh-one.

Chaz nods at a nearby HOUSE PLANT. Several surround them. Vibrant. Green. Thriving.

CHAZ (CONT'D)
That sucker takes in the CO2 and
puts out oxygen.

TARA
It's the goddamn circle of life.

CHAZ
Just like in the movie.

Sandro looks around, brow wrinkled in thought.

SANDRO
How many bedrooms?

GRADY
Eight beds. Five baths.

SANDRO
So like, eight thousand square
feet? That's like... what?
Something like eighty-thousand
cubic feet of air --

GRADY
No it's not that big it's --

MONA
(re: Encarta article)
Says here, when we exhale, it's
four percent CO2.

SANDRO
So that means... shit. Anyone got a
calculator?

JEREMY
I was told there would be no math.

WHAP! Chaz smacks him in the back of the head. A little
beyond playful.

CHAZ
Hey, moron, this ain't no joke.

Jeremy looks away. Knows he was out of line.

Mona launches the calculator on her laptop.

Sandro rubs his jaw as he tries to verbalize the tricky
calculation.

SANDRO
OK. Mona. Do this. Do...

He's lost. It's complicated.

SANDRO (CONT'D)
Shit, this is one of those 'a train
leaves Los Angeles heading 150
miles per hour --'

LOGAN
While at the same time, a train
leaving New York at 200 miles per
hour...

SANDRO
Exactly. This is... This is gonna
take some time, guys.

AMY
(to Grady)
Are there any of those locator
beacons in the house?

Grady shakes his head.

Becca looks towards the front door.

BECCA
Maybe we could dig for it? How far
was the van from the front door?
Twenty feet?

Jeremy nods in agreement.

ON THE COMPUTER SCREEN

The icon that represents battery power drops a bar and begins
to blink.

INT. LODGE - BY THE FRONT DOOR - MOMENTS LATER

The group gathers and looks at the packed snow. In the b.g.,
Sandro works at the table, trying to figure out their
predicament.

LOGAN
How we gonna do this?

Jeremy glances at Becca.

JEREMY
I'll go first.

LATER

A tunnel four feet in diameter disappears into the snow.

Logan emerges, hands a pail of snow to Mona. She dumps it on
a piece of cardboard. Hands it back to Logan...

INT. SNOW TUNNEL TO THE VAN - MOMENTS LATER

Logan hands the bucket to Becca, just as she's passing a pot of snow back to him. They exchange containers.

She passes the bucket on to Jeremy, the lead spelunker.

Jeremy's about fifteen feet in. The tunnel slopes down along the snow-covered stairs towards where they last left the van.

He's on his belly digging with a kitchen spatula, an electric lantern on the ground bathes his face in silver-blue.

It's tight. Barely room to navigate.

He fills a bowl. Makes the tricky hand-off back to Becca. She hands back an empty bucket.

INT. LODGE - DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Sandro looks up from his computer-work. Sees the assembly line by the door.

Mona drags the piece of cardboard with the expunged snow towards the basement door.

SANDRO

How's it going?

She shrugs at him: *who knows?*

Sandro's eyes narrow as he sees his breath hanging in the air: *uh oh.*

He zips up his jacket.

INT. SNOW TUNNEL TO THE VAN - CONTINUOUS

Jeremy digs. The snow presses close, but it's an easy dig. His face and hands are bright red from the cold.

BECCA

Jeremy!

Jeremy keeps digging.

JEREMY

Yeah!?

Becca looks left, right, up, down. She's right next to the tunnel walls.

BECCA

Dig faster, dude. I'm starting to freak out back here.

CLANG!

Metal on metal as Jeremy strikes something with his spatula.

JEREMY
I think I found it!

Jeremy knocks snow aside. Exposes black pipes and a muffler. The undercarriage of the van.

JEREMY (CONT'D)
Shit. It's on it's side! We're
going to have to --

KLUMP -- snow drops from the ceiling of the tunnel. Hits Becca on the head.

Jeremy heard it fall. He looks back at Becca as she shakes her head, shakes the snow off, a surprised look on her face.

Jeremy's brow creases in concern.

Another huge clump falls down, this time on Jeremy's legs.

Jeremy suddenly realizes...

JEREMY (CONT'D)
Oh fuck... GET OUT!

Logan tries to see around Becca.

JEREMY (CONT'D)
Get out! It's collapsing!

Logan scrambles backwards --

INT. LODGE - BY THE FRONT DOOR - CONTINUOUS

Logan spills free of the tunnel.

INT. SNOW TUNNEL TO THE VAN - CONTINUOUS

Jeremy, wide-eyed with fear, looks back towards the opening.

Faster and faster, more snow spills from the roof of the tunnel and then WHUMP!

The entire tunnel collapses.

CLOSE ON JEREMY

Face down. He's managed to cup his hands in front of his face and created a bowl-sized hole in the snow to breath. But he's trapped.

The lantern is trapped in the space with him. It washes his face silver-blue.

Jeremy's wide-eyed. Breath fast. Panicked.

JEREMY

Oh, Jesus! Oh, Jesus! Help! HELP
ME!

INT. LODGE - BY THE FRONT DOOR - CONTINUOUS

They stare at the collapsed tunnel with disbelief. Chaz is shocked, a compass with its needle spinning wildly.

CHAZ

Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!

MONA

Don't just stand there, you moron!
Dig!

Sandro springs from the table, almost knocks the computer to the floor, saves it, runs over.

LOGAN

We... I... it collapsed. There was
nothing we could do!

Amy, Lucy, Sandy, with Tara in the lead dig as fast as they can.

The others are right behind her. Help move the snow into the main room.

Tara scoops snow away at top speed. Four feet in, she uncovers Becca's shoe. She grabs it with one hand, extends the other behind her towards the others.

TARA

PULL ME OUT!

Sandro reaches in and grabs Tara by the wrist. Reaches with his free hand toward the living room. Reaches for the next in the chain. It's Logan. They join hands and JERK Tara --

And all spill out. Tara looks at her hand, dumbfounded. She's pulled off Becca's shoe.

They quickly regroup. This time, Logan in the lead. He crams himself into the small tunnel, wraps his hand around Becca's sock-covered ankle. Puts his hand towards the living room.

Sandro grabs Logan's hand and YANKS.

Logan and Becca spill from the tunnel.

Becca's out cold. Face covered in snow. Not breathing.

Logan turns back for the tunnel as it --

COLLAPSES.

MONA

NO!

Mona starts digging. It's useless.

Logan pulls her away and she leans against him, eyes wide, one hand pressed to her mouth. They watch as

SANDRO

begins CPR on Becca. Pumps her chest frantically.

AMY

Too fast! Too fast!

Sandro nods. Regroups. Settles into a measured rhythm.

SANDRO

One... two... three...

He leans in, blows into her mouth, resumes pumping her chest.

SANDRO (CONT'D)

One... two... three...

Tara squats, leans back on her heels. Hands pressed to her face. Tears run from her eyes.

It doesn't look good for Becca. Sandro continues. Pumps the chest. Mouth to mouth. More chest pumps.

After a moment. Logan stops him with a touch to the shoulder.

Becca's dead.

INT. SNOW TUNNEL TO THE VAN - MOMENTS LATER

Jeremy's alive. Barely. Still taking quick sharp breathes of the air left in the hollow he carved with his hands. Face lit blue by the lantern.

JEREMY

(in time with his
breathing)

Help. Me. Help. Me. Help...

That's it. Jeremy succumbs to the lack of atmosphere. Poisoned by his own breath. Ice quickly forms on his exposed eyeballs.

INT. LODGE - BY THE FRONT DOOR - CONTINUOUS

Mona, Amy, and Tara hug as the guys stand alone, looking down at Becca. At the failed plan.

CHAZ
 (sotto voce)
 So much for the beacons.

Logan hears him. Shakes his head at the insensitive comment:
jackass.

INT. LODGE - BASEMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Logan and Grady carry Becca's body down the stairs. They set her on the floor and cover her with a blanket.

INT. LODGE - DINING ROOM - LATER

Sandro's at the computer. The others sit around. Miserable.

MONA
 I'm cold. And Hungry. Jeeves, make us something?

Grady shakes his head at her aloof bitchiness.

GRADY
 Leftovers. Soup. Crackers. Pantry full of food. Help yourself.

LOGAN
 Did you just call him Jeeves?

MONA
 (to Logan)
 Whatever.
 (to Grady)
 Warm me something up?

Sandro looks up from the computer, a little annoyed.

SANDRO
Warm up? There is no warm up. I thought you were supposed to be smart, Mona? No microwave. No fire. No heat. Fire equals CO2...

GRADY
 CO2 equals death.

Sandro looks at Grady with newfound respect.

SANDRO
 Exactly. CO2 equals death.

Sandro spins the laptop around. It's a spreadsheet full of complicated calculations.

SANDRO (CONT'D)
 Complicated. So let me sum it up
 for you. Every time we breathe out,
 we pollute our air.

He breaths loudly. In. Out. In. Out.

SANDRO (CONT'D)
 Killing each other with every
 breath. The more we exhale, the
 more CO2 enters the air. Then YOU
 breath that in. It poisons you.
 Kills you. First it'll be a
 headache. Then, shit, I dunno,
 you'll start seeing things. Become
 disoriented. Pass out. Die. The
 headaches will start soon. Eleven
 plus hours till we're.... so fucked
 up we die --

GRADY
 You've made a mistake.

All eyes on Grady: a *good mistake, perhaps?*

GRADY (CONT'D)
 It's not eight thousand square
 feet.
 (beat)
 It's six thousand.

Sandro sighs. Spins the computer toward himself. Enters the
 new numbers. His face falls. He spins the computer back
 around.

SANDRO
 Eight hours. Eight hours and we're
 toast.

Silence. Staring death in the face. Chaz shakes his head in
 disbelief.

CHAZ
 That. That can't be... your
 calculations. Did you take into
 account that Becca, Pete, and
 Jeremy aren't sucking down any more
 air!?

GROANS OF DISGUST

SANDRO
 Hey. Chaz! Jesus, dude. This isn't
 science class.
 (MORE)

SANDRO (CONT'D)

This is me doing the best I can with a five year old encyclopedia and a BA in... in liberal-fucking-arts, OK!?

Chaz tries to get his shit under control. Runs a hand through his hair. Manages a tight smile.

CHAZ

Listen. All I'm saying is... all I'm saying... you're calculations are a little off, OK? Can we at least agree on that?

Sandro sighs. Nods in agreement. *Yeah, they're a little off.*

Chaz senses the leadership void. Walks into it.

CHAZ (CONT'D)

OK, listen. This sucks. I know it sucks... I was friends with Becca and... and...

LOGAN

Jeremy...

CHAZ

Right. And Jeremy as well. We can sit around here. Hope some podunk sheriff pulls his head out of his podunk ass and digs us out, or we can take our destiny into our own hands.

Chaz looks from person to person. They don't meet his stare. Heads drop.

CHAZ (CONT'D)

Buncha pussies.

INT. LODGE - GREAT ROOM - LATER

They sit around the dark fireplace draped in blankets. Their breath hangs in the air.

