

**FROZEN**

by  
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1 EXT. MOUNT HOLLISTON - DAY

1

Peace.

Fresh snow glistens in the sunlight and reflects off of the giant pine trees covering the serene mountain side.

It's quiet.

So quiet.

HARD CUT TO:

**FROZEN**

HARD CUT TO:

2 EXT. THE CHAIR LIFT - DAY

2

Tight on a gloved hand as a lever is released.

Tight on the cables at the top of a rickety chair lift as they kick into motion.

Wider as an empty chair swivels around and beneath the asses of a threesome of SKIERS.

Even wider to reveal a long line of Skiers and SNOWBOARDERS awaiting their moment to step up to the chair.

The camera finds a group of three standing off to the side of the line, decked out in their winter gear.

3 EXT. SNOW BANK OVERLOOKING THE CHAIR LIFT - CONTINUOUS

3

Angle on DAN WALKER (college age, shaggy hair, holding a snowboard and a helmet in one hand) as he studies the situation. Next to him stands an impatient JOE LYNCH (college age, goggles on his head and a face full of fresh stubble, standing on skis).

LYNCH  
I don't see her.

DAN  
The shift change is late. Just wait.

PARKER O'NEIL (college age, red hair, holding a snowboard) sighs and stares back at the lift lane.

PARKER  
Are you sure about this?

DAN  
We've been doing this forever.  
Trust me. This lady loves Lynch.  
She always goes for it.

Lynch smiles at Parker.

LYNCH  
I'm cute.

Just then, JASON (a ski mountain employee) approaches the front of the line and excuses the employee working the chair.

PARKER  
Is um... is that her?

DAN  
Shit.

LYNCH  
Dude.

DAN  
It's cool, it's cool.  
(to Parker)  
Look, all you have to do is smile  
real pretty and tell him-

PARKER  
-What? Me? No way. This is your  
thing.

DAN  
Parker, listen, listen. It's so  
easy. All you do is tell the guy  
that you and your friends-

LYNCH  
-GIRLfriends. Say "girlfriends".

DAN  
-you and your girlfriends forgot  
your credit card and you can't pick  
up your lift tickets.

He grabs a wad of cash out of Lynch's glove and shoves it in Parker's hand.

DAN (cont'd)  
 Start at \$50. That's what we usually give the other lady. He'll take it. Trust me.

PARKER  
 Dan, no. You do it. I feel stupid.

DAN  
 You've got this. You can totally do this.

LYNCH  
 Parker, you've so got this.

DAN  
 The worst thing that happens is he says no. He won't say no. No one ever says no.

PARKER  
 Why me?

LYNCH  
 'Cause you're a girl.

DAN  
 A very beautiful girl with a very charming smile.  
 (then)  
 Just...

He unzips her jacket a little bit, showing some more of her body.

DAN (cont'd)  
 There.

PARKER  
*My charming smile?*

Dan and Lynch smile back at her. She exits reluctantly towards the lift line.

4 EXT. CHAIR LIFT LINE - CONTINUOUS

4

Parker pushes her snowboard forward and moves up the side of the line, passing all of the skiers who are waiting.

She approaches Jason who is now running the lift. He lights a cigarette.

PARKER

Hey.

Jason looks up at her.

PARKER (cont'd)

Could I bum a smoke?

She flashes an adorable but forced smile and he quickly obliges with a cigarette.

PARKER (cont'd)

Thanks.

He lights her cigarette.

PARKER (cont'd)

I'm Parker.

He looks around, not all that sure why a cute girl is talking to him for more than just to get a smoke.

JASON

Jason.

PARKER

Oh, cool. My brother's name is Jason.

JASON

OK.

PARKER

Yeah, so I don't want to waste your time and bullshit you cause you seem like a wicked busy guy and everything...but..this is gonna sound so stupid...

Jason is all ears.

PARKER (cont'd)

My girlfriends and I drove all the way up here from Salem State, and I was sort of the dumbass who told everyone that I could cover the lift tickets on my Mom's credit card...but then I left her credit card at the gas station...and so...

Jason totally sees where this is going.

JASON

Right.

PARKER

No- but I mean, we totally have some cash and stuff. We just don't have enough to cover all 3 lift tickets, you know?

Jason exhales two lungs full of smoke as the next group gets onto the lift.

JASON

How much?

PARKER

Like...fifty?

Jason scoffs and starts the lift.

JASON

I could lose my job.

He looks around.

5 EXT. SNOW BANK OVERLOOKING THE CHAIR LIFT - CONTINUOUS 5

Lynch and Dan watch Parker at work.

LYNCH

He's not going for it.

DAN

Will you shut up? He's gonna go for it. It's either stand there and do the job for minimal... minimal, what is it?

LYNCH

*Minimum.*

DAN

-Minimum wage or do it for minimum wage plus a little bit more.

Lynch sighs, then changes the subject.

LYNCH

She had to come skiing with us?

Dan looks back at him, offended.

DAN  
You said you didn't mind?

LYNCH  
I don't. I don't mind. Don't mind  
at all.

A beat.

LYNCH (cont'd)  
I'm just saying, you haven't done  
dollar pitchers at Fezziwigs with  
us since last semester. You never  
come around for Monday night  
football, nobody has seen you at-

DAN  
-I watched the game with you last  
week!

LYNCH  
For ten minutes, Dan. Football  
games are more than ten minutes.  
They're lots of ten minutes-es, you  
know?

DAN  
Dude, I have a girlfriend now. I  
love this girl. I don't know what  
you...

LYNCH  
No, no it's fine. I'm just saying,  
the Mount Holliston day trips were  
*our* thing, you know? She doesn't  
even know how to board yet.

DAN  
She's getting better.  
(then)  
Now I feel like a dick. You should  
have said something if it was a  
problem.

LYNCH  
It's not a problem. It's not.  
Forget I ever said anything.

They see Parker hand Jason something. He pockets it and she  
glides her way back to the end of the line.

She looks up at the guys waiting on the hill and then  
excitedly waves. Proud of herself.

Dan smiles at Lynch.

6

EXT. CHAIR LIFT LINE - CONTINUOUS

6

Lynch and Dan join Parker and slowly work their way up the line.

DAN  
Good work! See? They always go  
for it.

PARKER  
I did good, right?

LYNCH  
You did great.

DAN  
Oh, so where's my change?

PARKER  
There isn't any.

DAN  
You gave him the full *hundred*?

PARKER  
He wasn't going for it at 50.

DAN  
So what happened to the other fifty  
numbers in between there? Like, I  
don't know, \$51 or maybe even \$75?

PARKER  
You gave me two 50's. What was I  
supposed to do, ask for change?

LYNCH  
*I* would have asked for change.

PARKER  
It's still way cheaper than paying  
for tickets, right?

Dan is disappointed.

LYNCH  
I would have definitely asked him  
for change.

They get up to the front of the line. Jason looks at Dan and Lynch behind Parker.

JASON  
(scoffs at Parker)  
"Girlfriends"?

Parker gives him an apologetic smile.

The three get in front of the chair. It descends under them and scoops them off of the ground into the air.

7 EXT. CHAIR LIFT - MOMENTS LATER

7

The threesome float high above the mountain as the chair slowly makes it's way to the top.

DAN  
Look at that. See? All these other idiots are paying top dollar to ski. Not us. All thanks to you, baby.

PARKER  
(teasing)  
Oh, now I'm "baby"? You never call me pet names.

DAN  
I'm just not a 'pet name' guy.

PARKER  
(to Lynch)  
He calls me "Parker."

DAN  
It's your name.

PARKER  
Yeah but you're supposed to call me something affectionate, you know? Like "honey" or "sweetie".

LYNCH  
I hooked up with a girl last semester that called me by my *last* name in bed. It was so weird. "Oh, Lynch! Your hair is so soft! Do me harder, Lynch!" It was like I was throwing it to Dan over here.

Dan looks back to Parker.

DAN  
See? At least I don't call you  
"O'Neil".

PARKER  
You don't touch my face enough  
either.

Dan laughs.

LYNCH  
(to no one in particular)  
Third wheel.

Parker reaches across and playfully taps Lynch.

PARKER  
Watch it, Lynch.

LYNCH  
Hey, that's not fair. I'm not  
dating you, you don't get to make  
my life suck.

Parker shoots Dan a look: "Oh, really?"

DAN  
Wha-? I never said that. I never  
said you make my life suck.  
(then, forced)  
Sweetie.

After a beat he awkwardly reaches out and touches her face.  
Nothing sweet or sensitive about it, but he's trying.

PARKER  
(sarcastically)  
Aww!

LYNCH  
(to Parker)  
Dan tells me you're getting the  
hang of that board?

PARKER  
I wouldn't say that. But last time  
we went I did pretty good, right?

DAN  
You did awesome. I'm telling you,  
the first few times are frustrating  
but once you get the hang of it,  
it's like riding a bike.  
(MORE)

DAN(cont'd)

(to Lynch's skis)  
Are you gonna trade in those  
ancient things for a board?

LYNCH

Please. Snowboards are too EMO for  
me. Give it ten more years and  
that fad will be dead.

DAN

That's what they said about rap.

Parker removes a cigarette and lights it.

LYNCH

Mmm-mmm. Smell that fresh mountain  
air, huh? Kind of smells like...  
cancer.

PARKER

You know what, I am so sick of  
potheads giving me shit about  
smoking butts.

LYNCH

At least pot does something for  
you. Cigarettes are just gross.  
Especially out in the cold. It  
like sticks to you and then you  
smell like a mixture of ash tray  
and an old man's used floss.

DAN

Used floss? Where do you come up  
with this shit.

LYNCH

Have you ever sniffed your floss?  
It's nasty.

Dan and Lynch both crack up at this, huge.

DAN

No, I have never- why would I ever  
sniff my floss? Why am I friends  
with you?

Parker blows more smoke out.

DAN (cont'd)

Gimme a drag.

He takes her cigarette from her.

PARKER

What time do you think we'll get back? I have about 2 weeks worth of chapters to read tonight.

LYNCH

Oh no. She broke the rule.

(to Parker)

Parker you just broke the first rule.

PARKER

What?

DAN

No worrying about the bullshit of real life. The whole point of this is to relax and have *fun*. Worry about school when you get home.

PARKER

But, I haven't read a-

The chair suddenly stops and lurches forward slightly. The sound of the chair lift cuts out.

A deep silence takes over quickly, like the type of silence that used to suddenly happen in school when you were taking a test and the radiator that you never even noticed was on would suddenly shut off.

Random SKIERS and BOARDERS in the surrounding chairs express their disgust for the delay.

Parker instinctively grabs Dan's hand.

DAN

It's alright.

LYNCH

Uh-oh! Is someone afraid of heights?

PARKER

No.

LYNCH

So it doesn't bother you when I do this?

Lynch rocks the chair back and forth.

Parker grabs hold of the safety bar.

PARKER  
Quit it!

Dan motions to Lynch to stop.

PARKER (cont'd)  
I'm not afraid of heights. I just  
don't like them.

DAN  
Baby, in the whole history of time,  
only one chair has ever fallen off  
of a lift.

PARKER  
Points for calling me "baby" but  
you just made that statistic up.

LYNCH  
Yeah, statistics don't work on  
smokers.

PARKER  
(nervous laughter)  
Oh, shut-up.

Lynch turns around and yells behind him.

LYNCH  
OK, WHAT ASSHOLE COULDN'T GET ON  
THE CHAIR RIGHT?

Laughter echoes from the chairs behind him.

He yells forward.

LYNCH (cont'd)  
COME ON, I PAID GOOD MONEY TO DO  
SOME SKIING!

DAN  
Actually, *I* paid good money.

LYNCH  
Yeah, but I'm gonna pay you back so  
it's like the same thing.

With a lurch, the chair starts moving forward again and the  
whirring sound of the cables above them start up again.

Applause is heard from all of the other chairs.

LYNCH (cont'd)  
 THAT'S WHAT I'M TALKING ABOUT!  
 WOO!

Dan lets go of Parker's hand and gives her a smile. She smiles back.

He playfully sticks his tongue out at her and she laughs as their chair moves forward exiting frame.

8 EXT. TOP OF THE CHAIR LIFT - LATER

8

The three begin to get situated with their boards and skis.

PARKER  
 Why do I have to wear a helmet?

DAN  
 Safety first.

PARKER  
 But you guys don't wear them.

She looks around.

PARKER (cont'd)  
 I only see little kids wearing them.

DAN  
 Cause they're still learning, too. Come on, I'm not gonna argue about this.

LYNCH  
 Even extreme boarders wear helmets. Nobody makes fun of them.

