

"THE SUMMIT"

1-Hour TV PILOT

written by

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TEASER

BLACK SCREEN.

Muffled SCREAMS FOR HELP. Then, sounds of CLAWING and CRUNCHING of SNOW.

Suddenly... blinding white light as the darkness gives way to blue sky. LABORED GASPS.

EXT. MOUNTAIN SLOPE - DAY

GASPS and more LABORED BREATHESES.

POV: Through fogged ski goggles white puffs of breathe drift off -- A frantic three-hundred-sixty degree scan of the surroundings --

The goggles are lifted for a clearer view: Mangled trees and branches litter the wrecked mountainside along the snowy swath cut by an avalanche.

POV: Now moving.

More LABORED BREATHING.

Searching. Circling. Each step sinking into thigh-high snow --

A ski tip appears, poking from the snow -- A ski pole --

More searching -- Another ski is pried from its snowy embrace.

More LABORED BREATHING.

POV: Struggling through the trees. Ahead is a ski trail --

The skis hit the snow --

A ski slips away down the steep slope --

POV: Sliding, tumbling down the slope to retrieve it -- Finally the boot snaps into binding --

POV: Speeding downhill on a ski trail.

Other SKIERS appear from a merging trail.

A beeline toward A EMERGENCY CALL BOX down the slope ahead.

Suddenly, veering away as a SKI PATROLLER stops next to it.

SKI PATROLLER (O.S.)
Hey, slow down.

POV: racing past SLOWER SKIERS -- another trail -- bouncing over steep moguls -- angling off trail into the trees.

Branches whip across the path --

Emerging onto another ski trail --

A near collision crossing paths with a SNOWBOARDER.

SNOWBOARDER (O.S.)
Watch it, jackass. Fricking skiers.

POV: Ahead, another EMERGENCY CALL BOX --

Snow sprays. A SWOOSH to a stop --

A gloved hand snags the call box receiver.

DISPATCHER (V.O.)
Summit Ski Patrol.

The voice of a young adult male GASPS into the receiver.

MAN'S VOICE
Yeah, there's been an avalanche... north side of Peak Six, above the Jack Rabbit Trail. There's a man, he's trapped.

DISPATCHER (V.O.)
Okay, slow down. What is your name?

The gloved hand drops the receiver.

DISPATCHER (V.O.)
...Sir, where are you? ...Sir?

The receiver swings from the Call Box.

END TEASER

ACT 1

SUPER: "FIVE DAYS EARLIER"

EXT/INT. TIMESHARE BUILDING COMPLEX - DAY

MIA MONTEZ (21), petite and polite, but fiery when she needs to be -- uniformed in a light blue polo and navy pants -- pushes her cleaning cart down the hallway. She stops, knocks on the room door.

MIA
Housekeeping.

She swipes her card key, opens the door and enters. A quick check for occupants, she begins her clean.

The vacuum HUMS. Behind her, the entry door slowly opens.

An ominous, hooded figure enters -- moves in behind her, snatches her around the waist.

Mia GASPS... spins, swings her elbow -- The intruder falls onto the bed...

JASON
Ow! Jesus.

MIA
Jason? Oh my god.

JASON WRIGHT (21), bushes back his hoodie.

MIA (CONT'D)
What are you doing here?

Jason dabs his cheek.

JASON
My class isn't 'til ten.

She flashes him her watch. He shrugs.

MIA
You're late, again. Seriously?

His grin instantly douses her anger. She checks his reddened cheek.

JASON
You can make it up to me...

Jason pulls her onto the bed.

MIA

Stop. I have to work. You do too.

Mia pushes up, rights her vacuum.

JASON

Fine. Can I at least use the shower? The hot water is out at my place again.

MIA

If you hurry.

Jason strips off his hoodie and shirt in one motion. He's boy-band cute, muscular but not ripped.

JASON

Want to join me?

MIA

Go already.

EXT. "THE SUMMIT" SKI RESORT - DAY

Corporate-owned, locally run -- the resort is the pillar of the town of Summit, Colorado that has grown around it.

REGINA (20s) stands at the base of the one-hundred yard ski school "bunny slope" uniformed in white and red Ski School attire. One of the many twenty-somethings at the resort mixing work and fun while deciding what to do with their life.

She's perched in front of a group of eager skiers ranging from seven to ten-years-old and decked in a palette of the latest ski fashion.

Jason skis up next to her.

REGINA

Where have you been?

She glances up. PATRICK JONES (40s), the Ski School Director, glares from his second floor office window.

Jason takes the reins from Regina.

JASON

Okay, who's ready to become the next Olympic champion?

A few hands pop up.

JASON (CONT'D)
Okay then, let's get up that hill.

The skiers file onto the conveyor-lift belt and ride it to the top.

Jason snowplows in reverse as he observes each skier serpentine the slope toward him. He checks Patrick, still hovering through his window.

JASON (CONT'D)
Good job -- there ya go, good --
easy, stay spaced...

MARCUS is frozen at the top, the last kid. All eyes on him.

JASON (CONT'D)
Here we go, Marcus. You can do it.

Marcus inches forward.

JASON (CONT'D)
Good...good.

BOY'S VOICE (O.S.)
Geez, come on already.

Marcus wobbles, stops. Jason turns to the class.

JASON
Everybody has their own pace. Let's
hear some encouragement, okay?

JASON (CONT'D)
Come on, Marcus. You can do it --

Marcus begins again, inches ahead, picks up speed.

JASON (CONT'D)
That's it, good job.
(chants)
Mar-cus, Mar-cus, MAR-CUS...

The class gradually joins in, Mar-cus, Mar-cus, MAR-CUS...

Marcus smiles ear to ear as he glides the last few yards. Jason offers a fist bump as the class CHEERS.

JASON (CONT'D)
Nice job, buddy.

Jason glances toward Patrick's window -- he's gone.

EXT. SKI SLOPE - DAY

The late-afternoon shadows edge over the half-pipe course.

ALEX SIMMS (20), in a hand-me-down snowboard parka and blue-jeans, puffs a cigarette. With him, BRENT AZUNA (21), the envy of every weekend wannabe decked from head to board-tip in top-line gear.

Jason adjusts his goggles, stares over his ski tips, a deep breath, he launches into the pipe.

A massive high-air grab above the 22-foot high bank. He lands with ease -- more speed, another massive grab directly over Brent and Alex fifteen feet above the pipe --

ALEX

Is he gonna do it? Do it!

More speed. Jason launches, whirls through the air. A triple-cork 1620 -- four complete spins, flips, and --

BRENT

Oh, Shit.

Alex and Brett lurch, share Jason's pain as he slams onto the ice-solid lip. He plummets into the bottom of the pipe and slides to a stop, remains motionless.

Brent and Alex ride their boards down to him.

ALEX

Jason? Dude, are you...

Jason GROANS, rolls to his side to right himself.

BRENT

Dude, that was messed up.

Alex shoves Brent back.

ALEX

You alright? You had it, dude.

Jason slowly regains his breath. Alex helps him up.

JASON

Get off me. I'm okay.

Bent painfully at the waist -- *He clearly isn't*. Jason tries to ski on, his binding barely attached to his ski.

JASON (CONT'D)

Shit.

Jason pops off his ski, chucks it at Alex and coasts away on one ski.

ALEX

This is total junk anyway. Time to go shopping.

Alex tosses the ski at Brent, glides off toward Jason.

INT. JASON'S STUDIO APARTMENT - NIGHT

The JINGLE of KEYS turning the deadbolt. Jason shields his eyes as the entryway light beams in. Mia enters.

Jason is sprawled on the futon, an ice-filled plastic bag on his ribs.

MIA

Oh my god, Jason. What happened?

She sits next to him. He gingerly lifts up his T-shirt exposing his black and blue ribs.

MIA (CONT'D)

Jason, you need to see someone. What if something's broken.

JASON

There's not much you can do for ribs, broken or not. And, I'm pretty sure you kinda need insurance.

He grimaces as he rolls up, kisses her.

JASON (CONT'D)

Where's Liza?

MIA

Nana's watching her. I picked up private clean this afternoon.

Mia goes to the cramped kitchen, eyes the sink full of dirty dishes.

MIA (CONT'D)

Have you eaten?

She opens the refrigerator. A stench greets her -- just beer, condiment bottles and spoiled take-out leftovers.