LUCY

I'm cold.

CHAZ

Jesus! We're all cold!

Chaz throws off the blankets, stands, walks to the thermostat near the staircase. He peers at the thermostat.

INSERT- THE THERMOSTAT: It reads thirty-seven degrees.

BACK IN THE GREAT ROOM

Chaz calls back to Sandro.

CHAZ (CONT'D)

Hey Brainiac. It's thirty-seven. We could hang fucking meat in here. Did your fancy-schmancy spreadsheet say when the temp is gonna drop below freezing?

SANDRO

Just a crazy guess. We'll freeze?

Chaz walks back to the chairs and sofas that face the huge fireplace and drops into a seat. He pulls a cover around his neck.

LOGAN

We're living inside a God damn ice cube. It's just going to get colder and colder.

SANDRO

We need to huddle together. Share our warmth.

Chaz spreads an arm. Makes eye contact with Lucy. Uses the other to tap the seat right next to him.

She shakes her head 'no.'

SANDRO (CONT'D)

But it would also increase the concentration of CO2 in the direct vicinity.

TARA

Like an ice cube with no air.

Chaz smiles. Can't help it --

CHAZ

Sort of like you, Lucy.

Lucy scowls and turns away.

MONA

You guys checked all the windows.

Nods of agreement.

SANDRO

Grady, no windows above the 2nd floor? Like in the attic?

Grady shakes his head 'no.'

LOGAN

That noise though? Maybe... could it be that the snow crashed through the roof? Maybe we could just... just walk out?

Chaz smiles, shakes his head at the simple plan.

CHAZ

That would be pretty sweet. Just walk right the fuck out.

INT. LODGE - UPSTAIRS HALL - MOMENTS LATER

Grady, Sandro, Logan, Chaz and Tara stand under a hatch in the ceiling -- the attic access.

Grady lanterns bathes them in silver-blue and casts crazy shadows. The darkness presses in on them, makes the hall seem oh-so-small.

Next to the hatch, mounted to the ceiling, a combo fire / CO / CO2 detector. A blinking green light indicates it continues to operate on battery after the power outage.

From above a GROAN as the roof complains of the weight.

GRADY

If the attic has been compromised, opening that door might be a mistake.

Shared troubled glances.

GRADY (CONT'D)

What's up there... will come down here.

That locks them. They all look at each other. Suddenly --

Chaz reaches up, grabs the chord, pulls it open.

A lamp falls from the hatch: CRASH!

Everyone jumps back...

Nothing else. Just a dark hatch. Chaz holds his light up, tries to see into the darkness. He smiles at the group. At their skittishness.

CHAZ

Well look at that. We're still here.

The attic access ladder SQUEAKS as Chaz unfolds it. Climbs up. Logan follows.

INT. LODGE - ATTIC - MOMENTS LATER

Chaz and Logan look around. It's almost completely silent. Their breath hangs in the air. In the middle of the floor, the chimney passes through, a silo of brick.

In the far corner, the roof has collapsed and a snow spill twenty feet wide spreads across the floor. Chaz and Logan make their way over.

Above them, the GROAN OF THE ROOF, continuous and nerve-jarring.

BY THE HOLE IN THE ROOF

CHAZ

Jesus. How much is on top of us?

Chaz reaches up into the hole, as if to knock the snow away, see if he can see light.

Logan quickly grabs his hand.

LOGAN

You'll just bring more in on us.
Whole house might collapse under
the weight.

Chaz looks up. Tempted.

CHAZ

What if it's just a few inches...?

Another GROAN from the roof. This one longer.

LOGAN

I don't think a few inches of snow
would make the roof sound like a
fucking Mack truck is parked on it.

INT. LODGE - UPSTAIRS HALL - MOMENTS LATER

Chaz and Logan climb down. Grady, Tara, and Sandro wait expectantly.

Logan looks at them, shakes his head 'no.'

They walk down the hall, disappear into the darkness, heads hung low.

The thermostat reads thirty-five degrees.

INT. LODGE - GREAT ROOM - LATER

They sit around. Shiver. Shoulders draped with blankets. Breath hanging in the air.

Amy glances towards the big picture window. The storm shutter. Pete on the other side.

AMY

He said he was going to marry me.

Chaz looks up. A smile spreads across his face.

CHAZ

Betcha he said he wouldn't cum in your mouth, either.

Chaz seems to be the only who thinks this funny.

Lucy moves next to Amy. Puts her arm around her. Tries to comfort her.

LOGAN

Chaz, the dude is dead. Little respect?

Chaz looks around for support. None found.

CHAZ

C'mon. It was funny. Don't tell me you all weren't thinking the same thing.

SANDRO

(measured)

Chaz. Every time you get people worked up, you're increasing their respiration. That means more air in. More CO2 out. So would you kindly shut your mouth and stop fucking poisoning us?

Chaz considers a response, just shakes his head 'no.'

Mona presses her hand to her forehead. Squinches her eyes closed.

MONA

Jesus I've got a headache.
(to Grady)
Is there aspirin?

SANDRO

Aspirin won't help, Mona. Not unless it can absorb the CO2 from the air.

Tara looks around the room. At the way they're wrapped in blankets. Heads covered. Bathed in the alien-like blue light. Breath in the air.

TARA

We look like astronauts. Like those guys from that Apollo 11 movie.

LOGAN

Thirteen, hon'. You mean Apollo 13.

Chaz looks from person to person. Nods as he catches on to Tara's observation.

CHAZ

Hey... those guys. They were like us. Stuck in that thing. Then, remember? They were all freezing. Then they ran out of oxygen...

Sandro perks up.

MONA

CO2. Just like us. They were gonna choke on their own CO2. They built those...

LOGAN

Scrubbers. They had to fix the scrubbers.

Everyone perks up.

AMY

In submarines. How do they get rid of all the CO2?

CHAZ

Same thing, right?

SANDRO

Sure. Just like in space.

Sandro's up, hurries to the --

DINING ROOM

Sits. Hits the space bar. The computer wakes up. Immediately the BATTERY LOW icon begins to blink.

Sandro quickly searches Encarta for information on scrubbers. Finds the article. Quickly scans it.

SANDRO (CONT'D)

OK, OK. Here we go. We need. Shit. We need something called soda lime. We pass the air over the soda lime... lemme see...

Sandro reads ahead. Reads as fast as he can. Chaz walks up.

CHAZ
What's it say!

Sandro waves him off. Reads...

ON THE COMPUTER SCREEN:

LOW BATTERY! SAVE WORK AND POWER DOWN NOW!

BACK IN THE DINING ROOM

Sandro's eyes move rapidly left to right. Fast. Faster....

The computer turns off. The group GROANS.

TARA
What did it say?

Moments.

SANDRO
Washing machine detergent.
(beat)
We need washing machine detergent.

INT. LODGE - LAUNDRY ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Grady and Logan enter. Grady points to boxes of powdered washing machine detergent. They grab them.

INT. LODGE - STAIRS - CONTINUOUS

Chaz and Sandro hack at the wall, tearing off drywall. They hand it down to Mona and Amy. They've exposed the flexible silver tube of the air conditioning return air conduit.

INT. LODGE - GREAT ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The air conditioning conduit, a silvery tube ten feet long and three feet in diameter, stretches out in the middle of the floor.

INSIDE THE CONDUIT

Lucy pours out the washing machine detergent, coats the bottom of the conduit. Logan hands in another box. Sandro peers around him.

SANDRO
Spread it out. Along the whole
length of the tube.

INT. LODGE - GREAT ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Sandro uses duct tape to attach a large box-fan to one side of the conduit. After he finishes, he stands and inspects his handy-work.

Chaz leans against a nearby wall, one hand pressed to his forehead.

CHAZ

Now what, genius? Christ my head hurts!

SANDRO

Use the fan. Get the air moving. The soda lime in the detergent reacts with the CO2. Removes it from the air.

CLICK CLICK CLICK as Chaz flips a light switch on and off.

CHAZ

We got no 'lectricity, jackass! Maybe I'll just blow on it real hard! Get it spinning real good!

Sandro opens his mouth to respond. Stops as he accepts the futility of attempting to answer. Walks to the --

DINING ROOM

and digs through Mona's laptop bag. He pulls out the car AC adaptor and turns back to Chaz.

He holds it up the adaptor. Sandro's clearly trying to not rip Chaz's head clean off his shoulders.

SANDRO

Know what this is?

No answer. Chaz begins to see the trap.

SANDRO (CONT'D)

AC to DC convertor.

Chaz's head drops....

SANDRO (CONT'D)

It takes... anyone?

No answers. Chaz's head slowly comes up.

SANDRO (CONT'D)

It takes BATTERY power -- AC -- and converts it to DIRECT current -- DC.

Sandro's fuming. His eyes burn into Chaz's.

SANDRO (CONT'D)
Those of you that made it through those first few strenuous years of junior college probably knew that, though.

INT. LODGE - GREAT ROOM - LATER

Next to the fan, a contraption: A bank of batteries connected to the AC adapter connected to the box fan.

LOGAN
Looks good, Sandro. Good work.
Let's fire it up.

Sandro flips a switch. The fan spins up, blowing air down the conduit, over the detergent.

TARA
Now what?

SANDRO
Now we wait.

He squats down and looks inside the conduit. Logan joins him.

INSIDE THE CONDUIT

Sandro and Logan peer in the open end. The powder sparkles. A hint of green.

BACK IN THE GREAT ROOM

Sandro and Logan still look in at the powder.

SANDRO
As the soda lime reacts to the CO2 -- absorbs it, the detergent will turn green. That's how we know it's working.

Logan looks in, sees the emerald green glow.

LOGAN
(awed)
Jesus, dude. It's working.
(he stands)
It's working!

Hugs all around. Except for Chaz. He stands alone.

Amy wraps her arms around Sandro's neck. Hugs him hard.

AMY
Smells like a fresh spring day!

Sandro laughs along with her.

INT. LODGE - DINING ROOM - LATER

Spirits are high. They've gathered supplies for a spur-of-the-moment celebration: pretzels, lunch meat, drinks.

MONA

Hey... the headache's gone.

Chaz snaps to this: *him too.*

AMY

I'm feeling like ten thousand percent better. Sandro, you're a frickin' genius.

Sandro holds up his soda can in a toast.

SANDRO

Team effort.

Cans rise in salute. They drink.

Chaz and Sandro make eye contact. Chaz nods: *ya done good, brother.*

Sandro and Chaz toast each other and drink.

INT. LODGE - GREAT ROOM - LATER

Everyone sleeps. The fan continues on.

INSIDE THE CONDUIT

No one looking in, now. If they were, they'd see that the detergent has turned dark green as the soda lime becomes saturated with CO2. Areas are now black.

INT. LODGE - GREAT ROOM - LATER

Everyone's awake. Chipper even.

AMY

When will they be here?

Grady shrugs.

CHAZ

It's an easy question. We either wait it out or try to find a way out. Not really that much more complicated. Pete, God rest his soul, would wonder why the firm's most creative team is sitting on their asses instead of taking action.