She begrudgingly puts on her helmet. She's not happy about it.

Dan and Lynch smile.

DAN / LYNCH  
 Awww.

PARKER  
 You're just doing this to make fun of me.

Dan's laughing.

DAN  
No, I'm not. I swear. You look  
hot in a helmet.

Off to the side, Lynch spots SHANNON (cute, brunette, 20's)  
struggling with her boot strap. She falls down on her ass.

Lynch nonchalantly maneuvers over to her side.

LYNCH  
Need some help?

SHANNON  
(laughing)  
Do you think?

Lynch puts out a hand to help her and pulls her up almost  
directly into his face.

Parker and Dan watch from afar as Lynch helps her with her  
boot strap.

He has one hand innocently on the back of her knee and he is  
fastening the strap with his other.

PARKER  
Aww, check out Lynch.

From their point of view, they watch Lynch helping the girl.

DAN  
See? *Chick magnet.*

Almost as if on cue, RYAN (an enormous dude, 20's) stomps  
over and shoves Lynch down into the snow.

RYAN  
What the hell?

Lynch tries to get up.

LYNCH  
Woah! Shit, man! I was just  
trying to help!

Instantly, Dan moves over to Lynch's aid. Parker follows  
slowly behind him. She's clearly not too good on her board.

SHANNON  
Ryan, what the hell?

RYAN  
He had his hands all over you!

SHANNON

No he didn't. I can take care of myself!

She shoves him back. Ryan just shakes his head at her and shoves off, away from the group. He waits for her down the hill a few feet.

Dan and Shannon help Lynch to his feet.

SHANNON (cont'd)

I am so sorry about that. He can be such an asshole sometimes.

LYNCH

I was seriously just trying to help. I mean, how could I even compete with a catch like that?

He waves to Ryan. Ryan just looks away.

SHANNON

(laughs)  
Are you OK?

LYNCH

Yeah, I'm fine.

SHANNON

Well, thank you for your help. I am so, so sorry about that.

(then)

I'm Shannon, by the way.

LYNCH

Joe.

RYAN

(calling to her)  
Shan!

Shannon rolls her eyes.

SHANNON

Well it was nice to meet you.

She takes off after Ryan.

LYNCH

(to his friends)  
I was like one second away from beating that guy's ass.

DAN  
I know you were, man. Come on.  
Don't sweat it.

LYNCH  
Seriously, that guy was such a  
dick.

PARKER  
Come on boys. We can talk about  
how tough you both are at the  
bottom.

Lynch starts down the hill.

DAN  
I'm tough.

PARKER  
I know you are.

They push off out of frame.

9

EXT. SKI TRAIL - LATER

9

Dan, Parker, and Lynch move down the mountain on their snow  
boards and skis.

Quick cuts of Dan helping Parker learn. Lynch impatiently  
waits.

Finally, Parker comes to a stop on her own next to Dan and he  
claps for her.

DAN  
Look at you! See? Having fun?

PARKER  
Are you kidding? We are *totally*  
doing this every weekend. In fact,  
if they were open during the week  
I'd say we should cut class, too.

Lynch suddenly flies over the hill and sprays both of them  
down with powder.

LYNCH  
Last one to the bottom is buying  
dinner!

He eats it mere seconds later and lands on his ass.

Parker and Dan take off laughing while Lynch feebly tries to get back on his feet.

10

INT. SKI LODGE - EARLY EVENING

10

Parker gets herself some hot chocolate in the distance while Dan and Lynch pick at what's left of a pizza on the table in front of them.

DAN

We gotta take a weekend trip up North one of these days. Hit up Killington or Okemo and really do it up right.

LYNCH

Why don't we just do it over Christmas. You and me.

DAN

Done. When I stayed with my cousin out West two years ago it was like the stuff you see in commercials. We had to take like 3 lifts to get to the top and it was powder as far as you could see.

LYNCH

Well, speaking of good skiing... it's been cool doing the bunny hill all day but do you think we could get one real run in before we leave tonight?

Dan feels bad.

DAN

Dude, you didn't have to stay with us. It's totally cool if you want to go off for a few.

Parker is now walking back to their table behind Lynch and is pretty much right on top of them.

LYNCH

No, it's fine. I'm just saying let's step it up a notch at some point. It's been cool watching Parker fall on her ass all day but I would like to actually ski at some point.

Parker feels horrible.

PARKER

You know, I've probably had enough for today anyway. I can just stay in the lodge if you guys want to go-

Now Lynch feels horrible.

LYNCH

-no, no, no that's not what I meant. I didn't mean it like that.

Parker looks to Dan.

PARKER

I told you I didn't have to come.

LYNCH

Parker, I didn't *not* want you to come.

Dan tries to help.

DAN

It was his idea that we invited you in the first place.

LYNCH

Exactly. Remember? I was like "Hey man, why doesn't Parker come with us?" And you were like-

DAN

-I was like, "OK that would be cool".

Parker isn't buying it. She puts on a smile.

PARKER

It's OK, you guys. The last thing a girl wants to do is intrude on "guy time". I won't be offended. I've got stuff I could do anyway.

(to Dan)

Actually, can I have the key? I should check my messages.

DAN  
No. No locker key. I can tell you right now that every message on there is going to be from your Mom giving you more aggravation about whatever the hell.

Parker laughs.

PARKER  
She does not.

Dan looks to Lynch.

DAN  
Ready for this? Two nights ago we were watching a movie and her Mom kept calling and calling.  
(to Parker)  
And what did she want?

Parker laughs.

DAN (cont'd)  
She wanted to know if we wanted to have chicken soup or vegetable soup with Christmas dinner. *Christmas dinner!* Four weeks away, and she had to now right then and there what kind of soup we'd prefer.

LYNCH  
What did you say? You said chicken.

DAN  
*Hell* yes, I said chicken, but that's not the point.  
(to Parker)  
The point is you can go a few more hours without hearing from *Annette*.

Parker looks to Lynch.

PARKER  
I'm sorry if I ruined skiing for you today.

LYNCH  
 You didn't! You didn't at all!  
 You missed the part before you  
 walked over here when I was all  
 like, "Dude, this has been so  
 cool...you know...doing..."

Parker and Dan are beaming at him. He knows he's beat.

LYNCH (cont'd)  
 (frustrated)  
 What?

11 EXT. FRONT OF LODGE - MOMENTS LATER, NIGHT

11

Parker, Dan, and Lynch come out of the lodge.

From their POV the chair lift is still moving but the line is empty.

They start to move to the empty lift line when...

SHANNON (O.C.)  
 Joe!

LYNCH  
 (to his friends)  
 Wait up.

Lynch walks over to Shannon while Dan and Parker move towards the lift line.

SHANNON  
 Hey. I just wanted to apologize  
 again.

LYNCH  
 Oh, no big deal. He's just lucky  
 he didn't make me mad. You know, I  
 just look half your boyfriend's  
 size.

SHANNON  
 Ex. He's my ex-boyfriend. We're,  
 you know, trying to still be  
 friends and everything but as you  
 can see, that's not really gonna  
 work.

LYNCH  
 (teasing)  
 No way.

SHANNON

A group of us all agreed to go skiing this weekend and well, whatever. It's a whole story and-

She looks over at Dan and Parker.

SHANNON (cont'd)

-I don't want to hold you up. But that was just really embarrassing. So I just wanted to say sorry.

(then)

Are you gonna be here next weekend?

LYNCH

Where, here? Yeah, probably, yes.

SHANNON

Cool. Well, my roommate and I come like every Sunday, so maybe I'll see you.

LYNCH

That would be...a nice time.

SHANNON

OK. See ya later.

She turns and starts walking away.

Lynch walks away. He gets a few steps and then turns back and jogs after Shannon again.

LYNCH

Actually, you know what? Would it be cool if I got your number or something? That way I'll...know how to catch up with you and stuff.

SHANNON

Yeah, sure.

Lynch pats his pockets.

LYNCH

Shit. Don't ski with my phone. It's in the locker with everyone else's stuff. Do you have a pen?

She laughs and shakes her head no.

SHANNON

Don't ski with a pen. Sorry.

LYNCH  
 Just shoot then. I've got a really  
 good memory. I've only smoked pot  
 like 500 times so I'm good.

Shannon gets serious.

SHANNON  
 You know it's a gateway drug right?

Joe is nervous.

SHANNON (cont'd)  
 Kidding.

LYNCH  
 Whew. You! That's so like you!

12 EXT. CHAIR LIFT LINE - MOMENTS LATER

12

Dan and Parker are in a heated debate with Jason the chair  
 lift operator.

He puts a red flag on the back of a chair that heads up the  
 mountain.

DAN  
 But we gave you a hundred bucks and  
 we've only gotten like 4 runs!

JASON  
 It's not my decision, man. They're  
 closing early.

DAN  
 You're only open three days a week.  
 You can't afford to close early.

JASON  
 Why don't you write a letter?

Lynch pushes himself up behind them.

LYNCH  
 (to Dan)  
 Remember "429".

DAN  
 What?

LYNCH  
 Just remember "429".  
 (to himself)  
 "5022". "5022." "5022."

PARKER  
 (to Jason)  
 Come on, just one more run.

JASON  
 Sorry.

DAN  
 Honestly, I'd slide you some more  
 money but we gave you everything we  
 have.

LYNCH  
 (to Jason)  
 Hey man, do you have a pen?

Jason ignores him.

JASON  
 It's not about the money. They  
 need to clear the mountain. We've  
 got weather coming in. *There's  
 nothing I can do.*

PARKER  
 What if we promise to run straight  
 down. Like the quickest run ever.

DAN  
 Wicked fast.

Jason struggles. He sighs and looks around. There are still  
 plenty of skiers coming down.

JASON  
 Fine. But hurry.

DAN  
 Thank you!

PARKER  
 Thank you so much!

DAN  
 We'll be wicked fast. Like the  
 wind!

Jason sends them up the lift. He checks to make sure no one  
 is watching.

13 EXT. CHAIR LIFT - MOMENTS LATER

13

Parker, Dan, and Lynch slowly move up the mountain yet again.

LYNCH

Seriously. For a hundred bucks you'd think he could cut us some slack.

DAN

I know right? They're supposed to stay open until 10 on Sundays. Whatever happened to night skiing?

LYNCH

Wachusett still has night skiing. We should have gone there. It's kinda like Ward Hill but not as lame.

(then)

Hey, you remember the numbers I told you?

DAN

"429".

PARKER

Good for you, Lynch. You got her number!

DAN

What did He-Man have to say about that?

LYNCH

That guy? Who cares? Steroids shrink your dick.

(then)

Wait, shit. What were my four numbers? "5022". Parker, will you remember "5022"?

PARKER

Nope.

14 EXT. CHAIR LIFT LINE - CONTINUOUS

14

Jason reaches for his cigarettes. He's all out.

Disappointed he tosses the empty pack in the trash.

A fellow employee (RIFKIN) approaches.

RIFKIN  
Early night, huh?

JASON  
You're not gonna hear me complain.

RIFKIN  
Pendergraft wants you to stop by  
the office. Something about next  
weekend's schedule.

JASON  
I'm not working next weekend.

Rifkin gives him a look. "That's what you thought."

JASON (cont'd)  
Oh, come on. It's my brother's  
bachelor party. I put in for it  
two months ago.

RIFKIN  
Go talk to the boss. He's getting  
ready to leave.

JASON  
I'm the best man!  
(under his breath)  
Shit.

Rifkin takes his place.

RIFKIN  
Ready to shut down?

As Jason runs away he turns back.

JASON  
There's three more on their way  
down. Wait for them, then it's all  
set.

15 EXT. CHAIR LIFT - CONTINUOUS

15

The three continue to talk.

PARKER  
I'm not waiting til we get back to  
campus to eat. I'm starving.

DAN  
Why didn't you have some pizza?

PARKER  
You mean the cardboard with tomato sauce that you guys ate? That wasn't pizza. That was like, 'roller skating rink birthday party pizza'.

LYNCH  
There's a Papa Gino's on our way back. It's like 15 minutes down the road from the mountain.

PARKER  
Sweet. I am gonna eat a whole real pizza myself.

Dan spies something.

DAN  
Check it out!

They look down to see THREE SKIERS hit a huge jump, one after the other.

DAN (cont'd)  
We are so hitting that jump.

LYNCH  
Last run. Gotta make it count.

The wind blows the chair really hard.

Parker holds on.

PARKER  
Jesus!

The guys just laugh.

DAN  
It's just wind, Parker.

LYNCH  
Don't you mean, "baby"?

Parker starts laughing.

DAN  
(to Lynch)  
Who invited you?

