

# **The Peak**

By Arthur Hills

**WME**

Philip Raskind  
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*"The shadow is a living part of the personality and therefore wants to live with it in some form. It cannot be argued out of existence or rationalized into harmlessness. This problem is exceedingly difficult, because it not only challenges the whole man, but reminds him at the same time of his helplessness and ineffectuality."*

**- Carl Jung**

**EXT. ROCK FACE - EVENING**

The entire frame is flooded with granite. The final rays of sun slowly peel off the menacing rock as the cold night rushes in.

The light sounds of wildlife and insects are overtaken by a screaming wind that attacks the sleeping wall.

The wind grows deafening as the **FALLING BODY** of a man enters the frame.

We move down the wall with him, a silhouette in the night. His long, mangled hair dances in the wind, and his limbs are powerless to the gravitational force accelerating his body towards the forest floor at 9.8 m/s.

As he free falls to his death, all we can hear is the wind and air rushing past him.

Just as we are bracing for him to collide with the earth at terminal velocity, sending bones and blood right out of him...

...Rage Against the Machine's BULLS ON PARADE blasts and we...

**CUT TO:**

**INT. TRUCK - DAY**

**SLOANE (24)** speeds down a one lane highway that snakes through a forest. She drives an old, beat up FORD F-250 PICKUP with the windows down while the music blasts, each chord shaking her rearview mirror.

She fearlessly speeds into the bends, calmly holding onto the steering wheel with one hand while her truck hugs the edge of the road, inches away from a steep drop off.

Despite her relaxed demeanor, her eyes absorb everything at lightning speed and her muscular frame indicates discipline and intensity.

Up ahead is a green sign with white lettering that reads: FAIRVIEW PSYCHIATRIC CENTER. Sloane turns towards the entrance and drives in.

**INT. TRUCK - CONTINUOUS**

Sloane parks and turns off the car. The music stops. She moves to open the door when she remembers something. She opens the glove compartment and grabs a bag of Peanut M&Ms.

**INT. FAIRVIEW PSYCHIATRIC CENTER - CONTINUOUS**

Sloane waves at the security officer, **TONY (50)**, who sits behind protective glass.

Tony presses a button, which is followed by a loud BUZZ. The sound harshly collides with the steel, concrete, and tile of the interior. Sloane opens the heavy door.

TONY  
Miss Sloane!

SLOANE  
Hi Tony. How's he doing?

TONY  
Still thinks I'm a Russian spy...

SLOANE  
Well are you?

Sloane smiles.

The steel door closes behind Sloane, there's another loud BUZZ, then the next set of doors unlock. Sloane enters.

TONY  
Have a good visit Miss Sloane.

SLOANE  
Thanks.

Sloane walks down the sterile hallway, the florescent lights beat down on her.

**INT. CAFETERIA - CONTINUOUS**

Sloane enters an empty cafeteria. Titanium and steel tables are bolted into the floor, their muted colors compose a lifeless portrait.

In the corner of the room is Sloane's father, **RICHARD (60)**. He is dressed in white sweatpants and a stained white t-shirt. He stares out the window and gently sways back and forth in his seat.

As Sloane gets closer, it becomes clear his hygiene has not been attended to for a long time - his hair messy, his beard long, his teeth yellow, and his face shiny from layers of sweat that have accumulated over the course of a few days.

SLOANE

Hey Dad.

Richard exits his trance and turns towards Sloane. His sedated blank stare persists for a moment until it's broken by a smile.

RICHARD

Hi Sloaney.

Sloane kisses him on the head and throws the bag of Peanut M&Ms in front of him.

SLOANE

Got your favorite.

Sloane sits down across from Richard. He tears the bag open and starts eating. Whenever he pulls out a red M&M, he puts it down on the table.

RICHARD

(Through bites,)

These are quite the delicacy now.

As Richard chews, his focus drifts back towards the window.

SLOANE

Remember how we used to eat those  
at the end of our climbs?

Richard turns back to Sloane.

RICHARD

Every Sunday. Man, you were only  
this big...

Richard lifts his palm 4 feet off the ground.

RICHARD

...but you were fearless.

Sloane smiles.

SLOANE

Still am.

There are about 8 red M&Ms on the table in front of Richard.

SLOANE  
You don't like the red ones?

Sloane reaches for one. Richard blocks her hand gently.

RICHARD  
They got synthetic dye on 'em  
called Amaranth. Reason the red  
ones disappeared in 1976. That  
dye...  
(Trailing,)  
Dye, die, dye, die, dye...

SLOANE  
Good to know.

Richard looks at Sloane, back in her reality for a moment.

RICHARD  
You're a doctor. You should know  
that.

SLOANE  
Not yet. Still training.

RICHARD  
So how long 'til you become a big,  
bad surgeon?

SLOANE  
Four long years.

RICHARD  
They ever let you sit in on a  
surgery?

SLOANE  
All the time.

RICHARD  
I bet. I bet. So tell me something:  
you ever seen an operation where  
they open a person up and  
there's...there's someone else  
inside of 'em, hiding there?

SLOANE  
If they're pregnant?

RICHARD  
No, no. Sloaney, you're not  
following me. I'm saying another  
living thing...

SLOANE

I guess the closest thing to that would be a tape worm maybe, or a parasite, or certain forms of bacteria.

Richard smiles.

RICHARD

Kinda like in *Alien*?

SLOANE

No, not like that. But Dad, I'm training to be a neurosurgeon--

RICHARD

--You know they don't let us watch movies in here? They think we'll put ourselves in the story, like we're the protagonist. They're worried that'll get us too excited, kinda like coffee. They don't like that either.

SLOANE

You don't need coffee. You need sleep.

RICHARD

Can't sleep in my room.

SLOANE

Why not?

RICHARD

I don't like it.

SLOANE

Why don't you like it?

RICHARD

Gets so dark...

Beat, as Sloane contemplates how to respond.

SLOANE

I'll figure out how to move you to a different room, ok? And I'll go pick up a night light for you in the meantime.

RICHARD

Yeah, ok Sloaney.

Beat, Sloane holds Richard's hand. Richard turns to the window.

RICHARD

The worst part of the room is its  
view of Lytta's Peak...

Sloane knows she's losing him. He closes his eyes and puts his head down on the table.

**OVER BLACK**

SLOANE (O.S.)

That mountain is all the way out  
there, right? So you're safe in  
here with me. Dad, open your  
eyes...

**FADE IN**

We look at Sloane through Richard's POV as he opens his eyes.

The noises of the empty room become deafening. The vent in the corner, the buzzing fluorescent lights above, the wind against the windows, and Sloane's voice create a cacophony of sound, where we can only decipher bits and pieces of what Sloane says.

SLOANE

Nothing...going...to happen...I'm  
here...

The red M&Ms on the table shine brightly...

SLOANE

Die, dye, die...

...along with the lights overhead, giving the entire room a fuzzy quality.

Then we hear a BANG. BANG. BANG. from the window, as if someone is slamming it over and over again with their fist.

We turn towards the window, and for the first time, we get a clear look at Lytta's Peak in the distance. As we stare at the majestic peak, the noises of the room become even louder.

The peak now seems to be slowly moving towards us, the noises of the room reach their loudest point, and we hear it again right outside the window: BANG. BANG. BANG...

**CUT TO:**



**OVER BLACK**

**SUPER: FOUR YEARS LATER**

We hear the sound of a motorcycle. Its thunderous engine revs, and we can nearly smell the burning rubber wake it leaves behind in the asphalt.

We hear a car honk followed by the nauseating sound of crunched metal and shattered glass.

We hear a body slam onto the asphalt.

**FADE IN**

**INT. BREAK ROOM - UNIVERSITY HOSPITAL - NIGHT**

Sloane, now 28, wears blue scrubs and stands at a locker. The wear and tear of her medical training has taken a toll. Seemingly permanent bags have formed under her eyes and stress has besieged her once calm demeanor.

**KEVIN (30)**, a fellow medical resident, shuts his locker and walks towards the door.

KEVIN  
I'll see you tomorrow.

SLOANE  
See you.

KEVIN  
God these 24 hour shifts are  
killing me.

Kevin exits, shoulders slouched, defeated.

Sloane throws a few things in her backpack and turns to exit when her chief, **DR. HART (37)**, enters.

DR. HART  
Not so fast there, intern.

Sloane looks at him through tired eyes. So close to escaping.

DR. HART  
We're going to need you for another  
12.

Sloane sighs, shakes her head, moments away from speaking up.

DR. HART  
What? You tired?

Sloane swallows her pride.

SLOANE  
No. I'm good.

DR. HART  
That's what I like to hear.

Dr. Hart walks towards the exit.

DR. HART  
Any ladder you've climbed in your  
life is a step stool compared to  
this program...

Dr. Hart exits and yells from the hallway.