GRADY

We've been through this, sir.
Really, we're in an unstable
situation. They will find us, we
just have to wait.

CHAZ

Yeah, well, coming from you,
Jeevzey, that's not a surprise.
You've spent your whole damn life
waiting on people. A little longer
ain't gonna hurt, right?

Grady looks away, stung by the truth.

CHAZ (CONT'D)

(re: the soda lime)

That shit ain't gonna last forever,
Jeevzey.

(to the others)

C'mon! Who's with me? Sandro?

Sandro looks away.

CHAZ (CONT'D)

Logan? C'mon dude.

Logan puts his arm around Tara. Chaz shakes his head in
disgust.

He stares at the huge fireplace. Now dark. His eyes trace the
path of the chimney.

CHAZ (CONT'D)

Idea.

(beat)

What's the highest point of the
house?

Everyone follows his sight-line. Catches on.

GROUP

No! No way! That's crazy!

SANDRO

(thoughtfully)

It would be the highest point of
elevation. It's structurally
required.

CHAZ

Listen! Just listen --

LOGAN

Dude, that shit NEVER works! Sorry folks, Santa ain't real and if he was, he absolutely, one hundred percent COULD NOT get in through a chimney. Not gonna happen.

Chaz nods towards the dark fireplace.

CHAZ

Listen, man. Listen. When I was in college...

(to Sandro)

Not junior college. Real college.

(to all)

I did construction. Helped out my uncle. That chimney has a double-wide flue. A person can fit up it.

(beat)

Trust me.

LUCY

Then shimmy your ass on up there.

CHAZ

Sorry stickwoman. God blessed me with meat on my bones. But it looks like that VAG-iterian diet keeps you pretty skanky. I mean skinny.

Lucy flips him off.

Amy's wide-eyed as the truth hits her.

AMY

You're a lesbian!?

Chaz laughs as the others shake their heads at her innocence.

CHAZ

Uhm. How should we put this, Amy? Lucy... Lucy she, uh, how would Sandro say it?

(Italian accent)

She no-a like-a the dick.

LUCY

Fuck you Chaz. Just... just fuck you. I'll do it...

AMY

What!? No. Don't be crazy, Lucy --

LUCY

I'll try, OK? What if they don't come for us?

No response. They look at her, nod in agreement.

LUCY (CONT'D)
Yeah. OK, then. Let's do it.

MOMENTS LATER

Logan fastens a rope to Lucy's ankle.

LOGAN
You don't have to do this.

Lucy looks around at the group.

LUCY
Maybe. Maybe it's like God selected
me. Maybe it's the reason I'm here.

Logan manages a troubled smile. Hands her a lantern.

She walks to the fireplace, squats, enters the chimney. She looks up, and then back out at the group. She forces a smile on to her face.

LUCY (CONT'D)
Wish me luck?

LOGAN
Break a leg.

TARA
Take it slow, Luc'.

Lucy nods, stands. Disappears up the chimney.

Moments.

The group looks at each other nervously.

By the chimney, the rope uncoils as Lucy climbs.

INT. LODGE - CHIMNEY - MOMENTS LATER

Lucy squirms upward, blue lantern in front of her. She has a little clearance and moves at a steady pace. She calls back:

LUCY
It's really...

INT. LODGE - GREAT ROOM - SAME

Lucy's voice. Far away --

LUCY (O.S.)
... dark in here!

More of the rope uncoils. The group shifts nervously.

CHAZ
 (condescending)
 Yeah. Don't worry. Her people are
 used to crawling through confined
 spaces.

AMY
 You're a fucking XL d-bag, Chaz.

CHAZ
 So, what? I'm gonna get fired?

Amy suddenly has a fire in her eyes.

AMY
 Hey, jack-off, you think just
 because Pete's dead you get a free
 pass? Guess who signed all the
 checks? Guess who wrote all the
 memos?

Chaz's jaw drops.

AMY (CONT'D)
 Guess who pulls the fucking
 strings!

Moments.

AMY (CONT'D)
 Yeah, suddenly not so much to say,
 huh?

A slow smile spreads across Mona's face: *way to go, girl!*

More of the rope disappears up the chimney.

INT. LODGE - CHIMNEY - MOMENTS LATER

The extra wide flue tapers to a single flue. Lucy stops,
 unsure. Soot covers her face.

LUCY
 Guys? It just got narrow. Should I
 keep going?

She pauses. Listens for a response. Above her -- the faint
 MOAN OF THE WIND.

LUCY (CONT'D)
 I can hear something...

She pushes forward. Crams herself into the single-width flue.
 Barely fits. Barely.

She GRUNTS as she climbs. Forces herself higher.

EXT. ABOVE THE LODGE - SAME

A foot of chimney juts from the snow. The wind whips, MOANS. Snow flies, piles against one side in a mini-drift.

INT. LODGE - GREAT ROOM - SAME

They don't hear Lucy. Chaz and Amy are nose-to-nose.

Voices rise.

CHAZ

Fuck you and your power trip!

AMY

Fuck me!?! Really --

They don't notice...

The rope, Lucy's lifeline, as it dances back and forth.

INT. LODGE - CHIMNEY - SAME

IN THE CHIMNEY

Lucy's stuck. The flue presses close, so close she can barely move.

She's starting to panic. BREATH LOUD and fast.

LUCY

Guys!?! Help! Help me!

HER ANKLE

jerks up and down. The rope moves with it. From above, her voice, muffled by her own body.

AMY

Help! Jesus! I'm stuck! Help!

INT. LODGE - GREAT ROOM - SAME

AMY

... and Pete was gonna can your ass
the minute we got back from this
trip anyway!

Last straw for Chaz. He cocks his arm. About to clock Amy.

Logan grabs his arm. Chaz turns his fury on Logan. Pushes him away.

CHAZ

Fuck off, pretty boy!

Chaz stumbles back, crashes into the couch.

Tara notices the rope.

TARA
 Stop! Jesus, stop! Look!
 Something's wrong!

All eyes whip towards the rope.

Logan rises from the coach, walks to the fireplace. Squats, enters the sooty maw, looks up: blackness.

LOGAN
 Luc'!
 (to the others)
 Gimme a light!

Mona hands him a lamp. He stands.

LOGAN'S POV: Twenty feet above, Lucy's feet kick wildly.

INT. LODGE - CHIMNEY - SAME

Tears cut clean paths across Lucy's soot-covered cheeks. She gasps, like a fish out of water.

LUCY
 Help... help... help...

NEAR THE BASE OF THE CHIMNEY

Logan calls up.

LOGAN
 Lucy! Sit tight! We're gonna get
 you out!

INT. LODGE - GREAT ROOM - SAME

Logan ducks out of the fireplace. Looks around, looks for ideas.

Chaz walks up. All testosterone. Grabs the rope.

LOGAN
 STOP!

Logan's pissed.

LOGAN (CONT'D)
 Fucking MORON! You yank that,
 she'll come crashing down. Jesus,
 dude. Dial it the fuck down!

Chaz backs off, beaten by his own stupidity. The gang regards him with disgust. Like a little kid with bad manners.

Logan squats and calls up the chimney.

LOGAN (CONT'D)
 Lucy, we're gonna try to pull you
 out with the rope.

INT. LODGE - CHIMEY - SAME

Lucy hears him. Manages to settle.

LUCY
 Hurry!

INT. LODGE - GREAT ROOM - SAME

They can't hear her. Just her muffled voice.

LOGAN
 Try to push down!

Logan grabs the rope. Takes up the slack. Backs into the
 Great Room.

INT. LODGE - CHIMEY - SAME

Lucy tries to push herself down the chimney. She's stuck
 tight.

LUCY
 Argghhh!

INT. LODGE - GREAT ROOM - SAME

Sandro, Chaz and Logan pull the rope.

FOLLOW THE ROPE

Into the chimney. Up the Flue to

LUCY'S ANKLE.

The rope cinches and begins to pull her leg down.

ANGLE ON LUCY

Her face wrinkles in a rictus of pain.

LUCY
 Ahhhhhhh! Stop! Stop! Stop!

Her hip POPS as her leg dislocates.

INT. LODGE - GREAT ROOM - SAME

Everyone's heard... SOMETHING -- her hip popping -- almost
 like a SHOT.

MONA
 Oh Jesus!

SANDRO
Oh My God! Dude, stop! You just
popped her hip out of its socket

LOGAN
(stricken)
Oh My God...

He drops the rope. Backs off. Grady stops his retreat with a
touch to the arm.

GRADY
We have to get her down. She'll
suffocate.

CHAZ
No fucking shit we have to get her
down! We have to yank the rope!

TARA
No! You'll rip her leg off!

INT. LODGE - CHIMEY - SAME

Lucy cries.

LUCY
Stop stop. Jesus stop...

She starts to gasp. Big SUCKING BREATHS.

LUCY (CONT'D)
Air. Air. Can't breathe.

Her eyes are pegged wide-open. She's suffocating.

INT. LODGE - GREAT ROOM - SAME

CHAOS!

AMY
SLOW! We have to go slow!

SANDRO
No! Yank it! Like a Band-aid!

MONA
We can't --

SANDRO
WE ALREADY HAVE! We pulled her damn
leg from the socket! We sure as
hell can't pull on it slowly!

Looks of horror.

MONA
Maybe... maybe he's right.

Logan nods in agreement. Walks to the chimney. Squats down and calls up.

LOGAN
Hold on, Lucy!

Logan backs out of the chimney. Picks up the rope. Hands a section to Chaz.

LOGAN (CONT'D)
Ready? On three... One... Two...

INT. LODGE - CHIMEY - SAME

Lucy's can't respond. She can only GASP like a fish out of water.

Her body JERKS as they YANK THE ROPE below.

INT. LODGE - GREAT ROOM - SAME

Logan tumbles to the floor as Lucy comes free. Chaz stumbles back, crashes into the makeshift CO2 scrubber.

INT. LODGE - CHIMEY - SAME

Lucy's skin shreds as she's jerked down the fireplace and --

INT. LODGE - GREAT ROOM - SAME

SLAMS into the bottom of the fireplace.

Both legs SNAP!

Bones tear through her skin.

She shrieks, spills onto the carpet, faints from the pain.

For a moment. Shocked silence.

MONA
Jesus, help her!

They carry Lucy to the --

DINING ROOM

They sweep away the dishes and trash. Put her body down.

SANDRO
(to Grady)
Drugs... for pain. Something...

GRADY
There's nothing! If --

Something clicks for Grady.

GREADY
Wait... Mr. Tollephsen... he may
have left something.

As the others try make Lucy comfortable, Grady heads O.S...

INT. LODGE - TOLLEPHSEN'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The lock RATTLES. The door opens. Grady has the keys in hand. He wraps his arms around himself to ward off the chill. His breath hangs in the air.

The bed dominates the room. Empty now. A sturdy hospital set-up. In the shadowy corners, two large green oxygen tanks stand like sentient soldiers.

Grady walks to the bedside. Picks up bottles of pills. Quickly reads the label. Tries another. Likes what he sees. Leaves with them in hand.