16 EXT. CHAIR LIFT LINE - MOMENTS LATER

16

Rifkin warms his hands with his breath. The temperature is dropping fast.

He checks his watch, dancing back and forth.

HEYMAN (another employee) runs by him on his way to the lodge.

RIFKIN

Heyman! HEY, HEYMAN! Do me a solid?

Heyman looks back him. His face already says "no."

RIFKIN (cont'd)

I've gotta piss so bad I can taste it. Can you just take over for 2 minutes?

Heyman points to his ears as if he can't hear what Rifkin is saying to him. He keeps running.

RIFKIN (cont'd)

Asshole.

17 EXT. CHAIR LIFT - CONTINUOUS

17

A low, distant thunder roll echoes far away.

PARKER

Shit. Do you hear that?

DAN

It's the mountains. It snows every night. Relax.

The chair moves on in silence for a few moments.

PARKER

Seriously. I'm gonna eat a whole pizza.

(a few beats)

I'm not even kidding.

18 EXT. CHAIR LIFT LINE - MOMENTS LATER

18

Rifkin kicks his feet around. He spies Jason's discarded cigarette box on the top of the trash and he inspects it for any left over cigarettes.

Nothing.

He sighs.

Just then, the three skiers that we saw taking the jump a few minutes earlier come flying down the mountain and past him.

A voice from the top lift cuts through the radio.

VOICE (O.S.)  
Last chair is through.

Rifkin picks up the radio and calls the top of the mountain.

RIFKIN  
Cool. Last three just hit. I'm clear.

VOICE (O.C.)  
Clear up here.

He hangs up and moves over to the lever.

Tight on the lever as he pulls it back towards him.

19 EXT. CHAIR LIFT - CONTINUOUS

19

The chair lurches to a stop. Once again, the comforting white noise of the motorized cables goes away, leaving them in silence.

The wind blows hard against them.

DAN  
Oh, come on.

Parker instinctively grabs his hand.

The cold bites through their layers of clothing.

PARKER  
Bur!

LYNCH  
 (yelling to the sky)  
 IT'S FRIGGIN COLD UP HERE! NO TIME  
 FOR THIS CRAP! THANK YOU!

They sit and wait in silence for a few seconds.

PARKER  
 It's gonna start again, right?

DAN  
 (quickly)  
 Yes.  
 (then)  
 Anyone got any jokes?

LYNCH  
 What did the fourteen year old girl  
 from New Hampshire say to her  
 father when she lost her virginity?

DAN  
 "Get off me, you're crushing my  
 Marlboros".

Beat.

LYNCH  
 I told you that?

CUT TO:

20 EXT. MOUNT HOLLISTON - MOMENTS LATER 20

From this distance the mountain looks like a giant night-  
 light of converging white strings.

Even in this darkness, the menacing clouds are visible over  
 the trees.

CUT TO:

21 EXT. CHAIR LIFT - CONTINUOUS 21

The three sit in the freezing chair. Lynch is really getting  
 impatient.

DAN  
 What do you think the worst way to  
 die would be?

PARKER  
That's not morbid.

LYNCH  
Yeah, seriously. That's kinda  
spooky, Dan.

DAN  
I think getting eaten by a shark  
would be the worst way to go.  
(beat)  
Not if it was like one of those  
surfers where they get hit from  
behind and they don't even know  
what happened.  
(beat)  
You know. Cause it like came up  
from beneath them.  
(beat)  
Like on the Jaws poster.

LYNCH  
The chick on the Jaws poster was  
hot.

PARKER  
She was?

LYNCH  
I don't know. She was naked.  
Naked chicks are hot.

DAN  
But if you actually like saw the  
fin coming for you in the water.  
That would be worse than actually  
getting eaten. Knowing that this  
animal is coming for you but you  
can't get away. And that it's  
going to eat you. Like you're  
gonna get eaten alive? Have you  
guys ever seen that footage of the  
great white jumping out of the  
water to eat that seal?

LYNCH  
That's why I only swim in pools.

PARKER  
I think burning to death would be  
the worst.

LYNCH

Well yes and no. Because most people die of the smoke inhalation before any fire even hits them.

PARKER

I remember watching TV for like 3 days straight after 9/11. That footage that they kept showing of all of those people leaping off of the top of the Trade Center? Can you imagine how bad it was inside to know that jumping was a better way out?

LYNCH

But they say that when you jump from that high up your heart stops before you hit the ground and you don't even feel it.

PARKER

OK, then Lynch. What *is* the worst way to die?

LYNCH

(defensive)

What?

PARKER

No, you have an answer for everything. What's your biggest fear?

Lynch has been waiting for this.

LYNCH

Easy. The Sarlaac pit.

PARKER

The what?

LYNCH

The Sarlaac pit. From Return of the Jedi? Hel-lo...being slowly digested over 1,000 years? Worst. Death. Ever.

DAN

(teasing)

*"I don't know why I never have a girlfriend, you guys!"*

LYNCH

Shut-up.

The wind starts blowing again and Parker nestles close to Dan.

PARKER

Why hasn't it started again?

DAN

Give it a minute.

LYNCH

This is nothing man. At Stowe last year, me and Solet were stranded for like 25 minutes. This big chick fell getting off up top and twisted her leg. It was like- "move her to the side and keep the line going people". But no. They had to stop and celebrate it right there and we all had to-

**BOOM.** The lights go out.

A21 EXT. MOUNT HOLLISTON - CONTINUOUS A21

Across the mountain all of the trail lights go out, one by one.

B21 EXT. CHAIR LIFT - CONTINUOUS B21

They sit in darkness.

At first no one can speak.

Dan reacts first.

DAN

(yelling)

WHAT THE FUCK??! HELLO???!!!!!

LYNCH

Come on now! This is messed up.

PARKER

HEY! TURN THE LIGHTS BACK ON!

HELLO!!!!

Dan tries to laugh in frustration.

DAN  
Are they fucking kidding?

LYNCH  
I kind of just shat in my pants a  
bit, I'm not gonna lie.

DAN  
HE-LLO!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!????

Parker is starting to shake.

PARKER  
(quietly)  
No one knows we're up here. They  
forgot that we're up here.

DAN  
No they didn't. They couldn't  
have. I'm sure they have a system  
or something. There's probably  
security cameras on us right now.

He starts waving around his hands.

DAN (cont'd)  
HEY ASSHOLES?! START THE CHAIR!!!  
WE'RE FREEZING UP HERE!!!

PARKER  
What if they don't start it again?  
What if everyone went home?

DAN  
(angered out of panic)  
Will you stop?!  
(recovering)  
They didn't go home. Stop freaking  
me out.  
(then)  
Remind me to knock down that  
fucking lift operator when we get  
down. This is horse shit.

LYNCH  
What did you say to the guy?

DAN  
Me? Nothing!

LYNCH  
Well, clearly you pissed him off  
enough to do this.

DAN  
I didn't do anything! He knows  
we're still up here.

PARKER  
Then why are the lights off, Dan?  
Is that part of their policy? Shut  
off the lights and scare the  
customers?

DAN  
They just lost power or something.  
I'm sure it's gonna come back on  
any second.  
(then)  
They didn't go home. That's  
retarded.

After a few more moments.

LYNCH  
This is so messed up.

DAN  
It's a power outage. They'll come  
up with a ladder if they have to.

Parker is starting to whimper. In a few more seconds she may  
even be teetering on full-on panic.

PARKER  
We need to get down from here. We  
can't just sit up here. Why isn't  
the goddamn chair moving, Dan?  
What the hell?!

DAN  
Well you being all psycho about it  
isn't gonna make it move. Just  
chill out.

Another few beats.

PARKER  
Don't yell at me.

DAN  
I wasn't yelling at you but you  
need to relax. This stuff happens  
all the time. Can you imagine the  
law suit if they left everyone on  
this lift up here all night?

LYNCH  
Free lift tickets.

PARKER  
*What* other people on the lift?  
There was no one in front of us.

She made a good point. But still...

DAN  
We won't be stuck here all night.

PARKER  
No. You're right. We won't be  
here all night. It's Sunday.  
(she starts crying)  
Its fucking Sunday and they aren't  
open again until Friday.  
(sobbing)  
We'll be stuck here all week.

Silence as Dan and Lynch take this in.

PARKER (cont'd)  
We're gonna die up here.

Lynch tries to be the voice of reason.

LYNCH  
We're not going to be stuck here.  
Parker. Parker, look at me. Even  
if by some strange reason they  
really *did* forget us up here- we  
can jump. I see people jump off of  
chair lifts all the time.

DAN  
It's true. I've done it before.  
You just get tired of waiting, you  
wait for a spot with some serious  
powder and you just jump. It's  
actually kind of fun, but they can  
ban you from the mountain for it.

Looking below them, it is way too far a drop to be jumping  
off of the chair.

PARKER  
(hysterical)  
-HELP!!! SOMEBODY PLEASE HELP  
US!!!! HEL-LO!!! HELP!!!!!!

She cries into Dan's shoulder.

DAN

Shh. I know you're scared. I'm scared, too. But any minute now they're gonna turn the power back on and we're all gonna be laughing about this.

More moments pass in silence as they survey their situation.  
Finally...

PARKER

I have to pee.

They all share an uncomfortable laugh.

PARKER (cont'd)

I have to pee wicked bad.

LYNCH

That makes two of us.

PARKER

Ew, Lynch if you pull out your junk in front of me I'm gonna puke.

LYNCH

Well, what do you want me to do? I gotta go.

PARKER

How am I supposed to go?

Dan moves the safety bar a little.

DAN

Well if we just lift the bar up you could probably just bend over if we hold on to you.

Parker instantly starts freaking out with the bar up.

PARKER

Are you crazy! Put the bar down!!!

LYNCH

It's just the safety bar. It doesn't really do anything anyway.

PARKER

Well I like the safety bar and I like it down where it's supposed to be.

DAN  
Then how are you going to piss?

PARKER  
I can hold it.

LYNCH  
For a whole week?

Dan and Parker glare at him.

LYNCH (cont'd)  
Sorry.  
(then)  
She's the one who said we'd be here  
for "a week"!

Parker takes a deep breath.

PARKER  
I can hold it.

DAN  
I'm telling you, five minutes from  
now we'll all be laughing.

LYNCH  
I'm pissing.

Lynch lifts the safety bar up, whips out his business and starts to pee off the side of the chair into the snow below them.

DAN  
I hope they catch you and throw you  
out. I hope they ban you from the  
mountain. That's so nasty.

LYNCH  
Ban me from the mountain? You  
couldn't pay me to come back here.  
Make me sit up here in below zero  
weather forever while they get  
their damn Fisher Price lift  
working? Sorry. Not coming back.

Lynch finishes his business.

LYNCH (cont'd)  
There. Much better.

A low thunder clap rolls in across the trees and the chilling  
wind picks up.

DAN / PARKER / LYNCH  
 HELP! / HEL-LO! / UP HERE!

They continue to scream their heads off for a few moments until freezing sleet starts falling all around them, soaking them through to the bone.

Almost instantly, giant balls of hail stream down at them. "Ping-ing" off of the metal chair and pelting their faces.

The wind blows hard as their flimsy chair swings back and forth in the foul weather.

Parker sobs quietly into Dan's shoulder.

LYNCH  
 SOMEBODY GET US DOWN FROM HERE!  
 HELP!

DAN  
 (quietly)  
 Put the safety bar down, Joe.

LYNCH  
 SOMEBODY PLEASE HELP US!

DAN  
 (louder)  
 Put the bar down.

LYNCH  
 SOMEONE-

DAN  
 PUT THE BAR DOWN!

Lynch pulls the bar down and sulks, looking away from Dan.

The hail/sleet mixture keeps pelting against their skin as they sit together in silence.

Another loud thunder clap hits. This time, much closer.

CUT TO:

22 EXT. MOUNT HOLLISTON - MOMENTS LATER

22

The sleet begins to ice over the leaves and vegetation below.

Ski tracks fill in with the wet rain.

CUT TO:

23 EXT. MOUNT HOLLISTON - MOMENTS LATER, WIDER 23

The entire mountain is covered in dark clouds.

CUT TO:

24 EXT. CHAIR LIFT - MOMENTS LATER 24

The three stranded kids huddle together for warmth as the hail pours down around them in sheets.

Suddenly, a beam of light begins to shine up at them.

Dan's head snaps up.

CUT TO:

25 EXT. MOUNT HOLLISTON - CONTINUOUS 25

A Snow Cat slowly makes it's way down the hill towards the bottom. It's headlights shine across the trees in front of it.

