

THE PEAK OF FEAR

Written by

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Based on True Events

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EXT. MOUNT WASHINGTON, DAY

The massive peak pierces the grey clouds that encircle it.

SUPERIMPOSE - "MOUNT WASHINGTON, NEW HAMPSHIRE 1987"

A gravel lot at the base of the mountain is filled with weathered Subarus and Jeeps.

DAN POMEROY, 35, a Polo shirt wearing yuppie, pulls an over stuffed backpack from a shiny BMW.

His wife GINA, 35, wears designer jeans, and a veil of uncertainty.

GINA

Promise me this will make a
difference with him.

BILLY, 9, sits by a stream across the lot. He's cute with intense brown eyes and a mop of black hair.

Surprisingly, Billy's reading TO KILL A MOCKINGBIRD.

DAN

The therapist said we need to burn
off his restless energy, challenge
him more. Mind and body.

Their daughter KIM, 12, reads TIGER BEAT in the front seat of the car. Her pretty face marred by a black eye patch.

GINA

I'll try anything at this point.

Billy's put the book down, his attention is now focused on a frog that he's corralled.

BILLY

Jump...jump.

The frog does nothing. Not a ribbit or a twitch. Billy's face transforms from childlike wonder to stone cold menace.

Dan slams the trunk shut and begins to hike away with Gina and Kim. They get about 10 yards when Dan turns.

DAN

Time to go Billy boy!

Billy rises and reveals the frog on a flat stone by his feet. Its arms and legs have been cut off. He wipes the blood from a Swiss Army knife on his blue sweater.

EXT. MOUNTAIN SIDE, LATER

The Pomeroy Family hike up a dark crumbling rock path as rain spits down from above.

DAN
It's just a bit of drizzle.

GINA
Shouldn't we go back.

DAN
A little adversity could help.

Dan turns and calls to Billy who's straggling back.

DAN (CONT'D)
How you doing Billy?

Billy keeps a downward gaze and trudges ahead.

A time lapse shows a gathering of darkening clouds. The sky explodes and rain pounds the ground into submission.

INT. RESCUE CENTER, SAME DAY

CHRIS TANNER, 35, sits at a two-way radio. He's handsome with a shock of red-hair. He clicks the handset and speaks with a reassuring tone.

CHRIS
Hey Jacob, this is Chris Tanner.
How can we help?

A CRACKLE filled reply from JACOB, a cabin keeper.

JACOB (VO)
I was expecting a family of four at
the cabin 20 minutes ago. With this
rain and ice melt. I'm worried.

Chris walks into a larger room where PHIL SIMON, a crewcut wearing 34 year old, pulls an ice ax off the wall. He's more than just gruff, he's hardened.

PHIL
Can we go one day without a call.

CHRIS
Not now Phil. Where's Rick?

RICK FAHEY, 40, walks in with a backpack looking like a Norse God. Tall, big woolly beard, he wears a faded US Army jacket.

RICK

I swear, people are just getting stupider. Dumb-de-Dumb-Dumb.

CHRIS

Ignorance isn't being stupid.

PHIL

No, it's Darwinism. This isn't Disney's Adventureland up here.

Chris forcibly shoves one last rope into a backpack.

CHRIS

Last time I checked we were paid to help people not complain.

EXT. MOUNTAIN SIDE, LATER

Rivers of water carry large chunks of ice and rock down the mountain. The Pomeroy's are caught in a maelstrom.

Soaking wet, tired, and cold, they're miserable and it gets worse.

An ice sheet the size of a tennis court rushes down at them like a runaway train.

Gina hears the loud resonate GRUMBLE of their oncoming doom.

GINA

Please no.

Dan grabs his daughter's hand and stumbles. It's like running on a treadmill as the rocks roll under their feet.

Their only hope is to take shelter behind a large boulder 40 feet away.

Kim trips as the ice sheet picks up speed. Dan drags her over the sharp scree. She screams in pain, but he doesn't care.

KIM

Ahhhh!

Gina staggers, scrambles, and crawls ahead of Billy. She joins Dan and Kim behind the protective crag.

Billy, out in the open, looks at his huddled family who never return his gaze. He turns up slope.

BOOM - ice splinters around the boulder like shattered glass. Gina doesn't watch. No cries of despair, or wails of sorrow.

She lowers her head and closes her eyes. The pocket knife lays on the path.

EXT. - SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD, NIGHT

Orange stucco, fake shutters and Spanish tiles multiplied by one million. Welcome to Florida.

SUPERIMPOSE: "FLORIDA, PRESENT DAY"

INT. SUBURBAN HOME, NIGHT

An older couple are asleep under a crisp white sheet. The man's body jerks and spasms. He moves from lying on his stomach to a tightly curled fetal position.

His pupils race back and forth under his eyelids.

DREAM SEQUENCE: THE IMAGE IS WASHED OUT.

Chris Tanner, the red haired mountain rescuer is crouched in the corner of a nearly empty basement.

A lantern glows in the center, its propane HUM echoes.

Chris is mesmerized by a body bag at the bottom of the stairs.

The body bag slowly rises from the middle, as if someone inside sat up, and turns as if it's looking at Chris.

The bag falls to the floor and grotesquely wiggles towards him like a worm cut in two. It knocks over the lantern as it struggles across the floor.

The bag moves closer and closer as Chris shakes his head "no". Near Chris's feet, the person in the bag sits up. It begins to slowly unzip from the top.

Inside the bag is a pretty woman, mid-twenties. Her face begins to decompose, and then it screams.

END DREAM SEQUENCE.

Chris Tanner wakes up screaming. He's now in his mid-sixties. His red hair matted down from sweat.

CHRIS
Ahhhhhhhhh!

His wife KATHY, 62, grabs him and shakes him awake.

KATHY

Chris! wake up. Stop. Chris.

The screaming ends. He sits up, dripping wet.

KATHY (CONT'D)

They're back? I don't understand.
Why now? I'm calling Dr. Vinters I
don't care what you say.

He lays down and faces a photo on a nightstand. A picture of himself, Kathy, and a mid-twenties woman holding an EMMY.

The same woman who was decaying in the body bag - his daughter.

EXT. DESERT, NIGHT

Saguaro Cactus stand at attention like a platoon of saluting soldiers. There's a flash of light from a still camera that illuminates three people. Another flash, this time lightning.

WES STILES, 43, portly, rumpled, and wearing a photographer's vest frowns at the camera screen. A RUMBLE of thunder.

WES

Let me change lenses one last time.

SUZANNE TANNER, 29, the woman in the bedside photo rests a boom microphone against her hip. She's pretty but not glossy.

A "Type A" personality but with heart.

She wears a Gore-tex jacket with her name SUZANNE TANNER stitched on the breast and the DISCOVERY logo across the back. She speaks into her microphone.

SUZANNE

Nature's Rage Shoot, Suzanne Tanner
producer - sound, Tom Kane Camera.
Wes, can we please do this.

TOM KANE, 33, is a lanky easygoing cinematographer who's seen it all, twice. His camera light brightens the trio.

WES

This lens will work.

Tom steadies the camera and makes eye contact with Suzanne to show he's ready. Suzanne holds the boom above her head.

SUZANNE

OK Wes, this isn't PBS. Think Joe and Jane Beercan in Iowa. Keep your answers simple. What's the secret to your lightning photos?

Wes's answer is seen through the video camera. BEGIN TOM'S CAMERA POV. Found footage style.

WES

You have to be in the moment to get a great photo of lightning.

In the middle of the last line there's a bright FLASH and a quickly followed RUMBLE causing Tom to jerk the camera.

TOM (OC)

Six months in Iraq, never flinched. Sorry about that. Here we go.

WES

That was close.

END CAMERA POV.

SUZANNE

One more time Wes. Do you have any fear when taking these photos?

WES

No, never fear, awareness of what..

Wes stops and notices wisps of Suzanne's hair being pulled up off her head as if by an unseen hand.

Suzanne and Tom are unaware a deadly charge of static electricity is building in the air.

SUZANNE

I know I said simple, but at least give me complete sentences.

WES

Everyone down!

A CRACK of lightning sends them all to the ground. BOOM - the clap of thunder deafens.

They lay there prone, waiting for another strike.

BEGIN TOM'S CAMERA POV. It feels immediate and real.

TOM

We all flinched on that one.

SUZANNE
Keep rolling Tom. Stay on us.
Wes. What do we do?

Wes's brave veneer falls.

WES
This is bad, really bad.

TOM
Says the man without fear.

SUZANNE
Not now Tom. Focus Wes.

CONTINUE CAMERA POV. CRACK. Rocks scatter on top of them.

Without a word Wes gets up and bolts to the van about a football field away. Tom and Suzanne watch him leave.

SUZANNE (CONT'D)
Bastard. I guess that's the plan.
Keep shooting no matter what.

Suzanne bolts and Tom follows. He grabs the camera and the moment continues through TOM'S CAMERA POV.

Another CRACK and BOOM. It's like they're in a war zone dodging cannon fire.

A lightning blast hits a nearby cactus, which explodes, sending hundreds of cactus needles out like shrapnel.

The spikes gouge Tom in the leg and Suzanne in the upper arm. Blood seeps from the wounds. Suzanne staggers to her knees from the blast.

Tom stops and helps her up as Wes keeps running.

TOM
(To Wes) Thanks for the help!

SUZANNE
I'm alright, get the shots.

Suzanne takes off. Tom stumbles and loses the grip on the camera which smashes into pieces. END CAMERA POV.

TOM
Dammit! Are you kidding me.

Tom goes for the camera, BOOM, another strike, so he leaves it. Real fear plays in their eyes as they run. The sanctuary of the van is in sight with Wes already in the driver's seat.

INT. VAN, NIGHT

Tom and Suzanne stumble in GASPING and bleeding. Wes, who's in the front seat is facing away, seemingly ashamed. Suzanne taps Wes on the shoulder from the back seat.

SUZANNE

You could have at least...

Wes reveals the side of his face riddled with bloody cactus spines. They protrude from his cheek, lips and eye like a human pin-cushion. He's in shock and doesn't hear a word.

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY, NIGHT

Tom walks down a hallway talking on his phone.

TOM

Typical Suzanne shoot - pushing the limit - No, don't worry. Give the kids a kiss good night. Love ya.

A knock, and Suzanne waves him in while talking on her cell.

SUZANNE (ON PHONE)

Of course I tried recovering the media Carl - Are you serious?

INT. HOTEL ROOM, NIGHT

Suzanne paces as Tom finds the TV remote and clicks away.

SUZANNE (ON PHONE)

But you need to know that - I'll get it on the mountain - Fine.

The other party has hung up but Suzanne keeps talking.

SUZANNE (CONT'D)

Fine, fine, fine you asshole!

Suzanne tosses the phone on the bed. Tom takes a beer from his cargo pants and hands it to her.

TOM

I guess Discovery isn't happy.

SUZANNE

The sand storm shoot turned into a sun shower, now this. If I don't get something extreme, I'm out.

TOM
We'll get it. You're a regular
danger magnet. I think we may have
caught old Wes on his last night of
lightning chasing.

Suzanne grabs the beer and twists and takes a big swig. Tom
pulls a beer for himself from the other pocket.

SUZANNE
He paid the price for his "run-for-
your-own-life" attitude.

TOM
The guy looks like he could
audition for the next X-Men movie.
Wolverine, Magneto and Pork-u-pine!

SUZANNE
(Giggling)
Too soon, way too soon.

TOM
So what's next on this hit parade
of weather porn?

Suzanne spins the chair and clicks her computer. Up pops a
video of a 10-ton Snowcat blown over by a storm. A weather
REPORTER struggles to stand against the onslaught of wind.

INSERT VIDEO ON LAPTOP

REPORTER
Mount Washington Weather
Observatory, New Hampshire. I'm in
60 mile per hour winds but they can
get over 200 miles per hour.

The blizzard intensifies on the footage. They both watch.

TOM
Live free or die.

SUZANNE
I grew up in New Hampshire. My Dad
was part of the search and rescue
team up there.

TOM
I thought you were from Florida.

On the laptop video the reporter is blown off his feet and
sent flying against a building. Tom winces.

SUZANNE

An old friend of my Dad who works
at the Observatory called me. Said
we could come up and film.

Tom raises his beer and clinks bottles with Suzanne.

TOM

Here's to wicked winds.

INT. AIRLINE TERMINAL, DAY

Suzanne uses her iPad while riding down an escalator. She
scrolls through Emails. One is from XO Credit, the subject
is, CAR RE-POSSESSION. She deletes it.

There's another from American Express, LATE PAYMENT. Deleted.

A fourth is from Discovery Channel, the subject is, SKYPE
CALL.

She's about to hit delete when the sound of a CRYING child
drifts above the din of the crowded terminal.

Suzanne passes under a WELCOME TO FLORIDA sign. At the bottom
of the escalator is a little girl, 5, in tears. Busy
travelers walk past her like she's invisible.

Suzanne glides down and kneels in front of the girl.

SUZANNE

Are your parents lost?

The little girl nods. Suzanne cranes her neck and scans the
crowd of roller bag pulling passengers.

SUZANNE (CONT'D)

My name is Suzanne, can I help you
find them? I bet they're worried.

The little girl nods yes. A policeman walks amongst the crowd
in the terminal. Suzanne stands and takes the child's hand
and heads to the officer.

INT. BAGGAGE CLAIM, DAY

Standing next to CAROUSEL C, Chris and Kathy Tanner try to
decipher the ARRIVALS monitor.