DR. HART (O.S.)  
...Time to step it up!

Sloane slams her locker shut in anger.

She pulls out her iPhone and texts STEPHEN.

SLOANE  
*Dinner's cancelled. Need to be here  
for another 12 hours. Fuck this.*

She walks over to the coffee machine. She stares down at the stale brown liquid and pours herself a cup.

She lifts the mug to her mouth, but decides against it. She throws the mug into the sink in frustration. The ceramic mug cracks in half and coffee spills all over the counter.

Sloane takes two blue pills of Adderall from her pocket and raises them towards her mouth. Just as she is about to throw them in her mouth, she puts them down on the counter.

She pulls her hospital ID from her waist and places it over the pills. She uses her iPhone to hammer down on the ID and crush the pills.

She lifts the ID, revealing blue powder. She leans over the powder and snorts it all up. She wipes the residue from her nose and exhales deeply.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. AMBULANCE - NIGHT**

A **PATIENT** (20) lies motionless on a spinal board wearing remnants of a motorcycle jacket. He has a cervical collar around his neck, and pads on both sides of his head.

Two EMTs tend to the patient. They put a face mask over his mouth and deliver him oxygen.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. BATHROOM - UNIVERSITY HOSPITAL - NIGHT**

Sloane stares at herself in the mirror, her fatigue is spreading throughout her face.

She takes a few deep breaths and then holds her chest in pain. She feels for her pulse. Too fast.

SLOANE

Fuck...

Sloane looks down at her hands. They SHAKE violently as the amphetamine rushes through her bloodstream.

SLOANE

Fuck!

Sloane tries to steady her hands. It makes it worse. Then, from outside the door...

DR. HART (O.S.)

Sloane! Get the fuck out here!

In a panic, Sloane sticks her hand down her throat and vomits in the sink. Blue liquid splashes onto the stainless steel and slowly crawls towards the drain.

She runs water over it, then splashes some water on her already moist face. She rushes out of the bathroom.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. HALLWAY - UNIVERSITY HOSPITAL - NIGHT**

Two orderlies and a nurse push a stretcher carrying the patient from the ambulance.

Everyone in the hallway clears the path for them. A few look down at the patient's gruesome face and neck wounds.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. NEUROSURGERY OPERATING ROOM - UNIVERSITY HOSPITAL -  
NIGHT**

Sloane washes her hands carefully and efficiently next to Dr. Hart. She wears a surgical mask and a black bandana.

Dr. Hart walks over to a speaker pill in the corner and turns on loud rock music. He pops snuff tobacco into his mouth and then raises his surgical mask over his face.

Sloane sniffs a few times and uses her forearm to itch her burning nose.

Sloane struggles to put latex gloves on her shaking hands. Dr. Hart notices.

DR. HART

Hey intern, what's going on with your hands?

SLOANE

I'm good.

DR. HART

There's still time to become a radiologist if this is too high pressure for you.

A Nurse and an Orderly barrel through the doors of the operating room pushing the patient we have been following.

SLOANE

How about we focus on the patient?

DR. HART

'Focus on the patient'! Guys, we've got a living embodiment of the Hippocratic Oath on our hands!

The Nurse and Orderly lift the patient to the operating table. He lands face down with a slight thud.

SLOANE

(To the Nurse and  
Orderly,)

Careful with the neck!

An opaque breathing tube is in the Patient's mouth and stretches down his throat. IV lines and catheters are attached to him.

An **ANESTHESIOLOGIST (45)** enters and quickly administers the general anesthesia.

Sloane examines the patient and looks down at a chart.

SLOANE  
High cervical spinal cord injury.  
Respiratory failure. Phrenic nerve  
damage.

Sloane anxiously watches the chart shake in her hands. She calls to the Nurse.

SLOANE  
Scalpel!

DR. HART  
Maybe start with an Ativan...

The Nurse hands Sloane a scalpel. Dr. Hart smiles in amusement.

Sloane grabs the scalpel and takes a deep breath. Her hands stop shaking momentarily.

She cuts a four inch incision vertically along the Patient's upper spine.

Sloane uses a periosteal elevator to lift the muscle from the bone, exposing the spine.

The Nurse hands Sloane a rongeur.

Sloane uses the surgical tool to remove the damaged tissue, nerves, and fragmented bone piece by piece. Sloane operates with precision.

DR. HART  
There we go Sloane. Good work.

Beads of sweat begin to hatch on Sloane's forehead and run down her face. We can see the carotid artery in her neck explode with every pounding heartbeat.

The music feels like it's getting even louder.

As Sloane removes a piece of bone, we notice a small drop of blood on her white surgical mask.

Within seconds, the small drop spreads across the white material of her mask...BLOOD is dripping from her nose.

The Nurse looks at Dr. Hart to relieve Sloane, but he continues to watch and smile.

DR. HART  
Keep going! Do not stop!

The Anesthesiologist shoots the nurse a concerned look.

ANESTHESIOLOGIST

Dr. Hart--

DR. HART

--Shut the fuck up! This is my OR!

Sloane's shaking rongeur just misses an artery as she removes another piece of fragmented bone.

Sloane readjusts her grip and goes back in.

The blood from her surgical mask is about to drip into the patient's open wound.

Sloane blinks a few times trying to steady her focus. Her breaths are short, panicked. She looks up at the patient's face, and for a split second, **his youthful face transforms into Richard's.**

Sloane gasps and her right hand violently shakes again.

Sloane reaches for another piece of bone when her shaking hand misses the mark...the surgical tool slices through a spinal artery.

Nothing happens for a moment, and then, the floodgates open...

Blood pours through the spinal column like running water, splashing everywhere and depriving the spinal cord of blood and oxygen.

The sounds of the OR drown out completely.

SLOANE (V.O.)

I saw him again. The visions keep happening.

Dr. Hart shoves Sloane to the side and tries to stop the bleeding. Blood spills onto the floor of the OR.

THERAPIST (V.O.)

Do they scare you?

The patient lies beneath Sloane, motionless, moments away from **PARALYSIS.**

**INT. UNIVERSITY HOSPITAL - BATHROOM - DAY**

Sloane rips open a stall door and vomits again. She catches her breath, spits in the toilet a few more times, and flushes.

SLOANE (V.O.)  
They're threatening my fucking career! I can't live like this anymore. I can't sleep. I can't eat. I can't think straight. Is this...is this how it starts?

THERAPIST (V.O.)  
I believe something else is happening...

Sloane walks to the sink. She stares at her distorted reflection in the metal paper towel dispenser.

THERAPIST (V.O.)  
...Are you familiar with the concept of the shadow?

She punches the dispenser. Hard.

It feels good.

She pulls back her hand, her hand that is so vital to performing surgery, and punches it again. And again. And again. And again...

**CUT TO:**

**INT. THERAPIST'S OFFICE - DAY**

The **THERAPIST (60)** is across from Sloane. She sits comfortably and wears round tortoise eyeglasses.

THERAPIST  
We all carry a shadow. A darker side of ourselves. But we reject it by repressing it. It may disappear into our subconscious, but it'll always find its way back to the surface. The further down we push it, the blacker and denser it becomes. You've tried so hard to repress these memories of your Dad, of becoming like him, through your achievements.

(MORE)

THERAPIST (CONT'D)

But the harder you push it under the surface, the stronger you make it. Eventually, there will be a fight for control.

SLOANE

(Frustrated,)

How do I stay in control?

THERAPIST (V.O.)

You need to face your shadow.

SLOANE

This abstract psychotherapist bullshit is not helping me. I need a *solution*.

THERAPIST

Relax, Sloane. Relax. Let's think about it. Let's think about your Dad. What is it that scares you the most?

SLOANE

Probably that he went to that fucking mountain completely fine one morning at 55, and came back three days later like...like that? That one morning, I could wake up and be like him?

THERAPIST

Whatever happened to your father's mind on that climb, whatever he claims to have seen, scares you.

SLOANE

Not understanding what happened scares me. I'm a doctor. I think like a doctor. I see a problem, I look for a solution. But this, this mountain, my Dad, melts my mind. I don't know what to do anymore...

Sloane contemplatively stares out the window. She holds back tears.

SLOANE

...I need to prove to myself that I'm different. That I'm not him. That whatever happened to him will never happen to me. That I am stronger...



The Therapist smiles.

THERAPIST

How you go about doing that is up to you.

SLOANE

What am I paying you for then?

THERAPIST

I'm here to guide you, but the answers lie within you.

Sloane looks at the clock.

SLOANE

Guess time's up.

THERAPIST

Call my cell this weekend if you need to talk.

Sloane thinks for a moment.

SLOANE

Don't think I'll have service where I'm going...

THERAPIST

Well just know I'm here if you need me.

