

WIDOWMAKER RIDGE

Pilot

"Last Day"

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TEASER

FADE IN:

EXT./INT. BLACK HAWK HELICOPTER - 13,000 FEET - NIGHT

Surrounded by several ARMED AGENTS, the SCIENTIST in the jump seat grips her huge pack like a child on her mother's leg.

But she's no child and this is no camping trip.

This is INGRID THYSSEN (26) on her first field assignment -- however involuntary. Clad in severe cold-weather outerwear for seemingly the first time, she's small, meek, plain. No one ever gazed into the thick glasses distorting these eyes.

The agent opposite taps her arm -- too hard -- for her attention.

AGENT  
(over rotor noise)  
Two minutes!

Ingrid nods. Looks out over the Washington Cascade Range -- tall, snow-covered mountains cloaked in darkness like a dungeon's bed of spikes.

She hugs the pack closer. Recalls a recent conversation with the ADMINISTRATOR responsible for her current activities.

ADMINISTRATOR (V.O.)  
You're nervous.

INGRID (V.O.)  
I've never done anything like this before. Not remotely.

ADMINISTRATOR (V.O.)  
We need you, Ingrid. The world needs you.

INGRID (V.O.)  
What if something happens up there?  
What if --

ADMINISTRATOR (V.O.)  
My team will be with you every step of the way.

INGRID (V.O.)  
I have to change my mind and say  
no.

ADMINISTRATOR (V.O.)  
There's no one left.

INGRID (V.O.)  
There must be.

ADMINISTRATOR (V.O.)  
I'm sorry.

INGRID (V.O.)  
What if I fail?

ADMINISTRATOR (V.O.)  
Trying this? My dear, you're a  
longshot running a fool's errand.  
So make no mistake -- we're well  
beyond failure. But the potential  
benefits of your success? I don't  
have to tell you what that could  
mean...

The Black Hawk hovers by the mountain summit control station.

The agent slaps her arm again. Leans in as she comes around.

AGENT  
O-K! When we land, it's critical  
that you don't --

A shoulder-fired rocket hisses. Slams into the main rotor.

Direct hit! The rotor wails. Alarms sound. The chopper  
pitches sideways -- ejecting Ingrid from the cabin!

She lands safely in the snow, her pack nearby. The Black Hawk  
drops from the b.g. in flames. Disappears into the abyss.

The assailant is BLITZEN (30s). Hard to see in snow camo. He  
spots Ingrid and trudges through the deep snow toward her.

All her worst fears a nightmarish reality, Ingrid rises.  
Reaches for the station gate but retracts her mitten upon  
hearing the deep drone of flowing electricity.

Instead, she ducks out of the charging man's way.

Sparks fly when he hits the electrified gate bars. Thrashing  
and screaming. Can't pull himself free.

Ingrid. Sees the headlight of his idling snowmobile.

Back to the man. His utter torment. The snowmobile awaits.  
Escape now. Before it's too late.

She grabs her pack. Swings it at him with all her might.  
Connects. He falls to the snow, smoking and convulsing.

Ingrid, unsteady, dons the loaded pack. Hops on the vehicle.  
She knows how it works in theory, not practice.

It nearly bucks her off when she gooses the throttle. A  
couple more chugs before she guns it hard enough to race off  
evenly.

She reaches a safe distance. Stops. Looks back at the  
station. Security lights and aircraft warning beacons through  
sparse flurries in whipping winds.

Apart from the armed attacker, the locked gate and  
electrified barrier make her goal inaccessible. Dammit. What  
now?

Far below her position, the warm lights of a mountain lodge  
glow on another peak.

INGRID  
(groans)  
Every step of the way, huh.

Ingrid lowers her goggles. Maneuvers the snowmobile down  
perilously steep slopes.

END TEASER

ACT ONE

INT. 13 GLACIERS LODGE - OFFICE SUITE - DAY

A luxurious mountaintop lodge. The highest indoor viewpoint.

Mount Kulshan Ski Area proprietor KIRK KINGSLEY (mid-40s) stares out through a glass wall at the magnificent snow-capped vista.

A storm is rolling in. He finishes his scotch. Pours another.

Pulling on one of his trademark ugly winter sweaters, his lovely, empty wife, ALANA KINGSLEY (mid-30s), opens the door.

Turtleneck. Hairband. Puffy white vest. They resemble a pair of actors shooting a commercial somewhere they've never been.

ALANA

Well, everyone's here.

KIRK

What about the guests?

ALANA

All gone. The last one left Thunder Creek twenty minutes ago.

KIRK

I'll be right out.

She crosses the lavish office to him but withdraws her chablis when Kirk tries to clink their glasses together.

ALANA

You won't reconsider?

KIRK

Reconsider what? It's not like we have a choice. This whole season will have to be written off.

ALANA

Do you have any idea how much money we'll --

KIRK

As a matter of fact, I do, my dear. I know quite well how much we're going to lose. Look -- it's out of my control, what do you want me to do?

ALANA

I want you to reconsider. If you send everyone home, who will be here when they lift the restrictions?

(patronizing)

You know, to run the place?

KIRK

That's not going to happen. Not this time.

ALANA

But if they get a vaccine that actually works...

KIRK

A vaccine? Are you out of your freaking mind?

ALANA

I'm just trying to think --

KIRK

Oh, hey! There's the problem, ladies and gentlemen! Alana's trying to think. Spare me.

ALANA

Do you have to be such a prick all the time?

KIRK

All I'm saying is, if you can't tell which way the wind is blowing, maybe you shouldn't be worrying about it. Excuse me.

Kirk slams his drink. Heads for the door. Alana sips her wine.

ALANA

(under her breath)

I ran out of excuses forever ago.

EXT. KULSHAN WILDERNESS - MILITIA BASE CAMP - DAY

Militia leader ROMAN BIRCH (early 40s) stands perfectly still beside the firepit. Military garb. Feet shoulder-width apart. Hands in his jacket pockets. Approaching darkfall, flames brighten and dance in his eyes.