On the bedside table, a picture: TOLLEPHSEN (80) looking old and sickly, and Grady smiling broadly. The two men are close, their friendship evident in the picture.

INT. LODGE - DINING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Grady walks in, hands the bottle of pills to Tara. She reads the label.

TARA
Dilaudid. Eight milligrams.

CHAZ
Damn! That's the shit! Gimme --

He reaches for it, but Tara jerks the bottle away. Chaz's face falls.

CHAZ (CONT'D)
Shit's intense. My Gramps took it
when he couldn't stomach the
morphine anymore. They call it
drugstore heroine.

Lucy moans. Tara opens the bottle, shakes two into her palm, tilts Lucy's head up, and forces her to swallow them with a drink of water.

They tear Lucy's pants away.

GASPS!

As the extent of the wreckage becomes apparent.

Holy shit!

Both legs are horribly wrecked. The tibia and fibula of both legs has snapped below the knees and juts from ripped flesh.

SANDRO

Jesus. We've got to get her to a hospital!

Tara covers Lucy's horrible wounds.

TARA

Tourniquets! Both legs. Just above the knees!

Grady twists dish-towels into tourniquets and works with Tara to apply them.

TARA (CONT'D)

Can we get her more comfortable? Mr. Grady? Is Mr. Tollephsen's room...

Grady shakes his head.

GRADY

No. Sorry. I couldn't. It would be like... like desecrating his coffin. There's nothing there that would help her. And it's freezing.

MONA

Heat rises. Warmest rooms will be upstairs, anyway.

INT. LODGE - LUCY'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Lucy sleeps in a bed on the far side of the room. Zonked out on the meds. The gang surrounds her. Tucks her in.

Tara watches from the doorway.

Even though it's cold, sweat beads on Lucy's brow and her head rocks from side to side. Her breathing wet, ragged.

She mutters something. Everyone leans close...

LUCY

I could... I could smell the wind...

Her face contorts as a wave of pain washes over her.

LUCY (CONT'D)

Arghhh.

She settles down as the narcotic soothes her.

LUCY (CONT'D)
The pain. The pain comes in
waves...

Lucy fades into unconsciousness.

Mona puts the pills on the bedside table and they all back out.

As Tara turns to leave, she glances at the thermostat: 34.

INT. LODGE - GREAT ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The group comes down the stairs, the mood sour.

As they walk into the great room --

CHAZ
Well, the Lucy plan went tits up.
Now what?

Sandro's face falls as he notices the wrecked scrubber.

SANDRO
Christ, the CO2 scrubber...

The fan has become de-coupled from the conduit.

MONA
Can we put it back together?

Sandro reaches in, scoops up a handful of detergent, holds it up. It's black. Spent.

SANDRO
Jesus. That's it...

Amy's hand flies to her forehead.

AMY
Jesus... I knew it! I knew the damn
headache was coming back!

Chaz looks a little wild-eyed.

CHAZ
We gotta get out of here!

LOGAN
You saw what happened to Lucy!
That's it, man! That's it!

TARA
She said something --

MONA
She said... she said she could
smell the wind.

CHAZ
(with certainty)
She was close.

LOGAN
No, dude! No! We don't know that!
She's whacked out on that drug. Who
knows what she's saying.

Chaz eyes the group. Judges them.

CHAZ
I'm not going down here. No fucking
way. If there's a way out, I'm
gonna find it. I'm gonna find it or
fucking die trying.

Chaz looks hard. Looks serious.

Mona shakes her head in disgust.

MONA
Wow. You're the tough guy. You're
gonna find it, huh? It was you that
sent Lucy up that chimney --

Chaz's head drops: guilty. He gathers himself.

CHAZ
All I'm saying, Mona, is that Lucy
was close. She heard the wind for
chrissake. How far could the snow
line be above the chimney if she
heard it?

No answer. Chaz lets it hang. He has a point.

CHAZ (CONT'D)
Answer... not far. So here's my
idea. I fubar'd Lucy's mission. I
admit it. We... I should have never
sent her up there. But we all
agreed on it, even Lucy. She did
it, and that's that. It happened.
She got hurt. I can't change that.

He nods, reflects on the horrible accident.

CHAZ (CONT'D)
But in the attic, where we can
stand, where we can get our feet
under ourselves, we dig. We dig UP.

He points up to drive the point home.

CHAZ (CONT'D)

If she heard the wind, she was near the top. How much farther could it be?

No answers.

CHAZ (CONT'D)

C'mon. You tell me. How much farther?

Still, no answers. Chaz has a good point. Chaz begins to nod, sold on his own idea. Sold by the lack of opposition.

CHAZ (CONT'D)

OK, then. Me and Logan will hit the attic. Pull some of those boards aside, see what we see.

Tara suddenly perks up.

TARA

No. Not Logan. Take Sandro. Take Amy. Take Grady. You're not taking Logan.

Chaz shakes his head. Wonders what's up. Aims for reason.

LOGAN

Logan's the strongest. Sandro, he's the brains. Not the brawn. The girls, the old man, they're...

TARA

(fiercely)

No! You are not taking Logan. My baby will know its father someday.

(beat)

You take someone else.

Moments.

CHAZ

Wow.

Eyebrows raise.

INT. LODGE - ATTIC - LATER

Sandro and Chaz inspect the section of the roof that has caved in. Snow spills through the hole, covers the floor.

CHAZ

We start there. Move slow. It starts to cave, we back off.

SANDRO

Run your hands on the inside of the snow. Our body heat will melt the snow. It'll immediately refreeze. Shore up the walls. Sort of make an ice tunnel.

Chaz smiles at Sandro.

CHAZ

Damn, you're smart.

MOMENTS LATER

They dig a tunnel with their hands.

They've already gone three feet up, about three feet wide. A few feet away, their discard snow piles high.

INT. LODGE - LUCY'S ROOM - SAME

The melting snow, Chaz and Sandro's throwaway -- PAP PAP PAP'S down from the attic onto Lucy's sheets. She's oblivious.

INT. LODGE - ATTIC - MOMENTS LATER

Sandro, only his feet visible, stands on a piece of rickety furniture as he digs.

Snow, fruits of his labor, drops from the hole. He hops down, shakes his frozen red hands.

SANDRO

We gotta be close. Lucy couldn't-a been much higher than this.

Chaz yawns. Big and loud. Shakes his head.

CHAZ

Christ I'm tired. What time is it?

Sandro looks at his watch.

SANDRO

Almost twelve...

CHAZ

Midnight?

Now it's Sandro's turn to yawn.

SANDRO

No, man. Noon.

Chaz shakes his head. Can't believe it.

CHAZ
High fucking noon. Jesus. Feels
like four a.m.

SANDRO
It's the CO2. It'll fuck with you.

Chaz nods in agreement, presses his palm to his forehead.

CHAZ
Got a helluva headache, too. Let's
do this.

Sandro holds up his hands, painfully red.

SANDRO
You mind?

For a moment, it seems Chaz might be a dick about it. Again.
But he smiles, claps Sandro on the back, and gets to it.

INT. LODGE - HALL - SAME

An open attic hatch. The ladder pulled down. Above, Chaz and
Sandro work. Next to the ladder, the thermostat reads '33 F.'

INT. LODGE - GREAT ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Mona, Amy and Grady sit in chairs. They look at the
fireplace. Dream of a fire.

Tara and Logan are slumped into each other on the couch,
bundled in blankets. He strokes her hair.

She holds out her hand. It trembles.

TARA
I'm so cold. So cold.

He covers her hand with his.

LOGAN
Me too, babe. It won't be much
longer. Someone will come for us.
They have to.

He shifts his hand on her stomach. She covers it with hers.

EXT. ABOVE THE LODGE - DAY

A bright white day. Snow. Sun.

The top half of the silo and most of the barn mark the edge
of the property. The lodge is covered in snow.

INT. LODGE - ATTIC - LATER

Chaz hops down. Holds up his red hands.

CHAZ
You're up, *mi amigo*.

Sandro climbs on the furniture, reaches up, and begins to carefully pull down clumps of snow.

SANDRO'S POV: As he scoops the snow away. Suddenly -- a glimpse of light!

SANDRO
I... I see something! It's... it's
the sun...

And it DOES look like the sun. A filtered pinprick, yet still bright, pushes through the snow.

Sandro pulls more snow down.

IN THE ATTIC

Chaz stands beneath Sandro, tries to see past him.

CHAZ
C'mon, get down! Get down! Let me
see!

Chaz tugs at Sandro and Sandro climbs down.

SANDRO
Careful now! Go slow! We're close!

Chaz ignores him, hops up on the dresser.

CHAZ
I knew this would work. Fucking
knew it.

More snow falls from the hole as Chaz digs. Sandro kicks the discard aside.

The light strengthens, becomes brighter... brighter still...

CHAZ (FROM INSIDE THE HOLE) (CONT'D)
Almost there! I can feel it! It's
warm! Actually warm!

Sandro tries to see around him. Can't.

A huge clump of snow drops from the hole.

Suddenly, LIGHT STREAMS DOWN on Chaz. But not the friendly orange glow of the sun. It's harsh. As if he were standing within the laser white light of an alien abduction.

He hops down from the tunnel.

He's rooted to the floor. Looking up. Wide eyed.

CHAZ (CONT'D)

Oh fuck.

He backs away from the hole slowly... almost trips over an attic knickknack. It's like he's seen a UFO.

SANDRO

What!? What is it!?

Chaz continues to back away. Sandro slowly approaches. Looks up. Shields his eyes from the bright light.

CHAZ

(awed)

It's a car.

SANDRO'S POV (around his splayed hand): the exposed headlight and partial front-grill of the SUV. The same dark green SUV that was swept from the road when the avalanche passed.

SANDRO

Oh shit.

BACK IN THE ATTIC

In a shower of snow, the SUV CRASHES down. Bumper first. BASHES into the attic floor. CRUSHES Sandro underneath. For the moment, the attic floor holds the car. The stressed wood CREAKS...

Sandro, pinned, SCREAMS.

SANDRO (CONT'D)

Argghhhh!

Chaz stumbles back, falls to his ass. Shocked.

INT. LODGE - GREAT ROOM - SAME

Everyone leaps to their feet as the SUV SLAMS into the attic floor.

MONA

What the fuck!?

Plaster and gypsum drift down from above.

Now another sound. A CRACK. A GROAN. The attic floor gives-way.

INT. LODGE - ATTIC - SAME

The SUV falls through the attic floor.

A flood of snow follows.

INT. LODGE - LUCY'S ROOM - SAME

The SUV decimates the open side of Lucy's room as it drops from the attic and SLAMS into the bedroom floor -- still on its front bumper.

Sandro SCREAMS, still pinned underneath. For a moment, the SUV stands on its bumper, ass caught on the ceiling. It begins to work free and tip towards a blissfully unaware Lucy.

With a GROAN and a CRASH the bedroom floor gives and the SUV crashes downward --

INT. LODGE - BY THE FRONT DOOR - SAME

And SLAMS bumper-first into floor in the front hall.