JASON (O.S.)
I'll grab something at the bar
later.

MIA
You can't work like that.

JASON
I'm okay.

Mia looks around the sparsely furnished clutter. She spots his broken ski propped by the door.

MIA
Are those your good ones?

JASON
It's fine, I'll --

MIA
-- You'll what?

Mia moves back and sits, lifts the ice pack.

MIA (CONT'D)
Don't you think it's time?
Get your G.E.D. Take the patrol
test?

JASON
Even if I did, the next test is in
January during qualifiers. By the
time I finish the patrol course
there'll only be four weeks left in
the season.

MIA
You know, cleaning rooms isn't
exactly my dream. But I do what I
have to.

JASON
We'll work it out. If I qualify...

Mia can't hold her displeasure.

JASON (CONT'D)
Come on. We'll work it out.

MIA
I should go. It's close to Liza's
bedtime. You sure you're okay? Can
I get you anything?

JASON

The one thing I really want would
be way too painful right now.

Mia swats him, moves close -- a long passionate kiss.

Mia stands. A last disheartened glance at his ski before she
exits.

INT. JASON'S STUDIO APARTMENT - DAY

Jason lies asleep on the futon, still in last night's black-
on-black work clothes. He rolls, lurches as the rippling pain
awakens him.

The sun beams through a part in the curtains, hitting his
face. He sits up, eyes wide -- *more agony*.

He scrambles to his phone, checks the time: "10:42AM"

JASON

Shit. SHIT!

He struggles to pull off his shirt, kicks off his pants. He
searches the room for his Ski School attire.

EXT. SKI RESORT - DAY

Regina directs Jason's class as he slides up. The instructors
are in red parka and gray ski pants. Jason is in the white
and red combo.

REGINA

You're late, *again*. And, what are
you wearing?

Jason holds his pain. He gathers himself, faces the class.

JASON

Okay, who wants to be the next
Olympic Gold Medalist?

Regina edges in front of him.

REGINA

Sorry. Patrick gave me your class.
He wants to see you.

Jason spots Patrick hovering at his window.

INT. PATRICK'S OFFICE - DAY

Patrick tilts back in his chair as Jason enters. He glares, takes a swig from his coffee mug...

PATRICK

You remember why I hired you,
right?

Jason puffs up like a peacock...As his superior, Patrick has minuscule ski knowledge or ability which irks Jason.

JASON

I'd like to think it's my --

PATRICK

-- Get the tourists to spread their
wealth. Brag that their kid took
lessons from an promising '*Olympic
skier,*' remember?

JASON

I've got a good shot a the X-Games.

PATRICK

Hell, every jerk-off running the
pipe thinks that.

JASON

I've almost got the cork.

PATRICK

"*Almost*" is the key word here. You
can spin yourself to Aspen for all
I care. What you are now is just
another washed up ski bum.

Patrick tosses Jason keys. They drop to the floor. Jason can't hide his pain as he retrieves them. Patrick shakes his head.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

It's time you wake up to the real
world. Maybe this will teach you
the importance of being on time.

EXT. MAIN STREET - DAY

Jason stares out from behind the wheel of a SUMMIT SKI SHUTTLE BUS as passengers exit and enter. He pulls away from the curb in front of...

EXT/INT. MADDY'S BOUTIQUE - DAY

At the counter stands AMBER DAVIS, 22, a blonde but not natural. The SALES GIRL looks on as Amber inserts her credit card again.

SALES GIRL
Still won't take it.

Amber fumes as she tries another credit card.

SALES GIRL (CONT'D)
I'm sorry, that was declined too.

AMBER
What the...

SALES GIRL
Here, let me try it.

The Sales Girl swipes the cards across the register. MADDY, the owner, approaches.

MADDY
Hi, is there a problem.

AMBER
Yeah. This girl apparently can't run a credit card.

MADDY
May I?

Maddy swipes one, then the other card. Hands them back.

MADDY (CONT'D)
I'm sorry. Perhaps there's a problem with your bank.

EXT. MADDY'S BOUTIQUE - DAY (MOMENTS LATER)

Amber on her cellphone, storms out.

AMBER
(into phone)
Call Christine.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

CHRISTINE DAVIS, a sophisticated fifties, walks through an expansive estate to her cellphone BUZZING on the kitchen island counter.

She checks the caller, braces for it...

INTERCUT PHONE CONVERSATION:

CHRISTINE
(into phone)
Amber. How are you, dear?

AMBER
How am I? My goddamn credit cards
just got declined.

Christine moves toward the wall of windows overlooking the
L.A. skyline.

CHRISTINE
Now calm down.

AMBER
Calm down? Do you know how super
embarrassing it is to stand in
front of strangers while they tell
you that you have no money?

CHRISTINE
I'm sorry.

AMBER
What do you mean you're sorry,
mother. Now fix this now.

Christine crafts her words.

CHRISTINE
Dear... I'm afraid we had to cancel
them. Your father feared they'd be
traced. It appears you have used
your allotted amount for the month
anyway, so --

AMBER
-- What? What do you mean
cancelled?

CHRISTINE
Have you forgotten why you're
there?

AMBER
Yeah, and getting my cards declined
doesn't raise attention?

CHRISTINE

We feel you're not taking this seriously.

AMBER

I'm stuck up here in this frozen ass town. How serious can it be?

CHRISTINE

Until your father can get a satisfactory resolution to your situation, everyone thinks it will help if you lay low, start showing some real responsibility.

AMBER

Hello? I'm literally being punished for something that wasn't even my fault.

CHRISTINE

It's time you face the consequences for your bad decisions. We'll find a way to get you money but it's only for essentials. If you're out, you need to get a job.

AMBER

A what? How am I suppose to eat?

END INTERCUT.

Amber ends the call, stalks down the street.

EXT. SKI LODGE - DAY

Alex is lounged in a deck chair. He takes in the bustle of activity as the lunchtime crowd fills in around him.

A few beats, he rises, dons goggles and walks toward the ski racks --

He grabs a pair of skis, nonchalantly slings them over his shoulder and continues on his way.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

Alex angles toward the rear of a white van. Suddenly, he's shoved from behind, smashed against the van doors.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

What the hell are you doing?

Alex spins, ready to retaliate when he realizes it's his brother STEVE (27), a taller, thinner, grungier version of Alex.

ALEX

Jesus. I was about to rain hell on you, dude.

Steve gives him a 'yeah right' push. Alex opens the van doors. Steve peruses the skis and snowboards stacked inside, nods approval as he throws Alex's latest grab onto the pile.

INT. VAN - DAY (TRAVELING)

Alex drives. Steve lights a joint.

ALEX

When did you get out? And why did you come back here?

STEVE

Good to see you too, bro.

Steve holds up a fist-bump, offers a drag.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Just here to regroup. Looks like you're on the same hustle. Seen the ol' man lately?

ALEX

He usually hangs at Sherri's.

Steve studies Alex.

STEVE

So, what's your pal Jason up to these days?

ALEX

Ask him yourself. We're suppose to hook up at the Moose later.

STEVE

Pass. Sarah still runnin' the place? She's too chummy with folks, especially the Sheriff. I'm kinda breakin' parole by being here. Don't need people knowin' I'm in town. Best if you drop me at home.

INT. MOOSEHEAD CAFE - DAY

Jason, Brent and Alex slide into their usual booth. Jason takes a few shallow breaths as his pain subsides.

BRENT
Dude, how you gonna practice?

JASON
Qualifiers aren't 'til January so
if I'm only out a week or two...

BRENT
That was a super wicked crash. You
should really save the big crashes
for the cameras.

Brent checks Alex for a rebuttal but his mind is elsewhere. Brent elbows him as Amber appears across the aisle.

BRENT (CONT'D)
Speaking of wicked, check her out.

All eyes are on Amber as she bends, leans, squats, busing a large table.

BRENT (CONT'D)
Please. And, thank you.

ALEX
In your dreams.

Amber struggles with the packed tray of dishes, barely able to balance it as she maneuvers toward the kitchen.

A man stands in front of her, the tray tips -- glasses and dishes hit the floor with an ear-shattering CRASH.

Brent pops from the booth, stoops to help.

BRENT
That guy was a super dickhead.

Amber eyes SARAH JONES (50s), the owner, approaching.