KYLE MADDOX (30), Roman's humorless and lethal yet darkly handsome right hand, approaches with a small radio and a buzzing ear bud. Roman jams it in his ear.

ROMAN  
(cracks a knowing grin)  
So it's a real-world kind of day?

Maddox nods. If he ever smiled now would be the time.

ROMAN  
Have everyone load out accordingly.  
I want every building on this  
mountain. Start with Thunder Creek  
-- we'll rendezvous at Thirteen  
Glaciers.

MADDOX  
You're not coming with us?

ROMAN  
I have to take care of something  
first.

Maddox trots off already rounding up the others.

ROMAN  
(stopping him)  
And Maddox? Make sure the owner  
gets the message. I don't want him  
thinking we didn't send a polite  
warning first.

Roman returns his eager gaze to the fire.

INT. 13 GLACIERS LODGE - BALCONY - DAY

Kirk Kingsley stands over the assembled PERSONNEL like a dictator to his subjects. Few notice. Fewer care.

KIRK  
Hey, everyone! Can I have your  
attention, please?

Eventually, they quiet down enough.

KIRK  
Listen up, people. I just got off  
the phone with the State. They will  
not staff the Department of  
Transportation during the lockdown.

That means no plowing or road clearing -- not for a long, long time. Plus there's a storm coming in, so anyone who doesn't want to spend the rest of the winter up here has to leave today.

Their reaction is a mixture of disappointment and concern.

KIRK

However! We understand that a large chunk of you may not have that option. So, for anyone who wants to ride it out, room and board will be available the rest of the year. There will also be a limited amount of work -- although details and pay are still up in the air. Any questions?

The staff murmurs, deliberates. A LIFT ATTENDANT (early 20s) speaks up.

LIFT ATTENDANT

(shouting up)

Do we got enough beer?

KIRK

Uh, yeah, sure. We'll work that out, too. Lastly, I wanna thank everyone for all their hard work getting us ready for opening day last week, but today was, in fact, officially the final day of Kulshan operations for this season. So if you're staying, wait here to meet with Alana or myself so we can get a headcount, but the rest of you, farewell, drive safe, see you next year and all that, but hurry it up: it's already getting dark. Cheers.

Their peers' disapproving glare stops a couple employees from clapping inappropriately.

Easygoing year-round Lift Mechanic WAYLON OLIVER (28) raises his hand. Casual good looks. Slim in heavy work overalls.

WAYLON

(calling up)

Um, why don't we just use our own plows?

But Kirk already left the balcony. A few coworkers laugh.



LIFT ATTENDANT  
You didn't hear about that?

WAYLON  
About what?

LIFT ATTENDANT  
Kirk sold all the plows. He demanded the parks department start doing it for us since he only leases the land the ski area's on. Then he fired Steve, Cole, and Liam.

WAYLON  
That wasn't too bright. Wait -- so if I don't find a ride tonight I'm stuck here till April?

LIFT ATTENDANT  
Unless you have a sturdy pair of snowshoes and a thousand cans of Red Bull, pretty much, yeah.  
(considering)  
Or May.

WAYLON  
Are you staying?

LIFT ATTENDANT  
Nope.

WAYLON  
Wanna carpool?

LIFT ATTENDANT  
Sorry, man. Can't have a cat in my car.

WAYLON  
I have a carrier...

Like Kirk, it's too late -- his coworker is already elsewhere in the crowded room.

EXT. KULSHAN WILDERNESS - RANGER CABIN - DAY

A small cabin nestled among towering, dense evergreens.

Stacking firewood on the porch, amicable Park Ranger FRANK WILSEY (late 60s) waves to the man pulling up on a snowmobile.

WILSEY  
Hey there, friend!

Roman disembarks. Walks up. Pulls his jacket over the Glock handgun at the small of his back.

WILSEY  
Can I interest you in a hot cup of coffee?

ROMAN  
Why, that would be terrific, thank you.

WILSEY  
Right this way. Just brewed a fresh pot. Storm coming in, y'know.

ROMAN  
(follows him inside)  
Oh, yes, sir. Yes, indeed. A really bad one, no less.

Roman discreetly thumbs the gun safety to the "OFF" position.

EXT./INT. THUNDER CREEK LODGE - DAY

Thirty more snowmobiles converge on the base lodge.

Once it's surrounded, a MILITIA GROUP of males and females assaults in fairly loose, semi-coordinated fashion -- one with ropes slips on the roof and falls into a snowbank.

Inside, automatic gunfire booms throughout the building. Splintering wood. Shattering glass. Every shot, however, comes from an itchy trigger finger: there are no targets except those nearly hit by friendly fire.

They finish clearing the empty lodge. Clumsy and unsynchronized. Sub-amateur techniques on full display.

MADDOX  
(into commlink)  
Building secure. Zero hostages.  
Zero casualties.  
(to self, irked)  
Where the hell is everyone?

INT. 13 GLACIERS LODGE - OFFICE SUITE - DAY

Kirk returns from the balcony.

Just as he's about to sit down, he notices a piece of paper on his desk blotter.

Angry handwriting scrawled in all caps: GET OUT OF MY OFFICE

The page slips from his fingers. He goes to the window.

Looking down, Kirk's furrowed brow rises in shock.

He dashes from the room.

INT. 13 GLACIERS LODGE - DAY

Kirk scurries down the steps. Plunges headlong into the crowd of Kulshan WORKERS in a panic.

KIRK  
OUTTA THE WAY!

No one really moves. Some possibly impede him on purpose.

KIRK  
Quick! Someone give me a quarter!

Few respond to the bizarre request as he pushes through. Most under their breath. None positively.

WORKER #1  
Seriously?

KIRK  
Please! Can I please borrow twenty-five cents? A quarter? Anyone?