**OVER BLACK**

**THE PEAK**

**FADE IN**

**INT. SLOANE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT**

**ECU:** Sloane's blank stare. Eyes red and lashes wet from recent tears.

Sloane lies on the couch and rests her head on her boyfriend **STEPHEN's (28)** thigh. Stephen's youthful glow, easy self confidence, and relaxed demeanor hint at a pampered and protected life, harshly contrasting Sloane's spartan lifestyle. Stephen rubs Sloane's back as they watch Netflix silently.

SLOANE

Do you think they'll kick me out?

STEPHEN

Are you crazy? You're the best  
candidate out there.

Beat, as they stare at the TV. Sloane examines her bruised  
fist.

SLOANE

(Trailing,)

I...my hands...ruined his life...

Sloane starts to cry again.

STEPHEN

Hey! Don't say that. You're doing  
something special. Something  
important. But that also means the  
mistakes will hurt a little more.

SLOANE

That piece of shit Dr. Hart told me  
to not come in tomorrow. To take  
the weekend off.

STEPHEN

Fuck that guy and good! You need to  
rest and relax. Want to get brunch  
or something tomorrow? Or maybe  
hike?

SLOANE

Actually...I was thinking maybe we  
could go climbing?

STEPHEN

Yeah, let's go to the climbing gym  
then get brunch?

SLOANE

What, no? What's with you and  
brunch? I want to go on a climbing  
*trip*.

STEPHEN

Really?

SLOANE

What? You don't want to?

STEPHEN

No. I'd love to. Just...you never  
want to come on my climbing  
trips...

Stephen looks down sadly.

SLOANE  
That's cause I'm working baby.

Stephen lights up with an idea.

STEPHEN  
Oh! Two of my friends from the climbing gym are going to Yosemite this weekend. Should we just tag along? I'll text them--

SLOANE  
--Wait...

Stephen looks up from his iPhone.

STEPHEN  
What?

SLOANE  
...I want to go to Lytta's peak.

A pregnant beat, as Stephen processes this and tries to make sense of it.

STEPHEN  
Sorry...you...you want to go...to Lytta's Peak?

SLOANE  
Yeah. I want to finally go.

STEPHEN  
You sure?

Sloane throws a pillow at Stephen.

SLOANE  
Yes Stephen!

STEPHEN  
Ok, ok. Let me see if they'd be down for that instead.

Stephen stares down at his phone and texts. He glances at Sloane, concerned.

STEPHEN  
Are you sure--

SLOANE  
(Yells,)  
--Yes!

Stephen flinches.

STEPHEN  
Ok, ok. Sorry.

SLOANE  
Which friends?

STEPHEN  
Mia and Luna. You'll like them.  
Luna has a sleeve and Mia grew up  
in Boise. They're cool.

SLOANE  
(Sarcastically,)  
Sold!

STEPHEN  
Really?

SLOANE  
No.

Stephen sighs.

STEPHEN  
We either go with them or we don't  
go.

SLOANE  
Fine.

Sloane hesitates, then,

SLOANE  
Is this the Mia you always talk  
about?

STEPHEN  
I don't 'always' talk about her?  
She's my friend.

SLOANE  
You guys just seem close.

STEPHEN  
No closer than you are with Kevin.

Beat, as they both look down at their iPhones.

STEPHEN

Ok...

(Takes a deep breath,)

This is the last time I'm going to  
ask: are you sure you want to go?--

SLOANE

--It's something I need to do.

Stephen nods, still confused and worried. He gets up and walks towards the kitchen.

Sloane pulls out her iPhone and opens up her Instagram app.

She searches "MIA ROBERTS" and then clicks her profile. She looks at her most recent photo: Mia and Stephen posing at brunch with the caption: 'post-climb eattttts'.

She zooms in on Mia's face, shakes her head, and then exits the app.

**INT. SLOANE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT - LATER**

Sloane lies in bed and stares up at the ceiling. She uses her t-shirt to wipe the remaining tears off her face.

Stephen jumps onto the bed.

STEPHEN

I have good news...

Stephen takes out his phone.

STEPHEN

(Reads text,)

...'Fuck Yosemite tourists, that  
peak sounds dope. We're in. See you  
in the morning. Excited to meet  
Sloane.'

Stephen looks at Sloane and smiles.

STEPHEN

They're in! Pack up baby.

It's happening. Sloane takes a deep breath.

STEPHEN

We finally get a weekend together.

Sloane smiles slightly.

SLOANE

Thanks for setting that up baby.

He kisses her cheek.

STEPHEN

You remember after college when I launched that shitty app? The coffee delivery service? You remember what you did for me the day I shut it down?

SLOANE

Took you to Big Bear.

STEPHEN

I was in such a bad place, but that weekend made me feel so much better.

Sloane smiles at the memory.

STEPHEN

It's my turn to do that for you. By the end of this weekend you'll feel renewed...

Sloane pulls Stephen in and kisses him.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. VAN - EARLY MORNING**

Stephen drives with Sloane in the passenger seat. Music plays loudly...the new stuff that everyone likes but Sloane.

**MIA (30)** and **LUNA (24)** sit in the back area, which has been converted into a small room. A couch, a bed, a stove top, and a sink. Climbing gear is hung up on the walls.

Mia's grungy appearance is well curated and Luna's wardrobe seems to be a compilation of impulse buys from the latest influencer-endorsed brands.

Stephen puts his hand on Sloane's leg.

STEPHEN

(Softly,)  
You good?

Stephen notices Sloane's bruised hand.

STEPHEN  
Your hand ok?

Sloane, annoyed, looks at Stephen.

SLOANE  
Can you please just focus on the  
road?!

STEPHEN  
Ok, ok, ok. Sorry.

Stephen looks ahead.

Sloane stares out the window away from Stephen.

MIA  
Thanks for driving Stephen.

STEPHEN  
Least I could do! Where'd you guys  
get this van? It's dope.

MIA  
You know Chris at the climbing gym?  
The one who works the front desk?

STEPHEN  
Yeah...

MIA  
It's his cousin's van.

SLOANE  
(Confused,)  
He just gave it to you guys for the  
weekend?

MIA  
I mean we paid him. But that's what  
I love about the climbing  
community. It's tight knit.

STEPHEN  
You want us to Venmo you for it?

MIA  
Nah, just pay for gas.

LUNA  
We should really be driving an  
electric van.

MIA

You didn't do shit for this trip.  
Don't complain.

LUNA

Sorry that I respect the earth.

MIA

You drive a jeep. Shut up.

LUNA

I'm a vegan. Makes up for it.

MIA

You ate a burger last weekend!

LUNA

I take Sundays off. Need that B12  
shit, you know?

Mia shakes her head. Luna looks down at her iPhone and takes  
a hit of her Juul.

LUNA

I heard this peak is at an energy  
vortex.

Sloane turns around.

SLOANE

A what?

LUNA

A geomagnetic vortex.

Sloane laughs dismissively.

LUNA

What? They exist. Ojai has one too.  
When you're in one, it feels like  
you can see multiple versions  
of...you.

STEPHEN

Luna, be honest...how much acid did  
you have for breakfast?

LUNA

I'm serious guys. I mean I took  
acid in Ojai, but that's not the  
point.



SLOANE  
No, no. I think we got the point.  
Thanks.

Mia reads from her iPhone.

MIA  
It says in this thread that twelve  
people die per year in this park.

Stephen glances over at Sloane to see if she's upset.

STEPHEN  
Don't read that stuff. More people  
probably die in Yosemite every  
year. It's going to be a great  
climb--

SLOANE  
--Not proportionally. Millions go  
to Yosemite a year.

Stephen looks at Sloane, wants to argue, but knows she'll win.

Mia continues to read from her phone.

MIA  
It says that there's been reports  
of climbers returning from the  
mountain catatonic--

SLOANE  
--Where'd you read that?--

Stephen jumps in.

STEPHEN  
--Alright. Alright. Enough of this  
bullshit.

MIA  
Reddit.

Stephen glances at Sloane again. She's supremely annoyed.

LUNA  
That makes sense.

Sloane turns around to Luna, angry.

SLOANE  
How does that 'make sense'?

LUNA

A geomagnetic vortex is a powerful force. Some people can't handle it.

SLOANE

Maybe you can take a UFO home after we leave this vortex of yours.

LUNA

Have you read about Area 51 lately?

Sloane sighs. Stephen tries to diffuse the tension.

STEPHEN

Luna, how long have you been climbing?

LUNA

Three years. But I do it five times a week.

STEPHEN

Wow. That's a lot.

LUNA

My job allows for it. Not boarded up in an office, man.

Luna takes another hit of her Juul. Hands it to Sloane.

SLOANE

No, I'm good.

LUNA

Right. You're a doctor. I get it. I get it.

Sloane takes a deep breath and tries to engage.

SLOANE

What about you, Mia?