INT/EXT. MOOSEHEAD CAFE - DAY (MOMENTS LATER)

Jason and Alex trail Amber out the door. Brent remains...

BRENT
You're firing her for this? That's
totally bogus.
(MORE)

BRENT (CONT'D)

Like you've never broken a glass.
See if we ever eat in here again.

Brent peeks over his shoulder as they exit.

BRENT (CONT'D)

She gone?

SARAH

Get outta here.

BRENT

Right. The place looks Bussin'. My
dad will be pleased to see his
investment is paying off.

SARAH

I don't care who you're daddy is.
Next time y'all come in here, you'd
better order something.

BRENT

Yes ma'am.

EXT. MOOSEHEAD CAFE - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

Brent joins the others gathered outside.

ALEX

...And, this is Brent.
(to Brent)
Amber.

BRENT

Hey. So, obviously you're new in
town, 'cause I like, know
everybody.

Amber walks away. Brent hurries after her. Alex lights a
cigarette, hangs back with Jason.

ALEX

So, Steve's back in town.

The words rattle Jason.

JASON

I thought he was doing time in
Idaho.

ALEX

He's out. Said he's just here to
regroup. He asked about you.

(MORE)

ALEX (CONT'D)

Weird, right? I mean you two never really got along.

JASON

Yeah, for real. He totally got us jammed up in some heavy shit.

They trail Brent in silence as he talks up Amber.

BRENT

I can't believe Sar...uh, that bitch, fired you for that. You don't really impress me as the waitress type anyway.

AMBER

Ah, you're the expert on what people do. By the looks of it, you're not hurting for work.

BRENT

I got some skills. More important I've got connections. So, what do you want to do?

AMBER

Nothing.

BRENT

Well, I'm down with that. How about we do "nothing" together?

AMBER

You gonna pay me?

BRENT

Depends on how *together* we're talking.

Amber gives him a look, walks on. Brent keeps pace.

BRENT (CONT'D)

Hold on. Maybe that didn't exactly come out right. So, what if I could get you something up there?

He points to the ski-in, ski-out time-share condominium complex up the ski mountain.

BRENT (CONT'D)

There's definitely people up there getting paid to do like, *nothing*.

Amber stops, considers it.

AMBER
You work there?

BRENT
Me? hell no. But, like I said, I
know people.

She looks back at Jason and Alex loitering behind. Her eyes meet Jason's.

AMBER
What's your friend's name again?
...The one on the left.

BRENT
Jason?

Out of options, Amber caves to her predicament.

AMBER
You should get back to your little
boy's club. But...

Amber moves close, reaches coyly around Brent. He barely has time to react before she smoothly pulls his phone from his back pocket, puts it up to his face to unlock it, and taps in her number.

AMBER (CONT'D)
Okay. Well, let me know.

Amber hands back his phone and walks away. The guys move up, Brent holds up his phone to Alex.

BRENT
Suck it.

EXT. STREET - DAY (MINUTES LATER)

Brent and Jason stand with Alex outside his van. Alex scans the surroundings, opens the rear doors. He pulls out a primo pair of skis from his stash, hands them to Jason.

JASON
What the hell?

ALEX
Come on. These tourist wannabes
will ski on them twice then hang
'em in some garage in Texas. They
deserve to see serious slope time.

Jason resists.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Really? I could get four, five-
hundred easy for these bitches.

Brent quickly slams the van doors as the Sheriff's SUV drifts by. A few car-lengths past, it stops.

Jason drops the skis to his side, tries to conceal them as the backup lights on the SUV illuminate.

END ACT 1

ACT 2

SHERIFF REX PETERS a stout fifties, peers out of his SUV. Aside from the fact his pearl-handled side-arm is an semi-automatic -- together with his cowboy hat and boots -- he's reminiscent of a time when lawmen rode horses.

BRENT
Sheriff Rex.

Sheriff Rex glances up at the "NO PARKING" sign planted curbside.

SHERIFF REX
Brent. You fellas know better than to park here.

He eyes Jason's skis.

SHERIFF REX
How's training going?

JASON
Great. I'll be ready come January.

Alex remains cool. Jason and Brent stand sheepishly as Sheriff Rex continues to eye them.

SHERIFF REX
Okay. Move the van.

Sheriff Rex idles away. Jason hands Alex back the skis, walks away.

ALEX
You serious? Since when are you too good?

EXT. "THE SUMMIT" TIMESHARE LODGE - DAY

Jason stops the shuttle at the main entrance.

INT. SHUTTLE - DAY (TRAVELING)

Jason stares blankly as RIDERS depart. He moves out of the circle loop. He spots Amber running for the shuttle and stops. She is surprised to see Jason as she boards.

AMBER
Thanks.

Amber sits in the first seat adjacent as he drives on. They make eye contact in the mirror.

JASON

Hey. Amber, right? Jason... Brent's friend. We met at 'THE MOOSE'

She's fully aware but feigns ignorance.

AMBER

Jason? Okay, sure.

(A beat)

So, you drive a bus.

JASON

It's just temporary. I usually teach at the ski school.

Jason quickly covers as Amber remains unimpressed.

JASON (CONT'D)

So, Brent said he hooked you up at the lodge. How is it?

AMBER

Great, if you like pitching people who only do the tour for the free night's stay?

Jason checks his mirror, catches Amanda staring back.

JASON

So...um, you're from?

AMBER

California.

JASON

Nice. You ski?

AMBER

Me? Not currently.

Amber bats back a flirtatious look.

JASON

So why are you here?

AMBER

Apparently, learning responsibility... You?

JASON
Skier. I'm training for the
X-games.

AMBER
Oh..kay. So, what is that, like
some kinky mountain thing?

JASON
Really? You've never heard of the X-
games? It's like the Olympics on
steroids and way more options to
hook up with sponsors.

AMBER
Sponsors. So, it's a money thing.

JASON
If you haven't noticed, in this
town, you have it or you don't.

AMBER
So, what do you do for fun around
here?

Jason gives her a look. Amber bats back a flirtatious look.

AMBER (CONT'D)
Besides skiing.

JASON
Work and skiing is about all I have
time for. Rent's not cheap. But I'm
sure you've discovered that. So,
where are you staying?

Amber points in a random direction.

JASON (CONT'D)
Wagon Trail Road?

AMBER
Sure. Still learning my way.

Jason pulls into the EMPLOYEE PARKING lot. Amber points out
her top-of-the-line 4-door Jeep Wrangler.

JASON
Super cool ride.

AMBER
Maybe I can return the favor
sometime. A ride, I mean.

JASON

Right. So... if you're interested,
ya know, in skiing? I could set you
up with a lesson.

AMBER

Would it be private?

Amber continues her seductive stare. Jason stays neutral to her flirtation. He parts open the doors...

INT. DAYCARE - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

Mia stands at the counter as LIZA (4), the light of her life, approaches. Out of the window, Mia spots Jason in the parking lot as Amber steps off the shuttle.

Liza holds up her watercolor painting.

LIZA

Mommy, look what I made.

MIA

Wow. It's beautiful, baby.

LIZA

That's you, and that's Jason and
that's me.

MIA

Okay, get your coat. Mommy has to
work tonight, abuela is waiting.

Liza goes to her cubby.

Jason drives on, his eyes still on Amber as he passes the daycare window, oblivious to Mia as she waves.

Mia eyes Amber as she drives away in her Jeep.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Mia and Liza enter. NANA (60s) stands over a pot on the stove, removes freshly cooked tamales.

NANA

(in Spanish)

There's my girls.

(to Mia)

How was your day?

MIA
 (in Spanish)
 Good.

Mia goes straight for her cleaning garb.

NANA
 (in Spanish)
 Not again.

MIA
 (in Spanish)
 You know I can't turn down jobs.
 They won't ask again.

NANA
 (in Spanish)
 You're neglecting yourself and
 Liza.

Liza holds up her watercolor.

LIZA
 Look what I made today, Nana.

NANA
 It's maravilloso.

Mia stoops to Liza.

MIA
 Mommy will be back soon. I'll read
 you a story before bed, okay?

Nana puts tamales and bottled water in a paper sack. Mia drops her PURSE on a chair. They hug.

MIA (CONT'D)
 I've got to go. I won't be long.

Mia checks her watch, takes the sack and hastily exits. Her purse remains in the chair.