WORKER #2  
Not at these wages.

KIRK  
(nearing doors)  
C'mon! Let me get a quarter, guys!

A random hand finally holds up a shiny coin.

KIRK  
Or two dimes and a --  
(takes it)  
Thank you!

EXT. 13 GLACIERS LODGE - PATIO - DAY

Kirk bursts through the door. Darts to the edge of the patio.

He thumbs the quarter into coin-operated binoculars mounted there. Pivots them past the gondolas -- straight down at slopes extending from the cliffs in the dying light below.

KIRK

Oh, sh --

END ACT I

ACT II

EXT. 13 GLACIERS LODGE - LOWER ENTRANCE - NIGHT

A battalion of snowmobiles arrives at the base of the cliffs.  
The heavily armed militia group readies for assault.

INT. 13 GLACIERS LODGE - NIGHT

Kirk Kingsley rushes back in. Hysterical.

KIRK  
Everyone stay inside! Nobody leaves  
the lodge!  
(to nearest employees)  
You two! Help me move this couch.  
Grab that end. Hurry!

Despite the confusion, they help him move a large couch  
toward the stairwell. The crowd shifts around to allow their  
passage.

KIRK  
You guys! Grab that other couch!  
And bring those chairs over, too!

A SNACK BAR EMPLOYEE (17) and PARKING ATTENDANT (20) each  
grab a chair.

SNACK BAR EMPLOYEE  
What's up with Kingsley?

PARKING ATTENDANT  
Dunno. I think the cheap bastard's  
checking the furniture for quarters  
or something.

They angle the couch down the staircase in the middle of the  
lodge and leave it crammed diagonally across the landing  
midway up from the lower entrance.

KIRK  
(directing)  
More! Keep it coming! I want all  
the furniture down there. And  
anything else until it's completely  
blocked off. Then barricade that.

Baffled employees pitch in.

Alana grabs Kirk's arm. Ushers him into the --

## ELEVATOR

The only spot they can be alone. Alana lets the door close.

ALANA  
Exactly what is going on?

KIRK  
(exasperated)  
Outta the way, Alana. They could  
get inside any second.

ALANA  
Who?

KIRK  
Those stupid assholes running  
around in the woods playing G.I.  
Joe with real guns!

ALANA  
What?

KIRK  
The militia! They must've found out  
they're stuck up here all winter,  
too. Oh god. They're gonna come in  
here and kill us all...

Pale and terrified, Kirk runs his fingers into his light  
brown hair.

Suddenly, the elevator car starts its way down.

They're not only already inside, they've called the elevator!

Kirk gasps. Fumbles his keys. Finally keying the switch stops  
the car -- two-thirds of the way gone from the main level.

He grunts prying the doors open -- certainly louder than  
necessary to Alana's disdain -- and hauls himself up and out.

KIRK  
Find R.F. and meet me on the  
helipad.

ALANA  
Kirk!

KIRK  
Oh, right.  
(helps her up)  
Now get going!

ALANA  
Can I at least pack a few --

KIRK  
There's no time. Go now!

MAIN LOUNGE

Kirk shoves her away and barges through the dense group.

Tall, red-jacketed pilot and ski patrol officer HUGH DEWITT (early 60s) stands out among the grumbling staff.

Kirk flags him down.

KIRK  
Hugh!

EXT. 13 GLACIERS LODGE - LOWER ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Maddox reports back to Roman.

MADDOX  
No go. Stairs are blocked.  
Elevator's out.

ROMAN  
(sarcastic)  
Mmm. Clever.

MADDOX  
Want us to set charges and blow it?

ROMAN  
Only if you want to spend the rest of the winter building igloos for everyone. Do we have anyone at the summit yet?

MADDOX  
On the way, boss.

ROMAN  
And the dorms?

MADDOX  
Gonna take awhile. It's a big mountain.

ROMAN  
Fair enough.

MADDOX

What about us? There's no other way  
in without going straight up those  
cliffs?

ROMAN

Sure there is. Delta team stays  
here with me. Send everyone else  
not on recon down to the gondola  
station. And let's get that clown  
on the phone pronto.

EXT. WIDOWMAKER PEAK - HELIPAD - NIGHT

The bright red chopper blades gain speed.

Alana runs over with her stepson, R.F. KINGSLEY (19), a tow-  
headed lad manifesting his father's worst attributes.

INT. SKI PATROL CHOPPER - NIGHT

The pilots and passengers don headsets. Patroller and  
navigator CAL PORTER (late 20s) helps with preflight.

KIRK

Take us out to the harbor and step  
on it.

HUGH

This ain't a cab.  
(checking gauges)  
What's the rush, anyway?

EXT. WIDOWMAKER PEAK - HELIPAD - NIGHT

The engine cuts off. Blades lose speed. Whines down. Hugh  
slams the cockpit door and walks away at a brisk pace.

KIRK

Hugh, come back! Hey, we're getting  
outta here!

HUGH

Not without the key you're not.

KIRK

Give it to me or you're fired!

HUGH

I beg your pardon?



KIRK  
(urging)  
C'mon. We'll send help back.

HUGH  
No.

KIRK  
Why not?

HUGH  
Because A, you don't know how to fly it. And B, I'm not letting the only emergency medical vehicle leave what is obviously becoming a very bad situation.

The others abandon Kirk near the helipad behind 13 Glaciers and the Hemlock Springs Gondola terminal as his phone rings.

ON PHONE DIPLAY - "UNKNOWN"

Kirk silences it.

EXT. 13 GLACIERS LODGE - LOWER ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Roman. Takes the dialing satellite phone away from his ear.

ROMAN  
(at phone)  
Whoops. I think he screened me.  
(winks at Maddox)  
Let's give 'im another try.

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. 13 GLACIERS LODGE - PATIO - SAME TIME

Annoyed, Kirk retrieves the ringing phone from his belt clip.