Chris looks gaunt and his eyes keep deep shadows.

SUZANNE (OS)

Dad! Mom!

The couple turn and Chris's face ignites a smile that erases the gloom. Her Mom, Kathy, is all pearls, plaid and cheer.

CHRIS

Suzie!

She runs to them and hugs her Dad first and then her Mom.

Suzanne grabs her bag from the carousel. Her Dad fights her for it and loses.

SUZANNE

You have bait?

CHRIS

Squirrel fish.

SUZANNE

You have a spot?

Chris nods and Suzanne bursts into a smile.

KATHY

My god you two haven't seen each other in 6 months and the first thing you talk about is fishing.

SUZANNE

Not just fishing Mom. Tarpon fishing.

CHRIS

I've told you a hundred times Hun, fishing isn't just catching fish, it's catching up.

KATHY

I'll be sure to sew that onto a pillow when we get home.

They all laugh as they push through the revolving doors.

EXT. FISHING BOAT, LATE AFTERNOON

A Boston Whaler drifts near mangrove trees. Suzanne has her iPad out and is videoing her Father fishing.

SUZANNE

I want video proof of who's a better fisherman.

He playfully mugs for the camera. She puts down the Ipad for a moment and takes off her jacket.

CHRIS
What's with the bandage?

SUZANNE
Just your everyday exploding cactus spine shrapnel.

She picks up the Ipad and we begin SUZANNE'S IPAD POV.

CHRIS
Tell your Mom it's a rash or else she'll be clutching her pearls.
(High pitched voice)
Oh My!

Chris casts out his line.

SUZANNE (O.S.)
You know, I blame you for my wound.
A genetic thing.

CHRIS
I liked climbing mountains. How that translated to you trying to kill yourself all over the world. I don't take any ownership of that.
(Pause) Just remember. Fools rush in...

SUZANNE (O.S.)
Where angels fear to tread.
Alexander Pope. I remember.

CHRIS
When I was a guide, I lived to climb again because I knew when to turn around. When enough was enough.

END IPAD POV.

SUZANNE
I know Dad. Guess where I'm heading next.

CHRIS
An Ebola factory.

SUZANNE
Your old stomping grounds.
Mount Washington.
(MORE)

SUZANNE (CONT'D)
We're spending four days at the
Weather Observatory on the top.

Chris puts down his rod and heads behind the boat console.

CHRIS
We should go, it's late.

Suzanne puts away the iPad. Chris starts the engine and pulls away. She walks over to her Dad who went from funny and happy to cold and distant in a blink of an eye.

SUZANNE
I need to film extreme winds, Mount
Washington has extreme winds. I
thought you'd be happy.

CHRIS
Happy?

SUZANNE
You never talk about your time up
there, and I thought now we'd have
something to share.

CHRIS
What is it with women and sharing.

He shakes his head and guns the engine. Suzanne moves to the bow and sits. Disappointment rests on both their faces.

The boat cuts across the setting sun.

INT. SUBURBAN HOME, LATE MORNING.

A hazy light drifts through the windows of the Tanner's kitchen. Kathy is putting away groceries with Suzanne's help.

SUZANNE
Is Dad still angry.

KATHY
Not angry, upset.

SUZANNE
I would've thought he'd be happy
with me heading back.

Kathy stops putting away the packages.

KATHY

That mountain took a toll with the
rescues outweighed by the
tragedies. He stopped therapy, and
I want him to go back. He's also
worried about you.

INT. SUZANNE'S PARENT'S HOUSE, BEDROOM, SAME TIME

Chris kneels by the bed and pleads to someone off screen.
He's near tears and has the look of man ready for the
gallows.

CHRIS

I'm begging. Please I'm so sorry.

INT. KITCHEN, CONTINUED

Kathy continues putting away groceries.

KATHY

The main thing is you're home. He's
smiled and laughed more the last
few days than all month.

Suzanne nods and looks down the hall.

SUZANNE

It's almost noon.

KATHY

He hasn't been sleeping well.

Suzanne's father screams.

CHRIS (OS)

Noooooooooooooooooo!

Kathy drops a jar of jelly which shatters on the floor.

INT. HALLWAY, CONTINUED

Suzanne runs down the hall.

CHRIS (O.S.)

Take me! Not her!

The door is locked.

SUZANNE

Dad open the door!

CHRIS (O.S.)
She had nothing to do with it!

KATHY
It's the nightmares.

CHRIS (O.S.)
I won't let you Billy.

Suzanne drops to the floor and peers under the door. Her father walks from one side of the bed to the other.

She's terrified at what she sees.

Her dad sits on the floor with a gun in his hand.

SUZANNE
Dad, open the door, please. You're dreaming.

CHRIS
I'm not. The boy won't listen.

SUZANNE
Who?

Her Father lifts his hand and points.

SUZANNE (CONT'D)
There's no one there.

CHRIS
He won't harm you. It ends now.

BANG - A gun shot and a sound of a falling body.

SUZANNE
Dad?

EXT. CEMETERY, DAY

Suzanne and Kathy are dressed in black and seated in front of a coffin being lowered into the ground. Dirt is thrown unto the casket.

INT. SUZANNE'S MOTHER'S HOUSE, DAY

Kathy and Suzanne are in the garage going through boxes.

Suzanne reaches into one and pulls out her Dad's jacket from his Search and Rescue days.

Kathy has to sit. A bit stunned by the memory.

KATHY

The first time I saw him he wore that jacket. It sounds old-fashioned but he was dashing.

SUZANNE

I've never even seen a photo of him from then.

KATHY

He loved the snow, the cold, the mountains.

Suzanne smiles and puts on the jacket and hugs herself. It's as if she's trying to squeeze a memory out of the garment.

SUZANNE

Then why are we in Florida?

Kathy reaches into the box for a climbing rope. She pulls it slowly through her hands barely making eye contact with Suzanne as she talks.

KATHY

The last rescue, from what I heard, something went wrong. He never talked about it and I never asked.

SUZANNE

Something Dad did?

KATHY

I don't know. His partners, Phil and Rick were part of it too.

SUZANNE

Their both still there. Phil works at the Observatory on the mountain and invited me to film.

Kathy stops moving the rope and looks up.

KATHY

You aren't still going up there?

SUZANNE

Who is Billy? Why did Dad mention that name in his room?

KATHY

Since you were a child never ending questions.

(MORE)

KATHY (CONT'D)

Where does the white go when snow melts? What color is the wind. Let this one rest.

SUZANNE

My job, my whole life has been documenting the why and how of things. There has to be a reason Dad did this. It wasn't just bad dreams.

Kathy throws the rope back into the box and leaves.

INT. SUZANNE'S MOTHER'S HOUSE, DAY

Suzanne is at a desk in the middle of a Skype call.

Her Executive Producer Carl, 55, wears Fendi glasses, and is too well groomed to have ever been out in the field.

CARL

I needed the footage in the edit room yesterday. We can't keep waiting for you.

A chest height POV of someone slowly creeping up behind Suzanne.

The view is over her shoulder and the laptop screen.

SUZANNE

Yes. I know, but I'm sure you understand why things are delayed.

CARL

It's not the time you've been away, it's the footage Suzanne. We wanted Nature's Rage and we're getting Nature's Calm. We all have bosses and mine want a change.

Carl starts to smile, and waves. A look of confusion washes over Suzanne. She's not sure what Carl is doing or why.

SUZANNE

You don't have to. You want rage, terror, danger. That's what I do. Carl, please. I'm the only one with access and a storm's coming in.

POV over Suzanne's shoulder as Carl stops waving.

CARL
He's not very friendly.

SUZANNE
Who?

CARL
The little boy who was behind you.
Is that your nephew?

Suzanne turns to the empty room and then back to Carl.

CARL (CONT'D)
I have another meeting. Last chance
Suzanne. I hope you get it.

SUZANNE
I will, promise. Than...

The Skype screen cuts out before she finishes. Suzanne spins her chair and sits alone and bewildered in the room.

EXT. SUZANNE'S MOM'S HOUSE, NIGHT

Palm trees sway in the wind.

INT. SUZANNE'S FATHER'S ROOM, NIGHT

Suzanne is standing over the blood stain on the rug. She falls to her knees and runs her fingers through the carpet fibers and sobs.

SUZANNE
I'm so sorry.

She catches her breath and reaches for the family photo that was next to the bed. She clutches it against her chest.

INT. SUZANNE'S ROOM, SAME NIGHT

Her mother is in the bed asleep. Suzanne places the photo on a nightstand next to a bottle of pills and a glass of water.

She takes the bottle, taps it, and eight capsules tumble into her palm. A pause, and she shakes all but one back into the bottle.

Suzanne lays down next to her Mom and stares at the photo. The clock reads 12:07 when she finally closes her eyes.

INT. SUZANNE'S MOM'S HOUSE, SAME NIGHT

The kitchen, dining room, and hallway are empty except for the creepy echo of a child giggling.

GIGGLING VOICE
He he he he.

INT. SUZANNE'S BEDROOM, NIGHT

Streaks of rain race each other down the window. The nightstand clock reads 3:23.

Suzanne is awake but her Mom is out cold. Suzanne turns and she's surprised, the photo is missing.

The giggling drifts into the room and Suzanne sits up.

GIGGLING VOICE
He he he he.

INT. HALLWAY, NIGHT

Suzanne stands for a moment getting her bearings.

Her head's turned when a little boy runs across the hall into her father's room. Suzanne spins and gets a glimpse of him.

SUZANNE
Hello?

She peers into the doorway.

INT. SUZANNE'S FATHER'S ROOM, NIGHT

The boy wears a blue sweater and sits on the rug with his back turned.

SUZANNE
What are you doing here?

It's Billy, the boy from Mount Washington, and he points at the bloody stain.

BILLY
It's raining, it's pouring the old
man was bleeding.

She closes her eyes and shakes her head, trying to shake the dream away. Suzanne's finger catches a splinter in the door frame. She feels real pain.

Billy slowly turns and reveals a pale blue face. His hair is matted down and his eyes charcoal black.

He smiles with a mouth full of rotted teeth and stands. Suzanne shakes her head - "no".

Billy rushes towards her and Suzanne steps back quickly.

She steps on the missing photo, and slips. Falling back she hits her head on the wall and falls unconscious.

INT. KITCHEN, MORNING

The clock on coffee machine reads 9:34. Suzanne sips coffee at the kitchen table and looks down the hall. Kathy enters and heads to the coffee machine.

KATHY

You gave me a fright this morning.
I thought you might be sleepwalking again.

SUZANNE

Again?

KATHY

Until you were four, about once a month we used to find you sleeping at the bottom of the cellar stairs. It upset Dad so much.

SUZANNE

You never told me that.

KATHY

We thought you'd break your neck. It ended when we moved here. I've never thought about it till this morning.

Suzanne holds her mug and stands in the kitchen entryway. Down the hall her father's door is closed.

EXT. SUZANNE'S MOM'S HOUSE

With a duffle bag over her shoulder Suzanne gives her Mom a tearful hug.

SUZANNE

I'll lose the film if I stay.

KATHY

Don't worry about that. We...I mean...I have money. Silly, I have to stop the "we" thing.

SUZANNE

You can still say we, you just can't erase 35 years together.

KATHY

I just want you to know there's more to life than work and money.

SUZANNE

It's not just work, I need to find out about Dad and that mountain. There's a part of me that feels this was my fault.

KATHY

It wasn't you.

The two hug one more time. Suzanne walks into a cab and waves to her Mom.

Her mother halfheartedly waves as the cab pulls away. The sky is dark from a developing thunderstorm. Kathy looks at the cab and then at the ominous sky.

EXT. TUCKERMAN'S INN, NEW HAMPSHIRE, NIGHT

Tuckerman's Inn oozes rural charm with a snow covered roof and hand stenciled sign swinging in the wind.

INT. HOTEL ROOM, NIGHT

Suzanne is on her laptop and opens Google. She types in BILLY, DEATH, MOUNT WASHINGTON - Results come back for Funeral Homes, George Washington's Butler, nothing specific.

Her phone alarm goes off - with the reminder DRINKS.

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY, NIGHT

Suzanne leaves the room and her cell rings. An image of PAUL, 35, wearing a suit and tie appears on her phone's screen.

She walks into an elevator and the doors close.

Elevator doors open and Suzanne walks out. The phone makes the VOICEMAIL sound. She clicks it, listens and walks.

PAUL (VO)
Hey, haven't heard from you. Not
sure where we're at. Are you still
traveling all the time? If you...

Disinterested, she ends the message and knocks on a door.

INT. TOM'S HOTEL ROOM, NIGHT

Tom is dressed in shorts and T-shirt while Suzanne is wearing
a parka.

TOM
Sorry, trying to figure out the new
Thermal Camera.

A small FLIR Thermal Image camera sits on a tripod in the
corner of the room. The flip out screen is open. It shows the
room space as blue but Suzanne and Tom are orange outlines.

SUZANNE
Cool.

TOM
No warm. Orange is warm, and of
course blue is cold. Any ambient
temperatures above the surrounding
readings are outlined.

We are POV OF THERMAL CAM. Their colored images conversing.

SUZANNE
What if I was colder than
everything?

TOM
Then you'd show up bluer.

SUZANNE
Perfect for shooting up there and
seeing the differences in temps.

END THERMAL CAM POV.

TOM
I used the older version of this
when I shot for Ghost Hunters. Not
sure how this one records to HD.

SUZANNE
Figure it out later. I don't want
to drink alone.

TOM
Drinks or learn camera?