The drivers side door opens, the MALE DRIVER (35), frozen, scream stuck to his face, spills out.

The FEMALE PASSENGER (32) flies through the windshield and hits the hall floor with a terrible WHAP! Her death scream forever etched on her frozen face.

The SUV tips over, but only makes it a few feet before the back end CRUNCHES into a wall and stops the momentum.

Pinned underneath the front bumper. Sandro. Still alive! Pelvis crushed. He CHOKES. Blood gushes from his mouth.

Grady and Logan rush to the SUV. The girls a few steps behind.

They grab the SUV, try to lift it. Barely move it an inch.

SANDRO

Argghhh! Stop! Jesus stop!

LOGAN

Mona. Get over here! Grab there, by the door jam!

Mona gets in position.

LOGAN (CONT'D)

OK! On three! One...

SANDRO

Nooooo! Don't! Please don't!

Tears stream down Sandro's face.

LOGAN

... two... three!

They lift the car -- just a foot. Amy grabs Sandro by the wrist and jerks him out from under the car.

He SCREAMS in agony.

SANDRO

Arrghhhh!

Logan, Grady and Mona drop the SUV on its front bumper. It's ass-end tips back, CRASHES into a wall, slides towards the floor, and lands wheels-down near the front door.

Logan looks up.

LOGAN'S POV: Of the hole in the ceiling. Into the bedroom. Lucy, still blissfully unaware in her bed. Through the hole in the ceiling of her bedroom into the attic. Chaz looks down, face a mask of shock.

BACK BY THE FRONT DOOR

Logan shakes his head in disgust.

LOGAN

(to Grady)

Mona, Amy. Get Sandro to the table.
Grady, with me.

INT. LODGE - UPSTAIRS HALL - MOMENTS LATER

Chaz hops down from the attic hatch as Grady and Logan run up.

CHAZ

It wasn't my fault!

LOGAN

Just shut the fuck up.

Logan opens the door to Lucy's room.

THROUGH THE DOOR

The floor between the door and the bed, a GAPING HOLE. Below, the hall and the green SUV, above, the hole in the ceiling of Lucy's room, now packed with snow.

One of the legs to Lucy's bed slips and drops into the hole. The other three keep hold. Barely.

Logan backs up, gets all the room he can, runs a few steps and leaps the gap.

INT. LODGE - LUCY'S ROOM - SAME

He lands on the other side of the floor and crashes onto the far wall.

He regains his footing, examines Lucy. Still zonked.

LOGAN

I'll lower her through the hole. Go downstairs. Toss me up the duct tape.

INT. LODGE - GREAT ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Grady and Chaz search for the duct tape. Chaz finds it in the folds of the couch.

CHAZ

Got it!

Chaz walks up to the hole and tosses it up to a waiting Logan.

INT. LODGE - LUCY'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Logan tapes Lucy to the mattress.

As he attempts to run the tape over her chest, she FLINCHES in pain.

Logan pulls her shirt up. A massive purple bruise covers the left side of her chest.

LOGAN

Oh, Jesus...

He pulls her shirt down, looks towards the hole. No one has seen.

He grabs the bottle of pain pills from the bedside table and stuffs them into his pocket.

INT. LODGE - BY THE FRONT DOOR

Logan lowers Lucy, strapped to the mattress with the duct tape, down to the waiting hands of Grady and Chaz.

They take on the weight and gently lower her to the ground.

INT. LODGE - STAIRS

Logan emerges from the hall and walks down the stairs.

INT. LODGE - GREAT ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

A huge mess. The SUV by the front door, dead occupants now covered with blankets.

Next to them, on the floor in an open area, Lucy on her mattress, head rocking side-to-side.

INT. LODGE - DINING ROOM - SAME

Sandro's spread out on the dining room table. Semi-conscious. His head whips back and forth. His legs feebly kick. His face is chalk-white and blood coats his chin.

Logan, Grady, Amy, Tara and Chaz surround him.

Sandro's hands cover a blood stain rapidly blooming in the center of his coat.

LOGAN

It's OK! Sandro! It's me, man. Let me see!

Logan pries Sandro's arms away and slowly pulls the zipper on his coat down.

As the zipper comes down, STEAM RISES from inside.

Logan pulls the zipper free and gently lifts the coat aside.

Sandro's guts have burst through his skin. Purple steaming ropes of intestine.

Logan, Chaz, and Tara step back.

Sandro arches his back as a wave of pain rips through him. His intestines slide down his side, pile on the table.

Logan grabs the bottle of pills from Amy, pours a handful out, and begins force feeding Sandro.

He leans close. Talks quietly. Soothingly.

LOGAN (CONT'D)

It's OK, Bud. You're gonna be OK. Take another. Go ahead. Take another. We'll fix you up...

Sandro starts to drift off... but not before Logan gets one more of the high-dose pain pills down his mouth.

And then his head falls back. The breath wheezes from his mouth.

LOGAN (CONT'D)

(to Tara)

Babe. Get me your compact. I need a mirror.

Tara walks off to get the mirror.

Logan gently uses Sandro's coat to re-cover the horrifying wound. He zips it up.

Tara re-appears. Hands the open compact to Logan.

Logan holds the mirror in front of Sandro's mouth for a moment. No steam. No breath. Dead.

Logan turns to the group. They look back. Shocked. Logan holds up his hands. They're covered with blood.

LOGAN (CONT'D)

Someone wanna take over from here?

Logan walks into the kitchen. For a moment, nobody moves, than Tara follows.

INT. LODGE - KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Logan washes Sandro's blood from his hands. He looks lost. Vacant. Tara appears at his side.

She puts her arm around his shoulder, tries to comfort him.

They look at each other in the silver-blue reflection of the snow-packed window.

TARA

Hey, c'mon. Don't beat yourself up.
You did the right thing. We're
going to get out of this.

He shuts off the water, drys his hands. Still looks at her in the reflection of the mirror.

LOGAN

No... I don't think we are.

INT. LODGE - GREAT ROOM - LATER

Sandro's gone. Off to his resting place in the basement alongside Becca and the Man and Woman from the crashed SUV.

Lucy's been moved, mattress and all, to the dining room table.

A dour mood as the group slumps in the furniture around the dark fireplace. Their breath hangs in the air.

Chaz talks with his eyes closed.

CHAZ

I feel like... like... someone shut
my fucking head in a steel door.
(beat)
Over and over again.

MOMENTS

Chaz, eyes still closed --

CHAZ (CONT'D)
Maybe we could try --

GROUP
NO!

Chaz's eyes open. He looks from person to person. Sees the anger in their eyes.

LOGAN
Jesus, Chaz. Enough is enough, OK?
How many people have to die!?
Sandro! Becca! Pete!

MONA
Jeremy.

Grady's staring at the SUV near the front door.

From the dining room, Lucy MOANS. Chaz looks over at her, SIGHS with aggravation.

CHAZ
We can't just sit here --

GRADY
They were skiers, too.

They follow Grady's sight-line. He's looking at the ski-gear atop the SUV.

INT. LODGE - BY THE FRONT DOOR - MOMENTS LATER

They rummage through the SUV. Grady has the hatchback open. He emerges, a silver metal tube in hand: the rescue beacon.

GRADY
Got it.

INT. LODGE - GREAT ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

They're all back near the fireplace. Grady flips the switch, sets the rescue beacon on the table. A green light blinks a soothing rhythm.

They wait.

MONA
Now?

GRADY
Now we wait.

Chaz shakes his head. Tries to shake away his blistering headache.

CHAZ
 WE CAN'T WAIT! Jesus! My heads
 about to fucking explode.

From the dining room, another MOAN of pain from Lucy ...

CHAZ (CONT'D)
 And THAT ONE won't shut the fuck
 up!

As if she knows it aggravates him, Lucy MOANS again.

Chaz stands, enraged. Walks towards her oblivious body.

CHAZ (CONT'D)
 SHUT. THE. FUCK. UP!

She MOANS again.

Chaz's hands turn to fists.

Logan's suddenly at his side, stopping his progress.

LOGAN
 Leave her alone, Chaz. She's --

BEEP BEEP BEEP -- an alarm. Repetitive. Loud. Annoying. High-pitched and shrill.

It comes from upstairs.

Hands fly to ears to keep the annoying noise at bay.

Logan breaks off from Chaz. Climbs the stairs. Disappears into the darkness. They wait.

The noise abruptly STOPS, and then Logan reappears and comes back down the stairs. Something in his fist.

It's a smoke detector, the dome-like kind that's mounted on the ceilings of halls. Wires trail from the back and he has the battery in the hand.

LOGAN (CONT'D)
 Couldn't shut the fucker up. Had to
 pull the batteries. No fire,
 though.

AMY
 They... they detect things other
 than smoke. They detect carbon
 monoxide and carbon dioxide.

TARA
 CO2? They detect CO2?

CHAZ
Logan, put the battery back in,
dude.

Logan puts the nine-volt batter back in. A green light shows
it's functional, yet no alert.

AMY
Guess we're OK now.

GRADY
Sir, if I might... walk towards the
stairs?

Logan immediately catches Grady's train of thinking.

LOGAN
Yeah, right. Good catch.

Logan slowly walks towards the stairs. Nothing. Further. Up
the stairs...

Half way up...

BEEP BEEP BEEP....

The detector wails.

Logan backs down a few steps. The detector goes silent.

He walks back to the group. Cocks his head as he stares down
at the detector.

CHAZ
We can use these. They know when
the CO2 is closing in.

Suddenly, from across the entire house, ALARMS BLARE. That
high-pitched fire-alarm sound. This time, there's no shock.

LOGAN
Cool.
(re: the alarms)
Let's get them while the getting is
good.

MOMENTS LATER

Eight detectors lie on the table. Battery doors are open.
Battery's installed. Alert lights blinking a soothing green.

CHAZ
(to Grady)
You guys had eight of these things?

GRADY
Spare no expense, sir.

Chaz starts to hand the detectors out.

CHAZ
OK. Let's do this.

SERIES OF SHOTS -- SETTING UP THE PERIMETER

-- Tara walks into the kitchen, places a detector on the center island.

-- Mona walks towards the hall that leads to Tollephsen's room. She places the detector at the threshold.

-- Chaz places a detector near the front door. He looks up at the hole in the ceiling, at the SUV, at the Sandro's blood splotch, with a tinge of guilt.

END SERIES OF SHOTS

INT. LODGE - GREAT ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The survivors look out at the sketchy perimeter.

CHAZ
Super. Now we can literally
SEE our death coming. That's a big
fucking step forward.

LOGAN
But why... why didn't they beep
when they were here? We're the ones
producing all the CO2.

Mona SIGHS loudly.

CHAZ
Mona, babes? Be a dear and hold
your breath for a few hours?

Logan's brow creases as he considers his own question. He looks around. Tries to figure out what he's missing.

Tara follows his gaze. He saw nothing, but she sees...

TARA
The plants. The plants must be
helping.

They're surrounded by

HOUSE PLANTS.

An abundance of previously innocuous greenery that now serves as their lifeline. But the plants droop. Look sickly. Near their end.