ON PHONE DISPLAY - "UNKNOWN"

KIRK  
(answers)  
Kirk Kingsley.

ROMAN  
Yeah, hiya, Kirk -- did you order an extra large pepperoni with a side of crazy bread?

KIRK  
Who is this?

ROMAN  
It's your favorite neighborhood  
militia, the Kulshan Mountaineers.  
Look down!

Kirk peeks around the side of the building.

At the cliff base, Roman sends up a big hello wave -- just as  
a high-caliber round almost shears off Kirk's face.

He shrieks. Reverses from the overlook digging granite  
shrapnel from his temple and blinking rock dust from his eye.

ROMAN  
My friends and I were just  
wondering if you could spare a room  
or two for the next five months.

KIRK  
You're trespassing on private  
property! Now go away!

ROMAN  
(scoffs)  
It's a big negative on that one,  
good buddy. You see, this here land  
belongs to the Parks Department.  
That makes it public property. And  
you might think of us as John Q.  
Public so... Maybe you could send  
down that elevator? It's kinda  
chilly and we wouldn't wanna have  
to force our way in.

KIRK  
You just try it, asshole. There's  
only one way up from that entrance  
and we blocked it off.

ROMAN  
Gee, I guess you're right. Maybe I  
better go think long and hard about  
my actions today.

KIRK  
Good idea!

Kirk hangs up -- totally self-content. Until...

The gondola cabins stretched from Thunder Creek to 13  
Glaciers blink to life like a strand of fat Christmas lights.

To Kirk's resurgent terror, they start moving.

INT./EXT. 13 GLACIERS LODGE - NIGHT

Kirk reenters the lodge just long enough to recognize Waylon's overalls and drag him outside.

KIRK  
You. You're one of the lift guys,  
right?

WAYLON  
Yup-yup. Lift mechanic.

KIRK  
Follow me.

A few curious WORKERS tag along as well.

WAYLON  
By the way, everyone wants to know  
when we're gonna fire up the dorm  
lift...?

KIRK  
Not till I say, got it?

WAYLON  
Yes, sir.

INT. HEMLOCK SPRINGS GONDOLA - RETURN STATION - NIGHT

They enter the control booth. Others filter in behind.

KIRK  
Can you shut down the gondolas from  
here?

WAYLON  
Of course.

He hits a switch and the cabins circulating through the station slow to a halt.

WAYLON  
Done. Easy-peasy.

KIRK  
Hallelujah.

Suddenly, the diesel engines fire and service resumes.

KIRK  
(furious)  
What the HELL? I thought you could  
shut it off!

WAYLON  
They musta put it in Maintenance  
Mode down below. Hey, who's running  
it right now anyway?

KIRK  
Nevermind that. How long does it  
take to reach this station from the  
base?

WAYLON  
About nine minutes.

KIRK  
Oh, God. Oh, God, what're we gonna  
do?

WAYLON  
About what?

CAL  
(in the b.g.)  
I know what we could do.

EXT. KULSHAN SUMMIT/WIDOWMAKER PEAK ARM - NIGHT

Ingrid. Blasting through the snowy night.

She stops the sled. Has she lost her way to the lodge?

Luckily, the gondolas light up to guide her and off she goes.

EXT. HEMLOCK SPRINGS GONDOLA - RETURN STATION - NIGHT

Cal leads them to the uppermost support tower with a satchel  
containing packs of TNT and a spool of detonating cord.

Ordinarily used for avalanche control, he rigs the explosives  
to the nearest tower while the others recede to the patio.

KIRK  
(to Cal)  
C'mon! They'll be here any minute!

WAYLON  
Not sure this is the best idea,  
guys.

This is where we buried the dorm  
lift and lodge powerlines last  
summer...

KIRK

Then get back inside and shut this  
bastard down!

INT. HEMLOCK SPRINGS GONDOLA - RETURN STATION - NIGHT

Waylon manipulates the controls to no avail. Exhausts  
options. Looks out through the frosty window to see --

-- Kirk and Cal running the det cord past the station --

-- just as Ingrid's snowmobile pulls up alongside the tower!

EXT. HEMLOCK SPRINGS GONDOLA - RETURN STATION - NIGHT

Waylon runs out waving his arms. Shouting to Cal. But noise  
from the wind and diesel engines easily carry his pleas away.

Changing direction because Ingrid is closer, Waylon runs  
directly into the blast radius hoping to scare her off.

Ingrid. Shoulders her heavy pack. Sinks into the snow a tad.

She turns to see yet another assailant. No time to hop back  
on the snowmobile. She tries to run -- fortunately in the  
right direction -- but only makes it ten yards before --

Waylon plows into her, driving them safely to the snow just  
out of range as the TNT blows the tower in half. BANG!

Groaning metal. Lit cabins fall -- crashing into the snow,  
one by one, down the entire mountain.

Their monocable twisted and slack. The cabins flicker off.

WAYLON

Are you okay?

INGRID

Get off me.

Finally, the newly damaged powerline throws the entire peak  
-- station, lodge, and all -- into total darkness.

END ACT II

ACT III

INT. 13 GLACIERS LODGE - NIGHT

In the low light provided by the backup generator, Kirk explains the circumstances to the huddled mass of personnel.

KIRK

So you should all be thanking your  
lucky stars I thought fast enough  
to stop them. The bottom line is...

This time everyone listens to Kirk shouting from the balcony.

Except Ingrid. Somehow, the rambling loudmouth fades to darkness. To near silence. He's replaced by a view of herself, together there with the young man who saved her, in the warm glow of white Christmas lights strung along the railing. Her face upturned. Closer. He slowly takes off her glasses...

INGRID

Huh?

WAYLON

(curious, friendly)  
I said, "Do you work here?" I don't  
think I've seen you before.

INGRID

(distant)  
Yeah.  
(curt)  
Yes, I mean. I'm new.

WAYLON

I'm Waylon, by the way.