CUT TO:

26 EXT. CHAIR LIFT - CONTINUOUS 26

Dan begins to cheer.

DAN

What did I tell you guys, huh? WOO-  
HOO! UP HERE!

PARKER

Oh, thank God.

CUT TO:

27 EXT. MOUNT HOLLISTON - CONTINUOUS 27

The Snow Cat is now really close. It is literally coming right for them.

CUT TO:

28 EXT. CHAIR LIFT - CONTINUOUS 28

Dan and Parker wave their hands in the rain.

PARKER  
UP HERE!

DAN  
HELLO!

CUT TO:

29 EXT. BELOW THE CHAIR - CONTINUOUS 29

The Snow Cat continues on right underneath them. It doesn't look like it's going to stop.

CUT TO:

30 EXT. CHAIR LIFT - CONTINUOUS 30

Panic sets in yet again.

PARKER  
Why isn't he stopping?

LYNCH  
HEY! WHAT THE HELL?!!

CUT TO:

31 INT. SNOW CAT - CONTINUOUS 31

STEVE (the driver) concentrates on the path. The roar of his engine is almost deafening.

His radio chimes in.

VOICE (O.C.)  
Steve.

Steve picks up his radio.

STEVE  
Go for Steve.

VOICE (O.S.)  
We got a problem here.

CUT TO:

32 EXT. CHAIR LIFT - CONTINUOUS 32

Below them, the Snow Cat slows down to a halt.  
The three kids cheer.

DAN / PARKER / LYNCH  
THANK YOU! / WOO! / YES!!

CUT TO:

33 INT. SNOW CAT - CONTINUOUS 33

Steve listens.

VOICE (O.C.)  
It's nothing but ice at the bottom  
of Wildcat so you're gonna have to  
cut over to the south hill and come  
around the side.

STEVE  
That's gonna take me 20 minutes!

VOICE (O.C.)  
Sorry brother, but it's a frozen  
swimming pool down here.

STEVE  
10-4.

He puts the Snow Cat in gear and begins to back up.

CUT TO:

34 EXT. CHAIR LIFT - CONTINUOUS 34

Below them, they see the Snow Cat start to back up and turn  
to the right.

LYNCH  
What is this asshole doing?

The Snow Cat switches back into drive.

PARKER

No! No!

Quickly Dan and Lynch start to ball together the slush on the sides of the chair.

They throw them at the Snow Cat, but keep missing by a few inches.

Desperately, Lynch throws his goggles at the Snow Cat.

They land just shy of the driver's side window.

Parker takes off her helmet and throws it down.

CUT TO:

35 INT. SNOW CAT - CONTINUOUS

35

Steve turns the headlights in the opposite direction, just missing the helmet falling past his windshield.

*Though we can briefly see the light shine off of the three kids, unless you knew they were there or were looking for them...you would have missed them, too.*

As the windshield turns the other way, one of Lynch's skis slams into the ground, just out of the headlight's view.

CUT TO:

36 EXT. CHAIR LIFT - CONTINUOUS

36

The Snow Cat drives away.

Lynch throws one of his ski poles but doesn't even come close.

Parker sobs hysterically.

PARKER

NOOOO!!!!!!

HARD CUT TO:

37 EXT. MOUNT HOLLISTON - LATER

37

It has stopped hailing.

The moon shines down on the mountain. It glistens like a block of ice.

Silence.

CUT TO:

38

EXT. CHAIR LIFT - CONTINUOUS

38

The three shiver uncontrollably.

Finally.

PARKER  
My face is burning.

DAN  
The power is coming back on soon.

PARKER  
No it isn't.

DAN  
It has to.

The wind makes eerie sounds as it whistles through the frozen trees.

DAN (cont'd)  
Anyone know what time it is? I don't wear a watch.

LYNCH  
Me neither. I use my phone. Hold on, let me just run back to the locker real quick and I'll find out.

No one laughs at his attempt at "humor".

LYNCH (cont'd)  
OK, top 3 breakfast cereals of all time. Go.

Silence.

LYNCH (cont'd)  
I'll go first.

PARKER  
Stop.

LYNCH  
Crunch Berries...

PARKER  
Please, stop.

LYNCH  
Apple Jacks...

DAN  
Dude, quit it.

LYNCH  
...and I'm gonna go out on a limb  
and say Lucky Charms pre-purple  
horseshoes.

Silence.

LYNCH (cont'd)  
There's just something weird about  
eating purple horseshoes, am I  
right?

Silence.

PARKER  
Everyone went home. They left us  
up here.

More silence.

LYNCH  
Top 3 celebrities you'd do.  
(then)  
Me first again? Fine...

DAN  
Someone has to jump.

They steal glances at each other. They are soaked through.  
Parker's hair is frozen.

DAN (cont'd)  
We can't just sit up here until  
next weekend. We'll die.

No one acknowledges him.

He sighs and closes his eyes.

Parker starts to cry. Neither of the guys even try to  
console her.

Finally, Dan puts an arm around her.

DAN (cont'd)  
Shhh. It's OK.

LYNCH  
SOMEBODY HELP US!!

His voice is getting hoarse.

PARKER  
(aside to Dan)  
I don't want to die up here.

DAN  
(aside to Parker)  
You're not gonna die, baby. I  
won't let you die. OK? I promise  
I won't let you die.

Parker cries.

PARKER  
(aside to Dan)  
I'm so scared.

DAN  
(aside to Parker)  
It's alright. It's alright.

Snow starts to lightly fall around them.

DAN (cont'd)  
Hey. It's snowing.

They shiver together.

LYNCH  
Great.  
(then)  
Best Christmas present you ever  
got? Go.

Parker chimes in first this time.

PARKER  
Shayna. My puppy.

DAN  
Disneyworld in 8th grade.

LYNCH  
Hmm...guess that leaves me. I'm gonna go with...oh yeah...*these skis!* Get it? MY SKIS. How ironic, huh?

Silence.

Parker takes off her glove to light a cigarette.

As she struggles with the lighter, the glove falls out of her lap and lands on the ground below them.

PARKER  
Shit!

LYNCH  
See? That's where smoking gets you.

PARKER  
Shut-up.

She keeps struggling with the lighter but eventually gives up. She throws the cigarette away and puts her exposed hand back in her pocket.

The snow falls around them.

Dan pushes the safety bar up.

PARKER (cont'd)  
-what, what are you doing?

DAN  
I'm jumping. I'm gonna get help.

LYNCH  
Dan...woah. Let's talk about this.

PARKER  
No. No, don't leave me up here.

Dan takes her face in his hands. Tenderly. And probably for the first time...correctly.

DAN  
Parker, I can do this. Even if I get hurt, as long as I can get to the bottom I...your skin is so red. You're getting frost bite.

LYNCH

You can't get frost bite that fast.  
It's only been- what, like...how  
long has it been? A few hours,  
tops?

Dan inspects Parker's face. It's tough to see in the dark,  
but the tip of her nose and her right cheek (the side facing  
into the wind) is discoloring.

PARKER

(quietly)  
Don't leave me.

DAN

I'll get help. Lynch is here.  
He'll be with you.

Lynch is looking down below them. It's far.

LYNCH

Dan, it's a far drop. I don't  
know.

DAN

(heated)  
Do you have a better idea? I'm  
telling you, I've totally jumped  
off of a lift before.

LYNCH

If we can wait 'til morning I bet  
someone will come up here. Like a  
snow groomer or some shit.

DAN

Really? And why would they come  
groom the snow on a day when they  
aren't open, Joe? A day when they  
still have a *full work week* before  
they open again?

Lynch says nothing.

DAN (cont'd)

I can do this.

He positions himself to try and jump off. Parker grabs his  
arm.

PARKER

No, no, no. Please don't jump down  
there, Dan. You'll get hurt.

LYNCH  
How are you going to find your way  
in the dark?

DAN  
I'll stick to the trail. I'll ride  
to the bottom.  
(then)  
You don't get a fresher run than  
this, right?

Dan drops his snowboard down.

It lands sticking up straight in the snow.

DAN (cont'd)  
OK.

Parker and Lynch look back at him. They don't know what to  
say.

Lynch tries to grab on to Dan's arm.

LYNCH  
Walker, no.

Dan shrugs free. He is determined. Concentrating.

DAN  
One.

Parker's tears are freezing on her cheeks as the seconds tick  
by.

DAN (cont'd)  
...Two.

Lynch takes a deep breath. When enough time has elapsed to  
think Dan's gonna jump, he suddenly looks up at Lynch instead  
of jumping.

DAN (cont'd)  
Remember when I was saying how I  
jumped off one of these things  
before?

Lynch stares back at him.

DAN (cont'd)  
I totally lied. I'm scared  
shitless right now.

Lynch musters a laugh. It's forced, but it's a laugh.

Dan laughs back at him. He turns to face Parker. She tries to smile but is frozen with fear.

Dan whispers to her...

DAN (cont'd)  
(whispered)  
*You're gonna be OK, baby.*

...and he is gone.

From his point of view (the camera pointed down at his feet) we drop (without cutting) from the chair all the way to the frozen ground below.

CUT TO:

39 EXT. BELOW THE CHAIR - CONTINUOUS 39

**CRACK!** Both of Dan's legs shatter from the impact. Viscera protrudes out of his snow pants as his leg bones shoot out the top of his knees.

DAN  
AHHH!! OH MY GOD! AHFFFH!!!!

CUT TO:

40 EXT. CHAIR LIFT - CONTINUOUS 40

Parker calls down to him.

PARKER  
DAN! DANNY? Oh my god!

Dan's cries turn to quiet breaths below them. It is tough for Parker and Lynch to make out what exactly is happening.

LYNCH  
Dan, say something. Are you alright?

More quiet breaths from below.

Finally...

DAN (O.C.)  
My legs. I broke my fucking legs.

LYNCH  
Oh, shit.

PARKER  
 Can you move? Dan?  
 (she starts to panic)  
 Hold on. Hold on, baby.

Lynch stops her.

LYNCH  
 What are you doing?

PARKER  
 I gotta...I have to get to him.

LYNCH  
 You'll just get hurt, too. Stop.  
 Calm down.

PARKER  
 Calm down?!  
 (to Dan)  
 Talk to me, Danny!

CUT TO:

41 EXT. BELOW THE CHAIR - CONTINUOUS

41

Dan struggles.

DAN  
 Stay there. Don't get off the  
 chair.

PARKER (O.C.)  
 How bad is it?

Dan can see that his legs are shattered and that he is  
 bleeding. Bone protrudes from his bloody ski pants.

DAN  
 It's bad. It's really fucking bad.  
 (starting to cry)  
 SOMEONE HELP US! PLEASE!

CUT TO:

42 EXT. MOUNT HOLLISTON - CONTINUOUS

42

Dan's screams can barely be heard from this distance. The  
 blanket of snow muffles all sounds of life on the mountain.

CUT TO:

43 EXT. CHAIR LIFT - CONTINUOUS 43

Parker sobs into Lynch's shoulder.

LYNCH  
OK. Alright. You gotta stay  
strong for me, Parker. Can you do  
that?

He looks every which way, trying to come up with a solution.

LYNCH (cont'd)  
If we go to pieces we're never  
gonna get through this, OK?

PARKER  
What are we gonna do? We're gonna  
die up here.

LYNCH  
(to Dan below)  
Buddy, can you move at all?

CUT TO:

44 EXT. BELOW THE CHAIR - CONTINUOUS 44

DAN  
I can't even stand up.

CUT TO:

45 EXT. CHAIR LIFT - CONTINUOUS 45

LYNCH  
You can't, like...I don't know,  
slide down the hill or something?

CUT TO:

46 EXT. BELOW THE CHAIR - CONTINUOUS 46

DAN  
My legs are shattered, asshole!  
I'm bleeding to death- NO, I CAN'T  
SLIDE DOWN THE FUCKING MOUNTAIN!

LYNCH (O.C.)  
Alright, alright. Um...?

DAN  
...so much blood.

CUT TO:

47 EXT. CHAIR LIFT - CONTINUOUS

47

PARKER  
(to Dan below)  
Can you stop the bleeding?

DAN (O.C.)  
With what?

PARKER  
Here...

She takes off her scarf and tosses it below.

It blows away into the trees. It doesn't even make it halfway.

PARKER (cont'd)  
SHIT!

Lynch removes his scarf and balls it up.

LYNCH  
Here you go, Dan. I'm throwing mine down.

DAN (O.C.)  
I can't see.

LYNCH  
Just feel for it, OK? Here it comes...

He drops the balled up scarf.

CUT TO:

48 EXT. BELOW THE CHAIR - CONTINUOUS

48

The scarf lands right next to Dan.