SUZANNE
See you at 8 AM.

BACK TO POV of the thermal camera as Suzanne leaves.

EXT. TUCKERMAN'S HOTEL, NIGHT

Suzanne races the cold across the street and ducks into THE PRESIDENTIAL BAR.

INT. THE PRESIDENTIAL BAR, NIGHT

Pick axes and snowshoes adorn the wood panelled walls. Suzanne heads to the bar and places her jacket around a high backed stool.

WARD the local barfly plops down next to her.

He's 75, with withered white hair, a weathered face and a drunken accent as thick as Maple Syrup.

WARD
You part of that film crew.

Suzanne tries to get the bartender's attention.

SUZANNE
Yep, going to film high winds.

WARD
You've ever been up there?

SUZANNE
I haven't.

WARD
Be mighty careful.

SUZANNE
We're heading up with a Weather Observer. We'll be fine.

The barfly leans into her space and gets surly.

WARD
Never fine up there. I helped build the Visitor Center at the top. Lost two of my buddies, and got this.

He holds up a right hand that's been replaced by a metal prosthetic hook. Suzanne can't disguise her unease.

SUZANNE

I'm sorry, but I think we'll be ok.

WARD

The Presence don't think so.

SUZANNE

The Presence?

WARD

The feeling of dread that surrounds that place. We call it the Presence around here. I...

STEVE SUMPTER, 28, interrupts. He's ruggedly handsome, and dives in quickly and confidently.

STEVE

OK Ward, time to bother someone else.

Steve takes Ward's beer and walks it over to an empty table. Ward follows like a moth to a flame.

SUZANNE

Thanks, but he wasn't really bothering me.

STEVE

I know, but he was in my seat. I'm Steve Sumpter, and you're Suzanne.

She's puzzled so Steve points to her jacket and she realizes her name and the Discovery logo are on it.

STEVE (CONT'D)

What'll you have?

SUZANNE

A Sam Adams.

Steve leans over the bar and grabs two bottles on ice. The BARTENDER has seen this maneuver too many times.

BARTENDER

This ain't your basement bar Steve!

Steve waves him off and cracks open the beers.

STEVE
We'll actually be on the mountain
together.

SUZANNE
At the observatory?

STEVE
Nah, I do gear tests for Apex
Outdoor Apparel.

Steve turns and like Vanna White on Wheel of Fortune his hand
sweeps under the logo on his red jacket.

STEVE (CONT'D)
Tent's and jackets and stuff. They
want to know how they hold up, so
we head up there.

SUZANNE
You're a human guinea pig.

STEVE
Oink. Oink.

SUZANNE
Wrong pig.

STEVE
What sound does a guinea pig make?

SUZANNE
Squeak? Squeak?

Steve and Suzanne laugh.

STEVE
Better than sitting behind a desk
wearing a tie.

SUZANNE
Exactly. You understand.

Suzanne smiles and takes a sip. Steve notices his Apex
wearing brethren leave their table and head to the door.

STEVE
Gotta Go. You know a big Nor'easter
is on the way. You may want to
reconsider.

SUZANNE

Not possible - Hey, if it's bad,
come by when we're there. We'll
share the misery and another beer.

STEVE

I wish I could. But it's forbidden.
You'll find out why when you're up
there. Rules and laws.

Steve leaves while the Bar's TV blares out a special report.

WEATHERMAN

Extremely dangerous with deadly
hurricane force winds.

EXT. MOUNT WASHINGTON, MORNING

An aerial flies over Mount Washington.

The aerial glides past and reveals a rustic structure of
timber and stone, framed by towering pines.

A sign reads FRANCONIA NOTCH VISITOR'S CENTER.

Tom pulls cases from a van in the parking lot. A nearby sign
reads - MOUNT WASHINGTON MOTOR ROAD CLOSED OCTOBER TO MAY.

INT - FRANCONIA NOTCH VISITOR'S CENTER, DAY

Suzanne is standing inside a cavernous room of exposed beams.
She studies a large dark oak wall with hand carved names.

Next to the scores of names are the person's age, date and
cause of death for them being on the wall: Avalanche,
Freezing, Climbing Accident, etc. (Note: This wall is real)

Bert Taylor 32yrs 1983 Construction Accident

Ralph Burnett 43yrs 1983 Construction Accident

Robert Findley 37yrs 1986 Avalanche

William Pomeroy 9yrs 1987 Drowning

Suzanne is entranced by the name William Pomeroy.

SUZANNE

William - Billy.

She stares as her father's voice plays out.

CHRIS (VO)
I won't let you Billy.

INSERT - The name fills the screen. BILLY POMEROY.

INSERT - The age fills the screen. 9 YRS

INSERT - The cause fills the screen DROWNING.

Suzanne closes her eyes and relives the gunshot. A PARK RANGER, 65, uniformed but folksy, walks up and startles her.

PARK RANGER
It's a deadly place. More people have died here than on Everest.

SUZANNE
It's just a play on numbers.

PARK RANGER
Numbers don't lie.

SUZANNE
They can. Thousands of people visit this mountain every year and only a few hundred Everest. So it reasons you're going to have more deaths.

PARK RANGER
Numbers or not, don't underestimate this one, she's plenty dangerous.

SUZANNE
That's exactly what I need.

PARK RANGER
I'm surprised Phil is even letting you stay up there. He prefers being alone.

EXT - TOP OF MOUNT WASHINGTON, DAY

A small rounded two story building is encrusted in layers of ice. On top of the roof are multiple antennas, and gauges.

Looking like a castle turret, there are no windows and only a large metal door at the bottom - MT. WASHINGTON OBSERVATORY.

Attached to this building is a one-story rectangular structure all boarded up.

A sign "MOUNT WASHINGTON VISITOR CENTER AND GIFT SHOP ELEVATION 6261 FEET" rests over the entrance doors.

INT. WEATHER OBSERVATORY, DAY

Phil Simon, 64, sports the same crew cut from his rescue days. He's at a desk in a 30 foot wide round room.

It's part lab, and living space with a big wooden table in the center. Claustrophobic describes its size.

Phil, screwdriver in hand, repairs a large wind gauge. Parts are strewn about the desk.

On the wall is a wooden sign - "ABANDON HOPE ALL YE WHO ENTER HERE".

The radio clicks and a garbled child's voice is heard.

RADIO VOICE
Hello.....hello.

Phil leaves the screwdriver and heads to the radio. He dials the knobs to try to find the right frequency. Weird unearthly sounds blare from the speakers.

The static and sounds suddenly stop and Phil heads back to the table. He goes to grab the screwdriver but it's gone.

Phil doesn't act like a man who thinks he's misplaced something. Instead a look of recognition takes over his face.

PHIL
Don't do this. I can't read to you
now. You'll have to wait.

The radio crackles again.

EXT - A SNOW COVERED ROAD, DAY

A bright red Snowcat with churning tank-like treads cruises through the falling snow.

INT. SNOWCAT, DAY

Rick Fahey, a rescuer from 1985, drives the Snowcat. He still wears the old Army coat and an even woollier beard. Faded photos of family are stuck to his dashboard.

RICK
Forty inches?

Sitting next to Rick is TOBY LIDDLE, 21, somewhat geeky, and wearing a heavy parka and black rimmed glasses. He's looking at an iPad and chomping on a Snickers Bar.

TOBY

The latest charts say thirty inches
with hurricane force winds.

RICK

My bones say it'll be worse.
Something sinister is on the way.

TOBY

Nature isn't sinister. It just is.

RICK

Nope, sometimes it's downright
depraved. Snow may look all
innocent and glistening, but under
the right conditions...let it pile
up on a slope, add gravity, time
and those sweet little flakes
become killers. Nature is evil.

TOBY

You're a disturbed man Rick.

Rick nods, smiles and grabs the 2-way radio.

RICK

This is Snowcat 1 to Visitors
Center.

INT. VISITORS CENTER, DAY

The crackle of the radio is heard at the Ranger's desk.

RICK (VO)

Snowcat 1 to Visitors Center.

PARK RANGER

Excuse me. That's your ride.

RICK (VO)

Come in Visitors Station.

The Ranger rambles to his desk and picks up the radio.

PARK RANGER

Hey Rick. Whatcha need.

INT. SNOWCAT, DAY

Rick clicks the handset.

RICK
That you Bob?

PARK RANGER (O.S.)
Yep.

RICK
I ain't waiting around. I wanna be
down before dark. I'll be there any
minute.

Rick reaches forward and wipes the fogged windshield.

EXT. VISITORS CENTER ENTRANCE, DAY

Suzanne finds Tom stacking cases inside a small alcove.

SUZANNE
Thanks Tom.

The Snowcat roars around a bend and into the parking lot.

Rick jumps out of the Snowcat. Toby stays inside working on
his iPad.

RICK
Suzanne? I'm Rick. Rick Fahey.
Jesus, 25 years? Holy Toledo.

Rick goes in for the bear hug and smothers Suzanne.

SUZANNE
Hey Rick. It's been awhile.

Suzanne breaks the hug.

SUZANNE (CONT'D)
This is Tom Kane, my cameraman.

RICK
Hi ya do. Back in the Cat is Toby
Liddle your weather freak.

Toby acknowledges them and waves.

RICK (CONT'D)
Chris's daughter, wow. How the hell
is he?

SUZANNE
He passed away last week, cancer.

Tom cheats a glance at Suzanne knowing it's a lie.

RICK

Damn, my condolences, he was a really good guy. I should have stayed in touch.

Suzanne nods. Rick's gaze stays on Suzanne, as if he's lost in thought. It's uncomfortable until Tom breaks the mood.

TOM

I'm going to start loading this stuff.

Rick finally looks away to Tom.

RICK

Good idea, throw it on the roof rack. Toby can help ya.

SUZANNE

I was hoping to grab a coffee with you inside. A moment before we go.

RICK

I'll take a rain check. I gotta register with the Ranger and then I'm leaving and turning around pronto. I want to beat the storm.

Rick walks away.

SUZANNE

Shit.

Suzanne angrily grabs a bag to load.

INT. VISITORS CENTER, DAY

Rick walks over to the Park Ranger at his desk.

RICK

The Snow Ranger!

PARK RANGER

Hey Rick. You sure you're gonna make it up and back today?

RICK

I guarantee it.

The Park Ranger takes out a file and pulls out some paperwork. He begins filling out a form.

PARK RANGER
So you got three souls heading up.

RICK
Souls, just because the airlines do that, you have to?

PARK RANGER
Just following orders. Plus I like it. Souls. Makes it...spiritual.

EXT - SNOWCAT, DAY

Suzanne and Toby sit in the back of the Snowcat. Tom is in the front seat and taps out a text: NO SERVICE 4 DAYS. LOVE YOU ALL. SEE YOU SOON.

SUZANNE
So you and Phil.

TOBY
With the storm and you folks the bosses thought an extra hand would help. Phil's actually been up there alone for a month. He's a bit of a hard ass but he knows the mountain.

SUZANNE
I actually met him before, but I was real young. Phil used to work search and rescue with my Dad, Chris Tanner.

TOBY
Chris Tanner, right. He was a bit of a legend. So you have some history with this place.

SUZANNE
Just a bit.

Rick enters the Snowcat.

RICK
You ready?

SUZANNE
Yep. I'd like to ask you a few questions while we drive up.

RICK

You gonna make me a ree-al-ity TV
star. Get me the special booth at
the Pine Tree Diner. I'd like that.

EXT - MOUNTAIN ROAD, AFTERNOON

An aerial looks down at the Snowcat. On one side there's a
sheer drop off and on the other a wall of gnarled granite.

INT - SNOWCAT, DAY

Tom's in the passenger seat with his camera pointed at Rick.
Suzanne is in the back with Toby, her boom mic at the ready.

SUZANNE

What's the worse you've seen the
weather up here.

RICK

Today we're at five on a one to ten
scale. One being sleeping in my bed
and ten sleeping in a coffin.

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD, DAY

The wind and ice conspire against the Snowcat. The treads
can't gain traction and it slides towards the cliff.

INT. SNOWCAT, DAY

From her window Suzanne notices they are right next to the
edge. Rick yanks the wheel to avoid the precipice.

RICK

Bad as a feathermucker today.

SUZANNE

This is only a five on your scale?

RICK

Yup, eights and nines usually means
I'm bringing down a body.

SUZANNE

What's it like at the top?

EXT. MOUNT WASHINGTON OBSERVATORY, DAY

A pallet of never ending white creates a lifeless moonscape on top of the mountain.

RICK (VO)

You ain't astro-nauts but you might
as well be. No cell service. You
can't climb down because you'll be
blown off the mountain. There's one
shortwave radio and you got fuel
for 4 days, after that you pray.

Phil walks out of a small shed with the sign - GENERATOR AND
FUEL: NO OPEN FLAMES WITHIN 100 FEET. He carries an ice ax
that drips a dark liquid into the snow.

Behind the shed a deep pool of the same colored liquid forms.

INT. SNOWCAT, DAY

SUZANNE

Great stuff. If it's OK with you
Rick, can Tom grab some shots from
the roof of the Snowcat.

RICK

Really? Sounds crazy to me.

SUZANNE

It'll help the audience experience
how dangerous the road is. (To Tom)
You OK with that?

TOM

If you say you need it.

RICK

Just keep the camera running so
when you get blown off the mountain
I can see the footage on the news.

SUZANNE

Take Toby with you to lend a hand.

TOM

You OK watching my back.

TOBY

Sure, it's like I'm behind the
scenes. I love that stuff.