LOGAN

They generate oxygen. Balance the equation. At last for the immediate area.

GRADY

And just like Mr. Sandro's contraption. Their time is coming to an end, too.

TARA

As long as we stay inside the ring of detectors, we're fine.

BEEP BEEP BEEP...

The detector at the top of the stairs goes off. Amy walks over, up the stairs, and backs it down a few steps until it silences.

She looks back at the group.

AMY

Until the ring closes in on us.

LATER

They sit in the chairs around the fireplace and wait.

On the coffee table, the rescue beacon blinks a soothing green. On. Off. On. Off.

Grady's lamp dims and goes dark.

He picks it up. Smacks it a few times. Dead.

MONA

How long has it been?

GRADY

Few hours.

Grady nods towards the ceiling.

GRADY (CONT'D)

We have to hope they're still up there. I'm afraid the beacons have a pretty short range.

(beat)

And not much of a battery life.

(beat)

Most... most rescues occur in the first few... few minutes.

Chaz stares into nowhere land. Spent. Beaten. His teeth CHATTER. Flecks of ice are around his mouth. In his eyebrows.

From the dining room, Lucy MOANS. It stirs Chaz from his funk. He yells over at her --

CHAZ
Will you SHUT THE FUCK UP!?

He claps his hands to his head in frustration.

MONA
C'mon, Chaz, she's --

Chaz lifts a hand above his head.

CHAZ
Who votes we stuff a hand-full of magic happy pills down her yap?

LOGAN
(low, almost
unintelligible)
She has internal injuries.

Chaz looks over, head cocked. Wonders what that was about.

CHAZ
What? What was that?

Logan looks up, studies them. Considers telling the truth or keeping his mouth shut.

He looks over at Tara, her belly, his child inside her.

LOGAN
(reluctantly)
I said... said she's... she has internal bleeding. Probably... probably a collapsed lung. Maybe something worse.

INT. LODGE - DINING ROOM - SAME

On the table, Lucy COUGHS. A glob of blood ejects from her mouth and spills across her cheek.

Amy, Tara, Mona, Chaz and Logan approach.

Lucy's oh-so pale. Weak. Even in the frigid air, she's coated with a sheen of sweat as her body fights for existence.

Tara unzips Lucy's coat and works her shirt up. Exposes the horrible bruise.

Chaz leans close to Logan.

CHAZ
Dude. She's a goner.

Amy and Mona lean down. Comfort Lucy. Stroke her face.

Chaz still has Logan's ear.

CHAZ (CONT'D)
 She's using our air.
 (beat)
 She's using your unborn child's
 air.

Logan doesn't say anything. Chaz speaks louder, to the group.

CHAZ (CONT'D)
 Listen. She... Lucy is in bad
 shape. Suffering. We can't
 expect... She isn't gonna make it --

MONA
 Shut up, jack off! She has as much
 right to live as you or I --

CHAZ
 It's a WASTE, Mona. A waste. Right
 now, she takes in a breath and
 guess what comes out her mouth...?

No answer.

CHAZ (CONT'D)
 GUESS!?

Still, no answer. Chaz lets the moment hang.

CHAZ (CONT'D)
 Poison! Fucking poison! Every time
 she exhales, the grim-fucking-
 reaper is one step closer. And the
 fuck of it is, not only can we not
 stop her, but she ain't gonna make
it. No way.

Heads drop. They know he's right.

CHAZ (CONT'D)
 So just like Logan did to Sandro.
 We give her a pill. And then
 another. And then another. And
 then... well...

Tara absently wraps her hand over her belly.

TARA
 And then she stops poisoning our
 air.

Chaz smiles, like a compassionate doctor, and nods 'yes.'

MONA
 Who are we to play God? To say who
 lives and dies?

Mona tries to stare them down. They drop their eyes. Lucy
 MOANS.

INT. LODGE - BASEMENT - LATER

The door at the top of the stairs open. The cold blue light
 of the lantern invades.

Chaz and Logan carry Lucy's body down the stairs.

Near the foot of the stairs, the body's lie side-by-side:
 Sandro, Becca, the Man and Woman from the SUV. And now Lucy.

Chaz turns to go. Logan stops him.

LOGAN
 Shouldn't we say something? A few
 words?

Chaz shrugs. Logan shakes his head. Closes his eyes. Says a
 quick silent prayer. He opens his eyes. Chaz stares at him.
 Grinning.

LOGAN (CONT'D)
 What?

CHAZ
 I dunno, dude. I'm not trying to
 make light. God knows this is
 fucked ten ways to Sunday. It just
 seems like asking forgiveness right
 after we knowingly murdered her is
 a little... I dunno, shit,
 disingenuous?

Logan's face falls.

LOGAN
 We didn't murder her, Chaz.

Chaz's smile widens.

CHAZ
 Whatever, dude. You say po-tay-tow
 I say po-tah-tow, right?

INT. LODGE - GREAT ROOM - LATER

The group lies around. Perfectly still. Perhaps mistaken for
 corpses if not for the CLOUDS OF STEAM marking each exhale.

BEEP BEEP BEEP!

A detector alerts. Mona stands. Staggered. A hand flies to her head, her eyes flutter.

MONA
Jesus my head!

She almost drops back to her seat. Almost. But the BEEP of the detector motivates her.

It's the one on the stairs. She walks to it. Backs down a few steps, and it stops. She puts it down. Walks back to the group on unsteady feet.

MONA (CONT'D)
Aspirin. Something. I can hardly think my head is pounding so hard.

CHAZ
You heard Sandro. Aspirin won't help.

Grady stands, smiles through his own pain.

GRADY
Well, it couldn't hurt to try, could it?

Grady walks towards the hall that leads to Tollephsen's room.

LOGAN
Grady, don't!

TARA
You don't know how high the CO2 levels are!

Grady stops at the threshold to the hall, right where they've placed the detector. He sucks in a breath and disappears into the dark hall.

INT. LODGE - TOLLEPHSEN'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Grady enters, lips pressed tightly closed as he holds his breath.

He hurries across the room and disappears into the attached bathroom.

The two green oxygen tanks are in the shadows of the corner.

After a long moment, Grady emerges from the bathroom, a bottle of aspirin in hand. He's hurrying, his oxygen about to give out.

But he STOPS...

As he sees the oxygen tanks. His brow wrinkles. A glance towards the door, then towards the oxygen tanks.

He dashes to the corner, inspects them. Face red. Only another quick moment of air. He turns one around...

And can't hold it any longer. His breath explodes from him and, involuntarily, he sucks in a huge gulp of the CO2 poisoned air...

For a moment, he stands there, wonders why he hasn't...

AND HE DOES.

Stumbles a few steps towards the bed. Collapses. Unconscious.

INT. LODGE - BY THE HALL TO TOLLEPHSEN'S ROOM - SAME

Mona, Logan, Tara, and Amy look anxiously down the hall. Chaz sits on the couch. Uncaring. He yawns.

AMY

Mr. Grady!

TARA

It's been too long. Something's wrong!

Logan sucks in a big breath. Disappears down the hall.

TARA (CONT'D)

Logan! No!

Too late. He's gone.

TOLLEPHSEN'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Logan bursts in. Sees Grady on the floor. Grabs his wrists. Drags him out.

CUT TO BLACK:

FADE IN:

GRADY'S POV: as his eyes flutter open. Mona, Logan, Tara, and Amy stare down at him.

INT. LODGE - GREAT ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Grady sits up, a hand flies to his forehead.

TARA

Relax! You're OK! You passed out. Logan... he saved you.

CHAZ
Shoulda left him in there, if you
ask me.

Logan's on the edge of losing it.

LOGAN
You know what, Chaz? Shut the fuck
up, OK? If you've got nothing good
to say, just shut your fucking
mouth.

Chaz smirks. Looks away.

GRADY
What happened?

MONA
You went for aspirin.

It all comes back to Grady.

GRADY
Oxygen tanks! I can't believe it
didn't occur to me earlier! In Mr.
Tollephsen's room!

INT. LODGE - TOLLEPHSEN'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Logan and Chaz enter, breath held. They move efficiently, led
by Grady's instructions.

Logan man-handles the first oxygen tank from the room.

Chaz hesitates, distracted by a partially open dresser
drawer. Something glints from inside.

He opens it. It's a PISTOL. He quickly tucks it in his
waistband. Covers it with his coat. Drags his oxygen tank
from the room.

INT. LODGE - GREAT ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The two oxygen tanks stand side-by-side in the middle of the
room. They study the gauges.

MONA
They're full. How long will they
last?

Chaz barely cracks open the valve on one tank.

CHAZ
Who knows? But it sure as shit
isn't doing any good closed.

The oxygen HISSES as it escapes the valve.

AMY

There's gotta be a way. Some sort
of calculation that would tell
us...

CHAZ

Got an idea.

Chaz opens the valve further. The HISS becomes A ROAR as
oxygen escapes the pressurized tank.

Chaz watches the gauge. When it gets to fifty-percent full,
he turns it off.

It's suddenly silent.

CHAZ (CONT'D)

Logan. Check that detector on the
stairs.

Logan walks across the Great Room and up the stairs.

CHAZ (CONT'D)

See how far you can go now.

INT. LODGE - STAIRS - SAME

Logan picks up the detector and slowly ascends. Three steps
up. Five. Seven....

BEEP BEEP BEEP...

He backs down a step. Sets the detector down. And returns to
the group.

INT. LODGE - GREAT ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Chaz cracks open the valve and lets more oxygen HISS out.

CHAZ

Now we know how much a half tank of
this shit buys us.

Grady stares at the HISSING valve. Lost in thought.

TARA

Not much.

MONA

An hour? Maybe less...

CHAZ

(growls)

Somebody better put on their
fucking thinking cap around here
because if I --

GRADY

There is...

He fades away, dismisses his own thoughts.

TARA

Tell us. Tell us, Mr. Grady.

Grady's a little uncertain.

GRADY

Mr. Tollephsen. He... he had quite the stockpile...

FLASHBACK SEQUENCE: INT. LODGE - BASEMENT - DAY

On the far side of the basement, far away from the stairs, doors to the outside are flung open. Light streams in.

GRADY (V.O.)

He had it delivered.

TWO MEN (42,45) use a dolly to wheel oxygen tanks down a ramp.

GRADY (V.O.)

Something about how expensive it was to get it up here.

The new oxygen tanks are stored by four others.

PRESENT TIME - BACK IN THE GREAT ROOM

Grady looks up from his thoughts. Looks at Chaz.

GRADY

There might be more...

INT. LODGE - BASEMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Chaz stands at the base of the stairs, both arms extended out in front of him. A modern day Frankenstein. In one hand, a lantern. In the other, a detector.

Not far away, the bodies lay side-by-side.

Logan, Tara, Amy, Mona and Grady crowd in behind Chaz.

Grady nods towards the far side of the basement.

GRADY

Down that way. It's quite a ways. There are doors, those double-door sort of things? Right by them.

The group shuffles forward, crowded together.

CRACK-SQUISH!

Chaz JUMPS. He's stepped on something.

CHAZ

Jesus!

They back up. Shine the light on the floor.