MIA

Cashed out a couple years ago and didn't know what to do with myself, so I took it up. Passes the time while I search for my next thing.

STEPHEN

Mia's start-up sold a couple years ago. She's been helping me with my new app.

MIA

Nothing too crazy. But it gave me a couple years to live modestly and embrace my freedom.

Mia takes a hit of the Juul.

MIA

What about you? Stephen was telling us you're an incredible climber.

SLOANE

Grew up with my Dad taking me to the mountains. He was obsessed.

MIA

But you stopped?

SLOANE

He stopped...so then I kind of stopped too.

MIA

Why'd he stop?

SLOANE

It's a long story.

Awkward beat, as Stephen rubs Sloane's leg gently. Mia notices.

MIA

College sweethearts. So cute.

LUNA

Monogamous since college? Insane.

MIA

It's cute!

LUNA

I've never been in a closed relationship. It's unnatural.

Mia playfully punches Stephen.

MIA

Almost time to, you know, maybe ask Sloane...

Stephen laughs uncomfortably.

Sloane sees something lying on the side of the highway in the distance.

As they get closer, she sees it's a dead deer, its neck twisted and limp.

**QUICK FLASH:** the Patient's chest and neck covered in bruises.

Sloane looks away from the deer and takes a deep breath.

Stephen looks at the dashboard.

STEPHEN  
Oh shit! We need gas.

**EXT. GAS STATION - MORNING**

Mia and Luna walk to the bathroom.

Sloane stands next to the van, pumping gas.

Stephen has the van's sliding door open, and hangs from finger holds above.

SLOANE  
Do you really need to do that right now? You're not Alex Honnold.

STEPHEN  
Train every moment I can!

Sloane laughs.

SLOANE  
You look ridiculous.

STEPHEN  
You don't like them. I can tell.

SLOANE  
They're fine.

STEPHEN  
Which means you hate them.

SLOANE  
Surprised I've never met them. You guys seem close.

STEPHEN  
With your hours, it's not surprising.

Stephen starts to breathe more heavily as he hangs.

STEPHEN  
(Through breaths,)  
How're you feeling? Good to be out  
of town?

Sloane nods, somberly.

Stephen swings his legs down and jumps off the van.

STEPHEN  
Can I ask you something?

SLOANE  
Yeah...

STEPHEN  
Why Lytta's peak? Why now?

SLOANE  
Sunday will be 3 years since he  
passed.

Stephen, mad at himself for not remembering, hugs Sloane.

STEPHEN  
I didn't realize. Fuck. I'm so  
sorry.

Sloane hugs him tightly.

SLOANE  
It's ok...

STEPHEN  
Well this is a way to honor him,  
right? He'd be so proud of who  
you've become, Sloane.

Sloane looks into the distance at the mountains.

SLOANE  
It's more of a way to deal with  
some personal stuff. Just work  
through some things I've been  
dealing with lately.

Stephen hesitates to ask for more, then decides to...

STEPHEN  
Like what kind of...things?

Bad idea.

SLOANE  
(Snaps,)  
It's personal! Ok?

Stephen throws up his hands in surrender...

STEPHEN  
Of course. Just...I just...I'm here  
for you. If you ever want to talk  
more about it. I'm here.

Stephen kisses Sloane's head. They walk towards the gas station food mart.

We hold on the food mart for a moment...

**EXT. GAS STATION - MOMENTS LATER**

Sloane walks out of the food mart alone. We hold on her face as she stares ahead towards the van.

**IN FLASHBACK:**

In the van's place is the FORD F-250 PICKUP, but it looks less beat up than when we first saw it. The bed of the truck is filled with climbing gear.

Richard leans against the truck and smiles at Sloane. He looks younger, healthier with flowing hair down to his neck and he wears a first edition pair of Oakley's.

STEPHEN (O.S.)  
Sloane, you ready?

**END FLASHBACK.**

Sloane continues to stare at the van and doesn't respond to Stephen. Stephen reaches out his hand.

STEPHEN  
C'mon. Let's go.

**INT. VAN - LATER**

Stephen feels around the floor of the van, holding onto the steering wheel with one hand.

STEPHEN  
Did you guys see where my satellite  
phone went? I swear it was up here  
in the cup holder.

MIA

You probably forgot to pack it.

Sloane shakes her head, frustrated.

STEPHEN

No. I remember putting it here.  
Fuck! We need it.

MIA

We'll just have to use our cell  
phones.

Luna holds up her iPhone.

LUNA

There's zero service out here.

SLOANE

Well that's not good.

Stephen sighs, frustrated. Mia gently holds Stephen's  
shoulder.

MIA

Hey. It's fine. We don't need it.

Mia slides her hand down Stephen's arm and lets go. Sloane  
clocks it.

SLOANE

I don't think it's 'fine'. We're  
going to be out there alone.

MIA

At least we have each other.

Sloane looks at Stephen, angry.

SLOANE

That was the one thing you had to  
remember.

STEPHEN

I fucked up, ok? Jesus.

SLOANE

I just don't understand how you  
forgot it.

The music continues to blast.

SLOANE

Also can you turn this shit down?

Stephen, upset, slams the power button. The music stops.

STEPHEN  
(Under his breath,)  
So fucking critical.

SLOANE  
What?

STEPHEN  
Nothing.

They drive in tense silence. The winding single lane highway looks familiar. Then we see it. The sign for the Fairview Psychiatric Center.

They pass the entrance unbeknownst to Stephen, Mia, and Luna. Sloane stares at the sign and turns her neck to stare back at it as they pass.

**INT. VAN - LATE AFTERNOON - LATER**

Stephen points excitedly to the side of the road.

STEPHEN  
There it is!

A small rusted sign reads LYTTA'S PEAK, with an arrow under it, which points towards a dirt road.

**EXT. PARK ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS**

Stephen and Sloane pull gear out of the van and organize it on the ground. Ropes, cams, portaledge, haul bags, food, and helmets.

Mia and Luna stretch on the pavement and smoke their Juul.

Stephen tosses Sloane webbing. Sloane grabs a hunting knife that hangs from one of the haul bags and starts to cut the webbing.

Sloane stops for a moment and massages her temple, winces in pain. Stephen notices.

STEPHEN  
You ok?

SLOANE  
My head is killing me.



STEPHEN  
You want Advil?

Sloane holds her head as the pain intensifies.

SLOANE  
Yeah. Thanks.

Stephen pulls out a bottle of water and Advil from his haul bag. He hands them to Sloane.

STEPHEN  
Here baby.

Stephen gently runs his hand along Sloane's hair as she takes down the two Advil. The golden hour sets in, casting a soft glow over Sloane's face. Stephen stares at her.

STEPHEN  
How did I get so lucky?

Sloane doesn't reciprocate.

SLOANE  
I need to pee. I'll be back in a second.

Stephen, slightly offended, watches her walk towards the forest, still holding her head in pain.

#### **EXT. FOREST - CONTINUOUS**

Sloane walks 20 feet off the trail.

She pulls down her pants and squats. Her pee moistens the dry leaves on the forest floor.

As she pulls up her pants, she notices something white in the distance. She squints her eyes and adjusts her focus.

Deep in the forest she sees a person dressed in all white walking slowly through the heavy brush. The person takes mindless, robotic steps forward. Trailing twenty feet behind is another person, also dressed in white.

Sloane pulls out her iPhone, opens up the camera app, and zooms in on the two people.

Just as she snaps the photo, the two people stop walking and turn towards Sloane.

She looks down at the photo. The people are not in it. She looks up again. The people are gone. She shakes her head in confusion and fear.

SLOANE

You're ok. You're ok. You're ok...

Sloane slips her iPhone in her pocket and runs back onto the trail towards the park entrance.

**EXT. FOREST - EVENING - LATER**

Stephen, Sloane, Mia, and Luna walk through the forest, each carrying a haul bag and additional supplies for their base camp.

The final rays of sun cut through the trees, as the forest quickly darkens.

A FIFTH PAIR of footsteps approaches them from behind.

A **PARK RANGER (40)** walks briskly towards them. They turn around.

PARK RANGER

Howdy! Saw your van parked out in the lot. Figured I'd find you here. Hell of a van, you live out of it?

MIA

No, just a friend's. Have it for the weekend.

PARK RANGER

Lucky you. Beautiful van. Spent most my twenties living out of one. That was the time! You guys have your camping permits?

Mia pulls the permits out of her haul bag and hands them to the Park Ranger.

MIA

Here you go.

PARK RANGER

Thank you kindly.

The Park Ranger studies the permits. He hands them back to Mia.

PARK RANGER

So listen. You folks are out here  
all alone tonight.

The Park Ranger inspects their gear.

PARK RANGER

Now it looks like you're well  
prepared for a climb, but this time  
of year you need to be careful.  
Sharp weather changes, rotten  
granite that'll fall right off,  
rusty bolts, vagrants roaming the  
park, all of it. I'm simply asking  
that you be careful and take your  
time.