DAN  
What do I do with this?

LYNCH (O.C.)  
Tie it over your leg. Tie it off  
above wherever it's bleeding. Like  
a tourniquet thing.

Dan fumbles with the scarf and ties it just above his right  
knee as tight as he can.

DAN  
I'm so cold.

CUT TO:

49 EXT. CHAIR LIFT - CONTINUOUS

49

Parker starts to take off her coat.

PARKER  
Here, take my coat.

DAN (O.C.)  
No! Don't you take off your coat!  
You need it!

PARKER  
No, I'll be OK. I can huddle next  
to Lynch. Please-

CUT TO:

50 EXT. BELOW THE CHAIR - CONTINUOUS

50

DAN  
-Parker, keep your coat on.

Dan takes off his snowboarding gloves and ties the elastic  
strings together. His fingers are so numb that it takes  
several tries.

Once tied, he tries to stretch the gloves around his left  
knee, but it is useless.

DAN (cont'd)  
Shit!

LYNCH (O.C.)  
Dan, buddy. You gotta let us throw  
something down so you can stop the  
bleeding.

DAN  
I...I've got it.

PARKER  
Are you sure.

Dan's left leg is definitely still bleeding.

DAN  
Yup.

Thunder shakes the mountain side.

Moments pass with only their breathing.

LYNCH (O.C.)  
Are you sure you can't try and get  
down the hill, buddy?

Dan falls onto his back, panting from the pain. He struggles to flip himself over, but it hurts too much.

DAN  
No, man. I can't move. I can't  
move.

CUT TO:

51 EXT. CHAIR LIFT - CONTINUOUS

51

Lynch holds his head.

LYNCH  
Alright. Hold on.

Once again, Lynch starts looking all around. Above, below.

LYNCH (cont'd)  
Maybe...if I could climb up to the  
lift cable? Maybe I could like,  
scale across to the other chairs  
until I find one that isn't quite  
so high up from the ground?

PARKER  
You think you can pull yourself  
across that many chairs?

Lynch looks back at her.

LYNCH  
I can't even do a pull-up.

DAN (O.C.)  
You never even tried to do a pull  
up you asshole. You had your Mom  
write you a note to get out of  
climbing the rope in gym cause  
you're a pussy.

LYNCH  
There was no reason to embarrass  
myself. I knew I couldn't do it.

DAN (O.C.)  
You can too. Remember Jenny Bluth?  
She fucking did it. You can do it.

LYNCH  
Even if I made it across to the  
next chair...how many more would it  
take before I found one closer to  
the ground?

DAN (O.C.)  
Every lift pole has an emergency  
ladder on it.

They look forwards and backwards.

The chair behind them is not near the pole.

*But the one behind that one is.*

LYNCH  
OK. The chair that's two back.  
Does it look like it's near the  
pole?

PARKER  
I don't know. I can't see.

LYNCH  
Shit, that's far.

He and Parker just stare at it.

LYNCH (cont'd)  
Just. Just give me a second.

He starts taking deep breaths. Trying to psyche himself up.

PARKER  
What if you fall, too?

LYNCH

Parker...if we just sit here, we're gonna freeze to death.

PARKER

Maybe...maybe in the morning someone else will come up here. Maybe, they'll need to do maintenance on the lift or something, you know?

DAN (O.C.)

What's going on up there? You guys?

PARKER

We're right here, baby.

LYNCH

Yeah, man. We didn't go anywhere. I think...I think I'm gonna try and climb back to the pole. If the chair is close enough, maybe... maybe I can jump to it.

CUT TO:

52 EXT. BELOW THE CHAIR - CONTINUOUS 52

Dan is in agony.

DAN

Do it. Please do it now.

CUT TO:

53 EXT. CHAIR LIFT - CONTINUOUS 53

PARKER

Just hang in there, Dan. It's gonna be OK.

Lynch starts to maneuver himself in the chair. Slowly he pushes himself up so that he is sitting on the chair back and holding onto the connecting post.

The chair swings back and forth in the wind.

Above him it is a solid 5 feet before the chair arm connects to the wire.

LYNCH

It's funny. But I was never afraid of heights, until like...right now.

PARKER

What can I do to help?

LYNCH

Just hold on to my legs. You can't really stop me from falling...but it's, you know...psychological or something you know?

Parker maneuvers herself to hold Joe's legs..

Joe tries to move into a standing position, but panics.

LYNCH (cont'd)

OK...OK...just give me a second.

PARKER

I think we should wait til morning. We can make it a few more hours.

LYNCH

(quietly)

Us? Maybe.

(then)

But not *him*.

The gravity of this settles in.

As Lynch gets ready to try and stand again...we hear something in the surrounds.

They freeze.

Again, a sort of "moan" rings in the distance.

PARKER

Baby, is that you?

DAN (O.C.)

What?

LYNCH

Shh!

They listen again.

CUT TO:

54 EXT. BELOW THE CHAIR - CONTINUOUS 54

This time, clear as day...a WOLF HOWL.

DAN  
Oh, motherfucker.

CUT TO:

55 EXT. CHAIR LIFT - CONTINUOUS 55

Lynch tries to control the panic.

LYNCH  
It's alright man. It's just a coyote or something. They're scared of people. It probably won't even come anywhere near us, OK?

DAN (O.C.)  
That sounded like a fucking wolf.

LYNCH  
Just relax. When's the last time you heard of a wolf attack in New England?

CUT TO:

56 EXT. BELOW THE CHAIR - CONTINUOUS 56

Even in the pale moonlight, it is easy to see how white Dan is becoming.

DAN  
I read about one on-line somewhere last year. Fuck. Fuck. Fuck.

CUT TO:

57 EXT. CHAIR LIFT - CONTINUOUS 57

LYNCH  
Wolves around here are pussies. They aren't even that big.

They stop and listen...but there is only the sound of the rain.

PARKER  
It could be worse, right?

DAN (O.C.)  
How the hell...could this be worse?

Long pause...

PARKER  
It could be the Sarlacc Pit.

They can't believe it...but Dan and Lynch both actually laugh. It's uncomfortable and forced as hell. But it's a laugh.

LYNCH  
Parker- coming through with the tension breaker, look out!  
(to Dan)  
She's alright, Walker. Your girl is alright.

He focuses on the task at hand again.

LYNCH (cont'd)  
OK...here we go.

Slowly he pushes up on the back of the chair again. With one hand on Parker's shoulder and another on the back post of the chair, Lynch gets to his feet. Looking down at the drop, he instantly crouches down again.

LYNCH (cont'd)  
Holy shit, is that high up.

PARKER  
What can I do?

LYNCH  
Nothing. Just be quiet.

He psyches himself up again and starts to rise up.

DAN (O.C.)  
You can do this, Lynch. You've got it.

LYNCH  
Please stop talking.

He puts one foot up on the top of the chair back...but it slips off to the side.

LYNCH (cont'd)  
Woa-! The whole back of this thing  
is ice.

Together, he and Parker start hitting the chair back.

CUT TO:

58 EXT. BELOW THE CHAIR - CONTINUOUS

58

Shards of ice fall down around Dan. He covers his head for protection.

LYNCH (O.C.)  
Hold on, down there. I think once  
I can stand on the back- I should  
be able to reach the top.

More chunks of ice shower down around Dan.

Finally the falling ice subsides.

Dan takes his gloves away from his face...only to freeze in horror.

Not even 10 feet away, stands a WOLF.

Silently the wolf watches him from the bushes. Lightly growling.

DAN  
(quietly at first)  
You guys.

The wolf gives a low growl.

DAN (cont'd)  
(really loud)  
YOU GUYS!

CUT TO:

59 EXT. CHAIR LIFT - CONTINUOUS

59

PARKER  
What? What's wrong?

DAN (O.C.)  
There's a wolf down here.

Lynch and Parker look down. From their POV they can see that the wolf is standing right next to Dan, watching him. No fear.

PARKER  
(gasps)  
Oh shit!

CUT TO:

60 EXT. BELOW THE CHAIR - CONTINUOUS

60

Dan doesn't take his eyes off of the wolf. He is shaking in fear.

DAN  
What the hell do I do?

The wolf sniffs at the air and then growls again, this time baring it's teeth. It smells the blood.

DAN (cont'd)  
WHAT THE FUCK DO I DO??!

The tension builds in the stand-off.

Neither the wolf or Dan look away. When...

**SLAM!** Lynch's other ski lands between the two of them.

PARKER (O.C.)  
(screaming)  
GET AWAY FROM HIM!!!

The wolf steps back and snarls.

**THWOCK!** Parker's snowboard comes down and skids away into the trees, pushing the wolf further back.

The wolf darts back into the bushes. Though it can no longer be seen, we can hear it moving away through the brush and back into the darkness.

Growls come from the surrounding bushes as the wolf angrily retreats.

CUT TO:

61 EXT. CHAIR LIFT - CONTINUOUS

61

LYNCH  
Are you alright man?

DAN (O.C.)  
Yeah. I'm alive.

Lynch slides his remaining pole in between the bars on the chair back and rests it there.

LYNCH  
See? What did I tell you? They're more scared of you than you are of them.

DAN (O.C.)  
I don't know. I'm pretty scared, I gotta be honest.

LYNCH  
It's just a dog. That's all it is. He won't be back.

PARKER  
Are you keeping warm down there?

CUT TO:

62 EXT. BELOW THE CHAIR - CONTINUOUS

62

DAN  
As warm as I can.  
(then)  
I can't feel my legs anymore. Is that bad? I mean, it doesn't hurt as much...but that's bad right?

CUT TO:

63 EXT. CHAIR LIFT - CONTINUOUS

63

LYNCH  
No, no. You'll be alright.  
(quietly to Parker)  
That's probably really bad. I gotta move, so I need you to-

He looks closely at Parker's face. The tip of her nose and the tops of her cheeks look as if there is black soot on them.

LYNCH (cont'd)  
Hey...go like this.

He motions wiping his face.

Parker follows suit, but winces in pain.

PARKER  
Ow! It feels like...like sunburn.

Pieces of her chapped skin are stuck to her icy glove.

LYNCH  
I'm not an expert but I think that's frost bite.

PARKER  
What?

LYNCH  
Look at me- is my face changing color anywhere?

Parker looks as closely as she can.

PARKER  
I don't..I can't see anything. I don't know, it's too dark

She starts rubbing at her cheek again.

LYNCH  
No! Stop touching it. Don't touch it.

PARKER  
But it itches now...

LYNCH  
I know- but if you keep touching your face it's gonna rub off.

Parker is terrified.

LYNCH (cont'd)  
Just try and cover your face. Try and stay warm.

Staying warm is absolutely impossible. Parker hides her exposed hand deeper inside her wet jacket.

Icicles dangle from the bottom of the chair and their clothing.

DAN (O.C.)  
(windy)  
You gotta move faster up there.

LYNCH  
I'm trying man, I'm trying.

Lynch slowly lifts himself up onto the back of the chair, which bends at an awkward angle.

From above him we can see the long drop down, and as he slowly starts to maneuver his body up to the top of the chair arm- the height looks 'stomach droppingly' scary.

PARKER  
Careful.

LYNCH  
Stop talking.

DAN (O.C.)  
Lynch. I think the-

LYNCH  
DAN, STOP TALKING.

Silence.

Lynch gets his gloved hands around the top of the cable. It is frozen over with a thick layer of ice.

The distance to the next chair seems about 10 times as far now.

LYNCH (cont'd)  
(to himself)  
I can do this. If Jenny Bluth could climb the rope, I can totally do this.

Slowly, he wraps his arms around the wire, now with his full body weight on the back of the chair.

The bolt holding the arm into place on the cabling starts to creak. It bends slightly, but seems to hold firm.

LYNCH (cont'd)  
OK. OK. OK.

He starts to pull himself up onto the cable.

PARKER  
Don't look down.

With one hand in front of the other, Lynch hoists himself about two feet off of the chair and into the air.

LYNCH  
(gritted teeth)  
Slippery.

PARKER  
Do you got it?

LYNCH  
Shh.

He slides out a little bit more, his feet dangling high above the ground.

The cable clangs somewhere to the front and back of Lynch. The noise is almost refreshing in the silent ice covered wilderness.

With another deep breath, Lynch moves another two feet out over the sky. He is straining hard.

Another two feet out. He looks down for the first time.

He sees something that scares the shit out of him.

LYNCH (cont'd)  
Oh god.

PARKER  
What's wrong?

LYNCH  
Please no. Please no...

He starts to pull himself back to the chair, quickly.

DAN (O.C.)  
Come on, Lynch! You had it!

Lynch gets his foot on the icy chair back and tries to balance his weight on it.