SUZANNE
We don't need a lot of footage.

TOM
It won't be.

RICK
When you're ready bang on the roof.

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD, DAY

Tom and Toby hoist themselves to the roof of the Snowcat and start moving bags and cases around.

INT - SNOWCAT, DAY

RICK
Lost my wife to cancer.

Rick touches one of the faded photos on his dash.

RICK (CONT'D)
Was he still married to Kathy.

SUZANNE
32 years.

RICK
He was always trying to do the right thing.

SUZANNE
I guess that's why he was search and rescue.

RICK
More like search and body recovery.
I served in Nam, I was used to it.
But your Dad, tore him up.

SUZANNE
I know. He was still having nightmares from his time up here.

Rick pauses, opens his door and shouts out with annoyance.

RICK
C'mon! Are we going to do this or what?

TOM (O.C.)
Almost ready just making some room.

Rick slams the door shut.

SUZANNE

My Mom mentioned the last rescue.
Was that a really tough one?

RICK

They were all tough.

SUZANNE

I don't mean to upset you. I was
just looking for some reason my Dad
left.

RICK

You're not upsetting me.

SUZANNE

Was Billy Pomeroy the last rescue?

RICK

Billy. What do you know of Billy?

SUZANNE

I don't know anything. That's why
I'm asking.

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD, DAY

Tom's stands on the roof of the Cat with the camera on his
shoulder. A sudden gust blows a large case from Toby's hands
and it falls hard on top of the roof of the cab.

INT. SNOWCAT, DAY

The loud bang is heard inside the Snowcat's cab.

RICK

Sorry, here we go.

Suzanne twitches in irritation, she was hoping for more.

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD, DAY

The Snowcat suddenly lurches forward and Tom loses his
footing and tumbles backwards off the cab.

At the last second he reaches out and grabs the roof rack and
dangles over the edge. One hand on a rail the other holding
the camera. He's not letting go of either.

Tom's feet swing over the churning treads and slam into the latch holding the fuel barrels on the back of the Snowcat.

The latch opens.

Tom loses his grip and is about to fall into the Snowcat's rolling treads when at the last second Toby grabs his hand.

INT. SNOWCAT, DAY

In her sideview mirror Suzanne sees Tom hanging.

SUZANNE
Stop the cat! Stop!

Rick slams on the brakes and the Snowcat begins to slide to the cliff edge. Rick ratchets the wheel the other way.

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD, DAY

Toby holds Tom tight. The Snowcat fish tails and redirects to the mountainside. Tom's body swings out and his boots hit the latch again.

The fuel barrels tumble down the cliff. Toby ducks as a rock overhang is about to decapitate him.

INT - SNOWCAT, AFTERNOON

Rick finally stops the Snowcat and he and Suzanne step out.

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD, DAY

Toby releases Tom who drops to the icy road with camera intact. Tom bends over and tries to catch his breath.

Suzanne with a look of guilt and concern jumps down and puts arm around Tom.

SUZANNE
Are you OK? What happened?

Rick stands on his tip toes and pulls himself up to look at the roof of the Snowcat. Toby leans over and startles him.

TOBY
That was crazy.

RICK
Get in the Snowcat, no more
shenanigans.

Tom holds up the camera triumphantly for Suzanne.

TOM
Ta dah!

Suzanne shakes her head. They both climb up to the Snowcat cab. Toby leaps down and Tom gives him a pat on the back.

TOM (CONT'D)
Thanks Weatherman.

Rick walks around the Snowcat and notices the broken latch and the missing fuel barrels. He walks to the cliff edge where there's nothing but swirling formless grey.

INT - SNOWCAT, DAY

Rick grabs his radio handset.

RICK
This is Snowcat 1 to Weather
Observatory. Come in.

Static gives way to clarity.

PHIL (OC)
What's your delay? You should have
been here by now. Move it.

RICK
Relax we're five Minutes out.

Rick cradles the handset and starts the Snowcat again.

EXT. MOUNTAIN TOP, DAY

A wooden cross embed in a rock cairn is blown over by the wind.

The Snowcat chugs to a stop fifty yards from the Observatory.

TOBY
I'll go get Phil.

Toby lurches towards the Observatory. The wind, snow and ice conspire against him. Rick climbs on top of the roof rack.

SUZANNE

(To Tom) I'll help Rick with the bags. Why don't you grab some thermal image shots of the buildings.

TOM

Got it.

RICK

Don't stray too far or you might not get back.

Tom nods and pulls out a tripod and a small case from the backseat.

TOM

Just some wide shots?

SUZANNE

Perfect.

INT. OBSERVATORY, DAY

Phil sits at the radio desk speaking into the handset.

PHIL

She's here. Remember what we talked about.

The radio reply is static, and a mixed echoing response.

BILLY

I remember.

EXT. MOUNTAIN TOP, DAY

Toby is outside the fortified metal door that leads to the observatory. It's dented and scratched as if a siege has been laid upon it. He raps the door. BANG - BANG -

INT. OBSERVATORY, DAY

BANG - BANG

Phil turns and places the handset down. He rises slowly.

EXT. MOUNTAIN TOP, DAY

Tom's alone on the backside of the Observatory.

He adjusts the camera on the tripod and bends over to look in the view finder.

With his face smushed against the eyepiece his expression registers surprise, maybe even alarm.

Tom lifts his head to look at the scene. There's only buildings and mountain. He takes in the tableau, studies it.

He bends down into the eyepiece again and shakes his head. Something's wrong.

INT. OBSERVATORY, DAY

Toby has his feet up on a table with a Coke, Clifbar and his iPad out. Phil walks in with his coat on.

PHIL

I need new charts, and every ice ax
and crampon sharpened.

Toby gets up and throws out the half eaten Clifbar.

EXT. MOUNTAIN TOP, DAY

Suzanne stacks the last bag by the Snowcat as Phil approaches.

PHIL

Last time I saw you, you were this
high and causing trouble.

SUZANNE

Taller now and maybe a little less
trouble. Hello Phil. Thanks for the
invite.

PHIL

I saw your post on Facebook about
the wild weather film, thought this
might work for you.

Rick jumps down from the Snowcat.

RICK

Can't get wilder than this.

PHIL

How's the family? Chris?

SUZANNE

Uh..he recently passed. He...

Suzanne goes to talk, but she can't and tears up. Phil just stands there but Rick throws an arm around her.

PHIL
I didn't know. I'm sorry.

Suzanne swallows and composes herself.

SUZANNE
Having to tell people..it...doesn't
get easy.

Suzanne takes a deep breath. Phil watches indifferently.

RICK
You're OK kid.

Suzanne nods her head side to side - an "I'm not so sure" gesture and Rick lowers his arm from her shoulder.

RICK (CONT'D)
It's tough. I know.

Suzanne gains control.

SUZANNE
Yeah, sorry about that.

RICK
You're allowed.

An awkward pause. No one knows what to say.

SUZANNE
Let me find my cameraman. He just
went to get a few shots around the
building.

PHIL
You shouldn't be walking alone up
here. You literally can get blown
off the mountain.

SUZANNE
I'll be right back then.

PHIL
I have a little tundra buggy. We'll
load the gear on it and take it to
the Visitors Center.

SUZANNE
Great.

Suzanne turns and leaves. Rick walks over to Phil and slaps him on the back.

RICK
I might as well tell you now. We
had a broken latch and lost the
fuel barrels on Glass Back Pass.

Phil walks to the Snowcat and notices the empty space.

PHIL
Not a problem. We're good on fuel
since it's only been me up
here the last month.

RICK
Wow, where's that legendary Phil
temper.

PHIL
It's in hibernation.

RICK
Great. In that case I just need to
hit the head and I'm gone.

Phil throws him a set of keys. Rick catches them and leaves.

EXT. MOUNTAIN TOP, DAY

Rick walks to the shuttered Mount Washington Visitors Center and Gift Shop. He unlocks the doors and enters.

INT. MOUNT WASHINGTON VISITORS CENTER, DAY

It's dark inside. Only streams of light through shuttered windows brighten the long aisles of souvenirs.

Everything from rubber Indian spears to kid's slingshots.

Three mannequins, a male, female and child stand in an aisle like frozen customers waiting to make purchases.

Their pale faces hold creepy never ending grins.

Rick heads to a corridor in the back with a set of doors down the end. A sign above reads "MOUNT WASHINGTON OBSERVATORY PERSONNEL ONLY".

A strange CREAKING sound. Rick turns to the noise and knocks over a stack of T-Shirts.

He picks them up and now there are only two mannequins, the child one is missing.

Rick walks to the mannequins slowly. When he reaches them there are small footprints in the dust leading away.

He follows the footprints and hears the CREAKING sound again.

Rick finds the child mannequin down an aisle wearing a blue sweater and holding Phil's missing screwdriver.

The mannequin is a perverted mix of plastic and Billy.

The painted on eyebrows are smeared. Bizarre ruby red lips and soulless black eyes. It CREAKS when it moves.

Rick is taken aback in confusion, then fear when it smiles.

RICK

No.

EXT. MOUNTAIN TOP, DAY

Phil, Suzanne and Tom are squeezed into the front seat of a large ATV which is saddled down with all their gear.

SUZANNE

Did you get any footage?

TOM

I'm not sure. I need to check the camera.

INT. MOUNT WASHINGTON VISITORS CENTER, DAY

The mannequin charges at Rick who stumbles against a shelf of Mount Washington snow globes that crash to the floor.

Rick falls and his knee smashes into a globe.

RICK

Help!

Phil, Suzanne and Tom push through the doors and hear Rick screaming. They drop the bags they're carrying and search for Rick amongst the aisles.

Suzanne finds him on the ground. He's breathing hard with shattered snow globes all around him but no mannequin.

SUZANNE

Are you OK?

Rick is in a state of shock when the gang find him.

PHIL
What the hell happened?

Rick doesn't speak as he stands and scans the store. There are three mannequins again and they look perfectly normal.

SUZANNE
Rick, your knee, you're bleeding.

Rick drops the keys on the floor, pushes through the doors, and heads outside without a word. Phil picks up the keys.

PHIL
Rick! You OK! Rick!

SUZANNE
What was that about?

Phil looks at the broken snow globes and then out at Rick running to the Snowcat.

EXT. MOUNTAIN TOP, DAY

Rick runs to the Snowcat, jumps in, and slams the door.

INT. SNOWCAT, DAY

Rick's sweating and pale as he closes his eyes and shakes his head. He stares at himself in a side mirror.

RICK
It can't be.

His knee bloodied, Rick starts the Snowcat and guns the engine.

The Snowcat thumps forward and burps out a black cloud of exhaust against the tumbling white flakes.

INT. MOUNT WASHINGTON VISITORS CENTER, DAY

Phil locks the doors and returns to the group.

PHIL
We're tight on space so we'll keep most of the cases in this room.

INT. MOUNT WASHINGTON VISITORS CENTER, DAY

Phil leads them through the "MOUNT WASHINGTON OBSERVATORY PERSONNEL ONLY" doors and into a hallway.

Suzanne and Tom have their personal bags slung over their shoulders.

The corridor is narrow like a submarine.

PHIL

There are some rules and laws you
need to observe while here.

Phil points to a tiny bathroom, only slightly larger than the kind you find on planes, but this one has a shower.

PHIL (CONT'D)

There's one bathroom, and we limit
ourselves to 2 minute showers.
Lights and music out at 10.

SUZANNE

We won't break any of these laws.

PHIL

These are the rules. The laws come
later.

TOM

Rules and laws. Just like a prison.

PHIL

It's our prison for the next three
days, so you better get used to it.
Your bedrooms are here (he points
to other doors), mine is at the top
of the turret. We meet in 20
minutes to plan out the day.

Suzanne tosses her bag in a room and Tom does the same.

EXT. MOUNTAIN TOP, DAY

The sky is gun metal grey with blowing snow.

INT. CORRIDOR, DAY

Suzanne and Tom carry some cases down their hallway.

SUZANNE

Where do you want this?

TOM
You can give it to me.

SUZANNE
Put some batteries on charge and
I'll see you in the main room.

TOM
Hold on. You got a second.

Suzanne leans against a side of the hall while Tom stands in his doorway.

TOM (CONT'D)
I'm truly sorry about your father
and I know you're under pressure to
get extreme, but I need to know you
aren't going to keep pushing.

SUZANNE
How so?

TOM
The Snowcat ride up here. I did
it, but to be honest that was
stupid. I should've said no.

SUZANNE
We're not shooting in Ibiza, it's
Nature's Rage. That's what I need.

TOM
You need to know that things can
get bad really quick up here. Some
of us aren't flying solo.

SUZANNE
You're playing the family card.

TOM
I'm not playing.

SUZANNE
Duly noted.

INT. OBSERVATORY, DAY

In the main room Toby grabs four ice axes and some crampons. He takes them to a bench with a vise. Tom and Suzanne's conversation drifts in to where he works.

TOM (OS)
Why are you even here?

SUZANNE (OS)

Do you remember Arizona? I have
nothing worthwhile for this film.
If they take it away from me I'm
out, fired.

Toby puts a crampon in the vise, secures it, and sharpens the
points with a whetstone.

INT. HALLWAY, DAY

Tom walks towards Suzanne and gets in her space.

TOM

So what. Your dad passed a week
ago. (Hushed tone) You're telling
people he died of cancer?

SUZANNE

Right, because suicide really makes
people non-judgemental.

TOM

No ones judging.

SUZANNE

Let's just say I need to be here.
And leave it at that.

Suzanne walks away.