SLOANE

Understood. Appreciate it. Do we  
just keep walking on this path to  
get to the peak?

PARK RANGER

Yes ma'am. You're 'bout a half mile  
away. You'll see an abandoned  
mountain house on the right side of  
the trail. That's when you'll know  
you're almost there.

SLOANE

Got it.

PARK RANGER

But don't go into the mountain  
house. That's private property and  
I'll have to write you up for  
trespassing.

SLOANE

We'll stay out of it. Thanks. Have  
a good night.

PARK RANGER

You too. Remember: it's optional to  
go up. It's mandatory to come down.  
You have the choice now. You won't  
once you're up there.

SLOANE

We've made our choice. Night.

The four of them turn around and continue to walk.

The Park Ranger whistles as he walks away from them.

**EXT. FOREST - NIGHT - LATER**

Sloane, alone, stares off the trail into the woods. She sees it: The abandoned mountain house.

Stephen, Luna and Mia up ahead inspect the outside of the house. We can hear them laugh from a distance.

The house is set about 100 feet back from the trail, with vines and dead leaves covering it. It's narrow with a triangular roof, no windows, and a front door that sits about four feet off the ground. The staircase that leads to the door is missing. An old, rusted fence surrounds the property.

Sloane remains on the trail alone. She hears something move nearby, probably a small animal. She looks around at the increasingly dark forest.

SLOANE

Fuck this...

Sloane runs through the brush to the mountain house.

**EXT. MOUNTAIN HOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

Sloane reaches the mountain house. Stephen, Mia, and Luna are already inside.

Sloane walks up to the front door, grabs the concrete beneath it, and hoists herself up. She enters.

**INT. MOUNTAIN HOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

Sloane walks in and looks around.

SLOANE

Wow.

No one addresses Sloane.

Mia, Luna, and Stephen have their iPhone flashlights out. Through the flashlights, we can see that the interior is one, large, windowless room, with a tall gable ceiling lined by cobwebs and bird nests.

There's hardly any furniture inside, with the exception of three rows of built in pews, which face the far wall.

Luna is at the far wall, running her hand down a carving on it.

Sloane walks up behind Luna and examines the carving, which stretches from the floor to the ceiling.

The carving is vertical series of circles, the outline of each circle seemingly perfect. But the interior of each perfect circle is filled with hundreds of chaotic, jagged, and erratic carved lines. Sloane runs her hand along one of the circles.

LUNA

I need to take a picture of this  
shit...

Luna takes a couple steps back and starts taking photos, the flash going off each time.

Sloane turns around.

SLOANE

Do you want me to move?

Luna does not acknowledge Sloane.

Sloane walks away from the carving and heads towards the back, where Stephen and Mia stand, looking up at the ceiling.

STEPHEN

(To Mia,)

Look at the ceiling. There's tiny  
little crosses carved all over it.

Sloane notices Stephen gently put his hand on the small of Mia's back.

Luna picks up a slice of bread, nibbled on by some sort of rodent.

LUNA

Guys, look at this. It seems fresh.

STEPHEN

Well I'm sure vagrants live in this  
place. It's starting to smell like  
dead animals. Let's go back  
outside.

Sloane notices the carving again and walks over to it. She runs her hand down it, mesmerized.

One of the pews behind her CREAKS, as if someone just sat down.

**IN FLASHBACK:**

Sloane spins around, now in an EMPTY CHURCH.

Sloane stares ahead at the rows of empty pews. Only one person sits in the church: Richard.

Richard's appearance has changed. His hair is more unkempt, his beard is thick, and he looks noticeably more thin.

Richard stares down at a bible in his lap and mutters. Barely audible.

RICHARD

*Offer me salvation from these  
depths to which I am a prisoner.  
Allow me an escape from this  
sinister shadow that steals light  
from my life. Extend a ladder down  
to me God, and let me climb up to  
you. Heal me. Please  
God...Please...Please...*

Richard has a small pencil and writes something in the bible while he mutters to himself.

He is drawing the exact same carving we just saw in the mountain house: perfect circles filled with chaotic, jagged, and erratic lines.

STEPHEN (O.S.)

Let's get out of here.

**END FLASHBACK.**

There is a rustling in the corner of the ceiling.

STEPHEN

I'm fucking leaving.

Mia laughs and grabs Stephen's hips. Sloane watches.

MIA

Aw, you're scared of the mountain house?

STEPHEN

Yes! Let's go.

MIA

Fine.

Mia leans in and KISSES Stephen for a few seconds then grabs his hand and leads him out. Luna follows.

Sloane watches, shocked.

SLOANE

Stephen! What the fuck was that?!

No one reacts to Sloane. Sloane is now in the mountain house alone. She starts to cry.

SLOANE

What the fuck is happening? What the fuck!

Sloane runs to the exit, opens the door, and jumps to the ground.

STEPHEN (O.S.)

Sloane! There you are!

The door shuts on its own behind Sloane.

**EXT. MOUNTAIN HOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

Stephen stands with Mia and Luna.

Sloane glares at Stephen and points back to the mountain house.

SLOANE

What the fuck was that in there?

Sloane looks at Mia, eyes wild.

SLOANE

Huh, Mia?!

Stephen notices Sloane's fresh tears. Mia looks confused.

The wind picks up, creating mini tornados of leaves and twigs around them.

Sloane hears the trees creak around her and she looks up. The trees bend slowly towards her, their leaves darkening the forest.

For the first time, the rock face in the distance is revealed. Its crevices start to vibrate and some of the rock melts down like liquid.

The sounds of the vibrating rock and the wind become deafening. As the sound reaches its peak, we think we hear from the mountain itself...

MOUNTAIN

*Kill her! Kill her!*

Sloane grabs the hunting knife from the side of her haul bag.

STEPHEN

Woah, woah! Sloane! Hey! Calm down!

Sloane charges at Mia and STABS her in the stomach.

We watch the knife pierce through Mia's clothes right through her skin, blood quickly floods her torso.

STEPHEN (O.S.)

Sloane! Sloane!

Stephen's voice now seems to be coming from behind us.

Sloane turns around. **Stephen, Mia, and Luna walk towards her.**

She turns back to where she just stabbed Mia. No one is there.

The trees are back to normal, the wind has stopped, and we cannot see the rock face.

STEPHEN

I can't believe you went in there!

MIA

Badass...

STEPHEN

Don't walk off on your own like that again. That's always when people get hurt.

Stephen walks up to Sloane and notices she's gripping her hunting knife tightly.

STEPHEN

Good thing you had that to protect you.

Sloane looks down at the knife. She attaches it back to the side of her haul bag with shaking hands.

STEPHEN

You scared me.

Stephen hugs her. Sloane pushes him away.

STEPHEN

What's wrong? You ok?

Sloane glares at Mia, then back at Stephen.



STEPHEN  
Sloane? What's wrong?

Sloane calms down.

SLOANE  
Nothing. Nothing. I'm fine. My head  
just hurts. Sorry.

STEPHEN  
Still? Here. Take some more Advil.

SLOANE  
No. It's fine.

Stephen attempts to hug Sloane again. She lets him. He holds her.

STEPHEN  
You're shaking. Let's go to the  
campsite and warm up. Ok?

Sloane nods and stares towards the empty spot where she stabbed Mia. Stephen grabs Sloane's hand and leads her through the brush.

**EXT. BASE CAMP - NIGHT - LATER**

The two tents are set up at the base. Everyone wears a jacket and a beanie.

It is too dark to see the massive granite wall that towers over them.

MIA  
Is it about time to call it?

LUNA  
Shot of whiskey before bed?

Luna pulls a bottle of whiskey out of her tent. She unscrews the top and takes a big swig. She passes it to Stephen.

Sloane watches the brown fluid move down the bottle into Stephen's mouth.

**QUICK FLASH:** The breathing tube sticks out of the Patient's mouth.

Stephen wipes his mouth and hands the bottle to Mia. Mia takes a swig and hands it to Sloane.

SLOANE

No thanks.

LUNA

Can you guys feel the ghosts of all those dead climbers?

Sloane looks down at the ground, upset. Stephen notices and scolds Luna.

STEPHEN

Hey Luna! Enough with the bullshit, ok? It's not funny.

LUNA

Whatever man.

Mia stands up.

MIA

Alright guys. Big day tomorrow. Let's go to sleep.

Stephen reaches down and helps Sloane stand up.

#### **INT. TENT - NIGHT - LATER**

Sloane and Stephen lie in separate sleeping bags, the light from Sloane's iPhone illuminates the tent.

We see Sloane zooming in on the photo she took earlier of the two people in white. There is no one in the photo.

STEPHEN

Feeling better?