INT. THE SUMMIT SHERIFF'S STATION - NIGHT

Sheriff Rex saunters in, hangs his hat, drops into his office chair.

KATE GARRISON (40s), the office administrator pops in, hands him messages and a file.

KATIE

These can wait. Go home. Oh, Molly called, said she's already picked up Conner at hockey.

Sheriff Rex grabs his reading glasses off the desk, shuffles through messages.

KATE

It's mostly resort stuff. There's been an increase in ski thefts.

SHERIFF REX

New season. New skis. Yada, yada...

Sheriff Rex opens the file. Quickly peruses it.

KATE

That came in this afternoon. The woman's credit cards apparently got a hit here in town.

SHERIFF REX

Breaking and entering, assault with a deadly... Probably just passing through.

Sheriff Rex drops the pile on his desk.

SHERIFF REX (CONT'D)

Okay. You get outta here too.

KATE

Night.

Sheriff Rex rises, takes two mug shots from the file, pins them on the bulletin board behind his desk.

INSERT CU OF PHOTOS: A biracial MAN and brunette anglo WOMAN, both early twenties. Aside from the Woman's brunette hair, she is undoubtedly Amber.

INT. BRENT'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The lights of snow cats grooming the slopes across the valley are visible through the floor-to-ceiling bank of windows.

Brent sits at one end of a ten-seating dining room table. His mother, CHIYO AZUNA (50s) is seated at the other end.

Their SERVANT places meals before each.

Chiyo watches woefully as Brent attacks his plate, barely swallowing his mouthful before shoveling the next bite.

CHIYO

Your father asked if you had completed your duties.

BRENT

I'm sure everything is fine.

CHIYO

You know he asks little of you. We are fortunate his work allows us to live as we do.

BRENT

And as little as he's around, I say it's an even trade that I give him very little.

CHIYO

The frequency of his presence does not mean you should disregard his wishes.

BRENT

Okay. Well, I was at the Moosehead Cafe today. Why he invested in that dump... it's just crazy if you ask me. And, he should to consider a new manager.

CHIYO

And why is that?

BRENT

I don't know. Maybe I just don't like her.

CHIYO

That is hardly a reason. Your presence here, among these people. You show a little more empathy. This is not the son I raised.

BRENT

Really? You probably don't even know where the hell the Cafe is. You barely set foot out of this house. So, don't tell me who and how I should --

CHIYO
 (in Japanese subtitled)
 -- You do not speak to your mother
 like this.

Her forceful tone sets him back. She glares, pushes back from the table and stands.

CHIYO (CONT'D)
 You do as you father asks. And,
 maybe he would not need to be away
 so much.

Brent drops his head as Chiyo storms from the room.

INT/EXT. CONDOMINIUM - NIGHT

Mia finishes her clean. She loads her supplies into the back of her faded red '80s Subaru Outback.

INT. SUBARU - NIGHT (TRAVELING)

Mia pulls from the condominium complex -- her left headlight is burned out. She passes a STATE TROOPER CRUISER sitting at a roadside pullout.

Mia continues on. She anxiously checks her mirror as he pulls out behind her -- *prays for him to turn off.*

A few beats, the cruiser's emergency lights come on.

EXT. ROADSIDE - NIGHT

The TROOPER approaches her passenger side. She leans over, rolls down the window.

TROOPER
 Evening, Miss. I pulled you over
 because your left headlight is out.

MIA
 Oh my gosh. I had no idea.

TROOPER
 May I see your license and
 registration, please?

Mia pops open the glove box for the registration. She searches for her purse -- *the realization hits her.*

INSERT: Mia's purse in the chair back at her apartment.

Panic as she stares up at the Trooper.

INT. IRONHORSE BAR - NIGHT

One of many rustic, remodeled buildings that line Main Street.

Jason slides in the back door, hangs his parka, ties on his apron and heads out to the...

MAIN BAR

A three-piece country rock band bellows from the back of the long-meandering, narrow space.

Jason restocks glasses behind the bar. Alex and Brent enter. Alex ignores Jason, wades into the crowd. Brent heads over.

BRENT

You on all night?
(Jason nods)
Sucks to be you, dude.

JASON

Alex still bent?

BRENT

He just wants to see you make it big. Just take the skis, dude. I mean, after Mia, he's like your biggest fan.

Jason shrugs acknowledgment. They both spot Amber enter.

BRENT (CONT'D)

Hello. Looks like I'm cashing in some goodwill tonight.

Brent is irked as Amber is laser focused on Jason as she strolls to the bar.

AMBER

(to Jason)
Wow, two jobs. Aren't you mister ambitious.

BRENT

He's just a bar back.

The dis doesn't dissuade her.

BRENT (CONT'D)
Hey, remember me? The guy who
hooked you up?

Brent waves over JIM the bartender.

BRENT (CONT'D)
Jimbo, my usual, and...

AMBER
Mule. Top shelf, please.

She shoots Brent a smile.

BRENT
So, how's the lodge? Way better
than smashing dishes?

AMBER
(to Jason)
I was thinking about those ski
lessons.

BRENT
This guy? He teaches ten-year-olds.
If you want a --

AMBER
-- A gentle touch, then.

Jim brings her drink. Her gaze finally moves off Jason.

AMBER (CONT'D)
Thanks for the job...and the drink.

She filters into the crowd. Brent glares at Jason.

BRENT
What the hell was that, dude.
You've gotta girl.

Brent snatches his beer and trails after her.

INT. IRONHORSE BAR - NIGHT (LATER)

Jason buses a booth. A MAN sits, slides him his empty glass --
introduces himself.

LANCE
Hey...Lance. You're a local, right?
Word has it you're a pretty decent
skier?

Jason grins at the understatement.

LANCE (CONT'D)

I'm looking for some super serious terrain. None of this groomed resort crap.

JASON

The North Bowl off the Pole Creek lift will get you to --

LANCE

-- Come on, dude. You know what I mean. I'm talking something outside.

Lance flashes a folded hundred-dollar bill.

JASON

Sorry.

LANCE

Really? You can make minimum wage stretch that far in this town?

Lance flashes two bills.

LANCE (CONT'D)

How about I make it twins?

Jason studies him.

JASON

What do you ski?

LANCE

Marker Jesters on K2s. Devil's Rock Run, double black diamond... I ski it like it's beginner green.

Jason stays on task.

LANCE (CONT'D)

Still no? Hell, I guarantee I can carve circles around your ass.

Lance slides out.

LANCE (CONT'D)

Okay. Change your mind, I'm in Westmont, 1233. But, I'm sure I'll have a taker long before I walk outta here.

Jason stares at the intricately EMBROIDERED MOUNTAIN SCENE on Lance's pullover as he strides away.

EXT. IRONHORSE BAR - NIGHT

Jason exits the bar, pulls out his phone: "1:12 AM". He checks messages: "(5) MISSED CALLS" appear by Mia's name. His concern rises as he finds more missed texts. He begins a reply, when...

Headlights blind him as Amber bumps over the curb inches from hitting him.

 AMBER
 Need a ride?

Jason peers in at her, sees she's a little tipsy.

 JASON
 Thanks, I'm just a few blocks.

 AMBER
 An easy favor returned, then.
 Come on, I don't bite.

Jason is barely in and Amber hits the gas.

His attempt to stuff his phone into his coat pocket with a gloved hand fails. His phone falls unnoticed to the floor...

INSERT

On the Jeep floor: Another text from Mia comes into Jason's phone: "WHERE THE HELL ARE YOU???"

END ACT 2

ACT 3**INT. JEEP - NIGHT (TRAVELING)**

Amber's driving is sporadic.

JASON

Okay. It's just right up here. The next right.

Amber pushes the gas.

AMBER

Let's take the scenic route. You people are into that, right?

JASON

You know, maybe you should just pull over.

AMBER

Okay, okay. I thought you liked living on the edge.

Amber settles her driving.

AMBER (CONT'D)

This is the first half-decent time I've had since I've been here.

(then)

Wow, okay.... Sorry. Like you'd care about my...

Amber's expression fall somber.

JASON

Hey, I totally get it. New place. No friends. When I came out here to train for the Olympics, I knew nobody. But, I had a goal, a focus, so it was cool. I got settled in, and was riding high when a week before trials I broke my arm. My mom got it, but my dad? He gave me the 'ol pat on the back, nice try, great experience speech, but it's time to come home. But, I wasn't ready to quit, so I stayed. Four years later here comes some sixteen-year-old from freaking Vermont... knocks me off the team with a sick final run.