INT. SUZANNE'S ROOM, DAY

Suzanne starts to unpack. With each article she removes she
uses more force, until she's practically throwing things all
over the place.

She sits down on her bed and drops face into hands. Her iPad
catches her attention. When tossed on the bed the last video
she made of her Dad clicks on.

It runs without sound. She picks it up and adjusts the volume
and smiles. IPAD VIDEO.

CHRIS

Tell your Mom it's a rash or else
she'll be clutching her pearls.
(High pitched voice)
Oh My!

SUZANNE

You know, I blame you for my wound.
A genetic thing.

CHRIS

I liked climbing mountains. How
that translated to you trying to
kill yourself all over the world. I
don't take any ownership of that.
(Pause) Just remember. Fools rush
in...

The video freezes and then she hears whispering.

WHISPER (BARELY AUDIBLE)

I'm glad you're here.

She puts down the iPad and places her ear against the door.

WHISPER (CLEARER) (CONT'D)

I've been waiting for a long time.

Suzanne grabs the door knob.

WHISPER (CONT'D)

I saw your Dad before.

INT. OBSERVATORY HALLWAY, DAY

She pulls the door open and quickly peers left and right.
Nothing. Tom walks into the hall and stops.

TOM

You ok?

SUZANNE

I'm fine.

TOM

I'm sorry about bringing up your
Dad.

SUZANNE

No you were right. Fools rush in.

TOM

What?

SUZANNE

Nothing. I'll keep an eye out for
you. Promise.

TOM

And don't get me wrong. I'll still
get what you need.

SUZANNE

I know you will.

TOM

Since we're all chummy again can
you grab me an RCA to BNC cable
from the cable case.

SUZANNE

Sure.

TOM

Take a flashlight it's pretty dark
in there.

INT. OBSERVATORY HALLWAY, DAY

BUZZING fluorescents shed just enough light into the shadowy
corridor.

Suzanne pushes through the heavy double swinging doors.

INT. MOUNT WASHINGTON VISITORS CENTER, DAY

Her flashlight darts across the space and finds the case 20
feet away and the lid open.

She scans the room as she walks and her light passes over
what appears to be a face. The eerie boy mannequin.

SUZANNE

I hate those things.

The wind roars and some whistles into the building. Her light
sweeps off the mannequin to loose hangers rattling.

BANG!

Suzanne quickly shoots the light at the case and the lid is
now closed. The hangers still sway as she continues on.

Suzanne kneels and searches for the cable. The hangers rattle
again, but there was no wind.

CREAK. Suzanne turns, nothing but souvenirs and mannequins.

The mannequins head has pivoted and now faces Suzanne.

Suzanne is turned as a POV slowly moves towards her.

She slams the lid shut and heads out the darkened hall.

As she leaves through the swinging doors the light briefly illuminates the darkened Visitor's Center.

The mannequin is by the cases.

INT. HALLWAY, DAY

Suzanne stops at Tom's room where he sits on the bed with the thermal camera.

SUZANNE

Here you go. See you in the meeting.

TOM

Thanks. I'll be right there.

INT - OBSERVATORY, DAY

Toby's at the bench with an ice ax in the vise. Pointed steel and ragged edges make it appear more weapon than tool.

His methodical strokes with the whetstone gives it a gleam as Suzanne walks into the room.

TOBY

It isn't Starbucks, but coffees up.

Suzanne pours herself a mug and walks over to Toby.

SUZANNE

Tools of the trade.

TOBY

Things don't get done without them.

She takes a sip.

SUZANNE

Not bad. You're the backwoods barista.

TOBY

For some reason my coffee tastes better up here.

Toby stops and grabs a grapefruit sized spongy flesh colored ball with puncture marks all over the surface.

SUZANNE

When we met you mentioned my
father, called him a legend.

TOBY

Sure, you hear the stories.

Toby tosses the ball up and it falls onto the finely honed
point of the ice ax.

It pierces the ball easily and holds it firmly. Todd nods and
releases the ice ax from the vise.

SUZANNE

I didn't. My Dad never talked about
the mountain.

TOBY

Really, he, Phil and Rick were the
Three Musketeers up here.

SUZANNE

All I know is that his last rescue
was really tough on him.

Toby peeks up the stairs that lead to Phil's room. He then
leans in and speaks in a hushed tone.

TOBY

To be honest, no one talks about
it.

SUZANNE

Why?

TOBY

A total tragedy, a little boy died,
I think he was only 9.

SUZANNE

Billy Pomeroy.

TOBY

Yeah, Billy - in 87, he drowned.

SUZANNE

There are no lakes or streams up
here.

TOBY

I know. That's just the beginning.

SUZANNE

What happened.

Toby looks up to Phil's room again, then back to Suzanne.

TOBY
A family, Mom, Dad, Daughter and
Son. Got caught in an ice melt
avalanche.

INT. TOM'S ROOM, DAY

Tom attaches the cable from the Thermal Cam to a monitor.

The video runs and the distinct shapes of the Observatory Buildings are seen in cold blue outlines.

An even darker blue outline of a child walks through the frame.

Tom hits rewind, and plays it again. Then again. He pauses when the figure turns and look at the camera.

INT. OBSERVATORY, DAY

Suzanne has pulled up a chair and is face to face with Toby.

SUZANNE
So my Dad get's the call.

TOBY
And he Phil and Rick head out.

BEGIN FLASHBACK.

EXT. MOUNTAIN SIDE, DUSK

Chris, Phil and Rick power up the mountain.

PHIL
There!

Phil points to the family huddled behind the boulder.

RICK
God damn tenderfoots.

The rescuers make it to the shivering survivors. Chris reaches into his bag and hands the young girl a poncho.

He looks over the group. Someone is missing - he was told a family of four.

Gina senses his confusion.

GINA
Our son, he's under there.

The mother points to the large ice block lodged against another boulder 20 yards away.

DAN
I tried.

Dan lifts his bloody hands. All his fingernails are missing.

GINA
He's probably dead.

Chris and Phil look at Gina then each other.

They're surprised by her reaction. She's so matter of fact and weirdly emotionless for a mother who just lost her child.

CHRIS
Rick, stay here. Phil come with me.

Phil and Chris hike down and get to the ice sheet. They take out their ice axes and furiously begin to hack away.

They're on either end of the frozen pack when Phil cries out.

PHIL
Found him!

They dig until half of Billy's body's revealed. He's submerged in a pool of water collected against the ice.

His blue face barely pushing through the surface.

Chris checks Billy's pulse and pulls up his blue sweater to put his ear to his chest. Nothing. He checks one more time.

Chris sits up, his look says it all. Phil reaches out and touches the boys face.

Silence then anger.

PHIL (CONT'D)
I hate this job. Hate it!

Phil's eyes get glossy but he quickly wipes them. He slams his ice ax into the ground, angry at his show of emotion.

CHRIS
We'll hike down to Workman's Cabin.
Have Rick start taking the family.

PHIL

I get to tell the mother her son is
dead? Why don't you go. One week
seniority doesn't make you king.

CHR

It makes me the boss.

Chris pulls a body bag out of his pack and unfurls it.

The last image is Billy being zipped into the rubber coffin.

His face is angelic, like he's in the middle of a peaceful
dream.

EXT - SMALL CABIN, NIGHT

Smoke bellows out of the cabin's chimney. Phil and Chris
arrive carrying the body bag and enter the front door.

INT. CABIN, NIGHT

Inside a single lantern glows and HUMS on the main table.

CHRIS

I don't want them waking up to a
body bag.

Phil grabs the lantern and leads Chris down the cellar.

INT. BASEMENT OF CABIN, NIGHT

Chris places the body bag at the bottom of the basement
stairs. Phil kneels down, closes his eyes, and says a quiet
prayer.

They leave the boy in the dark.

END FLASHBACK.

INT. OSERVATORY, DAY

A door opens and Phil walks down the stairs. A brief glimpse
of wariness on Toby's face as he looks up to Phil's room.

TOBY

Later.

SUZANNE

Why? Just tell me what happened.

TOBY

Phil doesn't like bringing up the past.

Suzanne is surprised but doesn't argue the point. Toby leaves the work bench and grabs some weather printouts.

He and Suzanne head to the large dining table and sit.

PHIL

Anything changed with the pattern?

Phil goes to the head of the table and Toby hands him a printout.

TOBY

Nope, coming strong.

Tom enters, pours himself a coffee and sits with the group.

TOM

Sorry, took a little longer getting set.

Tom is a little frazzled so Suzanne catches his eye. She mouths the words "ARE YOU OK" and Tom nods.

PHIL

(To Toby) Educate us.

Toby refers to the printouts in front of him.

TOBY

An extreme low from Canada, and a powerful Nor'easter are blowing in. We could hit 950 millibars.

SUZANNE

950?

PHIL

Hurricane Sandy hit 945. So this is big. It's what we're here to study. How weather systems interact.

The observatory's cat leaps onto Suzanne's lap and snuggles against her.

SUZANNE

Well hello.

Suzanne pets the cat with nice long strokes. Phil's face registers annoyance at Suzanne and the cat.

TOBY

We're already seeing gusts hit 80 miles per hour, and it'll get worse.

SUZANNE

Is it safe to film?

Tom smiles, Suzanne asking about safety is out of character.

PHIL

Yes, but we might not get out again. Which leads me to the number one rule up here. What I say goes. If I say no one leaves the building, no one moves.

SUZANNE

You'll get no argument from us.

A handheld POV of someone or something watching them from down the dark hallway. The cat suddenly perks up.

PHIL

Good. And now the law. This is for you two (Phil points to Suzanne and Tom) Toby already knows the deal.

Toby nods.

PHIL (CONT'D)

That door doesn't open or close unless I say so.

Phil points to the dull metal door.

PHIL (CONT'D)

In fact it doesn't get opened no matter who knocks and asks, begs or pleads to come in.

The cat bristles. Something lurks in the shadows.

TOM

Even your sister, mother and grandmother knocked and they've brought you an apple pie.

PHIL

Don't make light of it. I don't need that attitude.

Tom is about to answer when Suzanne steps in.

SUZANNE

We're not making light of it, I think we're just trying to wrap our heads around it.

PHIL

We call search and rescue and they get to work. It's been the law for 80 years and it's saved lives.

The cat hisses and leaps from Suzanne's lap.

SUZANNE

Not giving shelter saves lives?

PHIL

You half-ass it up the mountain, thinking if something goes wrong you'll find safety at the observatory. But you never get here, because you die of hypothermia or in an avalanche on the way up.

SUZANNE

I guess I get it, but seriously, you wouldn't open the door?

PHIL

I've never had to make that decision.

TOM

Lucky you.

PHIL

If we all have an understanding, we should plan on heading out.

SUZANNE

Give us 10 minutes to get some gear and we'll be ready.

PHIL

Good.

Tom and Toby walk to their rooms. Suzanne lingers as Phil heads over to the table with the broken wind gauge meter.

SUZANNE

It's going to get bad?

Phil turns, a bit surprised, not realizing someone stayed.

PHIL
There's potential.

SUZANNE
I know now isn't a good time, but I
was wondering if later...just you
and I could talk.

PHIL
About?

SUZANNE
My Dad.

PHIL
You want me to dust off some thirty
year old memories?

SUZANNE
If you could.

PHIL
Tonight after dinner.

SUZANNE
Thanks Phil.

Suzanne turns and Phil notices the missing screwdriver on the
table.

He grabs and twists the point deep into the wooden surface as
Suzanne leaves.

EXT. MOUNTAIN TOP, DAY

On the roof of the Observatory a wind gauge spins like a top.

INT. MOUNT WASHINGTON OBSERVATORY, DAY

Suzanne, Tom and Toby sit by the metal door in a small foyer
attaching metal spiked crampons on their boots.

A loud BANG against the door.

The sound startles Tom and Suzanne.

TOBY
Just some stray ice. It gets picked
up by the wind and gets slammed
into the door. Like a pitcher
throwing a fastball.

Phil grabs an ice ax off a hook on the wall.

PHIL

We'll head to the top of the tower
and clear the ice from the gauges.

EXT. MOUNTAIN TOP, AFTERNOON

They open the door and the gusts crash over them like
breaking waves. They turn the corner of the Observatory.

Phil and Toby lead and Suzanne and Tom film them. Suzanne
struggles with her boom pole in the wind.

TOM'S CAMERA'S POV captures their journey. We're part of the
team as they struggle to a set of stairs.

PHIL

The wind might knock us back down.
Be prepared.

CONTINUE CAMERA POV. They head up crouched down like running
backs hitting the defensive line.

At the top they come upon an unworldly sight. A thick jungle
of sharp spikes of twisted frozen water.

Phil and Toby use their ice-axes like machetes to clear a
path towards the weather instruments.

Phil swings his ax and shatters a chunk of ice that engulfs
the dew point gauge. He holds it up to Tom and his camera.

PHIL (CONT'D)

It's Rime Ice, super-cooled water
droplets stretched by the extreme
wind. Really rare.

Phil throws the ice down and he and Toby continue chopping
away. END CAMERA POV.

SUZANNE

(To Tom) Let's get a wide shot. (To
Phil) You and Toby keep doing what
you're doing.

Phil and Toby nod as Suzanne and Tom back up 30 feet.

Suzanne has her boom mic up in the air battling the wind.
She's distracted by something behind a pile of ice on the far
side of the roof.

Is someone there? A blue sweater?

Unnoticed by Suzanne her boom pole starts to move towards a large pointed icicle on an overhang.