Sloane turns off her iPhone. We can hardly see them inside the dark tent.

SLOANE

A little. But this place feels strange to me.

STEPHEN

Of course it does. You have a lot of history here.

SLOANE

I know, but before at the mountain house. I don't know. It's like you guys were in there with me.

STEPHEN

We weren't...

SLOANE

No. I know you weren't. That shit Luna was saying I think just freaked me out.

STEPHEN

Please don't take her hippie bullshit seriously.

Beat, as Sloane searches for the right words.

SLOANE

Stephen?

STEPHEN

Yeah baby?

SLOANE

I don't want this to sound weird, but...but in the past month I've been having some visions of my Dad.

STEPHEN

What do you mean?

SLOANE

Like brief...hallucinations. It's actually common to have them when you lose someone. A bereavement hallucination is what some people call it.

STEPHEN

Oh, ok. So it's normal then?

SLOANE

I guess...I guess mine's just delayed. But maybe it's because I never dealt with the stuff I should've dealt with when it happened.

STEPHEN

Well you can always deal with it now, right?

SLOANE

Yeah, so, that's why I'm here. To deal with it. I just wanted you to know that.

Stephen hugs Sloane tightly. He kisses her forehead.

STEPHEN

Thank you for telling me that. I  
love you.

SLOANE

Love you too.

Beat, as Sloane moves to her side. Stephen searches for something to lighten the mood.

STEPHEN

You know what this tent reminds me  
of?

SLOANE

What?

STEPHEN

That time in Yosemite when that  
mountain beaver crawled into our  
tent. And it grabbed your backpack  
and ran away with it!

Stephen starts to laugh.

SLOANE

That wasn't funny! Those things are  
like giant rats. Disgusting.

STEPHEN

Watching you chase it in your  
underwear is one of the highlights  
of my life.

Sloane joins Stephen's laughter.

STEPHEN

Night baby.

The sound of Stephen kissing Sloane.

SLOANE

Night.

Stephen rustles around in his sleeping bag to get comfortable. Moments later, he starts to snore. Passed out.

The wind pushes against the tent. Some air gets through a slight opening, creating a whistling sound. Sloane sits up and zips the tent shut.

The whistling stops. The wind stops.

Silence.

Then, Sloane's phone buzzes. She looks at it curiously.

Sloane sees the caller ID: **Dad**.

Sloane answers in a hushed voice.

SLOANE

Hello?

There's no one on the other line.

STEPHEN

Sloane! Who are you talking to?

Sloane looks down at her phone. No service. She throws her phone in shock.

STEPHEN

Let's go to sleep baby.

After a moment, Stephen starts to snore again.

Sloane lies back down and stares up at the ceiling of the tent, frightened.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. TENT - EARLY MORNING - FOLLOWING DAY**

Sloane steps out of the tent into a thick blanket of morning fog.

She turns on their canister camp stove and fills the cooking pot with water. Sloane turns towards the tent.

SLOANE

Stephen! I put water on the stove.  
Can you make us coffee?

STEPHEN (O.S.)

Yeah!

She walks away from their campsite towards the wall.

**EXT. BASE OF MOUNTAIN - CONTINUOUS**

Sloane reaches the wall and looks up.

SLOANE

Holy shit.

Above her stands 1400 vertical feet of white granite, the first light of the morning bathing in the rock.

Sloane puts her hand on the wall and closes her eyes.

**IN FLASHBACK:**

A young, healthy Richard reaches his hand towards **YOUNGER SLOANE (10)**. He invites her onto the wall.

RICHARD

*I know it's scary. That feeling in your stomach? That's fear. But that's only temporary if you make the right choice: to ignore your stomach and to look your obstacle right in the eyes. Before you know it, all that fear will disappear.*

Younger Sloane looks up at the wall, still terrified.

RICHARD

*Ok, Sloaney. I want you to think of your biggest fear. Close your eyes. Do you have it?*

Younger Sloane closes her eyes.

RICHARD

*Is it a spider maybe?*

Younger Sloane nods.

RICHARD

*Ok. Now picture that spider. It's crawling up your arm. You're scared. You want to smack it off and run, right? That'll only make it worse.*

We watch Richard pick up a spider off the forest floor and place it on Younger Sloane's arm.

RICHARD

*Now open your eyes.*

Younger Sloane opens her eyes and looks down at her arm. Her impulses start to take over as she watches the spider crawl up her arm, but Richard calms her...

RICHARD

*Look it in the eyes.*

Younger Sloane is shaking in fear.

The spider jumps off Younger Sloane's arm onto the forest floor. Younger Sloane lets out a relieved sigh.

RICHARD

*See?*

Younger Sloane smiles and nods.

YOUNGER SLOANE

*It wasn't that scary!*

RICHARD

*That's right! Because you let your fear in. And soon enough, this rock wall won't be scary either.*

STEPHEN (O.S.)

Are you kidding me?!

**END FLASHBACK.**

Sloane flinches, pulled out of her trance.

Stephen walks up from behind, unable to contain his excitement.

STEPHEN

This is the most beautiful thing  
I've ever seen. Lyttas's Peak! Wow!

**EXT. BASE OF MOUNTAIN - EARLY MORNING - LATER**

Stephen, Sloane, Mia, and Luna stand beneath the towering wall in their climbing gear. Sloane is lost in thought.

Two anchors have been set up. Each climber wears a harness with carabiners, cams, and ropes attached.

Stephen looks at his iPhone and reads from it.

STEPHEN

This says that we should follow  
this diagonal crack system for the  
first 400 feet. That's two pitches.  
At the end of the crack system is a  
ledge where we can set up camp for  
the first night.

Luna has stopped paying attention.

STEPHEN

The next day we'll climb two more  
pitches.

(MORE)

STEPHEN (CONT'D)

On these pitches the cracks widen,  
so we'll have more opportunity to  
rest. We'll set up our portaedges  
at the end of that day and sleep on  
the wall that night.

Sloane looks up at the wall in awe, its beauty hypnotic.

STEPHEN

Day three, we'll climb the final  
three pitches, and finish as the  
sun is setting. That day is going  
to be brutal, so conserve your  
energy as much as you can.

They're all amped. Sloane does little jumps to warm up, Mia stretches, and Luna takes a hit of her Juul.

LUNA

Yaaaaoooo! Let's fucking go!

STEPHEN

Mia and I will lead. Luna and  
Sloane, you guys will follow. You  
ready?

**EXT. ROCK FACE - DAY - LATER**

Stephen and Mia are about 100 feet up the rock face.

Mia is slightly ahead of Stephen. He breathes heavily,  
struggling to keep up.

Stephen CLIPS a carabiner into a rusted bolt. He inspects the  
bolt, TUGS on the carabiner, and the bolt RIPS right off the  
granite.

STEPHEN

Fuck!

MIA

You good?

STEPHEN

Yeah, just don't use these bolts.  
They're pieces of shit.

Stephen turns down to Luna and Sloane below, who look like  
specks beneath him.

STEPHEN

Don't use the bolts!



SLOANE

Copy!

Stephen takes out a cam, pulls down the trigger, slots it into the crack, and releases it. The lobes spring open and it locks in.

Stephen clips into the cam and continues to climb.

MIA

So what was that with Sloane yesterday?

STEPHEN

She's had a rough couple weeks...

MIA

She seemed really angry when we found her.

STEPHEN

Yeah, I know. I wouldn't worry. She's just wound up.

MIA

(Unconvinced,)  
Alright.

Mia climbs ahead.

Stephen reaches up for a hold, but it's too far. He manages to GRAB the hold, but his feet SLIP out beneath him. His body SWINGS, and the momentum pulls him off the holds.

Stephen FALLS. There's a loud PING sound as the cam RIPS out of the crack.

Stephen falls an additional 15 feet when the next set of protection CATCHES him.

**ON SLOANE / LUNA:**

The rope RUSHES through Sloane's belay device. She uses her braking hand to PULL BACK on the rope at an angle of 90 degrees. The rope STOPS moving.

The force of Stephen PULLS Sloane slightly off her feet.

Stephen up above SWINGS towards the wall, and SLAPS it as he makes contact.

STEPHEN

Motherfucker!

Sloane regains her footing.

SLOANE  
Keep going baby! Make sure you're  
using big enough cams.

STEPHEN  
I know! Fuck!

Sloane watches Luna take a drag of her Juul with her braking hand.

SLOANE  
Hey! Keep your hand on the rope.

LUNA  
She's not gonna fall.

Sloane shakes her head.

SLOANE  
Until she does.

LUNA  
You gotta relax, man. We do this  
all the time.

Luna takes another hit of her Juul and blows out the smoke.

SLOANE  
Right. You're the expert.

**EXT. ROCK FACE - DAY - LATER**

Sloane and Luna now climb, the afternoon sun beating down on them. They're about 150 feet up. Luna is slightly ahead of Sloane.