**SWISH!** His foot slips off of it and he almost falls...but Parker grabs onto his coat.

PARKER  
I got you.

Lynch scrambles into the chair and huddles next to Parker.

PARKER (cont'd)  
What's wrong?

He looks at her, icy tears in his eyes. His face is white.

PARKER (cont'd)  
What happened?

Finally Lynch grabs her face in his hands. He gets close to her.

LYNCH  
Don't look down.

PARKER  
What?

He grabs her head forcefully, trying to cover her ears.

LYNCH  
Don't look down there, Parker.

The camera booms up and above them. As it tilts down at them...we reveal Dan splayed out on the ground below.

Out of the darkness of the bushes...a pack of SIX WOLVES slowly and silently descends on him from all angles.

DAN (O.C.)  
Lynch? What's wro-

CUT TO:

64 EXT. BELOW THE CHAIR - CONTINUOUS

64

Dan hears the first growl.

DAN  
Oh shit. Oh shit.

The hungry wolves circle around him. The smell of his freezing blood makes them drool.

DAN (cont'd)  
 (yelling up)  
 LYNCH.

CUT TO:

65 EXT. CHAIR LIFT - CONTINUOUS

65

Lynch doesn't look down. He just stares at Parker.

LYNCH  
 (fighting tears)  
 YEAH, MAN.

DAN (O.C.)  
 (crying)  
 DON'T LET HER LOOK.

LYNCH  
 I WON'T.

DAN (O.C.)  
 DON'T YOU FUCKING LET HER LOOK.

Lynch is trying to cover Parker's ears...but she can hear what they are saying. She forces her head free and steals a glance down.

She sees Dan's untimely death approaching and instantly starts to scream and cry.

Lynch holds her head in a vice grip. He presses his forehead into hers. Her tears and snot overflow onto his gloves.

LYNCH  
 Shhhh. Don't listen to it. Don't listen. Don't listen.

As we push in tight on the two of their faces, below them we hear the wolves begin their attack on their defenseless prey.

First one growl and a bite.

Dan shrieks in pain.

DAN (O.C.)  
 Don't let her look!

Below we can hear him put up a fight. But the attacks and bites get more frequent and his screams even more painful.

DAN (O.C.) (cont'd)  
 Don't look! Don't you fucking look  
 down here!

The sound of several wolves attacking in unison over powers his cries.

Lynch continues to hold his hands over Parker's ears and keep her eyes pointed at his as the sounds of Dan's demise echo through the night.

The sounds of clothes being shredded, flesh being torn, and bones popping from their joints creates a chorus of pain below.

Dan doesn't scream as much as does cry out in pain and agony.

*The camera never sees it.* Only Lynch and Parker's faces.

After what seems to be an unbearable minute...the sounds from below begin to dissipate.

Eventually Dan's remains can be heard dragging away.

Silence once again.

Finally, Lynch let's go of Parker's head. He sobs into his own frozen gloves as Parker hysterically screams out into the night.

CUT TO:

66 EXT. MOUNT HOLLISTON - CONTINUOUS 66

Parker's screams echo across the dark wilderness. Somewhere in the distance, birds take off in fear.

DISSOLVE TO:

67 EXT. CHAIR LIFT - MUCH LATER 67

Lynch and Parker sit on the frozen chair, shivering.

They are now in the devastating silence that has fallen after what must have been endless screaming and crying. Only the occasional snuffle lets us know that they are even awake.

Finally Lynch breaks the silence.

LYNCH  
 I should...try and...

He starts to try and sit up on the back of the chair again to continue his climbing effort.

PARKER  
(emotionless)  
Why did you let him jump?

Lynch turns and looks at her in disbelief.

LYNCH  
You can't be fucking serious.

PARKER  
It was too far.

LYNCH  
He said he could do it. You didn't try and stop him!  
(then)  
I can't believe this?! You're blaming *me*?

PARKER  
I'm not...I'm not blaming you.

LYNCH  
You're his *girlfriend*! I didn't see you throwing yourself in front of him!

PARKER  
He wasn't going to listen to me.

LYNCH  
Oh, but he would have listened to me? I said it was a bad idea! I said it was too far a drop! But I didn't hear any better ideas out of you except for crying about it! Don't you fucking blame me! You've been his girlfriend, for what? A year maybe? I've known him my whole fucking life!

PARKER  
But you... You should have...

LYNCH  
What? Say it.

Parker looks at him, uncertain.

LYNCH (cont'd)  
Say it! It should have been me?

PARKER  
I didn't say that.

LYNCH  
But you want to! It's OK. I get it. It should have been me down there cause who gives a fuck about me, right?

Parker feels terrible. She puts her hand on his shoulder.

PARKER  
No, no, I-

Lynch shrugs her hand off of him.

LYNCH  
You know what? If we hadn't spent the whole fucking day on the bunny slope watching you fall on your ass we would have gotten some real runs in and we could have just gone home!

PARKER  
I'm sorry.

LYNCH  
You're *sorry*? Maybe if you hadn't fucked with our thing... maybe if you had just stayed home and not forced yourself into every aspect of his life... maybe my best friend wouldn't be dead right now!

PARKER  
That's not fair!

LYNCH  
And it's not fair that my best friend is DEAD!

Parker begins to sob.

PARKER  
I'm sorry! I didn't mean it! I'm just- I'm just-

LYNCH  
-Fuck you.

Lynch is numb. He sits expressionless. Seething.

In her crying, Parker slowly keeps moving towards him. Like a puppy who knows they did something wrong and only wants you to love it again.

Finally she gets next to him and buries her head in his chest, letting it all out.

Eventually, Lynch can't help but feel compassion for her. He puts his arm around her.

LYNCH (cont'd)  
(quietly)  
I'm sorry. I'm sorry, Parker.

A67 EXT. BELOW THE CHAIR - LATER A67

Snow has now almost completely covered any of Dan's remains that were left on the scene. Only the tip of a boot and a piece of jacket are visible.

B67 EXT. CHAIR LIFT - CONTINUOUS B67

Parker and Lynch are shivering together.

After a beat, they begin to banter again. *Everything is said in a monotone voice. They never even look at each other.*

They only speak to be speaking.

PARKER  
429...

LYNCH  
5...5...shit, what was it? 5520?  
5020?

PARKER  
5022.

LYNCH  
5022. 429-5022. I'm so gonna call that girl when we get home. And you know what? I'm gonna marry her. No messing around. I'm just gonna be like "Hey Shannon, it's me Joe from the chair lift. Will you marry me?" And then we're gonna get a house and have 2 kids and a dog named Steve.

Parker's face is expressionless.

PARKER  
Who's gonna pay for the house.

LYNCH  
She will. Shannon's got a great job.

PARKER  
What does she do.

Lynch makes something up...but continues to have no expression in his words. Despite his talk, his spirit is shattered.

LYNCH  
She...an orthodontist.

PARKER  
Orthodontists make a lot of money.

LYNCH  
Yup.

PARKER  
I bet you guys will be really happy.

LYNCH  
429-5022.

68 EXT. BELOW THE CHAIR - CONTINUOUS

68

A wolf settles in the bushes and looks up at the two "pieces of food" on the chair high above.

Another wolf lays down in the snow by a tree.

They wait like vultures.

69 EXT. CHAIR LIFT - CONTINUOUS

69

Silence. Then...

PARKER  
Who names their dog "Steve".

LYNCH  
I will.

PARKER  
Steve's a "people" name.

LYNCH  
Says who?

PARKER  
You don't like walk into someone's house and have them say "Here's my dog Steve."

LYNCH  
Why not? Steve's a good name for a dog.

PARKER  
"Here, meet my cat Chris."

LYNCH  
No cats. Just a dog. Steve.

Silence.

PARKER  
Shayna must be so hungry.

Lynch tries to change the subject.

LYNCH  
What kind of pizza should we get at Papa Gino's?

Parker doesn't hear him. As she continues, wet snow starts to fall around them and the icy wind starts to pick up.

PARKER  
The poor thing. She's just a puppy. She won't understand that I died. She's gonna think I left her. That I forgot about her. All she wants is for me to come home. She's probably waiting by the door for me right now. Every sound she hears in the hallway she's probably cocking her little head to the side, waiting to see if I'm going to walk in. But I won't. I won't ever walk in. And Shayna's going to starve to death. The poor thing is gonna wither away and die waiting by the door for me and it's all my fault.

LYNCH

She won't starve to death and  
you're not going to die.

PARKER

No one else has a key to my place.

LYNCH

The neighbors will break the door  
down if she doesn't stop barking.  
Someone will figure it out. She'll  
be fine.

(beat)

And so will you. So will we.

He puts an arm around her and huddles closely trying to  
shield the wind.

PARKER

I would have had Shayna for a year  
this month. I got her a year ago  
for Christmas.

LYNCH

I know. But you'll see her again.

PARKER

Dan and I were spending Christmas  
with my parents this year. We  
won't be there though.

(then)

I want to see my Mom and my Dad.

(then)

I want to open presents in the  
morning and then wait for my  
grandmother to show up so we can  
eat. She's always late. But she  
brings all of the desserts. And  
she makes this special hot apple  
cider thing with cinnamon and  
nutmeg. It's so good. And after  
dinner my Dad always passes out on  
the couch 'cause it's his one day  
off and he's had too much eggnog.  
And my sister, my Mom, and I watch  
A Christmas Story until the  
marathon is over. And that's how  
you know Christmas is really over.  
When Ralphie gets his Red Rider  
carbine-action two-hundred-shot  
range model air rifle that last  
time and they go back to their  
regular programming.

(MORE)

PARKER(cont'd)

It's kind of sad because then you know you have to wait another year for Christmas again.

(then)

It's the same routine every year.

(then)

I just want to see my Mom and Dad.

The camera pulls back wider and wider until their chair is lost in the wet snowfall and darkness.

Slowly we fade to black as the wind howls and thunder gently rolls...

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

70

EXT. CHAIR LIFT - THE NEXT MORNING

70

Dawn is breaking over the trees.

Lynch and Parker are still. Their bodies are huddled together, but neither is moving.

In fact, at a first glance, one might think they are both human popcycles.

The dark splotches of frost-bite on Parker's nose and cheeks have now grown to what almost looks like patches of black fungus on her skin.

Lynch has the start of his own frost-bite on his ears and nose.

Slowly, Parker's eyes flutter and she awakens.

Her eyes search around as the realization that this was not all just a bad dream sinks in.

She adjusts in her seat and feels something pull. She winces and looks down. Slowly the camera follows her stare down to reveal her bare hand, gripping the icy safety bar.

She pulls...but her skin is stuck to the frozen metal.

Beginning to panic, she jerks her hand hard, taking the bar up about half an inch with it.

PARKER

Uhh...

Painstakingly slow, she begins to peel her hand off of the bar.

A sound that resembles 'jeans slowly tearing' can be softly heard as she moves her arm forward and separates her hand from the skin that is attached to the metal.

After what feels like an eternity, she gives her hand one last jerk, freeing it from the safety bar.

PARKER (cont'd)

Ruuugh!

Her movement startles Lynch awake, and he bolts upright as if from a 'falling nightmare'.

Discombobulated, Lynch turns back and forth frantically trying to get his bearings.

Parker is crying and holding her bloody hand,

PARKER (cont'd)

Shhhh.

Lynch, bug-eyed, takes in the world around him.

A fresh coat of snow has covered everything in several inches of peaceful white bliss.

Below them, the snow has completely covered Dan's remains. There is nothing left to show that there was ever even a struggle.

Parker hides her bloody hand back inside of her coat, away from Lynch's eyes.

LYNCH

I...thought I was dreaming. This.  
I thought this was a dream.

He turns to look at Parker. It takes everything he has to not jolt back in horror at how bad her face looks.

PARKER

What?

LYNCH

Your frost-bite. It's  
getting...worse.

She starts to touch her face.

PARKER  
Really? How bad is it?

Lynch stops her.

LYNCH  
Don't. It's bad.

PARKER  
It's not as itchy any more.

LYNCH  
Just don't touch your face, OK?  
When we get out of here, we'll get  
you to a doctor right away and  
they'll fix it.

PARKER  
You have some dark spots on your  
face, too.

LYNCH  
They'll fix me, too then. Just  
don't touch it.

He looks around, front to back. In daylight it's easier to  
see the other chairs.

His breath blows out of his body in huge plumes of mist.

LYNCH (cont'd)  
Well, it's morning. Maybe someone  
will come up here now.

PARKER  
For what?

LYNCH  
I don't know. Mountain  
maintenance. Besides, when none of  
us show up for class people are  
going to start looking for us.