If she knocks the ice off the wind will hurtle it towards Phil and Toby like a spear.

TOBY

What do you think the wind is blowing.

PHIL

We got sustained winds of 50 I would say with gusts up to 80.

As Suzanne moves to see the phantom figure her boom pole knocks off the hanging ice.

The frozen missile hurtles through the air.

The ice chunk goes flying towards Toby. He ducks and it hits Phil squarely in the head like a sledgehammer.

Luckily not point first.

SUZANNE

Phil!

Suzanne, Tom and Toby rush to Phil who's bent over with blood gushing from his head.

Toby crouches down beside him, rips off his cap, and uses it to stop the crimson flow.

SUZANNE (CONT'D)

We've got to get you inside.

PHIL

I'm OK.

Phil tries to get up and falls to his knees.

TOM

You're not OK. Give me your arm.

Tom and Toby put their shoulders under Phil's arms and lift him up and start walking away, but Phil stops them.

PHIL

Get the ice off those instruments.
If you don't they'll be useless.

TOBY

Suzanne can you take him?

SUZANNE

Of course.

Phil reaches into his pocket and hands them his keys. Tom and Suzanne make their way to the stairs with Phil.

Toby stays on the roof and begins to clear the ice.

INT. WEATHER OBSERVATORY, DAY

Tom, Suzanne and Phil crash through the metal door to the large dining table. There's lots of blood as they pull off Phil's jacket.

SUZANNE

Where's the first aid kit?

TOM

I didn't get that part of the tour.

Phil wearily raises his hand and points to a cabinet and goes unconscious. Suzanne catches his head and Tom grabs his body as lower him on top of the table.

EXT. MOUNTAIN TOP, AFTERNOON

Toby's about to turn the corner to the metal door when he hears a little boy's voice.

VOICE (OS)

Hi.

Toby stops and follows the sound away from the building.

TOBY

Hello?

VOICE

Helloooooo.

Toby walks further from the observatory.

TOBY

Hello? Is someone there?

Toby walks about 10 yards and stops. He spins around and realizes he's lost in a white out.

TOBY (CONT'D)

Stupid.

INT. OBSERVATORY, DAY

Phil's head is wrapped in gauze and he's out cold on the table.

Suzanne puts away the first aid kit while Tom sits and takes off his crampons.

SUZANNE

I feel like shit. I did this.

She walks over to where Tom is taking off his gear.

TOM

What are you talking about?

SUZANNE

I thought I saw something on top of the roof. I got distracted and my boom pole dislodged the ice.

Tom takes off his last crampon and sits back.

TOM

It still was an accident.

Suzanne sits next to Tom and lets out a giant sigh. Tom drapes his arm around her shoulders.

TOM (CONT'D)

Enough of this extreme Discovery stuff, I say we go work for Home and Garden TV. Top ten Hawaiian Vacation homes.

Suzanne manages a smile.

SUZANNE

My luck a tsunami will hit.

Tom smiles, slaps his hands to his knees and stands up.

TOM

Let's get Phil up to his room.

EXT. MOUNTAIN TOP, DAY

Toby is tentative about which direction to move.

TOBY

What a freak'n idiot.

He crouches down and his hand falls next to his crampon laden boot. He finds the sharp indentations of his crampons in the crusted ice.

He dusts away snow and finds more holes with his fingers.

TOBY (CONT'D)
Like Hansel and Gretel's bread
crumbs. Follow it back.

The demonic Billy is just outside Toby's vision.

Billy uses his long claw like black tipped fingernails to mimic the crampon in the snow. He leads Toby to a cliff edge.

INT. PHIL'S ROOM, DAY

Suzanne is alone with Phil and props a pillow under his head.

She notices photos on the wall. Not a single picture with a wife, kids or friends.

Every photo is Phil alone except one.

It's labeled "The Three Musketeers - 1984" Written underneath the faces are the names - Phil , Rick and Chris.

Below the photo is a table with a well worn copy of TO KILL A MOCKINGBIRD. Suzanne picks it up and leafs through it.

Every other page is dog eared like it's been read a hundred times. She puts the book near a photo album which reads SIMON FAMILY.

Various pictures of Phil with a family. A pretty woman, a wedding, and then an adorable child.

There are dates written under the photos. 1982 - A little blonde boy in diapers. 1983 - at the zoo. 1984 - his first bike. Phil has long hair and he's smiling.

The photos end in 1985, nothing but blank pages.

EXT. MOUNTAIN TOP, DAY

Toby is crouched down feeling the crampon marks.

TOBY
Should be close.

INT. OBSERVATORY, DAY

Tom is wiping up blood from the table when Suzanne enters.

SUZANNE
He's out, but he's breathing
normal.

TOM
Good to hear.

SUZANNE
Where's Toby?

EXT. MOUNTAIN TOP, DAY

Toby is close to the cliff as Billy covers his rotted mouth to muffle his giggle. Suzanne pushes open the metal door. The wind slams it against the wall - BANG!

Toby stops at the last moment hearing the BANG, never realizing how close to the edge he is.

SUZANNE (OC)
Toby!

Toby turns around. He's right at the edge where one false move will kill him. A strong gust causes him to falter.

SUZANNE (OC) (CONT'D)
Tobbbbbbyyyyyy!

Toby heads in the right direction. He makes his way through the ground blizzard and reunites with Suzanne at the door.

SUZANNE (CONT'D)
Where the hell were you?

TOBY
I finished with the ice and I got
spun around. Thanks for the shout.

Behind Toby the storm weaves an even thicker cloak of snow.

INT. OBSERVATORY ROOM, DAY

Bloody bandages are piled on a work table.

TOBY
Jesus, that's a lot of blood.

TOM

He's upstairs. We think he's got a bad concussion and he's going to need some stitches. What happened?

TOBY

White-out conditions.

SUZANNE

We should get Rick back here before things get worse. I'm not a doctor, but what if Phil's hemorrhaging? The film, the footage don't matter.

TOM

Good call. Real good call.

Toby nods in agreement.

EXT. MOUNTAIN TOP, DUSK

The Observatory is swallowed by the darkening sky.

INT. OBSERVATORY, EVENING

Toby grabs the radio as Suzanne and Tom stand next to him.

TOBY

This is weather station one,
calling Franconia Notch.

CAPT. FORMEL (VO)

Come in Weather Station this is
Captain Formel from the Franconia
Notch Police. We were just about to
call you.

Toby, Suzanne and Tom share a puzzled expression.

TOBY

Phil got hurt pretty bad. He needs
medical attention. We're requesting
a Snowcat return.

CAPT. FORMEL (VO)

That's why we're calling. We lost
contact with Rick. Is he up there?

TOBY

No.

CAPT. FORMEL (VO)
He's probably stalled or taking it
really slow given the conditions.

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD, NIGHT

The Snowcat battles the onslaught of snow, ice and wind.

INT. SNOWCAT, NIGHT

Rick is unnerved as the conditions are nearly impossible to drive in. He fiddles with the radio trying to call in.

RICK
This is snowcat 1, Ranger Station
come in. Visibility is almost zero.

Rick leans down to adjust the radio's knobs and the Snowcat's window fogs up again.

Rick wipes the glass with his sleeve and reveals Billy's face and hands pressed against the windshield.

He's screaming in rage with his black tongue flicking serpent like.

BILLY
I want you Dead!!!!!!

Rick terrified, turns the wheel and slams the breaks. The Snowcat fishtails and plummets off the road into the abyss.

INT. OBSERVATORY, NIGHT

Toby and the gang listen to CAPT FORMEL.

CAPT. FORMEL (VO)
If Rick is broken down the nearest
Snowcat is in Bretton Woods, and to
be honest, in this weather, I don't
even know if it could get to you.

Toby is about to talk when Tom butts in.

TOM
So we're trapped?

CAPT. FORMEL (VO)
More like marooned. Listen, sit
tight, stay inside and everything
will be fine.

Tom turns to Suzanne and mouths the word "Marooned".

TOBY
OK. Will do.

CAPT. FORMEL (VO)
We can get the hospital patched in
if you've any medical questions on
Phil. We'll call you when we get
any news, stay warm.

Toby clicks down the handset.

The lights flicker in the room and then they go out. The
emergency lighting does practically nothing.

SUZANNE
The generator.

TOM
No biggie. We refuel and re-start.
Which "out" building has the genny.

TOBY
Left of the main door about 60
yards.

Suzanne pulls an emergency flashlight off the wall for Tom,
and grabs a battery powered lantern for herself.

TOM
(To Toby) I saw some climbing rope
by the supplies, bring it over.

TOBY
Climbing rope?

TOM
I want to string the rope from here
to the genny building. If we have a
whiteout, it'll be our guide line.

SUZANNE
Be careful.

EXT. MOUNTAIN TOP, NIGHT

The observatory's a black silhouette against the swirling
snow.

Tom ties a rope off by the large metal door and gives Toby a
thumbs up.

TOM
Which way to the building?

They head out, and uncoil the rope as they go.

INT. OBSERVATORY, NIGHT

Suzanne takes the lantern and walks towards the indoor wind gauges to read the speed - 75 miles per hour.

She's startled by a burst of static from a walky-talky hooked into a charger.

A red transmission light flickers on and off.

Suzanne takes a moment, then picks up the walky.

SUZANNE
Hello?.....Hello?

BILLY
Dark. Very dark.

SUZANNE
Where are you?

BILLY
And hard to breathe.

Suzanne pauses. A QUICK FLASHBACK MONTAGE OF MOMENTS where we hear Billy's name.

Her father pleading to Billy.

CHRIS
I won't let you Billy.

The name carved on the "Wall of Death" WILLIAM POMEROY.

Toby telling the story.

TOBY
Yeah, Billy - in 87, he drowned.

END MONTAGE.

SUZANNE
Billy?

BILLY
Yes.

SUZANNE
Why are you doing this?

BILLY
You know.

SUZANNE
I don't.

BILLY
We have something planned.

The voice mutates on the last line, becoming an eerie echo and then silence.

Suzanne puts down the walky and looks up to Phil's room.

INT. GENERATOR SHED, NIGHT

Tom's flashlight finds the fuel drums inside. He goes to one and shakes it and hears an empty sound - SWISH SWISH SWISH.

TOM
Not this one, not much in here.

The next one swishes too. A look of surprise from Tom. The third barrel he shakes sounds only slightly better.

TOM (CONT'D)
I thought we were OK on fuel?

TOBY
That's what Phil told me.

TOM
We're nearly bone dry.

INT. OBSERVATORY, NIGHT

Suzanne makes her way up the dark stairs to the loft. She quietly turns the door knob and enters Phil's room.

INT. PHIL'S ROOM , NIGHT

Suzanne holds her lantern up to get her bearings in the room. Phil is asleep in bed and the rest of it remains in shadow.

She heads to his desk, looks it over: charts, oil invoices, etc. Nothing helpful in finding out what's going on.

Under the desk is a wooden box.

With her back towards Phil she pulls out the box. He sits up in the bed.

She leans down and holds the lantern to shed light into the container. Phil turns his head in Suzanne's direction.

She has no clue that Phil is up as she goes through his things.

Inside the box are crayons and a child's drawings of the mountain. Some have what looks like a family of four climbing, others are just a boy and a man holding hands.

Phil turns and plants his feet on the floor, still sitting.

Suzanne notices the name of the artist scrawled in the corner of one the pictures - Billy.

PHIL
You know I care.

Suzanne turns startled, but Phil pays no attention to her and talks to someone in the dark corner of the room.

It's as if he's dreaming but fully lucid.

PHIL (CONT'D)
No, I'm always here. Always.

Suzanne holds her lantern up and walks slowly towards the dim recess where Phil looks.

Her steps are hesitant as Phil keeps his conversation going.

PHIL (CONT'D)
Yes, I know.

The light finally illuminates the corner and finds an empty chair. Suzanne goes to Phil and he grabs her arm and looks right at her.

PHIL (CONT'D)
It wasn't me it was your father. He was the one.

SUZANNE
What, what did my father do to Billy?

Phil squeezes her wrist tighter. Suzanne pries her arms loose and he collapses back to sleep as the lights go on.

INT. OBSERVATORY, NIGHT

Tom and Toby hang up their coats in the foyer area.

TOM
We're home! Hello?

TOBY
I'm going to start dinner.

Toby heads into a small back pantry.

TOM
Go for it.

Suzanne walks down to the landing.

SUZANNE
Thanks for the lights.

TOM
We won't have them long. Phil told
Toby we were good on fuel, but
we're near empty. It's bad.

Suzanne looks up at Phil's room and moves closer to Tom.

SUZANNE
You've known me for 5 years and
you've never seen me scared. But
now, here, I don't know...something
strange is happening.

TOM
I need to show you something.

INT. TOM'S ROOM, NIGHT

Suzanne stands in the doorway as Tom fiddles with the thermal camera on the bed.

TOM
Dammit! It worked before.

Suzanne shuts the door.

TOM (CONT'D)
I spent 4 years on Ghost Hunters
and in all that time not one image,
not one frame of anything. Today
filming the building. I got an
image. An image of a...

SUZANNE

Child. I thought I saw on the roof.
I even talked to him on a walky
when you were out with the
generator.

TOM

Talked?

SUZANNE

We had a conversation. Bizarre,
but it happened.

TOM

Ghost Hunters was a joke. All I
filmed were shadows and shocked
looks. This is real. I'd never
thought I'd say that.

SUZANNE

It has to do with a boy named Billy
Pomeroy. Someone my Father tried to
rescue. Toby was telling me the
story, but Phil walked in and he
stopped. Something about Phil not
wanting to dredge up the past.