He's stepped on a dead rat. Splattered it. He lifts the light higher. More rats are exposed. Dead. Twelve of them. All the way to the edge of the light.

GRADY

Sorry bout that. They mostly stayed down here... mostly.

CHAZ

That's one way to get rid of them.

BEEP BEEP BEEP!

The detector alerts. They quickly back up. The detector stops.

They regroup near the foot of the stairs.

GRADY

I'd guess it's better than one hundred feet. Lots of twists and turns.

At the edge of the darkness: garden equipment, dusty and dirty. A wheelbarrow. Coils of garden hose. Logan notices. Grabs the detector from Chaz. Walks over, head tilted.

AMY

What? What is it, Logan?

LOGAN

Help me. Grab this stuff.

INT. LODGE - GREAT ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The coils of garden hose are piled in the middle of the room.

Grady walks in. Hands two small plastic cups to Chaz. Chaz uses a battery powered drill to bore holes the size of a quarter in the bottom of the cups.

Amy and Mona work together. Mona has a lighter, Amy a screwdriver. They heat the tip of the screwdriver to a glowing red. Amy hands the screwdriver to Logan and he punches two small holes opposite of each other near the lip of each cup.

Logan looks up, eyes Amy and Mona.

LOGAN

You two are the smallest. You'll
consume the least oxygen.

They nervously nod 'yes.'

INT. LODGE - BASEMENT - BY THE STAIRS - MOMENTS LATER

They've completed their make-shift rig.

An end of a garden hose has been duct-taped to the hole in the bottom of the cups. Mona and Amy have the cups held to their faces via rubber bands that run through the small holes and wrap around their heads.

The cups cover only their nose.

Their garden hoses run to a 'Y' splitter -- the splitter connects to a feeder hose that runs back to the oxygen tank where it's held in place with yet another swath of duct tape.

They've made a make-shift oxygen delivery system.

LOGAN

Remember, in through your nose, out
your mouth. Got it?

They nod 'yes.'

Chaz opens the valve on the oxygen tank. Gas HISSES.

LOGAN (CONT'D)

Can you feel it?

They nod 'yes.'

They walk into the darkness. Into the unknown. The shadows quickly consume the weak silver-blue light of Mona's lamp.

INT. LODGE - CLUTTERED AREA OF THE BASEMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Dusty boxes. Furniture covered with sheets. On the floor, more dead rodents.

Mona leads, lamp extended in front of her. Amy follows. Tugs at the hose. She's struggling with the pull.

In through the nose, out from the mouth. In. Out.

Each breath sucked in is amplified by the plastic cup, an AIRY SUCKING SOUND.

They can only speak on their exhales.

AMY

How much further?

MONA
Don't talk. Not far.

Amy tugs at the hose again.

They round a corner.

The double doors from the outside have crashed inward. Snow has poured in.

But there they are, twenty feet ahead, six oxygen tanks, partially covered in snow.

Mona steps forward, eyes wide.

MONA (CONT'D)
Thank God!

Amy steps forward, too. But her hose kinks as it catches on the corner of some junk. The comfortable HISS of oxygen stops. She doesn't notice.

She sucks in a through her nose. Her eyes cloud with confusion. She drops to one knee.

Mona takes another step toward the treasure. Senses Amy isn't there. Turns back.

Sees her friend in distress. Kneels at her side.

MONA (CONT'D)
Amy! What? What is it!?

AMY
(gasps)
No... no more...

Amy collapses. Convulses. She COUGHS. Foam spews from her mouth.

Mona pulls Amy's makeshift mask aside, takes a breath through her nose, pulls hers off, and presses it to Amy's face.

Amy spasms. Her arm flies out, knocks the lamp aside. It crashes. Cheap plastic breaks. They're pitched into complete blackness.

FLICK FLICK FLICK

Mona's lighter sparks to life. Amy still convulses.

Mona's POV follows Amy's hose, sees it's kinked as it turns a corner. She grabs the hose, whips it out and away. It pulls free from the corner and un-kinks.

WHOOOOSH!

Pure oxygen shoots from the hose. Through Amy's mask. Right into Mona's lit lighter.

KA-WHUMP!

Fire, almost liquid in its movement, covers Mona.

MONA
Arrrgghhh --

INT. LODGE - BASEMENT - BY THE STAIRS - SAME

Logan, Chaz, Tara and Grady see the bright light of fire in the distance.

LOGAN
Turn it off! Turn it off!

Chaz twists the oxygen tank closed.

Logan grabs a lamp from Grady, and takes off in the direction of the fire. Before he enters the box-maze, he yells back to Chaz --

LOGAN (CONT'D)
Ten seconds!

Chaz understands. Nods.

Logan sucks in a deep breath and disappears into the box-maze.

INT. LODGE - BASEMENT - BY THE OXYGEN TANKS - SAME

Mona's scream cuts short as her lips melt, as the fire consumes her.

She stands. Somehow has an ounce of sense left. Runs towards where the snow has spilled in from the doors to the outside.

She pulls down a huge bookcase. It SLAMS into the oxygen tanks. Knocks them over. COVERS THEM.

Mona dives into the snow. A cloud of steam rises.

INT. LODGE - CLUTTERED AREA OF THE BASEMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Logan navigates the byzantine basement. Dashes. Moves like a Heisman trophy winner. The silver-blue light BOUNCES in his hand, casts crazy shadows.

He emerges...

BY THE OXYGEN TANKS

Sees Amy. Dead. Eyes wide.

Mona's charred body smokes in the snow.

Logan reaches down, grabs the mask, presses it to his face.

INT. LODGE - BASEMENT - BY THE STAIRS - SAME

Chaz twists the valve on the oxygen tank. Opens it.

INT. LODGE - BASEMENT - BY THE OXYGEN TANKS - SAME

HISSSSSS - as the oxygen flows.

Logan sucks a deep breath through his nose. Surveys the scene. The bookcase. No oxygen tanks visible.

After a moment, he turns and heads back towards the stairs.

INT. LODGE - GREAT ROOM - LATER

And then there were four.

Grady, Tara, Logan, and Chaz.

They sit close, blankets wrapped around them. A haze of smoke hangs in the air.

The first oxygen tank has run dry. Tipped over and discarded in the background. The second tank, now open, HISSES as oxygen escapes from the valve.

Tara gags, then buries her nose in her sleeve. Logan puts his arm around her.

LOGAN

It'll go away. Not much longer.

Chaz takes a deep breath. Seems to relish it the smell of charred flesh.

CHAZ

Smells like a barbecue. Like someone's been cooking out.

Logan shakes his head at the insensitive bastard.

CHAZ (CONT'D)

Don't look at me like that, dude. I'm sorry as hell they're gone. But look at it this way. Two less sucking down the oxygen. They died. We live a little longer. What was that from earlier? The 'Circle of Life'? Well there ya go.

TARA
Maybe... maybe we could try for the
oxygen again. Maybe --

LOGAN
They weren't there babe. Gone. I
didn't see anything.

BEEP BEEP BEEP!

CHAZ
(re: the alarm)
Well that's fucking great.
(to Grady)
Let's go old man. We're up.

Chaz and Grady get up and begin to adjust the detectors,
moving them closer. Moving their demise just fifteen feet
away in each direction.

ON THE COUCH

Tara leans into Logan. He absently strokes her hair. She
heaves a little as she cries. He looks at her face, surprised
to see the tears.

LOGAN
C'mon... what's this?

She wipes away the tear.

TARA
You know.

He *does* know. Puts on a brave face.

LOGAN
We have to hope. To not give up.
People are looking for us. They
have to be.

He tilts her face toward him.

LOGAN (CONT'D)
Have to be.

She searches his eyes for the truth, sees he believes. She
believes, too.

She buries her face in his chest and cries.

LOGAN (CONT'D)
Hey? Know what I've been thinking?

She shakes her head 'no,' doesn't look up.

LOGAN (CONT'D)
I been thinking about the house
we'll buy.

She says something into his chest. He can't hear her.

LOGAN (CONT'D)
What?

She picks her head up.

TARA
Somewhere warm. No snow.

She buries her head back in his chest. He smiles.

LOGAN
Right. Somewhere warm. Big back
yard. One of those double hammocks
between a couple of trees. Watch
the kids play. Throw a frisbee to
the dog. Dusk. Firefly's come out.
If you hold really still, they land
on you. You hold it close.

He wraps his arm around her, looks down at her belly, their
future.

LOGAN (CONT'D)
Marvel at it. At the way it's so
alive. A beacon of light on a dark
night...

Her head comes up. Their eyes meet. She kisses him on the
mouth and then puts her head back in his chest.

TARA
Thank you.

He manages a smile and strokes her hair.

LATER

The oxygen tank HISSES.

Logan and Tara are asleep on the coach. Her head on his
chest. Chaz and Grady each take an easy chair.

Chaz snores loudly.

Grady stirs. Sits for a moment. Stares at Tara and Logan.
Stands. Walks to Tara. Runs a finger through her hair.

GRADY
(quietly)
Sleep well.

She smiles in her sleep. He smiles too.

He walks to the hallway to Tollephsen's room. Stops. Takes a deep breath. Continues down the dark hall.

INT. LODGE - TOLLEPHSEN'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Grady walks in. Strangely calm. He walks to the bedside table. Picks up the picture of him and Tollephsen. Studies it. Smiles. He's still holding his breath.

He lies down on the bed. Puts the picture on his chest.

A tear runs down his cheek.

He can't hold it any longer. The breath bursts from him. He sucks in a great gulp. Sucks deep.

Sputters. His eyes cloud. Flutter. Close.

His arm drops from the side of the bed. For a moment, he holds on to the picture... but then drops it as he dies. The picture bounces to the floor. The glass CRACKS.

INT. LODGE - GREAT ROOM - SAME

The SOUND of the picture clattering to the ground wakes Chaz.

He looks over at Grady's empty chair.

INT. LODGE - TOLLEPHSEN'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Chaz stares down at Grady's body. He turns and leaves. He steps on the picture of Grady and Tollephsen. It CRUNCHES under his boot.

INT. LODGE - GREAT ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Chaz stands in front of a sleeping Tara and Logan.

He stares at them for a long moment. Then takes the gun from his waistband, slowly cocks it, and points it at Logan's forehead.

Moments.

Chaz's finger slowly tightens on the trigger.

He stops. Looks around. At the oxygen tank. At the front door packed with snow. At Tara.

His aim shifts to Tara's forehead. He presses the barrel to her skin. Her eyes flutter open -- OPEN WIDE as she sees the gun.

He puts his free index finger to his mouth: *Shhhh.*

He motions to her: *stand up.*

She stands. Careful not to disturb Logan. He shepherds her to a chair across the room. Has her sit.

He leans close to her.

CHAZ
Call to him.

TARA
Logan. Logan wake up.

Logan stirs. His eyes go wide as he sees the gun.

He stands. Takes a step toward Chaz and Tara. Stops when Chaz presses this pistol to her temple.

CHAZ
Easy there, cowboy. Another step and I'll use her brains for modern art.
(he grins at Logan)
You think they'd bury her with the kid inside her? Or would they pull it out and put it in one of those mini-coffins?