PARKER  
No one's gonna look for me. I skip  
class all the time. By the time  
anyone notices I'm gone I'll be  
dead.

LYNCH  
Can you please just think ONE  
positive thing? *Please!*

PARKER  
Besides. No one knows we're here.

LYNCH  
(to the sky)  
HEL-LO!!! WE NEED HELP!! HELP!!!

His voice echoes off of the frozen trees, almost as if taunting him.

He turns around to look at the chairs behind him.

LYNCH (cont'd)  
Alright. Look. If I can get to that chair...two back...I could make it to the ladder on that pole. I think I could make it down.

Parker doesn't speak.

LYNCH (cont'd)  
Help me.

PARKER  
Are you sure you don't just wanna give it a few more hours? What if you're right? What if someone *is* going to come up here, even though they're not open today?

Lynch doesn't respond. The look on his face says that "no one is coming" but he decides there's no harm in waiting just a little while longer.

Lynch tries to yell for help again, though his soar throat is making it almost impossible to scream.

LYNCH  
UP HERE! SOMEONE HELP US!

Once again...only echoes.

He re-settles in his chair.

PARKER  
I just wish I could stand up. Get out of this position for a minute.

LYNCH  
If you want, you can stand on the chair and I can hold onto you.

PARKER

No. I can't.

LYNCH

Well, if anything's gonna get you over your fear of heights, it's this.

PARKER

(quickly, sternly)

No. I'm fine.

LYNCH

Alright.

CUT TO:

71 EXT. CHAIR LIFT LINE - LATER 71

The bottom of the mountain looks like it has been abandoned.

Empty ski racks.

An empty lodge.

An empty parking lot.

A still chair lift.

All covered in white, still snow.

CUT TO:

72 EXT. CHAIR LIFT - LATER 72

Lynch is sleeping. His head is leaned to one side in a position that is sure to give him the worst stiff neck he's ever had.

Parker is ancy. She looks all around. Thinking.

Finally she squeezes her eyes shut...embarrassed.

Her snow pants turn dark around her bottom. Slowly a puddle of urine forms on the chair between her and Lynch.

Below them, the urine falls into the snow and disappears.

Parker's eyes swell as she begins to cry what's left of her tears. She is emotionally degraded and devastated.

As her nose begins to run, she instinctively wipes her hand across it...taking a small piece of the dead flesh off of her cheek with it.

She doesn't even feel it.

DISSOLVE TO:

73

EXT. CHAIR LIFT - LATER

73

They both sleep.

Finally, Lynch stirs and checks Parker to see if she is still breathing.

It appears she is not.

LYNCH  
Hey...hey Parker...

He lightly shakes her.

Nothing.

LYNCH (cont'd)  
Parker wake up.

He shakes her harder and she comes to with a gasp.

PARKER  
What?

LYNCH  
Shit, I thought you stopped breathing...

He notices her skinned cheek. Her ear tips are now completely blackened.

PARKER  
What's wrong?

LYNCH  
Nothing.

She studies his eyes. Clearly something is very wrong.

LYNCH (cont'd)  
How about you help me up again and we try and get out of here?

PARKER

Yeah.

74

EXT. CHAIR LIFT - LATER

74

From beneath the chair we see shards of ice and snow fall onto the ground.

Lynch is once again trying to maneuver himself up onto the chair back as Parker holds him steady.

LYNCH

OK. 1...2...3-

He hoists himself up onto the cable briefly, but after just a few seconds, he returns his feet to the chair back.

Parker holds onto his legs tightly.

LYNCH (cont'd)

I feel like I gained about 100 pounds overnight.

PARKER

It was all that pizza talk.

LYNCH

I have no strength.

PARKER

Then don't do this.

Lynch tries again. He hoists himself up, but bails instantly...like a trainer giving up on his 100th pull up.

LYNCH

Damn it.

He settles back down into the assumed position on the chair.

PARKER

Maybe later.

LYNCH

What? Like I'm gonna feel better if I wait a little longer? I should have done it last night while I still had some strength.

PARKER

There's more snow fall on the ground and it's all fresh. Maybe the jump won't be as bad now.

LYNCH

Even if it was a foot deeper- it wouldn't break that fall. I should have just climbed across last night. I had strength. I had adrenaline.

PARKER

What do you want me to do?

LYNCH

Nothing. Let's sit and do nothing.

She reaches into her pocket and removes her cigarettes. The box is damp, but the cigarettes inside are still dry.

She starts to remove one but her gloved left hand and her numb right hand make her fumble the pack.

CUT TO:

75

EXT. BELOW THE CHAIR - CONTINUOUS

75

The pack of cigarettes falls into the snow.

PARKER (O.C.)

AHHHH!

HARD CUT TO:

76

EXT. CHAIR LIFT - LATE AFTERNOON

76

The two are bundled together as the evening winds start to pick up.

Again, they speak without emotion. It's conversation just to let themselves know that they are still alive.

PARKER

How come you never have a girlfriend?

LYNCH

How am I supposed to answer that?

PARKER

I mean, you're a decent guy. Girls dig you. But you never stay in a relationship.

LYNCH

I had a serious girlfriend once.

PARKER

High School doesn't count.

LYNCH

No, post-high school. Freshmen year.

PARKER

Who?

LYNCH

This girl Annie. I met her at orientation. We emailed all summer and when we started school, it was like we were already going out. I totally just felt it with her, you know? We were into a lot of the same stuff, which was cool. She was way into Aerosmith. I had seen them fifteen times, she had seen them twenty. How cool is that?

PARKER

What happened?

LYNCH

She um... same favorite movie as me. E.T. It was like soul mates and that stuff you read about.

PARKER

So then... what happened?

LYNCH

Same old shit.

(then)

No. You know what happened? She liked another guy. This fucking fraternity douchebag named Dean who kept sending her flowers and stuff. I don't know who it was exactly, but every time I'd go to her room some guy named "Dean" had left her notes and shit.

PARKER

Why did she keep it? Was she trying to make you jealous?

LYNCH

I don't know. I think she just liked getting attention.

PARKER

So she dumped you for a frat guy?

LYNCH

No. I dumped her. We were in the cafeteria, right? And I was sitting facing her, facing the wall...and she was facing everyone in the cafeteria behind me. And I kept seeing her smiling at someone behind me and like, almost laughing. So I was like, "who are you laughing at?" You know? Like "what the hell is going on?" And she's like, "Dean's making fun of you."

(beat)

So I turn around, and I'm like ready to kick the shit out of this guy. And all I see is a sea of fucking random people. Just all of these faces. This guy could see me and was making eyes with my girlfriend...but I couldn't see him.

PARKER

That's messed up.

LYNCH

I've never felt so stupid and bad in my life.

(then)

So I left.

PARKER

You just walked out?

LYNCH

Yup. Told her to go laugh with "Dean the Frat guy". I was out.

PARKER

That sucks.

LYNCH

Maybe... maybe I shouldn't have been so quick to walk out. Maybe I needed to have a thicker skin and not be such a sensitive bitch, I don't know. Sometimes I think I was just insecure and maybe I screwed up.

PARKER

You should call her. When you get home. You could tell her that.

LYNCH

I can't.  
(laughs)  
She's dating Dean.

Emotion has fought it's way to the surface again. Parker and Lynch share a nervous laugh together.

She turns away from him.

After a few seconds, her laughs turn to tears.

PARKER

I should have done something.

LYNCH

There was nothing either of us could have done.

PARKER

I sat here and let him die.

LYNCH

No, you didn't. We didn't let him die. There was nothing we could have done. He jumped down there to try and save us, OK?

PARKER

He was the one. He was the boy I was gonna marry.

LYNCH

Funny story. First grade, we all get left there for the day by our mom's. You know, alone in real school for the first time without our folks around. And Dan... Dan was this sort of chubby kid when he was little...

Parker laughs.

LYNCH (cont'd)  
Nah, fuck it. He was a fat ass.

Parker laughs harder.

LYNCH (cont'd)  
And all the mom's left and he just wouldn't let go of his mom's hand. He just stood there after she left, at the front of the room, crying like a total pussy.

PARKER  
Sounds like Dan.

LYNCH  
You have no idea. But then, the teacher... Mrs... What was her name? Mrs. Schifrin? She was trying everything to get the fat kid to stop crying. And so she says, "Well Dan, is there anyone else in the class that you know?" You know, like, "Maybe there's a friend you'd like to sit with?" And the fucker points right at me and says "him"! I had never seen this kid before in my life, you know? But for whatever reason, he points right at me.

PARKER  
And so he had to sit with you?

LYNCH  
For a week! For my whole first week of school I'm sharing my little cubby desk with his fat ass!

Parker laughs through her tears.

LYNCH (cont'd)  
Douchebag. I never let him forget it.

PARKER  
I loved him so much.

Lynch is determined.

LYNCH  
But if he died only for you and me  
to give up and die up here, that's  
bullshit.

PARKER  
Yes.

LYNCH  
So I need you to pull it together,  
and we're gonna get out of this  
shit. We're gonna get out of this  
for Dan. Alright?

PARKER  
Yes.

Lynch bites his severely chapped lips.

LYNCH  
Help me up.

CUT TO:

77 EXT. CHAIR LIFT - MOMENTS LATER

77

Lynch feebly climbs up on the chair back and reaches up for  
the cables.

LYNCH  
OK....let's try this again.

He steadies himself on the chair, which sways in the wind.

TIGHT ON the bolts connecting the arm to the cables. The  
metal is bending with a light squeaking sound.

PARKER  
Are you OK? Do you have it?

Lynch just grunts as he reaches and tries to steady himself  
on the chair that is swinging at an odd angle under his  
weight.

The camera swivels up to reveal his shaky feet trying to find  
footing on the chair back and the ground far below him.

LYNCH  
Rrruh!

He pushes off hard and grabs on to the cabling.

As his foot pushes fast on the chair, it swings at an impossible angle.

TIGHT ON the connecting bolts as one of them SNAPS!

PARKER

Oh my god!

The chair leans hard to the right side, forcing Parker to slide down into what is now the bottom corner of the chair.

The chair is still in place, but it is now hanging by one bolt and at a severe angle.

PARKER (cont'd)

Joe! JOE!

Joe tries to look back over his shoulder, struggling to keep himself on the cable against his own body weight and wet clothing.

LYNCH

Shit! Hold on, just hold on!

Another grunt and Lynch makes another big move forward.

The camera booms up above him, shooting straight down at the distance between his dangling body and the frozen ground.

Tight on his gloved hands as they slowly slide forward on the metal cable.

Lynch squeezes his eyes shut and takes another reach forward.

Behind him, Parker looks on in agony. She is holding her breath and whispering...

PARKER

(whispered)

Please God...please God....please God...

The metal arm above her groans under the pressure that the one remaining bolt is under. Looking at the arm in this state, it is especially eerie to imagine how these metal chairs even stay attached to the cables in the first place.

Lynch takes another move forward.

LYNCH

Rrrrugh!

PARKER  
You can do it. Please do it.

Lynch reaches forward again...and his hand slips on the icy cable. He momentarily hangs by one arm.

LYNCH  
Arrrrrr!

PARKER  
JOE!

He reaches up and grabs hold again...his strength is weaning.

LYNCH  
(through gritted teeth)  
Got it.

Another few quick reaches forward and he is more than halfway across to the next chair.

From Lynch's point of view we can see his feet floating above the earth and hear the sound of his own heart beat. His own pained breathing fills his ears.

It's only now that he sees two of the wolves watching him from the bushes.

LYNCH (cont'd)  
Motherfucker.

The wind blows hard against him, swaying his body back and forth as he momentarily rests.

LYNCH (cont'd)  
I've got an audience.

Parker looks down, just in time to see one of the wolves duck back into the bushes.

Her movement makes the chair groan harder. The cable twangs loudly between Lynch's shaky movements and the twisted metal that holds the arm in place.

PARKER  
The chair is gonna fall!

LYNCH  
No. No it's not.

Slowly he makes his way the remaining distance and positions himself over the other chair.

He drops down onto it, sending shards of ice cascading down into the snow below.

He quickly sits down, breathing heavy and clutching the sides of the chair.

LYNCH (cont'd)  
Take that Jenny Bluth!

PARKER  
You made it!

LYNCH  
Not yet. Halfway.

He looks behind him at the next chair. Just a few feet back from it is the giant green lift pole... and a ladder!

LYNCH (cont'd)  
Please.

He stands up on the chair and reaches up to the cable. He is weak.

Very weak.

LYNCH (cont'd)  
Parker. I want you to throw my extra pole as far as you can this way.

She can't quite hear him.