INGRID

Ingrid.

KIRK

(over personnel)  
...and that's the other bottom  
line: unless someone skis down  
Widowmaker to switch the power back  
on, we can't run the dorm lift. And  
we might freeze to death up here.

The crowd consensus at the suggestion approaches panic.

The kid who shovels the walks for half-day passes, brave thirteen-year-old SCOTT "BUZZ" ALDERIN, raises his hand.

BUZZ

I'll do it.

Their consensus turns to disbelief -- six older girls immediately surround Buzz in a defiant, protective embrace.

BUZZ

I can make it. I ran it three times last season.

Patroller Hugh DeWitt is already stomping up the stairs.

HUGH

(to Kirk)

There's no one going down Widowmaker Ridge tonight. Christ, I wouldn't even rappel down that thing right now.

KIRK

Why not?

HUGH

Because it's closed.

KIRK

And it's closed because...?

HUGH

Are you a child? Because A, it's nighttime; B, there's not enough snow on it yet -- certainly not on the spiderleg; and C, because it's the most dangerous run in the country under optimal circumstances. So actually no, El Capitan, ain't nobody skiing Widowmaker tonight. Absolutely not. Excuse me.

EXT. WIDOWMAKER PEAK - NIGHT

Kirk. Ripping down "CLOSED" tape and "OFF-LIMITS" barrier fencing above the menacing couloir -- a steep, narrow gash in the mountainside. It leads to a sharp, precarious ridge called an "arete" that locals refer to as the "spiderleg." The lower slopes cannot be reached without successfully crossing it.

If a triple black diamond trail rating existed, they'd post several of them here.

Everyone gathers around the snow-ramp shoveled to deliver skiers and riders straight into the couloir so they're not ripped to shreds on the sheer cliff walls.

Already plugged into his snowboard, two red lights beam from Buzz's helmet to spare his night vision. Deep breaths.

KIRK

Okay. So when you make it to the bottom, the relay station is behind the dorms -- here's the key. Flip the main breaker to Auxiliary, then text us.

Patroller Hugh DeWitt takes him aside.

HUGH

God DAMMIT, Kingsley! You can't let him do this.

KIRK

There's no choice. Besides, isn't he, like, the best on the mountain? If anyone has a chance of making it...

HUGH

He's a kid, for Chrissake!

KIRK

So what? He can make up his own mind.

HUGH

And if something happens you'll tell his parents no one else here could have taken his place?

KIRK

Like who? Huh? Your old ass?

HUGH

(seething)

Listen, we'll try something else. I'll take the chopper --

INGRID

I don't recommend it. They have rocket launchers.

KIRK

See? They have rocket launchers.

(gasping)

I think I'm gonna throw up.



Casually migrating toward Waylon, Ingrid overhears a few Kulshan COWORKERS' low chatter.

COWORKER #1

What happens if he messes up on the spiderleg?

COWORKER #2

A fall from that height? We'll hear a splat after about ten minutes.

COWORKER #3

What do you idiots know about anything?

COWORKER #2

Not much but I guarantee you there's no snow on it. That's a problem.

COWORKER #3

Pah! The real problem is visibility. We can't see the spiderleg from here and neither will he, not even when he hits the bottom of the couloir. So he'll have to carve a hard left at the last instant blind -- ninja style. Oh, and he might be going a hundred miles an hour by then.

Ingrid calls up to Waylon at the top of the snow-ramp.

INGRID

Excuse me? Hello...um --

WAYLON

Waylon.

INGRID

Waylon. Right. Can you see the summit from there?

Waylon reaches down for her hand. She hesitates, then takes it. He pulls her up and points to the mountaintop.

Only the tower warning lights are still on -- the rest of the station remains a dark hulk below Kulshan's cratered peak.

INGRID

(jumping down)

I have to go.

WAYLON

Wait! Are you taking off later? Any chance I could --

INGRID

(perturbed)

I have to go!

WAYLON

-- get a ride?

She's already headed back toward the wrecked gondolas.

Enthusiasm builds. Buzz stares down the ramp.

The crowd makes insectile buzzing sounds to psych him up.

BUZZ

(to Waylon)

I'm, uh, starting to have second thoughts, maybe.

WAYLON

Even with all this excitement, Buzz-man? Without this stupid back sprain I'd totally take your place.

BUZZ

(not relieved)

Super encouraging, Way. Thanks.

WAYLON

(face to face)

Hey, remember when we conquered it last year? That beautiful bluebird day? Just like that, amigo. Remember the jag left across the spiderleg and don't freak out if there's no snow on it. Just let 'er ride, baby. Right?

BUZZ

Right!

WAYLON

You stoked?

BUZZ

I'm stoked!

WAYLON

Howlin'?

BUZZ

Owoo!

WAYLON

Then go get 'er!

Buzz lowers his goggles. Smacks his helmet with his mittened palms. And Blasts. The hell. OFF.

He hits the lip at the end of the ramp. Airborne. Does a little tail grab off the kicker because of course he does.

CROWD

Owoo!

Buzz vanishes over the edge. Rockets toward terminal velocity during the initial thirty-foot drop into the void.

Everyone holds their breath.

EXT. WIDOWMAKER RIDGE TRAIL - NIGHT

Out of sight now, his snowboard contacts the slope near the bottom of the couloir. Then he jags left across the snowless spiderleg, his metal edges sparking on rock -- a singular, live-or-die moment that ends by sailing past the black abyss before returning to soft, hospitable powder, his life spared.

Buzz. Triumphantly cruising past the darkened dormitories.

Breathe.

EXT. HEMLOCK SPRINGS GONDOLA - RETURN STATION - NIGHT

Ingrid finds her hidden pack under the staircase and the snowmobile beneath a tree knocked down by the support tower.

Still functional, she revs the sled and pulls free from the pine boughs.

EXT. WIDOWMAKER PEAK ARM - NIGHT

Ingrid's snowmobile gains elevation at top speed.