AMBER

Knowing zero about skiing, aside from the obvious broken arm, I take it that was all bad?

JASON

During that time, my mom died -- car accident. My dad wanted me to move back, but... We haven't spoken since. So here I am, still chasing a dream, I guess.

AMBER

Sorry about your mom.

Several beats...

JASON

So, this is where you tell me... Ya know, why you're here. Judging by this ride, it can't be all bad.

AMBER

I'd tell you, but...

JASON

Or, what?

Jason points a finger at his head, acts being shot. Amber is only faintly amused.

AMBER

Me? No. But... So, which way?

Amber's concern of his statement lingers.

EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - NIGHT

Amber pulls into the parking lot.

JASON

Well, thanks for the *tour*.

Amber finger shoots him. Winks.

AMBER

Ah, she does have a sense of humor.

Jason hops out.

JASON

You okay? I'd stay off 50 this time of night. There's a trooper trap.

Amber tracks him as he ascends the stairs to his apartment and disappears inside.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

Jason digs for his keys. He realizes his phone is missing. He hustles back to the street but she's gone.

INT. SHUTTLE BUS - DAY (TRAVELING)

Jason drives his route. He spots Mia's Subaru abandoned on the roadside. He accelerates to the next shuttle stop.

JASON
 Sorry, everyone off. This shuttle
 is going out of service. The next
 shuttle will be by in a minute.

The last RIDER is barely out the door and Jason speeds away.

EXT/INT. TIMESHARE CONDO COMPLEX - DAY

Jason abandons the shuttle at the entrance, runs in.

VALET (O.S.)
 Hey, you can't leave that here.

Jason spots a cleaning cart outside a room.

JASON
 Mia?

Another CLEANING WOMAN stares at him from inside the room. Jason continues to the...

NEXT FLOOR

He bursts from the stairwell. He spots Mia down the hall.

JASON (CONT'D)
 Mia! I've been looking all over for
 you. I saw your car out on Johnson
 Road.

Jason trails as Mia storms back into the room. He grabs her arm. She slaps him.

MIA
 Where the hell have you been?
 You're not answering your phone.
 (MORE)

MIA (CONT'D)

I waited all night at the sheriff's station. Nana had to ride a bus this morning to bring my purse.

JASON

What? Why? What happened?

MIA

I got pulled over... my headlight. The one you said you'd fix a million times. Do you know what would happen if they find out about Nana? They'd send her back. They could send me back.

JASON

I'm sorry.

MIA

You need to go.

Mia fires up the vacuum, returns to cleaning.

INT. SKI SHUTTLE GARAGE - DAY

A piercing glare from Patrick as Jason exits the shuttle. Jason deposits the keys into Patrick's extended hand. Jason turns away. Patrick tugs him back. Jason sheds his resort uniform parka.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Jason sits, icing his ribs in the dim glow of the TV. There's a knock on the door. He scrambles to open it.

JASON

Mia? Oh... Hey.

Jason is surprised to discover Amber outside.

AMBER

You gonna let me freeze my ass off out here, or...?

Jason scrambles to clear space in the disheveled room.

AMBER (CONT'D)

Looking for this? You're pretty popular with a "Mia". Girlfriend?

JASON

Shh... yes.

Amber hands over the phone -- *it's dead.*

AMBER

Is that a yes to the phone or the girlfriend?

Jason searches the clutter for his phone charger.

AMBER (CONT'D)

So, not working? And, let me guess. You can't ski at night, right?

JASON

Actually, you can, but I'm not skiing at all right now.

Jason lifts his shirt exposing his black and blue ribs. He gets a whiff of his shirt -- *the stench.*

AMBER

Oh my god. And this is fun for you?

Amber's gaze is drawn away to his ski medals on the wall hook.

Jason quickly removes his shirt, searches for another. Suddenly, a JINGLE of keys.

The door opens. Mia glares in at Amber and a shirtless Jason.

Jason scrambles for any shirt as Mia storms away.

EXT. APARTMENT - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

Jason hops barefoot down the staircase, pursues Mia to her Subaru.

JASON

Mia, wait. This is totally not what you think, I swear. She was just returning my phone.

MIA

And, why the hell does she have your phone?

Mia can't get into her car fast enough.

JASON

Come on, Mia. Stop, please.

Jason pounds her window. Mia spins over the icy pavement, nearly hits Jason as she reverses, speeds away.

Amber takes it in from the second-floor landing. Jason races up the stairs, past Amber into the...

INT. APARTMENT (SAME)

Jason tosses the room looking for his keys.

AMBER

That was ugly. I guess I could've said something. But, I'm pretty sure I'd have made it worse.

Jason is oblivious to her words.

AMBER (CONT'D)

Okay. I guess I'll go.

Amber exits with a smile -- *a hint of pleasure her intrusion exacted.*

Jason finds his phone charger. A photo of Mia stares up at him from the screen as his cellphone returns to life.

He gazes around the room -- the empty beer bottles, over-due payment notices, the mess. He angrily swipes, clearing the counter. He grimaces through the pain the action caused.

Jason stares at the medals, the broken skis, his family photo on the TV stand. He drops onto the futon -- *demoralized.*

(FLASHBACK) INT/EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Jason sits in a wheelchair sporting a wrist to bicep cast on his left arm -- a crushed look as the NURSE wheels him toward the exit.

He sees his parents BOB and ELLEN arguing. They cut short, muster a smile as Jason exits, stands with them.

BOB

Tough luck, son. You gave it all you had.

(A beat)

Your mother and I have decided it's time...

Ellen halts him with a glare.

BOB (CONT'D)

I'll go get the car.

Bob and Ellen exchange a look before he moves away.

JASON
What's going on?

ELLEN
It's fine. Your father and I have a difference in opinion on what's most important...

JASON
He wants me to quit, right?

ELLEN
Your father's a practical man.
(a beat)
I never told you this... I once wanted to be an actor. I did all the theater productions in high school. But, my parents said, what chance does a Northern Minnesota girl have. Times were different and I understood where they were coming from, so I accepted it.

Jason can see her regret.

ELLEN (CONT'D)
It's important to me that if this is your dream, that you keep that desire burning as long as you can.

BACK TO SCENE

Jason rises, moves with resolve. He dresses, grabs his keys, unplugs his phone and heads out the door.

INT. WESTMONT HOTEL - NIGHT

Jason exits the elevator, moves down the hallway to "Room 1233". He pulls the "DO NOT DISTURB" sign off the handle. He presses an ear, VOICES from the TV. He knocks.

A beat, his hesitation erased as the door opens. Lance appears holding a small tote bag. He conceals it behind him.

LANCE
Oh, I thought you were somebody else.

A WOMAN passes into view inside the room. Her eyes meet Jason's, she skirts away. Lance steps out into the hall.

LANCE (CONT'D)

Oh. Ski dude, right? Sorry, job's taken.

Lance pulls out his wallet. Jason sees several hundred dollar bills as Lance digs out a cocktail napkin, flaunts it. Jason snatches it.

JASON

Okay. This map will get you to the Peak 3 patrol station.

LANCE

What? That son-of-a-bitch.

Jason crumples it, tosses it back. He plays his bluff, heads toward the elevator.

LANCE (CONT'D)

Hold on... What'd I say before? Two bills right?

Jason turns back.

JASON

Make it double. Half up front.

LANCE

Come on, I'm already out a hundred. How about...

Lance opens the tote bag. It's full of an array of marijuana, miscellaneous pills and bags of cocaine.

Jason shakes him off.

LANCE (CONT'D)

Shh... alright. Give me your phone.

Lance enters a number. His CELLPHONE plays a METAL ROCK tune inside his pocket.

He hands Jason's phone back along with a pair of one-hundred dollar bills.

LANCE (CONT'D)

You better be legit, and worth it.

Jason hands back the "DO NOT DISTURB" sign.

JASON

Get some sleep. You'll need it.

INT. TIMESHARE CONDOS - DAY

Amber leads a COUPLE off the elevator to a suite.

AMBER

This is '*The Cascade*'. Our one-bedroom, with a slope-side view off the balcony. It's equipped with on-site washer, dryer.