PARKER  
What?

LYNCH  
I said THROW MY POLE AS FAR AS YOU CAN THIS WAY. When I get on the ground I'll need some defense.

Parker nods.

She takes Lynch's ski pole and tries to throw it as far as she can back at him.

The action forces another terrifying metallic groan from the arm above her, and her chair swings back and forth from the motion.

PARKER  
Oh shit.

The pole lands under the second chair, splitting the distance between where she is and where the tree is.

PARKER (cont'd)

Sorry.

LYNCH

Hey. Halfway to me is better than up there with you, right?

(to himself)

Shit.

He starts to pull himself up again, but turns back to Parker one more time.

The chair has settled down.

LYNCH (cont'd)

Stay perfectly still. I'm gonna get you home, OK?

He pulls himself up, straining hard.

LYNCH (cont'd)

Rrrrugh!

This gets the wolves attention.

In the bushes their ears and eyes perk up to the sky, watching their potential next meal grapple with the high wire cable.

With reserved strength, Lynch shimmies across the cable as quickly as he can.

Back at Parker's chair, she eyes the bending metal bolt that is keeping her from plunging to the ground.

Tears stream down her face again.

PARKER

(whispered)

Please god, don't let me fall.

Don't let me fall.

He stops once to catch his breath, but begins moving as quickly as possible.

Finally, he reaches the second chair behind them and drops down into it.

Looking at the lift pole from this position, he can clearly see that it wasn't as close to the chair as it looked.



He lands and hooks his arm around a rung. With a **SNAP** his arm dislocates from it's socket, but he is hooked on to the ladder!

LYNCH (cont'd)  
Rrrrugh!

PARKER  
YOU DID IT! YOU DID IT!

With his bad arm dangling by his side, Lynch works his way down the icy metal ladder.

Finally he reaches the ground and his body falls with a **THUD** into the snow.

LYNCH  
Oooof!

The wolves' ears are at attention. They watch carefully from the safety of the bushes.

One, the LEADER, takes a cautious single step forward and waits.

PARKER  
LYNCH!? LYNCH!!!  
(then)  
ANSWER ME!!!

The wolf leader begins a dangerously slow and cautious walk towards Lynch's body.

One step at a time.

CUT TO:

78 EXT. BELOW THE CHAIR - CONTINUOUS

78

As the camera tracks away from the approaching wolf and towards Lynch...it is revealed that he is only winded.

He feels his body for damage, wincing at what can only be a broken rib or two. His right arm is twisted at an odd angle and by the look on Lynch's face, it must be either broken or fractured in addition to being dislocated.

LYNCH  
PARKER.

PARKER (O.C.)  
ARE YOU OK?

The wolf surveys the situation and stops in his tracks.

The other wolves watch from the bushes.

LYNCH  
I'M GONNA GO GET HELP. I'M GONNA  
GET RESCUE.

CUT TO:

79 EXT. CHAIR LIFT - CONTINUOUS

79

PARKER  
Hurry. Please.

CUT TO:

80 EXT. BELOW THE CHAIR - CONTINUOUS

80

Lynch gets himself to his feet. His body is in massive pain, but his adrenaline is going strong enough for him to fight through it.

He moves quickly back up to the area underneath the middle chair.

The leader growls. Drool drips down from beneath it's hungry mouth as it takes a step back.

PARKER (O.C.)  
NO! JOE!

LYNCH  
I'M GONNA GET YOU HELP!

The wolf leader advances on Lynch.

Lynch makes it to the ski pole just in time and brandishes it defensively at the creature.

LYNCH (cont'd)  
Come on! Try something, fucker!

The wolf stares back at him, growling. Their eyes are locked.

Lynch swings the pole at it angrily.

LYNCH (cont'd)  
COME ON!

The leader shies away but growls harder.

LYNCH (cont'd)  
STAY AWAY!

**SNAP!**

A second wolf rushes Lynch from behind and grabs his injured arm by the jacket and pulls back and forth.

LYNCH (cont'd)  
ARGH!

The rest of the wolves quickly reveal themselves in the bushes and slowly saunter up towards the impending kill.

CUT TO:

81 EXT. CHAIR LIFT - CONTINUOUS 81

Parker looks from Lynch to the ground way below her.

PARKER  
(crying)  
JOE!

CUT TO:

82 EXT. BELOW THE CHAIR - CONTINUOUS 82

Lynch tries to fight off the wolf with his free arm.

Finally, he is able to plunge the ski pole deep into the wolf's body.

The wolf **SHRIEKS** in pain and scampers away towards the safety of the pack.

The impending wolves, stop their slow march and wait. This food still has some fight left in it.

LYNCH  
AHHHHH! STAY THE FUCK AWAY FROM  
ME!

He moves as fast as he can towards the area under Parker's chair, swinging his weapon like a madman all the while.

The wolves only stare.

Finally, he reaches the area and grabs Dan's snowboard, still sticking up in the snow.

LYNCH (cont'd)  
 Parker, I'm gonna go get help!  
 Don't move and I'll be back as fast  
 as I can!

Parker sobs.

PARKER  
 OK.

LYNCH  
 Just don't move! I'm getting help!

Without hesitation, Lynch throws down Dan's board and lays his body on top of it. Pushing off he begins to slide quickly down the hill.

CUT TO:

83 EXT. CHAIR LIFT - CONTINUOUS 83

From Parker's POV, she watches him disappear down the hill.

But mere seconds later, the pack of wolves gives chase and follow suit behind him over the horizon.

Only the creaking of the strained metal chair arm can be heard now.

Parker sobs quietly to herself.

DISSOLVE TO:

84 EXT. CHAIR LIFT - EARLY EVENING 84

From a distance, Parker's broken chair dangles dangerously in the night air.

Her body is slumped in the corner.

Still.

DISSOLVE TO:

85 EXT. CHAIR LIFT - NIGHT

85

Parker is not moving in her chair.

FADE TO BLACK.

HARD CUT TO:

86 EXT. CHAIR LIFT - MORNING

86

The morning sun hits Parker's pale face. Is she dead?

Parker opens her eyes. She must have drifted off for the night. She looks to the tree-line around her.

The sun is coming up.

She tries to move her body to look back in Lynch's direction and the chair argues back at her with another loud groan and cable noise.

PARKER  
(to herself)  
Lynch.

There is no sign of anyone or anything in the direction down the hill behind her.

Slowly a look of great determination comes over her face.

She raises the safety bar.

There is no more time to think.

She is going to die one way or another.

Slowly, Parker turns her body around towards the seat of the chair.

Holding on to the metal beams that make up the chair, she begins to lower herself, inch by inch, off of the side.

**CRREEEEE-EEK!** The lone metal bolt protests the movement and makes metallic threats to snap.

Parker keeps lowering herself until her entire lower body is dangling below the chair.

**RRRRUUUUURRR!** A gust of wind pushes against the chair, straining the arm.

Parker concentrates and slowly tries to hold up her weight as she inches her body even lower.

Smoothly, slowly, almost there- **SNAP!** The bolt gives way!

The chair lurches down at an even greater angle, sending Parker off of the side!

PARKER (cont'd)

AHHHH!

**WHIRRR! WAP!** No longer attached with the safety bolts, the chair falls several feet and then stops. It is now hanging only by the one weak thread of cabling that was used to initially wire it to the main line.

Parker's hands catch at the base of the chair, and she is dangling fully beneath it.

While it is still a long drop...her feet are now a good 10 feet closer to the ground, if not more.

**CREEEEEK!** The metal wire will not hold for more than a few seconds. The chair is going to fall!

Parker closes her eyes.

All sound cuts out except for her quick breathing and her heartbeat.

The camera shows us how much the last flimsy wire does not like this movement as it stretches and the chair sways in the wind.

Slowly she looks down and prepares herself to fall.

The camera inches closer in to her face from below.

Her heartbeat and breathing are all we hear until finally...

She let's go.

As her body falls from the chair, the flimsy wire finally gives way and the rickety metal seat plummets straight down to the ground after her.

CUT TO:

87 EXT. BELOW THE CHAIR - CONTINUOUS

87

**THUD!** Parker lands hard and sound instantly returns to her. She rolls to the side as the chair crashes down in her very spot.

She is in tremendous pain but feels the solid ground beneath her like a sailor who has found land for the first time in years.

Surveying the damage- her ankle is badly broken underneath the side of the chair that landed on it. Her boot is at an unnatural angle.

Adrenaline overtakes her pain as she lifts the chair up and removes her foot from beneath it.

She looks around for her snow board, but with all of the fresh snowfall it is buried and gone.

Parker lays her body down flat on her jacket and begins to push herself down the mountainside as quickly as she can.

CUT TO:

88 EXT. JUST OVER THE HILL - MORNING, CONTINUOUS

88

Parker comes down the hill, gaining some speed on her awkward coat/sled.

As she makes her way she spots a tree... with bright red blood splayed out in the snow around it.

Cautiously she slows herself down.

PARKER  
(meekly)  
Joe...?

From Parker's POV, the camera slowly reveals what is just beyond the bloody tree...

But the look on Parker's face tells us everything we need to know first.

There, in the brush on the side of the trail beyond the tree, is the pack of wolves.

Some still feeding. Others resting attentively.

They are circled around Lynch's bloody, half-eaten remains.

Quick shots of his jacket, his boots, and his gloved hand all flash before Parker's devastated eyes.

She slows herself to a complete stop now. Not knowing what to do.

One of the feeding wolves hears this and looks back to see Parker just a few feet away. It is the pack leader.

Lynch's blood pools from it's jaws.

It's ears go back and it growls loudly at Parker.

She makes eye contact with the beast, who stares back at her, almost daring her to try and take it's treasure.

Others from the pack look up, distracted briefly, but then go back to feeding.

Parker and the pack leader lock eyes.

Finally, the leader turns away from Parker, back to his food.

Back to his family.

Though her face is emotionless, Parker's eyes are swollen with tears as she continues on her way down the mountain side.

She is free.

DISSOLVE TO:

89 EXT. MOUNT HOLLISTON - LATER 89

Parker continues down the treacherous trail as the snow falls around her.

Occasionally she hits bumps and turns that cause her to spill from her awkward coat/sled...but she pulls herself back on and continues to make her way down the hill stoically.

DISSOLVE TO:

90 EXT. CHAIR LIFT LINE - LATER 90

Parker reaches the bottom of the hill.

Grunting and crying from the pain, she crawls over on her belly and begins to drag herself towards the parking lot.

91 EXT. ROAD - MOMENTS LATER 91

Parker drags her devastated body into the street.

Just as she gets there....

**BEEP!** A HONKING CAR races past with it's windshield wipers blaring.

Narrowly missing being splattered, she collapses in the dirty road.

There are no more cars to be seen.

She is alone.

All that she can do is clutch the ground.

And then...

Another car approaches in the distance.

She holds her hand up weakly.

PARKER  
Please. Stop.

CUT TO:

92 INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS 92

A DRIVER (male, 50's) is cautiously driving down the wet icy road. He reaches down to adjust the radio.

He looks back up to reveal Parker's body in the road in front of him.

93 EXT. ROADSIDE - CONTINUOUS 93

He swerves with a loud SKID!

Partially off the road in a skid, his car comes to a stop.

Instantly he jumps out and runs to the body on the road.

DRIVER  
Hey! Are you OK?! Hello!

Parker is not moving.

He runs over to her side.

DRIVER (cont'd)  
Lady. Are you alright?

Parker looks up at him and starts to cry with relief.

DRIVER (cont'd)  
Hold on, hold on- we're gonna get  
you help...

He lifts her up into his arms and races her back to his car.

CUT TO:

94 INT. CAR - MOMENTS LATER 94

The driver drives frantically, speaking into his cell phone.

DRIVER  
(into phone)  
I don't know. I found her laying  
in the road alone. Looks like she  
was in some sort of accident.  
Right outside of Mount Holliston.  
I'm taking her to you now.

95 EXT. CAR, LOOKING IN - CONTINUOUS 95

Through the passenger side window we see Parker's blank face.

If we didn't know better, we'd think she was a rotten cadaver  
at this point.

Reflected in the glass are the lights of a PAPA GINO'S  
restaurant store front that goes past.

Her eyes blink at the sign.

DRIVER  
Hold on, Ma'am. The hospital is 10  
minutes away. You're gonna be OK.

The camera is tighter on her eyes.

DRIVER (cont'd)  
You're gonna be OK.

Tight on just one eye.

DRIVER (cont'd)  
(**now in Dan's voice**)  
*You're gonna be OK, baby.*

Her eye closes.

CUT TO BLACK.

ED MARRX