FLASHBACK - INGRID'S MEMORIES

Back on the snow-ramp. Waylon beside her, pointing across the glorious natural setting. Not now, but on a different night -- it's clear, a giant supermoon hanging in the sky...

BACK TO PRESENT

INGRID  
(rejecting the fantasy)  
Nope. No, no. STUPID!

EXT. RELAY STATION - NIGHT

Buzz pulls the release on his bindings to free himself from the slowing board. Hustles to the locked door.

Before he can take the key from his snow pants, an unseen ASSAILANT grabs Buzz and tears him away.

INT. 13 GLACIERS LODGE - NIGHT

Power not yet restored, concern for Buzz rumbles throughout the dark lodge until Hugh lets Kirk have it in front of everyone.

KIRK  
What's it been? Ten minutes?

HUGH  
I told you this would happen.

KIRK  
Maybe he made it.

HUGH  
Take a look around! Obviously not!

KIRK  
Where are you going?

HUGH  
Where do you think? Cal, get the high-angle gear.  
(enraged)  
And you better pray the kid's alive, Kingsley!

Kirk's phone dings with a text message notification.

KIRK  
See? That's probably Buzz right now.

The text only shows a video file.

ON PHONE DISPLAY - "i4ni.vid"

Kirk plays it. There's no sound, but the location is familiar.

INT. KULSHAN STAFF DORMITORIES - REC ROOM - NIGHT

A soldier. MILLS (30s). Balaclava. Dressed in all black. Duct tapes Buzz to a pillar where a rack of pool cues are mounted.

An identical second soldier, STRATHMORE (30s), splashes Buzz with fuel from a red gas can while filming with a smartphone.

Strathmore leaves the room. Dumps gasoline throughout the corridor leading back outside.

The pair rendezvous by their snowmobiles. Mills flicks a Zippo lighter for the camera and pitches it to the snow.

A fire trail sprints to the building -- a hungry, explosive fuse immediately consuming the entryway in flames.

INT. 13 GLACIERS LODGE - NIGHT

Just as the video cuts out a call comes in.

ON PHONE DISPLAY - "UNKNOWN"

Waylon suddenly bolts from the room.

INT. HEMLOCK SPRINGS GONDOLA - DRIVE STATION - NIGHT

Roman. Pacing. Phone to his ear.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. 13 GLACIERS LODGE - SAME TIME

Kirk finally answers it.

KIRK  
(demands)  
What are you doing?

ROMAN  
(oddly jovial)  
What am I doing? At the moment, I'm dealing with the three men you killed and a dozen with serious injuries. How about yourself, gorgeous?

KIRK  
C'mon, let the kid go, get him out of there!

ROMAN

Unfortunately, we're well past that, my friend.

KIRK

Look, we can still negotiate, right? If this is about housing, you can have Thunder Creek --

ROMAN

I already have Thunder Creek. There are no beds in that lodge.

KIRK

Don't you people usually sleep in the woods?

ROMAN

You might be surprised to learn we're not animals. For the most part. But this is a tough year for surviving anywhere, let alone out in the elements. Wouldn't you agree?

KIRK

Maybe you should have thought of that before you set the dorms on fire.

ROMAN

And sleep in those ratty-ass beds where your ratty-ass employees sleep? No -- I'd prefer one of those fancy mountain view rooms by Widowmaker Ridge.

KIRK

Well, I'll just go ahead and put you down for an upgrade, sir. We'll be sure to inform you when --

ROMAN

Let me make something perfectly clear to you, Kirk. Tomorrow, I'm coming up there and making Thirteen Glaciers our new home. My advice? Be somewhere else.

KIRK

And where exactly are we supposed to go?

ROMAN

I dunno. Don't you people usually  
sleep in the woods?

(gleeful)

Hm. I guess you do now...

The call disconnects. Kirk looks like someone just waltzed  
across his grave.

EXT. DORMITORY CHAIRLIFT - OPERATOR'S SHACK - NIGHT

From here, Waylon can see the dorms blazing down below.

WAYLON

Oh, no...

Lift Operator AMY (early 20s) catches up.

AMY

I couldn't hear you in there --  
what are we supposed to do exactly?

WAYLON

Hurry! I need you to release the  
brakes so we can start a rollback.

AMY

How? I'm not sure that's even  
possible.

WAYLON

Then you don't know how old this  
lift is. You have to take the e-  
brake off the bullwheel. The  
lever's right next to the gearbox.

Waylon climbs onto the uppermost backwards-facing chair on  
the uphill side.

AMY

(shocked)

And you're riding it down? Are you  
trying to kill yourself?

WAYLON

Please, just do it.

AMY

I don't understand --

WAYLON

Amy -- look at the dorms!

Without another word, she disengages the emergency brakes and the lift starts running backwards under Waylon's weight.

EXT. LIFT CHAIR - CONTINUOUS

The support towers rush past Waylon's chair with increasing speed high above the exposed cliffs of Kulshan's backside.

Below, uncontrolled chairs hammer through the drive station with intermittent bangs.

The support towers. Whooshing past. Faster and faster.

Waylon holds on tight. Head cranked around. Gets his feet under him. Crouches on the seat.

The chairs slam closer together. The station zooms nearer.

At the last possible instant, Waylon jumps clear just before his runaway chair flips up, smashing against the terminal.

He lands in the snow. Fights through the obviously screaming pain in his back. Scrambles toward the burning dorms.

The exterior propane heating tanks are already hissing.

EXT. HEMLOCK SPRINGS GONDOLA - DRIVE STATION - NIGHT

Roman and Maddox. Among the devastated gondolas. Militia members contend with the aftermath, the wounded.

MADDOX

Mills and Strathmore are heading back, but Blitzen hasn't checked in.

ROMAN

Have them redirect to the summit and report back.