She stays in the hallway as the couple tours the suite. Amber's phone BUZZES.

ON PHONE SCREEN: A photo of a biracial Man appears with the name "KEVIN" -- *the same person from the mugshot.*

She taps "DECLINE".

Mia appears down the hall from an adjoining hallway. Mia glares back, boards the elevator and disappears as the doors close.

The couple exits the suite.

AMBER (CONT'D)

So, what did you think?

WOMAN

Very nice. It's just not in our budget right now.

MAN

Is this the end of the tour? They said it would just take an hour.

AMBER

Sure. Here's a brochure. I'll be happy to answer...

They politely take it, hurry toward the elevator.

AMBER (CONT'D)

(sarcastic)

Have a nice day. Hope you enjoyed your stay.

INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

Amber descends alone. The doors open. Mia pushes her cleaning cart halfway in before she realizes --

Amber embraces the tension. Mia avoids eye contact, deliberately bumps Amber with her cart as she pushes her floor on the button panel.

MIA
(in Spanish)
The little blonde bitch.

AMBER
Excuse me?

MIA
(in Spanish)
Sorry, I don't speak english,
witch.

AMBER
Guess what, bitch.
(in Spanish)
...I speak Spanish.

The door opens. Amber blocks the cart.

AMBER (CONT'D)
Funny, the three times Jason and I
met, he never once mentioned you.

Amber SCREECHES as Mia thrusts the cart, running over her foot as she continues out.

EXT. SKI SLOPE - DAY

Jason slides off the ski lift. Lance trails as Jason skis past him.

From the lift few chairs back, Alex spots Jason and Lance from above as they traverse under the SKI LIFT and head off-trail into the trees.

MOUNTAINSIDE

Lance follows Jason through the trees -- they slip along a narrow path across the slope -- side-step over a bluff.

They arrive atop a rocky chute that opens to an incredible untouched bowl of pristine powder.

Lance pops up his goggles, looks down the nearly vertical incline.

LANCE
Holy shit, dude. You're the man.

A hard gust blows through. Jason scans the ridge with concern.

JASON
I don't know. It looks pretty
unstable. Maybe we shouldn't...

LANCE
Screw that. I'm here, we're going.

Lance CLICKS on the GOPRO CAMERA on his chest harness, places his earbuds -- *METAL ROCK* plays.

Another gust dislodges snow off a rock ledge, sending snow sliding down the sheer terrain.

JASON
Bag it, dude. This is no good.

Lance shakes his head -- gestures to his earbuds he can't hear Jason.

Lance pulls down his goggles and launches.

JASON (CONT'D)
Wait... Shit!

Jason drops into the chute after Lance, moves parallel as the slope widens. He tries to wave Lance to him...

JASON (CONT'D)
(yelling)
Stay over here. Move now...

Lance is oblivious, moves ahead. A cloud of white quickly builds behind them. Jason tries, but can't catch him.

The white wall of billowing snow grows. Jason squats into a tuck, turns away. More snow breaks away -- a full avalanche. Lance disappears as a wave of snow overtakes him.

Jason races ahead of the rushing wall of snow -- Too late, it overtakes him --

He swims, tries to stay above the cascade of white. The force is too great. He tumbles endlessly as the snow overtakes him...

SMASH TO BLACK

END ACT 3

ACT 4

Several beats of DARKNESS. Then, a muffled SCREAM for help.

The CLAWING and CRUNCHING of SNOW.

Jason's hand breaks the surface.

Darkness gives way to blue sky.

LABORED GASPS. Puffs of air.

EXT. MOUNTAIN SLOPE - DAY

Jason sucks in a deep breath. Through fogged, snow-caked ski goggles he scans his surroundings.

Jason digs free and crawls to the surface. Labored BREATHING. He scans for any sign of Lance. He's two hundred feet down the mountain from where he lost contact.

Jason rips off his goggles. Mangled trees and branches litter the wrecked mountainside along the snowy swath cut by the avalanche.

Jason climbs atop the snow. He circles, trying to orient himself -- A ski tip pokes from the snow -- a ski pole.

He struggles to pull his other ski from the snowpack where he emerged.

He heads for the tree-line. With every step he sinks into the thigh-high snow. He uses his skis for support as he makes his way to a...

SKI TRAIL

He checks for other skiers -- *no witnesses*.

He drops his skis. One tumbles away -- he slides after it.

He bashes the snow-packed bindings with his pole -- snaps his boots in --

Jason tucks in, races downhill. Skiers appear as he merges with another trail.

He spots an EMERGENCY CALL BOX, turns toward it -- a SKI PATROLLER stops next to it -- he veers away, speeds on.

SKI PATROLLER (O.S.)
Hey, slow down.

Jason races past slower skiers. He shifts to another trail, bounces through steep moguls, angles into the trees.

Branches whip his face and torso. He launches onto another trail -- crosses paths with a SNOWBOARDER. They nearly collide.

SNOWBOARDER (O.S.)
Watch it, jackass. Fricking skiers.

He spots another EMERGENCY CALL BOX, makes a beeline -- SWOOSHES to a stop, snags the receiver.

DISPATCHER (V.O.)
Summit Ski Patrol.

JASON
(gasping into receiver)
Yeah, there's been an avalanche...
north side of Peak Six, above the
Jack Rabbit Trail. There's a man,
he's trapped.

DISPATCHER
(into headset)
Okay, slow down. What is your name?
...Sir, where are you? ...Sir?

Jason drops the receiver and skis away.

EXT. RESORT BASE - DAY (MINUTES LATER)

It's routine and calm with no indication or awareness of an avalanche. Jason settles himself, glides on, when...

REGINA (O.S.)
Jason?

Jason continues on.

REGINA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Jason. Hold up.

Jason stops, unaware of his train wreck appearance.

REGINA (CONT'D)
Geez, what happened to you?

Jason brushes off the crusted snow.

JASON
Um, I washed out on the pipe.

REGINA
I heard what happened.

JASON
What?

REGINA
Fired. That totally sucks. The
regulars really miss you. Marcus
has gotten super good.

JASON
Right. Awesome.

Jason tries to hide his pain.

REGINA
You sure you're okay?

Jason stares anxiously as the sound of SIRENS grow, move
closer. He watches as the rescue unit passes on the main
road.

REGINA (CONT'D)
Jason?

JASON
Yeah... I'm fine.

Jason skis on. He stares intently as the rescue unit winds
it's way up the mountain access road toward Peak Six.

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

Jason limps in and drops onto the futon. He clicks on the TV
remote, surfs for news of the avalanche -- *Nothing*.

Jason scrolls to Mia's phone number, dials.

PHONE VOICE (V.O.)
Your call has been forwarded to an
automated voice-messaging --

He ends the call.

INT. IRONHORSE BAR - NIGHT

Jason is so attune to every conversation involving the
slightest mention of the avalanche he doesn't notice Brent as
he moves to the bar.

BRENT
Dead... Huh?

JASON
Jesus. What!

BRENT
Dude. Jumpy much?

Jason pulls himself back.

BRENT (CONT'D)
I was just saying, typical dead
midweek night, right?

Then, the words Jason's dreaded all night...

BRENT (CONT'D)
Did you hear? There was an
avalanche near Six? I guess they
found a body.

Jason drops a glass and it shatters.

BRENT (CONT'D)
Bummer, dude. Least it was empty.
You seen Alex?

EXT. TRAILER PARK - NIGHT

Alex pulls his van off the road and weaves his way through the rows of trailer homes.

He stops alongside a ramshackled trailer he calls home. He stares out at his father's white highway maintenance pickup next to Steve's blue pickup.

Alex walks tentatively up the stoop to the front door. A heated argument pours from inside between Steve and their father, BUTCH.

STEVE (V.O.)
What? Did Sherri kick your ass out
again? You only show your face here
when your life blows.

BUTCH (V.O.)
You're both goddamn ungrateful
punks.

STEVE (V.O.)
Don't act like you ever gave a shit
about either of us.

Alex backs down the stairs. Steve launches from the house.

STEVE
Where is he?

Steve grabs a fist full of Alex's parka with each hand.

STEVE (CONT'D)
Your Olympic wannabe buddy, Jason?

ALEX
What do you care?

STEVE
I need that backpack now, so I can
get the hell outta this shithole.
He's got it. Where the hell is he?