TOM

Phil's not walking in now.

Tom places the camera down on the bed with the lens facing
the door.

As they walk out the thermal camera flickers on without them
noticing.

A thermal image on the flip out screen shows the orange
outlines of Tom and Suzanne walking away. The outline of the
door frame is empty as they leave.

A dark blue outline of Billy slowly walks through the frame
and follows Suzanne and Tom.

INT. OBSERVATORY, NIGHT

Toby is stirring a pot in a little kitchen area.

TOBY

How's Beef Stew grab you.

TOM

I'm in the mood for some "Stewish"
food.

SUZANNE
You're an idiot. Really.

TOM
I'm also a god who has given you
the power of light, so treat me
well, mere mortal.

Everyone laughs.

EXT. MOUNTAIN TOP, NIGHT SKY.

The wind snaps off a gauge on the top of the observatory.

INT. OBSERVATORY, NIGHT

Suzanne, Tom and Toby hungrily dig into their bowls.

SUZANNE
Thanks for the dinner Toby.

TOM
You rock Weatherman.

TOBY
All I did was use a can opener and
cut some bread, but you're welcome.

SUZANNE
Not a typical Observatory day I
hope.

TOBY
Never this crazy.

Suzanne peeks up from her bowl.

SUZANNE
Do you think the Presence has
anything to do with it?

TOBY
Presence?

SUZANNE
Come on. You know.

TOBY
It's ghost story stuff, no science.

Toby takes a quick sip of wine, it's his "tell". He believes even if he seems reluctant to talk.

SUZANNE

I don't need science right now.

Tom notices a drop of blood from when Phil was on the table, he wipes it away with his napkin without anyone noticing.

TOBY

OK then, the French climbed it first. They named it Mount Malveillance, or Mount Malevolence. Probably because of the weather.

SUZANNE

But?

TOBY

But, there were always stories of voices leading mountaineers off cliff edges, or ghostly figures beckoning them to areas where avalanches took place. The Presence.

Toby pauses, thinking his next line will cause intrigue.

TOBY (CONT'D)

I've also seen things.

Suzanne and Tom give no reaction, they've seen things too.

TOBY (CONT'D)

Tools disappearing, doors slamming in the middle of the night, and bad dreams, always bad dreams up here. No one really talks about it, because it..it's so...

TOM

Strange?

TOBY

No, so common. But it never manifests in something physical against you. More like intimidation. It likes to scare.

A powerful wind gust shakes the building. The three pause and look around listening to the assault on their shelter. The walls groan as if in pain. Finally, the wind retreats.

SUZANNE

What about the little boy.

TOBY
Billy Pomeroy.

SUZANNE
Yes Billy Pomeroy.

INT. PHIL'S ROOM, NIGHT

Phil is sleeping in the bed. The voices of Toby and the others wander in.

Billy sits in the corner chair.

He stands and walks over to Phil and leans down to his ear and whispers slowly.

BILLY
They're talking about you Dad.
Saying it was all your fault. You
did it. But you're the only one who
ever cared.

Phil's eyes snap open as if in a trance.

BILLY (CONT'D)
We know it was the other's fault.
What are you going to do to make
things right?

INT. OBSERVATORY, NIGHT

Suzanne and Tom sit enthralled as Toby takes a sip of wine.

TOBY
So the next morning they go to get
Billy's body.

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

INT. CABIN, DAY

Phil and Chris open the door to the basement and shine the flashlight into the darkness. Rick follows with a lantern.

As they walk down, they stop halfway.

The body bag is gone.

PHIL
What the hell?

CHRIS
Hand me your light.

RICK
You're sure you put it at the
bottom?

Chris rakes the beam across the floor of the basement. He finds sleeping bags, oil drums and finally on the other side of the cellar the body bag near some old skis.

The bag rests as if Billy was sitting up inside.

The three men walk over to the body. Their backs obscure the bag. Chris and Phil kneel down, and Rick remains standing.

ZIP - The sounds of a zipper slowly pulled.

CHRIS
My God!

Chris drops his flashlight and it rolls across the floor.

PHIL
What did you do?

Rick turns with his hand to his mouth. This bear of a man drops to his knees and shakes his head in shock.

Billy's face is frozen in a terrified scream, with his hands up in front by his cheeks clawing to get out.

His blue lips curled back revealing his grimacing teeth. The tongue swollen, black as bile and protruding.

His eye's are bulged with the look of pure terror, and his fingernails are black from scraping at the rubber body bag.

PHIL (CONT'D)
A child, he was a goddam child!

END FLASHBACK

PRESENT DAY

INT. OBSERVATORY, NIGHT

Suzanne shakes her head in shock.

TOBY
He wasn't dead when they put him in
the bag.
(MORE)

TOBY (CONT'D)

He was in a severe stage of hypothermia, so his pulse was negligible, his breathing minimal.

SUZANNE

I did a film on that, When kids fall through the ice they can be under for hours, but because of the cold they aren't dead.

TOM

Like suspended animation?

TOBY

(Toby to Tom) Exactly. (Toby to Suzanne) Your father made a mistake. Billy warmed up in the body bag. They're airtight so eventually he used up all the air. He died of shock or suffocation.

TOM

Jesus.

TOBY

In his struggle he rolled himself to the other side of the room.

SUZANNE

My god, that poor boy. To be in that bag, not knowing what was happening. No wonder my father never kept it locked up inside.

TOBY

There was talk of charges, but in the end they all resigned. Your Dad left the mountain, Rick became the Snowcat operator and Phil went to work for the observatory.

Loud clapping punctuates the room and startles everyone. Phil has emerged from upstairs unnoticed. The high altitude and loss of blood has made him light-headed almost drunk-like.

Blood seeps from his bandage and Billy's whispers have made things worse.

PHIL

Bravo, Bravo. What a great story.

Phil leans down to Toby and get's into his space.

PHIL (CONT'D)

I hope you made sure to tell them who was the one who actually checked Billy's pulse and said he was dead.

SUZANNE

Phil, you shouldn't be up, you had a terrible blow to the head. You aren't yourself.

Phil walks to the desk and reviews a weather logbook.

PHIL

We're supposed to do a check every 60 minutes, do I really have to do everything myself?

Phil slams his fist on the desk and walks over to the alcove by the metal door and puts on his jacket. Toby gives Tom a "What do we do? - shrug.

TOM

Whoa big guy.

Suzanne walks over and puts a hand on his arm.

SUZANNE

Come on Phil, please sit down. You lost a lot of blood.

He pushes Suzanne away with force and she stumbles backwards with her back hitting the wall. She's OK but shaken up.

Tom gets up from the table and walks over. Phil puts his hands up - palms out - a "my bad" gesture.

Things are tense and the radio scratches out a voice.

CAPT. FORMEL (VO)

This is Ranger Base to Weather Station. Come in Weather Station.

Phil goes to the radio. Tom, Suzanne and Toby, all look at each other. Not sure what to do.

PHIL (INTO RADIO)

Identify yourself.

CAPT. FORMEL (VO)

This is Captain Formel of the Franconia Notch Police Department, who am I talking to?

PHIL
This is Phil.

CAPT. FORMEL (VO)
Phil? What are you doing on the
radio? We heard you were hurt.

PHIL
Alive and well and in charge.
What's up Pete?

CAPT. FORMEL (VO)
This is tough. We got a report.
Rick went over the side on the
switchback. He's dead. We're shut
down on Snowcats until they figure
out what happened. You're gonna
have to buckle down for awhile.

Phil, who was standing, sits down like the wind was knocked
out of him. Toby punches the wall in anger. Suzanne and Tom
look at each other with concern.

CAPT. FORMEL (VO) (CONT'D)
Did you hear me Phil? You guys need
to start conserving fuel and food,
you may be up there for awhile.

Continued silence from Phil.

CAPT. FORMEL (VO) (CONT'D)
Phil, do you copy?

PHIL
I copy, over and out.

Phil puts his head into his hands and starts lamenting.

PHIL (CONT'D)
Why Rick? No, it shouldn't be Rick.
That's not right. It was your Dad.

SUZANNE
He doesn't care he wants his
revenge.

TOBY
Revenge?

SUZANNE
It's Billy. I'm here in place of my
father. I've given him his chance
to get back against the one that
put him in that bag.

TOBY
A dead child from 30 years ago?

TOM
Yes. Here. I filmed him right
outside this building. He looked
straight at me.

PHIL
You've seen him?

Tom nods yes.

SUZANNE
Come on Toby. You talked about the
Presence. You know it's here.

TOBY
But a child.

SUZANNE
He's manipulating us. Getting into
our heads. He did it to my father.
Chris didn't die of cancer it was
suicide. He lived with the guilt of
what he did and Billy fed off that
guilt and used it.

Phil's shaken, and dazed.

SUZANNE (CONT'D)
He's doing it with you Phil. Can't
you see.

PHIL
No, he'd never harm me.

The radio CRACKLES catching everyone off guard. Billy's
distorted voice is heard.

BILLY
It's raining , it's pouring,
everyone is dying....

There's communal realization as they all hear Billy's voice.

Phil furiously pulls the radio out from the wall with sparks
flying and throws it against the desk.

PHIL
Noooooo!

Their contact with the outside world is gone. Tom moves
towards Phil in anger.

TOM
You jackass.

Suzanne pulls Tom away as Phil gives Tom a "so what" shrug.

TOBY
Listen guys, Presence or no
Presence, we've got to stay
together.

KNOCK, KNOCK, KNOCK.

A knock on the metal door. Everyone stops. There's silence
and a another series of knocks.

KNOCK KNOCK

A male voice, mid-twenties sounding, pleads.

VOICE BEHIND DOOR (OC)
Help us, please. We were climbing
and there's been an avalanche.

Suzanne goes for the door but Phil stands in front of her.

SUZANNE
What are you doing?

Another knock, and the desperate plea gets louder.

VOICE BEHIND DOOR (OC)
Please! Let me in.

Suzanne tries to maneuver around Phil.

PHIL
No one is allowed in.

SUZANNE
That's Steve. He and his team were
testing gear.

The voice in the background begs to be let in.

VOICE BEHIND DOOR (OC)
Please...

PHIL
I'm sure he knew the law.

Suzanne moves towards the door and for the second time that
night Phil pushes Suzanne away. This time more forceful than
before. She falls hard on the floor.

Tom has had enough and walks over to Phil as Toby goes to help Suzanne.

TOM

Enough, you're about to get your
second head injury of the day.

Toby gets to Suzanne and has her sit up on the floor and makes sure she's alright.

SUZANNE

Tom, I'm OK, really, don't.

Tom walks towards Phil disregarding Suzanne's plea. Phil backs up, cowering and scared. He's leaning against the wall by the metal door, seemingly afraid of Tom.

PHIL

I'm sorry..... my head.

Since he's apologizing Tom stops and backs up. Phil slyly reaches for an ice axe just as Tom turns around.

Phil swings the cold steel into Tom's stomach. It's quick, violent and fatal. Suzanne screams and Toby backs up.

Tom falls to the ground and Phil stands over the body.

PHIL (CONT'D)

I told you. We have laws up here.

Phil points the bloody ice axe at Suzanne. Toby moves away with his back sliding against the wall to a desk with a big fire extinguisher on top.

SUZANNE

Please Phil, stop. I know you don't
mean to do this. It isn't you.

Tom, on the ground with his eyes open, coughs up some blood.

Phil looks at the ice axe and at Tom on the floor and realizes what he's done for the first time.

While Phil's distracted Toby slowly reaches for the fire extinguisher. There's another knock at the door.

VOICE BEHIND DOOR (O.C.)

Please.

Phil looks to the door and Toby spots his moment and swings the extinguisher at Phil.

The Observatory goes dark.

The descending sound of the empty generator echoes through the building. Back up lighting fights to go on.

Bits of the scuffle between Phil and Toby are seen.

The ice-axe swinging.

The two men grappling.

Suzanne grabs a flashlight. The bright beam catches Phil coming at her with the ice ax.

At the last moment Toby grabs Phil but the sharp point rips open a gash on Suzanne's leg. She drops the light in pain.

SUZANNE

Ahhhhhh!

The flashlight spins around giving the room a strobe light effect with each revolution.

We see glimpses of Phil and Toby fighting.

Tom on the ground motionless.

And for a brief moment Billy standing in the corner.

SUZANNE (CONT'D)

Stop this. Stop! It was an accident!

The flashlight stops spinning.

Suzanne grasps her bloody leg and pushes herself back along the wall. She finds the flashlight.

Suzanne hears a THUD and shines the light on Toby lying unconscious on the floor. She's not sure if he's dead or alive.

Her trembling hands bounce the light up and down.

The beam comes upon Billy standing in front of her. His eyes look past her and smiles.

Suzanne realizes Billy's looking at Phil who's standing right behind her with the ice ax ready to drop.

Phil swings the ax down, but she escapes the blow by millimeters.

The ice ax is so close it catches some hair strands and pulls Suzanne down with the force of the strike.

Phil has imbedded the ax in the wood floor along with a tangle of Suzanne's hair.

She's trapped.

Suzanne watches as Billy hands Phil his screwdriver. The ghost boy needs others to do his dirty work.

She rips her hair free with a scream and runs for safety.

SUZANNE (CONT'D)
Ahhhhhhhhhhh!

Suzanne scrambles and limps out of the room and down the corridor into the Visitor's Gift Shop.

The emergency lights flickering as she runs.