INT. KULSHAN STAFF DORMITORIES - REC ROOM - NIGHT

Screaming fire alarms. Waylon charges through the inferno.

Buzz's red helmet lights are still on. He's alive -- though crying and choking on coarse smoke.

BUZZ

Way! Oh, man, thank...god?

Waylon rushes past him. Toward a burning door.



WAYLON

Hang in there, buddy. I'll be right back.

BUZZ

(exclaims)

What?

HALLWAY

The door disintegrates into fiery splinters as Waylon smashes through it -- then hits the floor from the momentum.

He picks himself up and staggers down the hallway -- coughing and gagging into his elbow -- kicks in another door.

His door.

WAYLON'S DORM ROOM

A heavy layer of smoke hangs in the air, fire all around.

Waylon reaches under his bedspread. Pulls out a small, frightened black cat and zips him into his overalls.

This is SCHRODINGER (3).

REC ROOM

Waylon returns. Rips Buzz free from his ties.

WAYLON

Sorry, little brother. Had to get Schrodinger.

BUZZ

Was he alive or dead?

WAYLON

(coughing)

Alive. Let's go, we're out.

EXT. KUSHAN STAFF DORMITORIES - NIGHT

They run out together just as the propane tanks explode, blowing the dormitories to blazing smithereens. KA-BOOM!

EXT. WIDOWMAKER PEAK ARM/KULSHAN SUMMIT - NIGHT

The nasal buzz of Ingrid's snowmobile.

She has the station in sight, but her mind is elsewhere.

QUICK FLASHES - INGRID'S FANTASIES

--Surrounded by tiny, brilliant white lights on the lodge balcony. Waylon's about to take off her glasses...

--On the Widowmaker Peak snow-ramp. Together under a big moon...

--Finally, beside 13 Glaciers' mammoth fireplace. Inside. Warm. A roaring fire. Laughing together...

BACK TO PEAK ARM

She shakes her head -- hoping to dispel the nagging thoughts.

In the b.g., Mills and Strathmore's snowmobiles appear behind Ingrid's. They close in.

Strathmore aims a submachine gun at the forward snowmobile. Fires. Muzzle flash.

A round drones past Ingrid's ear, snapping her out of it.

Discovering her pursuers, she barrels ahead full throttle.

Mills and Strathmore give chase.

EXT. RELAY STATION - NIGHT

Buzz and Waylon approach the power relay station.

WAYLON

You still have the key?

BUZZ

Yeah.

He fishes it out, opens the lock.

EXT. SUMMIT CONTROL STATION - NIGHT

Brutal conditions. Snow in high winds streak past.

Coming around the station, Ingrid briefly loses her attackers.

Very briefly. By the time she jumps off and goes for the gate, they catch up to within range.

The snow is deeper than before, pulling her down like quicksand, deadening her efforts to dreadful slow-mo.

Her pack is like an anchor. The snowmobiles chug closer.

Errant shots, wild in the low visibility, strike nearby.

INT. RELAY STATION - NIGHT

Inside, Waylon locates the main breaker.

WAYLON

Huh. That's weird...

BUZZ

What's that?

WAYLON

Nothing. It's just -- I expected the auxiliary side would be the grid, not geothermal.

BUZZ

Geothermal?

WAYLON

Yeah. Kulshan is an active stratovolcano.

BUZZ

Really? Awesome!

WAYLON

All the free power we want. Except, then, Kirk must not know it's backwards. Unless...it's on purpose.

BUZZ

What is?

WAYLON

Nothing. Let's get outta here before those guys come back.

EXT. SUMMIT CONTROL STATION - NIGHT

Ingrid. Finally on her feet at the gate -- just as the assailants race up to the fencing -- reaches for the handle.

END ACT III

ACT IV

INT. RELAY STATION - NIGHT

Buzz stops them from leaving.

BUZZ  
What about the switch?

WAYLON  
Oh, yeah. Duh!

Flipping it restores the power. Just as --

EXT. SUMMIT CONTROL STATION - CONTINUOUS

-- Ingrid closes the gate on her attackers, the surge of electricity sparking when the field completes its circuit.

A bolt arcs from the handle to Mills' glove as he reaches for it, jolting his hand away.

INT. 13 GLACIERS LODGE - CONTINUOUS

Lights flicker on. Fifty-eight occupants erupt in cheers and applause. The lighting is also restored at the --

INT. THUNDER CREEK LODGE - CONTINUOUS

Where nearly as many bustling militia members revamp the lodge to suit their needs. Accommodate the wounded.

EXT./INT. SUMMIT CONTROL STATION - CONTINUOUS

Strathmore has his partner stand back while he empties the clip into the high steel barrier to little effect as --

-- Ingrid scrambles through the station door and slams it shut. Finding the lock broken, she throws the deadbolt.

Other than an adjoining bathroom, small kitchenette, dining table, and leather couch, the station is replete with consoles, monitors, and blinking control panels.

Ingrid begins unpacking right away.

A sound, barely perceptible, stops her. Impossible to tell if it came from inside the station or out.

She reaches into the open pack, grasps the loaded handgun issued to her. Waits. Nothing.

Ingrid releases the grip. Withdraws two cases resembling military-grade laptops instead.

Taking an out-of-place heart-shaped throw pillow from the comfy-looking couch, she places it for lower back support and sets up at the workstation.

Finally, the installation process begins. Reflections of complex data and algorithms flash across her glasses.

EXT./INT. HEMLOCK SPRINGS GONDOLA - DRIVE STATION - NIGHT

It's snowing like crazy. Medic and former EMT JUNE GELDER (early 40s) enters -- frantic, blood spatter on her fatigues.

JUNE

Sinclair's dead. Got two more barely hanging on. We don't medevac them to a hospital, they're dead, too.

Roman ensures the Glock is loaded. Hands it to her grip first.

ROMAN

Take care of it.

Stunned, she only looks at the weapon.

JUNE

First do no harm.