Alex is rocked by his words. Steve heads to his truck -- fishtails away. The headlights of a black SUV illuminate and trail after Steve.

Alex stares toward the trailer. The sound of the TV blares from inside. Alex returns to his van and speeds away.

EXT. MIA'S APARTMENT COMPLEX - DAY

Jason closes the hood of Mia's Subaru -- reaches in and hits the light switch -- checks that it's working.

Mia descends the stairway from her apartment. She spots Jason and ducks out of sight.

Jason gathers his tools, pulls out his cellphone.

Mia's cellphone BUZZES in her purse -- she doesn't answer. She remains out of sight and watches until he leaves.

INT. IRONHORSE BAR - DAY

The room is packed. All eyes are on a TV Monitor above the bar.

POV ON TV SCREEN: Lance's GOPRO CAMERA footage plays --

The wind CRACKLES -- Ski tips edge toward the pristine white snow below --

Then, flying off the edge -- landing, sinking, gliding -- long sweeping turns in knee-deep champagne powder --

Wind CRACKLES in the camera mic...

LANCE'S VOICE (V.O.)

Woohoo...

Jason enters the bar, spots Alex and Brent. Brent waves him over. Jason eyes Alex and stays put.

The video continues. Jason focuses on the TV.

JASON'S VOICE (V.O.)

Get out of there. Move now...

Jason's heart sinks, hearing his voice. He checks the room to see if anyone else recognizes it. His eyes meet Alex's stare.

The video plays on: RUMBLING -- SNAPPING tree trunks, limbs -- Then darkness. The video cuts to a silhouette of a woman.

BRENT

Whoa, Sheriff, dude. Free porn at ten in the morning?

The picture bobbles as the video zooms in, freezes on a close-up of the Woman's face.

Jason recognizes her from Lance's hotel room. Her eyes stare eerily back at him from the TV monitor.

Sheriff Rex moves to the front of the room.

SHERIFF REX

Hopefully, this will keep the rest of you inside the ropes from here on. Unfortunately, this fella's romp out-of-bounds made a sight identification impossible.

BRENT

(to Alex)

I heard his head... ripped clean off. They're still looking for it.

Brent shivers at the thought. Sheriff Rex holds up Lance's pullover with the embroidered mountain scape. Alex checks Jason's reaction.

SHERIFF REX

So, if any of you recognize this, or the woman in the video. Please contact me ASAP so we can hopefully get him I-D-ed and locate the next of kin.

BRENT

Dude. That guy offered me fifty bucks if I'd take him out.

ALEX

Fifty, I got a hundred off him.

BRENT

Shut the fff...? So, did you?

ALEX

I showed up for the meet, but...
Good thing though, right?

Alex eyes Jason.

BRENT

Dude, I heard some guy over in Vail got tagged for involuntary manslaughter after he took a guy out-of-bounds. He kissed a tree and died.

Brent elbows him.

BRENT (CONT'D)

So, dude, a Benjamin? You're totally buying tonight.

ALEX

Whatever.

Alex sees Jason exit.

EXT. IRONHORSE BAR - DAY (MOMENTS LATER)

Alex moves up behind Jason and pushes him from behind.

ALEX

Where is it?

Jason gives him a look.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Steve's backpack. He told me you were the one.

Sheriff Rex exits the bar, Alex backs off.

SHERIFF REX

Mr. Simms. Mr. Wright. Everything okay here?

Alex throws an arm around Jason.

ALEX

Jason thinks he might recognize the woman in the video from the bar.

(to Jason)

Right?

JASON

She might have come into the bar a few nights ago, but I don't know her name, so...

Jason elbows Alex off of him. Sheriff Rex senses the tension between them.

SHERIFF REX

You wouldn't happen to know who might have taken him up there? Not many who know the way.

ALEX

Is there a reward?

SHERIFF REX

That depends.

ALEX

We'll ask around. Hit you up if we hear anything.

Sheriff Rex enters his SUV and pulls away. Alex glares at Jason.

ALEX (CONT'D)

I saw you with the avalanche dude the day he bought it. The Moose, today, two-o'clock. Or, the sheriff might get an anonymous tip about the avalanche loser. And, bring the backpack.

Brent exits just as Jason shoves Alex off.

BRENT

So, you two kiss and make up?

Alex walks away.

INT. CABIN - DAY

Butch is passed out in the tattered recliner as Alex enters. Alex ducks into the...

BEDROOM

He crams clothes into a duffel bag. Butch appears in the doorway.

BUTCH
Goin' somewhere?

Alex ignores him. Butch rips the duffel bag away.

Alex tries to wedge out of the room. Butch shoves him backward onto the bed.

BUTCH (CONT'D)
You're just a thievin' drug dealin'
punk like your brother? Answer me.

Butch looks away. Alex grabs an empty beer bottle from the nightstand and clocks him. Butch goes down.

Alex grabs the duffel bag and bolts from the room. Butch rolls on the floor in agony.

MAIN ROOM

Alex scrambles through the room grabbing belongings. Butch stumbles from the bedroom. Blood trickling down his forehead.

BUTCH (CONT'D)
I don't want to see either of you
back in this house, you got me?

He angrily drops into the recliner as Alex hustles out.

INT. MOOSEHEAD CAFE - DAY

Jason finds Alex in their usual booth. Jason heads over. Alex remains fixed out the window, his duffel bag by his side.

DANA, the waitress arrives.

DANA
Hey guys. Sorry, it's not me, but
Sarah said you gotta order, or...

Jason checks Sarah, eyeing them from behind the counter.

JASON
Yeah, sure. A Monster Moose
Burrito, extra green chile.

Jason drops the backpack next to Alex. Several beats. Alex opens the backpack, digs out the clothes, rips open the false bottom and verifies the contents are still intact -- *three bricks of heroin*.

Alex stands, slings the backpack.

JASON (CONT'D)
So, that's it?

ALEX
I could kick your ass for not telling me. How did you even get involved?

JASON
Steve called me totally trashed.

(FLASHBACK) INT/EXT. STEVE'S PICKUP - NIGHT

Steve is driving with Alex in the passenger side. Steve passes a joint -- they are both high.

Emergency lights flash behind them. Steve pulls to the side of the road.

JASON (V.O.)
He told me how he forced you to switch seats with him.

They duck down. Steve yanks Alex into the driver's seat. As the DEPUTY SHERIFF walks to the driver's side. Steve jumps from the passenger side and runs into the forest.

The Deputy draws his gun, fires in the direction of Steve. He redirects his gun on Alex.

EXT/INT. SHERIFF'S SUV - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

The Deputy handcuffs and escorts Alex into the SUV -- tosses Steve's backpack into the seat next to Alex.

JASON (V.O.)
He realized his backpack was in the truck and a DUI would be the least of your worries if they found what was in it.

EXT. SHERIFF'S STATION - NIGHT

The Deputy pulls Alex from the SUV Cruiser.

Jason crouches around the back side of the SUV.

Jason waits for the Deputy to escort Alex inside and enters the SUV cruiser.

JASON (V.O.)

He was ready to let you take the fall. I told him I'd take care of it if he left town... for good.

Just before the Deputy returns, Jason snatches the backpack and slips away.

BACK TO PRESENT

JASON

We were suppose to meet, but he never showed. I thought after all this time it was over.

ALEX

Last night, there was an black SUV down the road from the house. I'm sure they're after what's in here. Steve got into it with Butch so I got out.

JASON

Butch is here too?

ALEX

I can handle his shit, but you...? Dude, you've been holding three bricks of heroin worth over four-hundred-K'. I can't believe you didn't come to me with this.

JASON

Dude, we were seventeen. All I knew was that you were going to jail for Steve's screw-up.

ALEX

And, the avalanche dude? What the hell were you thinking?

JASON

Mia and I... she's been pushing me to do more, get my life straight. The dude offered me four bills. When I got to the top and saw the conditions, I knew it was no good. I tried to stop him.

ALEX

You tell anyone about any of this?

Jason shakes his head. Alex stuffs the clothes back into the backpack.

ALEX (CONT'D)

I'll get this to Steve and you'll be out of it.

JASON

And, the other thing?

ALEX

Guys die out-of-bounds all the time. Nobody else knows, right?

JASON

That woman in the video... I think she saw me the night I went to his hotel room.