Stephen and Mia are clipped into anchors, belaying them from the ledge above.

Sloane stops and studies the crack system ahead. Luna looks down.

LUNA  
Tired?

Sloane ignores her and continues to study the path.

Sloane swings back to the rock face. She carefully places her hands into the cracks and moves up...fast.

Sloane SPRINTS ahead of Luna, not stopping to put in protection.

STEPHEN  
Sloane! Use a cam!

Sloane finally puts in a new piece of protection, and continues up effortlessly.

**ON MIA / STEPHEN:**

Mia looks at Stephen.

MIA  
You didn't say she was this good...

**BACK ON SLOANE / LUNA:**

Sloane breaks further away.

Luna picks up her pace, climbing up through labored breaths. The climbing rope goes BEHIND Luna's leg.

Mia yells from above.

MIA  
Keep the rope in front of your leg!

Luna ignores Mia. She stretches her leg to the left, and SLIPS.

Luna FALLS.

The rope behind her leg **FLIPS** her upside down, and her helmet **SLAMS** against the wall. Luna yells in fear. She turns herself upright again.

MIA  
Are you ok?!

Luna, disoriented and embarrassed, gives the thumbs up. She rests against the wall for a moment.

Sloane looks down, smiles.

SLOANE  
Tired?

Sloane turns back around and continues up.

We follow Sloane as she carefully and calmly moves up the crack.

She pauses, turns around, and looks towards the sky, taking it in. A rare moment of calm for Sloane...

...Until she spots something in the forest.

Through the thick ceiling of trees, she can make out a WHITE SPECK that moves through the forest.

She follows the speck until it emerges into the meadow below, revealing...

A person in all WHITE with messy hair and a thick beard, seemingly no hiking gear. The same person Sloane saw yesterday...

She can hardly make out his face from this distance, but sees him wave in her direction.

Sloane points down to him and turns to Luna.

SLOANE

You see that?

Luna looks down.

LUNA

See what?

SLOANE

That guy. Down there.

Luna scans the meadow, confused.

LUNA

No?

#### **EXT. MEADOW - CONTINUOUS**

We look up at Sloane and Luna on the wall from the **PERSON'S POV** as he waves at them. Stephen and Mia look even smaller from this angle, belaying from the ledge above.

The Person turns around and runs back into the forest. We have not seen his face yet...

We FOLLOW him from behind.

#### **EXT. FOREST - CONTINUOUS**

The Person moves down the trail, looking downwards and muttering to himself.

He walks in the direction of the mountain house.

**EXT. MOUNTAIN HOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

He reaches the entrance of the mountain house. We finally get a good look at his face.

Through his thick beard and long hair we see this Person is RICHARD, or some version of him. His white outfit is stained and torn and he looks even older. The whites of his eyes have turned black and his skin hangs off his emaciated frame. We'll refer to him as **RICHARD'S SHADOW**.

He hoists himself up and enters.

**INT. MOUNTAIN HOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

Richard's Shadow enters the pitch black, windowless room. We are in there with him for a few moments in total darkness until...

He LIGHTS a match. The orange light illuminates the interior of rotting wood and religious carvings.

He then lights a few CANDLES around the room. As he does this, more and more of the room becomes visible to us.

As he lights the final candle, we see the SHAPE OF A PERSON in the corner.

The Person sits, hugging her knees and rocking back and forth in the shadows. The Person wears all white and we cannot see her face.

Richard bends down next to the Person and pulls two slices of bread out of his pocket.

RICHARD'S SHADOW

Here. Take some.

The Person doesn't look up. We now see the Person's forearms are littered with red scratches and scabs from fingernails digging into them.

RICHARD'S SHADOW

You need to eat.

Richard's Shadow sits down on the floor next to her.

RICHARD'S SHADOW  
She's finally here...

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. ROCK LEGDE - CONTINUOUS**

Luna sweats heavily and GRUNTS with every movement.

MIA  
C'mon Luna! Three more feet. Use  
the hold to your left!

Luna grabs the hold and lifts herself up with all her strength.

Luna rolls onto the ledge and lies on her back, catching her breath.

MIA  
Woo!!

Mia bends down and kisses Luna.

MIA  
You did it!!

Luna looks at her fingers. They are swollen, bloody, and chapped.

Sloane grabs a bottle of water, pours some electrolyte powder into it, and hands it to Luna.

SLOANE  
Here. Drink this.

Luna gulps down the electrolyte solution. Her energy is renewed.

LUNA  
Woo!!

STEPHEN  
Day one finished!

**EXT. ROCK LEDGE - EARLY EVENING - LATER**

The rock ledge is 20 feet wide, and stretches 100 feet long. The group has pitched their two tents.

They all sit on the ledge with their feet dangling off, waiting for the water to boil on the stove top behind them.

In the meantime, they eat various snacks out of Ziploc bags. Nuts, trail-mix, kale, and pretzels.

They watch the sun set, casting beams of pink and orange across the sky. They each sport a sun burn, Luna and Mia's fingers are tied in tape, and they all wear jackets, protecting them from the rapidly dropping temperatures and strong winds.

Luna inspects her fingers.

LUNA

Hope I'll be good for tomorrow.  
They're killing me.

SLOANE

Just keep applying moisturizing ointment and re-tape them every hour. Swelling will go down by morning.

LUNA

Thanks doc.

Sloane smiles.

MIA

Whiskey? Music?

STEPHEN

Yes!

LUNA

Woo!

Mia pulls out a bottle of whiskey, a speaker pill, and a joint from her haul bag. She turns on the music and lights up the joint.

MIA

I'm so happy to be up here with you guys. Away from it all. And Sloane! You're a badass climber.

SLOANE

Ha, thanks.

Stephen looks down...*never the center of attention.*

Sloane notices.

SLOANE

Stephen, you looked good out there too. All that training paying off.

STEPHEN

Thanks. Felt amazing. Had to be my best run yet.

Mia passes the joint to Stephen who takes a few hits, then passes it to Luna who does the same. Luna hands it to Sloane.

SLOANE

I'm good. Thanks.

Stephen, Mia, and Luna lean back comfortably and sip whiskey, while singing along to the music and laughing.

Sloane sits next to them, stiff. She stares out into the distance silently.

LUNA

Ahh it does not get better than this.

Luna turns and looks down the length of the ledge.

LUNA

You guys wanna see what's around that bend?

STEPHEN

Let's do it!

Stephen, Luna, and Mia stand up. Sloane continues to sit. Mia notices.

MIA

You guys go. I'll hang back here with Sloane.

Sloane looks up at Mia.

SLOANE

No, go. You should go with them.

MIA

I'm beat from today. Would rather just hang out here.

STEPHEN

Alright, cool. See you guys in a bit.

Stephen and Luna walk down the ledge.

Mia sits next to Sloane and points the bottle of whiskey in her direction.



MIA  
You sure you don't want some?

SLOANE  
I'm good.

Mia takes another pull. Sloane hesitates, then...

SLOANE  
Have you felt weird at all since  
getting here?

MIA  
Not really. Why? What's up?

SLOANE  
I just...it just felt like...I  
don't know. It's stupid...

MIA  
No it's not. Talk to me...

SLOANE  
It's hard to explain...I'm probably  
just tired, stressed.

Mia, unsure how to respond, takes another pull of whiskey.

MIA  
Guessing your program doesn't care  
much about your stress, huh?  
Stephen tells me about your hours.

SLOANE  
They keep us in the hospital 'til  
our legs give out. You'd think  
they'd be concerned for our minds,  
but you'd be surprised.

MIA  
I know the feeling.

SLOANE  
It was like that at the start-up?

MIA  
Yeah...put everything into it. It  
eventually took over my mind.

SLOANE  
This residency is starting to feel  
that way too.

MIA

People burn out. Have breakdowns.  
You gotta do more stuff like  
climbing.

SLOANE

Nothing used to relax me more than  
climbing with my Dad. Miss that  
feeling.

MIA

We all do. We're all just driving  
ourselves crazy to keep moving up.  
It sometimes feels like the further  
we ascend, the further we descend  
mentally. You sometimes think how  
much less dangerous it would be if  
we didn't strive for things beyond  
our capacities.

SLOANE

Such an un-American thing to say!

MIA

So I guess climbing runs in your  
family then?

SLOANE

Guess so.

MIA

I could think of worse things. It's  
weird, I'm 30 now and feel like I'm  
morphing into my parents more and  
more every day. How old are you?

SLOANE

28.

MIA

You'll feel it soon too.

SLOANE

Hopefully not...

MIA

What? Your Dad sounds cool.

SLOANE

Yeah. It's tough to explain.

MIA

We've got time...

Sloane hesitates, then...

SLOANE  
I...it's personal.

MIA  
All good.