ROMAN

Where do you think you are, Ambulance Camp?

JUNE

What if we reach out to the Ranger Station? Or the Ski Patrol? They even have a chopper that --

Roman grabs her by the throat, slams her against the wall.

ROMAN

And maybe after, they could come down here, make us a nice brunch and give us all massages.

(true menace)

Maybe you forgot why you're here in the first place.

There is no outside help -- not anymore, not today. This is a real-world kind of day, soldier! And so is every day going forward. Now go TAKE CARE OF IT!

He pins the gun grip against her carotid until --  
-- she nods. Accepts the firearm.

JUNE

Yes, sir!

Roman grins. Releases her. Claps her jaw.

ROMAN

(abruptly pleasant)

That's the spirit, lassie. Tell me when it's done -- I'll run the bill up Widowmaker Ridge and make sure that uppity sonofabitch gets it.

INT. 13 GLACIERS - OFFICE SUITE - NIGHT

Kirk Kingsley's face. Dumb and contemplative. Confused and disgusted. Temper rising like lava. What's he staring at?

A teddy bear. He grabs it from the bookshelf and slams it down on his desk with a little squeak. Connects a cord from his computer to a port in its back.

He angrily clicks through files while the smiling bear awaits a hug. What have its camera eyes seen?

ON MONITOR - Alana. Scrawling on a piece of paper at his desk.

KIRK

(through teeth)

You rotten bitch.

Kirk jumps up and runs out to hunt her down.

EXT. KULSHAN STAFF DORMITORIES - NIGHT

Waylon watches the dorms burn while Buzz finishes up a call.

BUZZ

(into phone)

Okay, Mom. Yes, Mom. Okay. Okay, Mom. Bye.

(hangs up)  
That was my mom.

WAYLON  
I heard. Your parents comin' to get you?

BUZZ  
They're going to the hospital. My dad has symptoms. I'm supposed to stay here, they said.

WAYLON  
Aw, man. I'm sorry, homie.

BUZZ  
What's gonna happen, Way?

WAYLON  
We're gonna stick together and take care of each other this winter, that's what. One big, happy Koma Kulshan family.

BUZZ  
I mean, right now.

WAYLON  
You and me are gonna steal a snowcat and make our way back up the mountain. And when we get to Thirteen Glaciers we're gonna party with the most badass hero ever to shred the forbidden terrors of Widowmaker Ridge.

BUZZ  
(brightening)  
Really? Who is that?

WAYLON  
That's you, big man. That's you.

Waylon puts little Schrodinger in Buzz's arms and they walk off.

BUZZ  
It wasn't even that bad that time. I mean, it was dark and scary and stuff but still easier than the first time and did you see that grab...?

EXT. KULSHAN SUMMIT/WIDOWMAKER PEAK ARM - NIGHT

Mills and Strathmore's snowmobiles stop where their rapidly vanishing trail intersects Ingrid's. What's this?

A path leading to 13 Glaciers? Just what they're looking for.

Their snowmobiles leap ahead like sharks chasing dinner in a frothy ocean.

INT. SUMMIT CONTROL STATION - NIGHT - FLASH SIDEWAYS

The comfy couch. Heart-shaped throw pillow. Two glasses bubbling with champagne. The crystal chime. A delicate note.

Two celebrate. Waylon and Ingrid. Changing with each fantasy, she's completed the progression -- blond hair down in loose curls, no glasses. Prettier, though not necessarily made up.

Still -- it's more than her appearance. She's equally sharp, yet relaxed, approachable. Unwound. Happy. Flirty even.

That's because this isn't Ingrid. Not exactly.

This is ASTRID THYSSEN (26) and her husband, WEILAN (28).

ASTRID (INGRID)

It's an important night for us.

WEILAN (WAYLON)

For us -- meaning humanity? Or us, us?

ASTRID

(playfully)

Yes.

WEILAN

Are you already drunk? Is that the best idea considering the level of risk we're about to undertake?

ASTRID

It's perfectly safe. And I'm not drunk. Yet.

WEILAN

So ripping open a black hole that sucks in the whole universe is totally outside the realm of possibility. You're absolutely sure.



She laughs. But he's only half joking.

ASTRID

It's not going to do that. First the system has to connect with the other summit stations. Then all the precise frequencies have to be calibrated while it's charging, and then maybe, maybe the network could theoretically generate enough distortion to push the S-O-S signal out of our dimension. That's if it works at all.

WEILAN

Finally. An explanation that sets my mind at ease.

ASTRID

You're being silly.

She moves over to the workstation. Despite the sophisticated, advanced technology, she selects a fat quarter-inch jack -- the type used on old switchboards.

ASTRID

(dangles jack)

It's not even connected yet. But when it is...

WEILAN

Whoa, hey, slow down -- I think we should wait for the call.

ASTRID

You have to face your fears, dahlink. And trust the science. I know, I know, take my own advice, et cetera. Now watch this.

WEILAN

Wait!

END FLASH SIDEWAYS

INT. SUMMIT CONTROL STATION - SAME TIME

Ingrid. About to connect her terminal with an identical cable.

Without warning, Blitzen stumbles out of the bathroom. Still twitching. Left arm seized. Moves between Ingrid and the gun in her bag. He lurches toward her.

She takes the only action available at that moment.

ON SPLIT SCREEN - Ingrid plugs in. Astrid plugs in.  
Simultaneous contact. Their hands meet in the middle.

The plugs are gone -- the connection established.

The two are completely alone. Surrounded by silent darkness.  
Their fingers interlock. A strange communion commences.

It's a shock to each, coming face to face with such an  
unusual reflection -- and no mirror. Yet fear is nowhere to  
be found.

INGRID  
Who are you?

ASTRID  
Who are you?

ASTRID  
Who are you?

INGRID  
Who are you?

They smile.

INGRID  
Am I hearing feedback?

ASTRID  
Am I hearing feedback?

BLACK.

THE END