LOGAN
You sick fuck. Where's Grady? What did you do with him?

CHAZ
Dead. Fucker off'd himself. Swear to baby Jesus. Least he's not sucking down our air anymore.

LOGAN
And now what?

CHAZ
Remember that barn Grady was talking about?

Logan's head tilts.

CHAZ (CONT'D)
It's downhill. I've been going over and over this in my head. Thinking about passing it. My guess. About a hundred yards.
(beat)
And you're gonna tunnel to it.

LOGAN
That's insane! C'mon, Chaz! It's the CO2! It's fucking with you!
(MORE)

LOGAN (CONT'D)

Put the gun down. They're gonna find us! They have to! We just have to wait it out!

Chaz nods at the beacon on the table. It no longer blinks. The battery has died.

CHAZ

The way I figure, we're at a critical mass. Moving closer and closer to the great beyond with each breath. The time for waiting is past, brother. Gone.

LOGAN

You saw when we tried to get to the van! When we tried to go up from the attic! The cave will collapse! How will I dig by myself --

Chaz silences him, presses the gun to his lips: *Shhhh.*

CHAZ

And you thought Sandro was the brain. We're gonna rig the O2 to the hoses again. This time, one is gonna be to give you some air. The other... well... you'll see.

LOGAN

And if I refuse?

CHAZ

Well, I suppose I'll pop you in front of your girlfriend. Then I'll fuck her till she screams. Then pop her too.

Moments.

Chaz shifts the gun to Tara. She's wide-eyed with fear.

CHAZ (CONT'D)

Shit. Maybe I'll pop her first. Then fuck her. Ya know, make it a little freaky.

Logan's eyes are hard. Cold. Like he'd snap Chaz's neck if he got the chance.

LOGAN

You hurt one hair on her head and I promise... I promise... you'll suffer.

Chaz smiles, up for the challenge.

CHAZ

Right. Remember. I'm the one with the gun. You keep looking at me all hard, I'll stomp her belly. Your kid'll shoot out her twat in a stream of red goo.

Chaz can see this has the intended effect. Logan seethes.

CHAZ (CONT'D)

Won't be able to tell the brains from the asshole.

(beat)

Asshole.

INT. LODGE - BY THE FRONT DOOR - LATER

Logan has recreated the breathing apparatus Amy and Mona used -- except now one is for breathing, the other hose has a pest control nozzle attached.

LOGAN

This won't work.

CHAZ

It'll work. Squeeze the trigger. Flick a lighter. Presto. Instant flamethrower. Melt the snow. It'll refreeze. Protect you from cave-in's. Your tunnel ain't gonna collapse... I hope.

LOGAN

But if you're diverting the oxygen to me, then the CO2 is gonna close in on you.

CHAZ

Then you best fucking hurry. I start to get light-headed. Those detectors start sounding, I'll cut you off. Let you die out there. Choke on your own poison.

LOGAN

Every second that flame burns, it's eating oxygen. CO2 increases.

Logan nods towards the ring of detectors.

LOGAN (CONT'D)

It's going to get smaller by the minute.

Moments.

CHAZ

Like I said. Be quick.

Chaz smiles his insane smile.

Logan takes a breath. Collects himself. Meets Tara's fearful stare.

LOGAN

I'll be OK. I love you.

TARA

I love you too.

Logan pulls the mask in place, readies the home-made flame thrower, turns towards the snow-choked front door. Chaz turns the valve on the oxygen tank. The gas HISSES.

Logan holds a lighter in front of the flamethrower, lights it, and squeezes the trigger. A concentrated flame, narrow, three feet long, leaps from the tip.

He begins blast away -- to dig a new tunnel.

In the b.g., Chaz smiles and nods. Tara looks worried.

INT. SNOW TUNNEL TO THE BARN - MOMENTS LATER

Logan makes good progress. The flamethrower makes quick work of the snow. Now and then, he lets the flamethrower die. The blue light of the battery-powered lamp replaces the orange glow of fire.

He keeps a wary eye on the ceiling, which, as Chaz predicted, melts and refreezes in an instant.

He sparks the flamethrower back to life. Continues on.

TO HIS LEFT

A quick cave-in. A bowling ball-sized hole opens. He startles back, lets the flame go out. Picks up the lamp to investigate.

In through the nose. Out through the mouth. Each inhale ECHOES inside the plastic cup.

INSIDE THE HOLE

JEREMY'S FACE

Dead. Mouth open in a scream. Face coated in ice.

BACK IN THE TUNNEL

Logan startles back. Breath exploding from his mouth in great gasps of steam.

He regroups, continues on.

INT. LODGE - GREAT ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Chaz and Tara watch the hole. Wait.

CHAZ
(quietly)
He must really love you...

The moment hangs. A tear runs down Tara's face.

CHAZ (CONT'D)
But probably not. More likely that
grade-a pussy your pea-brain is
toting around.

Chaz smirks at his sophomoric wit.

INT. SNOW TUNNEL TO THE BARN - MOMENTS LATER

Logan works away. He's quite a ways in. He takes a break,
looks back over his shoulder. Darkness.

Another inspection of the ceiling. Solid.

He reaches backwards, grabs his air-hose, and jerks it
towards him.

INT. LODGE - GREAT ROOM - SAME

Chaz watches as a few feet of hose plays out for Logan. Not
much more remains.

CHAZ
He's gotta be about there.

BEEP BEEP BEEP!

The detectors alert.

Chaz moves from one to another, moves them closer -- five
feet closer.

Tara seizes the moment. Picks up the small snow globe she
fiddled with earlier. She palms it. In the silver-blue light,
it's almost impossible to see in her hand.

Chaz walks back to the center of the circle. Smiles at her.

CHAZ
Getting sort of cozy in here.

He turns his back, looks towards the tunnel.

Tara eyes the back of his head. Eyes the exact spot she's
going to bash his head in with the snow globe.

The last few feet of hose disappear into the tunnel.

Chaz's head tilts: *did he make it?*

INT. SNOW TUNNEL TO THE BARN - MOMENTS LATER

Logan has reached the end of the line. No more hose. In front of him, nothing but snow.

His face drops. He turns around, a tricky maneuver in the claustrophobic quarters, and prepares to head back in defeat.

But he stops. Turns around again. Looks at the wall of snow in front of him.

He reaches out, scrapes at the snow. Nothing. Digs a little deeper.

SCRATCH SCRATCH SCRATCH

Wood! He's uncovered wood!

He digs faster, soon uncovers what must be a few planks of the side of the barn. He hits them with his fist. Solid. He turns around, swivels on his ass, kicks at the boards.

BAM! BAM! BAM!

They begin to splinter. Crack. Give.

He swivels again and pulls at the broken boards with his hands. Pulls free splinters and planks.

On the other side... light... natural light!

He pulls boards aside, buoyed by his success.

SUDDENLY

The snout of a horse, all TEETH and FLARING NOSTRILS pushes through from the inside.

Logan jerks back in fear. The horse SNORTS and backs out.

INT. LODGE - GREAT ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

BEEP BEEP BEEP!

Chaz adjust the detectors again. Now just a small ring ten feet in diameter.

CHAZ

Well. We're fucked.

The HISS of the oxygen suddenly stops. Tank empty.

TARA
LOGAN! LOGAN! Noooooo!

Chaz smiles at her.

CHAZ
Probably already dead, mama.
Visions of sugar plums dancing in
his head. You and me, too, here in
a few minutes. How 'bout we go out
with a bang?

Tara crosses an arm over her chest, steps back.

INT. SNOW TUNNEL TO THE BARN - CONTINUOUS

Wind blows over Logan as air flows from the barn into the
tunnel.

He sticks his head in the hole.

INT. BARN - SAME

Horses mill about. They seem surprised to see him.

In a high window, SUNLIGHT shines through.

He throws aside the mask. Takes a big gulp of air. Gasps...

LOGAN
Horses... horses never smelled so
good.

He ducks back into the tunnel.

INT. SNOW TUNNEL TO THE BARN - SAME

Logan works his way back towards the lodge. He moves quickly,
the lantern held out in front of him.

INT. LODGE - GREAT ROOM - SAME

Near the front door, debris flutters as fresh air enters the
room.

Chaz turns towards the door. Cocks his head as he notices the
shift in the atmosphere.

Tara lunges, swings the snow globe at Chaz's head. He somehow
senses it, turns, catches her hand.

For a moment they stand there, face to face.

He shakes his head 'no.'

He tosses her to the floor. Looms over her. Cocks the pistol.
Points the gun at her head. Pulls the trigger.

BLAM!

Logan flies through the air, crashes on Chaz. The bullet barely misses Tara. Slams into the floor next to her head.

Logan and Chaz crash to the ground.

Chaz gets the best of Logan. Sits on top of him. Chokes the life from Logan as he fades into unconsciousness.

Suddenly, a hose loops over Chaz's head and around his neck.

It's Tara. Fire in her eyes. Choking Chaz for all she's worth.

Chaz grabs at the hose. Can't find purchase. Whips his elbow backward, catches her in the gut.

The air explodes from her mouth. She drops to one knee, arm across her mid-section, not able to breath. She falls forward, face down.

Chaz stands, walks up to her. Smiles down at her. Uses his foot to push her over onto her back. Her head rocks back and forth. He rests one heel on her stomach.

CHAZ

HEY! LOOK AT ME! OPEN YOUR EYES!

Her eyes flutter open.

CHAZ (CONT'D)

You ready! Because here...

He raises his foot, it trembles...

CHAZ (CONT'D)

It...

PANK!

Logan stands behind Chaz. He's just brained him with the empty oxygen tank. Chaz goes down like a sack of potatoes.

LOGAN

Comes.

He stands over Chaz. Raises the oxygen tank up, about to pulverize his head.

TARA

NO! Logan, no...

He looks over at her. Sees she's recovering.

He drops the oxygen tank and helps her to her feet.

INT. BARN - MOMENTS LATER

Horses mill about. Tara stands in the middle of the barn. Looks back at the hole. Waits.

Logan emerges, walks to Tara.

They stand in a shaft of sunlight. Arms wrapped around each other. Mouths pressed together. Tears stream down Tara's face. Relief. Love.

She looks up at him.

TARA
Is it... is it done?

He shakes his head 'yes.'

She kisses him again, deeply.

TARA (CONT'D)
I love you.

LOGAN
I love you too.

INT. LODGE - GREAT ROOM - SAME

Chaz has been duct-taped to an easy chair. He's unconscious. The front door is choked with snow -- the tunnel gone. Collapsed by Logan.

Detectors circle him, just a few feet away.

BEEP BEEP BEEP!

Chaz wakes up. Briefly struggles. Sees the collapsed tunnels. Looks at the detectors.

He screams towards the ceiling --

CHAZ
Nooooooooo!

INT. BARN - SAME

Tara and Logan embrace. A colt walks up, nudges them.

They're startled from their embrace. See the colt. Can't help but smile.

Outside, a helicopter ROARS past.

FADE TO BLACK.