Alex spots the black SUV from the house stop outside on the street. TWO MEN, brawny, in black leather, climb out.

JASON (CONT'D)

Dude, would you have really ratted me?

ALEX

Shut up. We gotta go.

Dana returns with their burrito. Alex and Jason rush past her toward the rear entrance. They try the back door -- it's locked. They duck into the...

INT. MEN'S RESTROOM - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

Alex and Jason enter. Alex tries to jimmy the window. It won't budge.

Jason cracks open the door. He sees the Two Men enter and scan the room. They spot Alex's duffel bag.

Sarah looks on from behind the counter as they press Dana for answers.

Sarah edges from the counter and slowly backs away. She edges past the restroom door.

One of them grabs Dana's arm, shows his a gun in his waistband. Dana panics. The burrito slides from the plate to the floor, splattering the Men.

Sarah moves back into the main dining room.

SARAH (O.S.)

Hey, we don't want no trouble. I think the two you're looking for went that way...

Jason sees Sarah point toward the back hallway. Jason backpeddles from the door as the Two Men head toward him.

END ACT 4

ACT 5**INT. HALLWAY - DAY (CONTINUOUS)**

The Two Men spot the partially open back door.

INT. MEN'S RESTROOM - DAY (SAME)

Jason and Alex brace for a confrontation as the sound of the Men's footsteps CLUNK closer.

Then... the familiar CREAK of the back door opening.

Alex peers out. Sarah re-locks the back door as the boys exit the restroom.

SARAH

I don't know what you boys got into
this time, but, this is our town.
Nobody harasses my staff. Now, get
outta here.

Jason nods '*thanks*' and they scurry out the front.

EXT. STREET - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

Alex runs to the side of the black SUV. Alex pulls a knife from his boot. He stabs the curbside tires.

Jason and Alex duck between the buildings just before the Two Men dash around the corner. They kick the tires, finding Alex's handiwork.

INT. WESTMONT HOTEL - DAY

Sheriff Rex removes the "DO NOT DISTURB" sign from ROOM 1233 as the CONCIERGE inserts the key card.

CONCIERGE

He was due to check out yesterday.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Sheriff Rex moves in ahead of the Concierge. Peers into the cluttered bathroom, surveys the main room.

Sheriff Rex cautiously filters through the heaped clothes in a suitcase. He spots the tote bag and parts open the top.

SHERIFF REX

Makes you wonder what the real attraction is nowadays, the white stuff on the mountain, or...

Sheriff Rex peruses the dresser. He finds the crumpled napkin with the map. He recognizes the "IRONHORSE BAR LOGO".

Sheriff Rex pulls up the disheveled bedding. A THUD as a wallet falls to the floor.

Sheriff Rex removes the driver's license from the wallet.

SHERIFF REX (CONT'D)

Is this the man?

The Concierge nods.

SHERIFF REX (CONT'D)

Arizona. Lance Barnes. Now, if we only had a head to verify this is his mug.

Sheriff Rex's cellphone BUZZES.

SHERIFF REX (CONT'D)

Kate? ...On my way.

INT. THE SUMMIT SHERIFF'S STATION - DAY

Sheriff Rex follows JOSEPH REYES (30s), Hispanic, clean-cut, by-the-book deputy, into the holding room.

JOSEPH

Her name's Amy Robinson.

Joseph drops a credit card on the table with the name: "LANCE BARNES."

SHERIFF REX

So, Miss Robinson. Mind telling me how you came into the possession of this?

AMY

I was just trying to get back down the hill. I met Lance in Denver. He asked if I wanted to go have some fun.

SHERIFF REX

When's the last time you saw him?

AMY

Yesterday, he was raving about doing some out-of-bounds ski stuff. I'm not a skier so I stayed in town. When he didn't come back...

SHERIFF REX

I suppose the Coach purse you were trying to buy was to pack with?

Sheriff Rex brings out the tote bag and opens it.

SHERIFF REX (CONT'D)

And, what do you know about this?

AMY

I didn't know what was in it. People would come to the room at all hours? They stayed out in the hall.

SHERIFF REX

Could you identify any of them?

AMY

I mostly stayed out of sight. There was one guy, I thought I recognized him from the bar.

SHERIFF REX

The Ironhorse bar?

AMY

I guess.

Sheriff Rex holds up the crumpled napkin map.

SHERIFF REX

Was it the same person that gave him this?

AMY

I don't know. I saw him for a second.

SHERIFF REX

If you saw him again, would you recognize him?

EXT. DAY CARE CENTER - DAY

Jason paces outside. His breath puffs in the cold as the afternoon sun drops behind the mountain.

Liza exits ahead of Mia.

LIZA
Jason! I missed you.

JASON
I've missed you, too.

Jason and Liza walk to Mia's Subaru. Mia is irked by the tactic as she trails behind them.

Mia hoists Liza. Secures Liza in her car seat.

LIZA
Mommy. He looks really sad.

MIA
He does.

Mia closes the door and faces him. Jason accentuates his pout.

MIA (CONT'D)
Don't you... Why are you here? I have nothing to say to you.

JASON
I just wanted to make sure you were okay. I fixed your headlight.
(then)
Mia, you need to believe me. Nothing happened. And, I think you're right. It's time I get my G.E.D. At the very least, I'll be ready for next year.

MIA
And, why now?

JASON
It's what you want isn't it?

MIA
What do you want Jason? Or, should I say, who do you want?

JASON
Come on. Mia. This isn't you. This isn't us. I did nothing wrong.

Mia gets in the car.

MIA
I'm just sorry I wasn't the one to
inspire you.

Liza stares sadly out the window at Jason as Mia pulls away.

INT. IRONHORSE BAR - NIGHT

Alex moves up to the bar counter. The crowd is bustling. A band is jamming on stage. Jason is pointedly uneasy.

ALEX
So... sorry dude, Mia stopped by
the crib, dropped off a bag of your
stuff.

JASON
Just as well. I mean, I can't have
her and Liza around with everything
that's going on. What about Steve?

ALEX
I haven't seen him.

JASON
And his buddies in the SUV?

Jason drops the conversation as Brent enters and heads over. He elbows Alex as he slides up next to him at the bar.

BRENT
Here he is, the money man. Don't
tell me you spent it all already.

ALEX
Shut up.

Brent slaps Alex on the back.

BRENT
Jimbo, put mine on his tab.

Jim snickers at the suggestion. He pulls two drafts and slides them to Brent and Alex.

Amber appears at the far end of the bar.

BRENT (CONT'D)
(to Jim)
Put hers on me, too.
(to Alex)
So, Jason tells me you're crashing
with him.

ALEX

We don't all have daddy's money to bail us out.

Alex grabs his beer and wades into the crowd. Brent shrugs off the hostility as Amber moves over to join him.

AMBER

Looks like the gang's all here.

Amber eyes Jason.

BRENT

They apparently just hang with me for the money, which for you, I highly recommend.

A beat, the three study the other, subtly calculating the other's intentions.

The Two Men tracking Alex at the Moosehead Cafe enter unnoticed into the bar.

AMBER

(to Jason)

Good to see you back. Place isn't the same without you.

BRENT

You do know that this boy's taken, right?

AMBER

Really? I ran into Mia... or, should I say she ran into me. And, that's not the impression I got.

Their attention shifts as Sheriff Rex enters with Deputy Reyes. Amber edges behind Brent as they make a beeline toward them.

BRENT

Sheriff Rex, a drink? Alex is buying. I hear he's come into some money.

Jason glares at Brent -- *shut up*.

Sheriff Rex scans their faces. They all hang on his next words.

SHERIFF REX

Where is Mr. Simms?

Alex returns to the group. All eyes are on him.

SHERIFF REX (CONT'D)

Alex Simms, you need to come with us.

Amber exhales, relief that it's not her the sheriff is here for. Brent jabs at the Sheriff's seriousness.

BRENT

What's it this time Sheriff? He keep you up past your bedtime? Whatever it is, we can all vouch for him, right guys?

Sheriff Rex looks pointedly toward Alex.

SHERIFF REX

Your father was found dead in his home this evening.

Brent is speechless.

Alex holds back a reaction. He shakes off Jason with a look before he can interject as he is led away.

Jason spots the Two Men emerge from the shadows and trail Alex and Sheriff Rex out of the bar.

FADE OUT.

END EPISODE 01