Phil pulls the ice ax from the floor and walks after her.

INT. VISITORS GIFT SHOP, NIGHT

Suzanne tries the outer doors in the gift shop - locked.

She crouches down behind an aisle full of stuffed animals and searches for anything that can be used as a weapon.

Behind her are kids slingshots for sale.

She grabs one and then a souvenir bag of marbles.

Phil pushes through the doors.

PHIL
Time to atone for the sins of the
father.

Phil searches the aisles with ax in hand. Suzanne tries to quietly pry the bag of marbles open, but the package erupts and the marbles scatter across the floor.

Phil stops and turns to the sound.

The eyes of the boy mannequin open.

Suzanne reaches in the darkness and finds one marble. She loads the slingshot and pulls it back to the ready position.

Phil walks down Suzanne's aisle. She stands with slingshot in hand. She's David to Phil's Goliath.

SUZANNE
I don't want to hurt you.

He's 20 feet away.

Suzanne's hand quivers holding the rubber strap all the way back.

He's 10 feet away.

Suzanne stares at Phil and can't see the mannequin Billy behind her.

It gets closer, and closer and CREAKS.

Suzanne is distracted and turns. Phil rushes her.

She releases the projectile. Phil's head snaps back and he drops to his knees. He lifts his head up and his left eye is pushed in and blood seeps from the socket.

Suzanne runs out of the Visitor Center and back into the darkened observatory.

Phil smiles at the mannequin and gets up.

INT. OBSERVATORY, NIGHT

Suzanne staggers down the narrow bedroom hallway and into the main room.

She runs to Tom, kneels, and puts her hand on his chest. Suzanne lowers her head and begins to cry.

Phil's voice interrupts her mourning.

PHIL (OS)
You didn't listen. No, I'm very
upset with you. You said only her.

Suzanne heads to the metal door but steps on the cylindrical fire extinguisher and falls. Her head hits hard and she's groggy.

Phil enters the room twirling the ice ax in his hand and walks towards Suzanne. She's still disoriented.

He straddles her and looks down.

Out of the dark Toby rushes Phil and the two go flying to the ground. Suzanne shakes the cobwebs from her brain and watches the two men struggle.

Phil elbows Toby in the head and follows with a punch to the stomach. Toby's in trouble as Phil stands and kicks him again and again.

He raises the ice ax over Toby.

Suzanne swings her boom pole and catches Phil right in the face and sends him reeling. He's back-peddling and falls.

His head snaps back onto a crampon on the floor.

The sharp dagger-like protrusions are thrust into Phil's skull. His eyes go wide, lifeless.

Toby pushes himself away from the body in shock.

TOBY

Jesus.

He grabs a scarf for Suzanne's bloodied leg and wraps it around her calf. There's a realization by Suzanne.

SUZANNE

The door, open the door.

Toby goes to the door and Suzanne follows hobbling. He opens it but there's no one there.

Suzanne steps into the doorway.

SUZANNE (CONT'D)

Steve!!! Steve!!!!

TOBY

He must have given up.

SUZANNE

Get the generator started. I'll try to see if I can find Steve.

TOBY

You can't stray from the observatory without the lights as a guide. Plus, you're bleeding badly.

SUZANNE

I'll be fine.

TOBY

We'll find them together.

SUZANNE

OK.

EXT. MOUNTAIN TOP, NIGHT

A figure wearing a red jacket like Steve the gear tester struggles through the blizzard.

INT/EXT. VISITORS CENTER, NIGHT

Suzanne and Toby are both dressed in heavy coats and hats. They stand by the open metal door with their head lamps on.

In the background Phil and Tom's bodies are covered with ponchos.

TOBY

Give me about 10 minutes to get to
the shed and switch on the genny.

Toby grabs the guide rope and begins the journey to the generator shed. He slowly disappears leaving Suzanne alone.

EXT. MOUNTAIN TOP, NIGHT

The man in the red jacket heads to the darkened Observatory.

INT. THE GENERATOR SHED, NIGHT

Toby finds the fuel pump for the generator and starts to hook it up.

INT. DOOR OF OBSERVATORY, NIGHT

Suzanne is at the door and notices someone staggering in the distant snow.

SUZANNE

Steve!

INT. GENERATOR SHED, NIGHT

Toby hooks up the pump to the genny. The wind slams the door behind him and opens it again. Open and close.

On one of the opens it reveals Billy standing there.

EXT. MOUNTAIN TOP, NIGHT

Suzanne leaves the doorway and heads out alone.

SUZANNE
Hello ! Steve!

In a moment she's lost in the blizzard.

Suzanne finally finds Steve with an ice ax in his hand heading towards her. She relaxes and smiles, but he stops.

He motions for her to come.

Suzanne focuses on Steve. The jacket he's wearing is old fashioned and without the APEX logo.

The rope off his hip is manila rope, not the hi-tech nylon of today.

The figure waves again for Suzanne to follow.

It isn't Steve.

SUZANNE (CONT'D)
Who are you?

The GHOST CLIMBER glares at Suzanne and smiles a mouthful of yellow rotted teeth. He moves towards her and she backs up.

The ghostly figure reaches out with a hand that's frost bitten and missing fingers.

Suzanne is horrified and turns and runs into another figure and screams.

SUZANNE (CONT'D)
No! No! Let me go! Please!

The figure holds her, and tightens his grip.

STEVE
Calm down. Suzanne. It's me Steve.

The Ghostly Climber disappears into the snow.

SUZANNE
No! No! Let go!

Suzanne slowly realizes she's with Steve and settles down.

SUZANNE (CONT'D)
Are you OK? Your team?

STEVE
We're fine. Why?

SUZANNE

That wasn't you knocking on the observatory door?

STEVE

We were just at the observatory. It looks like a war zone.

SUZANNE

Why are you here?

STEVE

We got a call on our emergency sat phone that Phil was injured and...

Suzanne interrupts.

SUZANNE

The power! Which way to the generator shed?

STEVE

Not sure, in this snow it's a miracle I found you.

INT - GENERATOR SHED, NIGHT

Toby does a few pulls on the cord and the generator starts. He smiles for his small triumph.

EXT. MOUNTAIN TOP, NIGHT

The yellow glow from the vapor lights casts an eerie pall over the Observatory compound.

EXT. MOUNTAIN TOP, NIGHT

Suzanne notices the lights.

SUZANNE

That's great, Toby's OK.

STEVE

This way.

Steve heads around the Observatory building with an arm around Suzanne.

They battle the elements to get to the shed.

EXT. MOUNTAIN TOP, NIGHT

Toby pushes the shed door against the wind and grabs the rope to keep from getting blown off course.

He slowly reaches hand over hand on the guideline when he grasps onto the putrefied fingers of Billy.

Billy's face pushes through the snow and smiles.

TOBY

Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!

EXT. MOUNTAIN TOP, NIGHT

Suzanne and Steve are about 20 feet from the generator building when they hear Toby scream.

SUZANNE

Toby!

INT. GENERATOR SHED, NIGHT

Steve and Suzanne make their way into the empty shed.

SUZANNE

He was just here.

The guide rope is strung from the door.

EXT. MOUNTAIN TOP, NIGHT

Steve and Suzanne make their way down the line. Through the veil of snow they come upon a figure sitting with no coat, hat, or gloves on.

Toby is shaking his head and muttering to himself.

TOBY

I told him I'm not part of it.

SUZANNE

What happened?

TOBY

I begged him.

SUZANNE

You have to get up, or you're you'll freeze to death.

STEVE
Come on Toby.

Steve whips off his jacket and covers Toby.

TOBY
He was so angry.

STEVE
You have to get up, you'll get
frostbite.

SUZANNE
Please Toby.

Steve and Suzanne help Toby to his feet. As they carry him
Suzanne's leg leaves a trail of blood which Steve notices.

SUZANNE (CONT'D)
I'll live.

STEVE
What the hell happened up here?

The three of them move through the blizzard and make it to
the metal door. Suzanne is the last one to head in.

She turns. Billy stands in the distance.

Suzanne yells over the wind.

SUZANNE
I'm not scared!

Billy's eyes flare in anger. She yells louder with total
conviction and belief.

SUZANNE (CONT'D)
I won't follow you! You can't hurt
me!

With unearthly speed Billy rushes through the blizzard and
stands inches away from Suzanne.

His face morphs into one of bloated terror. His black mouth
agape screaming with rage.

BILLY
They left me alone! Everyone did!

Suzanne doesn't flinch. Like a mother trying to calm an
unruly child she kneels down and looks him in the eyes.

SUZANNE

It was an accident.

Billy's face morphs to that of a little boy. A tear pools in the corner of his eye and spills down his cheek.

SUZANNE (CONT'D)

No one meant to hurt you.

BILLY

I'm so lonely up here.

Suzanne doesn't break her gaze and reaches out to touch him. Billy backs up slowly into the whirlwind. A little boy alone in a blizzard.

BILLY (CONT'D)

I don't mean to be bad.

He turns, walks away, and dissolves into nothingness.

EXT. MOUNTAIN TOP, DAY

The dull grey has relented to brilliant blue.

There's another Snowcat and a small crowd of people milling about near the Observatory. Park Police and Steve's team are in conversation.

Suzanne and Steve are apart from the crowd looking up to the sky, waiting. Nearby, Toby is asleep on a stretcher covered in blankets.

STEVE

You have to have that checked at the hospital.

Suzanne holds out her bandaged leg.

SUZANNE

I'm fine.

STEVE

You have a 12 inch wound that can go septic really quick. Don't be a fool.

Suzanne smiles - "Don't be a fool" - her Dad talking to her.

SUZANNE

Nope, not going be a fool. I'll go.

Steve smiles. The Park Ranger walks over and his folksy demeanor is gone.

PARK RANGER
Eventually we'll have to talk and
get a full statement from you on
what happened up here.

SUZANNE
I understand.

The Ranger glances down at Toby.

PARK RANGER
Hopefully he'll regain
consciousness. I'm still unclear as
to what happened to him.

SUZANNE
I'm not sure what happened either.
It's between him and the mountain.

PARK RANGER
Yeah, and this mountain, she don't
give up her secrets.

SUZANNE
Sometimes she does.

PARK RANGER
Do you want me to alert your
cameraman's family or will you.

SUZANNE
I'll do that from the hospital.
It's the least I can do.

The two body bags are loaded into the Snowcat as the chopper soars over the observatory. It hovers, lands and the pilot motions for people to load up.

Two of Steve's climbing team grab Toby's stretcher. Suzanne heads to the chopper, then stops, turns and hugs Steve tightly.

SUZANNE (CONT'D)
Thanks, you're a true life saver.

STEVE
Where are you staying?

SUZANNE
Tuckerman's Inn.

STEVE

I'd like to stop by and make sure
you're OK.

SUZANNE

I'd like that. A lot.

INT. CHOPPER, DAY

A Crewman buckles Suzanne in. She gives a thumbs up to Steve
and the chopper lifts into the cerulean sky.

INT. CHOPPER, DAY

The Crewman motions to Suzanne to put on the headphones and
she does. The PILOT turns back for a moment.

PILOT

We'll be about 30 minutes. In these
conditions, you'll get a
spectacular view of the mountain.

SUZANNE

Perfect. Thanks.

EXT. MOUNTAIN TOP, DAY

A whirlwind of snow obscures the people on the ground as the
helicopter banks off the mountain.

INT. CHOPPER, DAY

Suzanne takes in the mountain one last time. It's lost its
aura of dread and now presents a picture of nature's majesty
not fury.

The bald white peak gets smaller and smaller as the chopper
circles off. The reverberating sound of the chopper blade is
heard.

THUMP THUMP THUMP - the sound morphs into a dull - BANG BANG.

INT. FRANCONIA NOTCH VISITORS CENTER, LATE AFTERNOON

BANG - BANG - BANG.

A chisel's blade is hammered along a wooden surface. Ringlets
of shaved wood curl up from the sharpened edge.

WHITE HAired MAN (V.O.)
Busiest year since the blizzard of
98.

An older WHITE HAired MAN on a ladder is chipping away on the giant wooden "Wall of Death" in the Visitors Center. The Park Ranger stands looking at the morbid list.

PARK RANGER
That was 1999.

Tom Kane, Phil Simon and Rick Fahey's names are on the wall. The carvings are lighter in color because they're new.

The White Haired Man stands back and takes in the massive list. He mentally finds the 1999 carvings and points at it and turns to the Park Ranger.

WHITE HAired MAN
You're right, 99. Most since then.

PARK RANGER
I hope you're done for the year.

WHITE HAired MAN
Me too. We're running out of room.

The camera comes off the names and finds the peak in the windows of the visitors center.

EXT. MOUNT WASHINGTON OBSERVATORY, DUSK

The mountain has reclaimed it's crown. The Observatory is entrenched in a blanket of white.

All the gauges and instruments are rusted over in ice. The front door of the Observatory swings open in the wind.

INT. OBSERVATORY, DUSK

Piles of white have drifted into the abandoned building. The wooden floor holds a darkened red stain.

The wind catches some weather charts and scatters them across the room and down the hall into the sleeping quarters.

The thermal camera laying on Tom's bed flickers on.

It points to the other side of the room. On the flip-out screen is a dark blue outline of two figures sitting on the bed even though no one is there.

Both a boy and a man peer into the lens. BEGIN THERMAL CAM POV. They stand, and hold hands.

The man reaches for something on the bed. He grabs an ice ax and they both leave.

Suddenly the adult blue figure rushes in with the ice ax and swings it towards the camera. The screen goes static.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END