Beat, as Sloane stares towards the sky.

Mia hands Sloane the bottle of Whiskey.

MIA  
Well, cheers to saving lives. Hell  
of a lot more impressive than what  
I do.

Sloane stares at the bottle for a moment then takes a swig.

MIA  
There she is!

Mia then hands Sloane the joint. Sloane takes a hit and  
starts to cough.

SLOANE  
Haven't done that in a while!

MIA  
Enjoy yourself. You deserve it.

Sloane coughs some more.

MIA  
How are things with Stephen?

Sloane pauses, thinks.

SLOANE  
They're ok...

MIA  
But...?

Sloane takes another sip of whiskey.

SLOANE  
It doesn't help that I told him I  
wasn't ready for...you know,  
marriage...

An uncomfortable beat.

MIA  
Did he ask you?

Sloane nods.

MIA  
Fuck, I'm such an idiot for  
bringing that up yesterday!

SLOANE  
Don't worry about it. It happens.

MIA  
Well sometimes climbing is the best  
way to answer this stuff...

Mia stands up.

MIA  
...Wanna go see what your boyfriend  
and Luna are up to?

SLOANE  
Yeah. Let's go.

Sloane takes one more sip. She stands up and follows Mia down the ledge.

**EXT. END OF LEDGE - CONTINUOUS**

Sloane and Mia reach the end of the visible ledge, and turn around the bend. As they turn the corner they see a cave ahead. They can hear the echoes of Stephen and Luna inside.

MIA  
What're the odds there's a mountain  
lion living in there?

SLOANE  
Just remember: If we see one, throw  
shit at it and poke it in the eye  
with a stick.

MIA  
That makes me feel better.

SLOANE  
Don't tell Luna though. She might  
call PETA...

Mia laughs. They enter the cave.

**INT. CAVE - CONTINUOUS**

They each shine their iPhone flashlights. The cave extends a considerable distance. Stephen and Luna are deeper in. They turn around and walk towards Mia and Sloane.

STEPHEN

How cool is this?

MIA

I wouldn't go too far in.

Something small rustles past their feet. Mia screams.

LUNA

Relax. It's just a mouse.

Stephen approaches a spot on the wall and raises his iPhone flashlight up to it.

He reveals the exact same carving they saw in the mountain house. A vertical series of perfect circles, the interior of each filled with hundreds of chaotic, jagged, and erratic carved lines.

MIA

What do you think it means?

LUNA

I don't know, but that would be a  
dope design for a tattoo.

Luna takes a photo of the carving with her iPhone.

Mia stares at the circles, drawn to their hypnotic quality. She puts her back against the wall right under the carving, and slowly sits down on the cave floor. She stretches her arms wide and presses her whole body against the wall.

MIA

Do you guys feel that?

Stephen looks at Mia, confused.

STEPHEN

No?

MIA

This wall is so warm and soft.  
Feels magnetic...

Mia closes her eyes.

MIA  
Can we sleep in here?

Stephen laughs.

STEPHEN  
How much did you drink?

Mia opens her eyes and stares at Stephen. She grins at him, and reaches out her arms.

MIA  
Come sit.

Sloane watches Stephen sit next to Mia, but she is quickly distracted by something shining in the ground 30 feet deeper into the cave.

Sloane walks towards it. It glimmers in the light from her iPhone flashlight. She reaches the object and bends down to inspect it.

As Sloane focuses her iPhone flashlight downwards, the cave walls around her darken.

We might be able to make out the **SHAPE OF A PERSON** ever so faintly, standing against the wall near Sloane.

Sloane's iPhone flashlight moves for a moment, and we think we see **TWO EYES** reflect off the light.

Stephen, Luna, and Mia's voices can hardly be heard now.

Sloane looks down at the ground and sees...

**ECU:** a bloody STEEL SCALPEL.

**QUICK FLASH:** Sloane makes the incision along the patient's spine. Blood pours out.

Sloane jumps backwards in fear and **BUMPS** into something...

Not the wall...

*Softer...*

**A person...**

Sloane slowly turns around to reveal...

**SLOANE.**

This Sloane is covered in cuts, blood, and dirt, with hair covering most of her face.

An incision runs down her entire back and blood pours out of the wound and down the backside of her legs.

Bloody Sloane opens her mouth wide to SCREAM when...

STEPHEN (O.S.)  
Sloane! Are you ok?

Sloane stares down at the scalpel...

...she is gripping a twig.

She drops it. Stunned.

She looks ahead and no one is standing there.

Sloane turns and runs back towards the group. She reaches the group, out of breath.

SLOANE  
(Panicked,)  
C'mon, let's go!

Mia is still pressed against the wall, eyes closed.

Luna grabs Mia's hands and pulls her up. The group walks out of the cave.

Sloane trails them. She looks back once more at the twig. She rubs her eyes...*Still a twig.*

#### **EXT. CAVE ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS**

Sloane exits last. Stephen is waiting for her. Mia and Luna have already made their way back.

The sun has set and the stars begin to dot the sky. Stephen notes Sloane's shocked expression.

STEPHEN  
You good?

SLOANE  
Just remembered why I don't smoke weed.

STEPHEN  
You smoked?!

SLOANE  
I shouldn't have. Makes me paranoid. Especially at night.

STEPHEN

Look at you loosening up!

Beat, as Sloane stares down at her hands.

SLOANE

I can't believe my hands paralyzed  
someone...

STEPHEN

Sloane! Don't think about that!  
Positive thoughts. C'mon.

Stephen puts his arm around Sloane and kisses her on the head.

STEPHEN

Let's have some dinner. It'll  
balance you out.

Sloane ignores him and turns back to look at the cave entrance once more. She holds her head in pain and starts to cry.

SLOANE

(Through tears,)  
This was such a bad idea to come  
here!

Stephen holds both of Sloane's hands.

STEPHEN

Hey, look at me. No it wasn't. We  
had a great day, right? You're  
completely fine. I promise. You're  
just a little high.

Stephen hugs Sloane as she cries into his chest.

STEPHEN

Do you need more Advil? Water?

SLOANE

(Through tears,)  
It's not helping.

Stephen kisses the top of Sloane's head.

SLOANE

Stephen...

STEPHEN

Yeah baby?



Sloane stares back towards the cave, eyes wide.

SLOANE

What do you think my Dad saw?

STEPHEN

Don't think about that right now.  
Let's just try and relax.

Stephen takes Sloane's hand and leads her towards the tents.

STEPHEN

C'mon, let's go. I'll make you  
dinner. I'll give you one of my  
famous massages. Whatever you need.

**INT. TENT - NIGHT - LATER**

Sloane and Stephen lie side by side in their sleeping bags.

They can hear Mia and Luna having sex nearby.

Stephen rolls over to Sloane and kisses her neck and cheek a few times. Sloane doesn't reciprocate. Stephen reaches into her sleeping bag.

SLOANE

No Stephen. I'm tired. My head  
still hurts.

Stephen retreats to his side, puts his arm behind his head, and looks up at the ceiling of the tent. He sighs dramatically.

SLOANE

What?

STEPHEN

Enough rejections can really wear a  
person down after a while...

SLOANE

Don't use that against me right  
now.

STEPHEN

I don't understand why--

SLOANE

--Stephen! I'm not having this  
conversation.

STEPHEN  
Fine. Night.

SLOANE  
Love you.

Silence.

Mia orgasms nearby.

Stephen turns on his side and closes his eyes.

SLOANE  
Stephen?

STEPHEN  
What?

SLOANE  
Can we talk for a second?

STEPHEN  
(Annoyed,)  
I thought you were too tired?

Sloane takes a deep breath, tries not to cry.

SLOANE  
The operation I fucked up--

STEPHEN  
--It's not your fault. Go to sleep.

SLOANE  
I was so tired before it...and  
I...I snorted Adderall.

Stephen sits up and faces Sloane.

STEPHEN  
You what?

SLOANE  
I accidentally did too much--

STEPHEN  
--You snorted Adderall? That's  
basically cocaine! Sloane, what?  
That's not you.

Sloane cries.

SLOANE  
(Through tears,)  
I had been in the hospital for so  
long...I didn't know what else to  
do...

STEPHEN  
Does your chief know?

SLOANE  
No...

STEPHEN  
Sloane! They could pull your  
license.

SLOANE  
I know...I feel like...I feel like  
such a bad person...

Sloane cries more. Stephen hugs her.

SLOANE  
I hadn't slept in days...I don't  
know what I was thinking...and now  
his life is ruined...

Sloane breaks down completely.

STEPHEN  
Hey...hey...it's ok. It's ok. Shhh.

Stephen kisses her head a few times.

STEPHEN  
You're human. It's ok...let's lie  
down and try to get some  
sleep...let's lie down...c'mon...

Stephen guides Sloane back down and hugs her.

#### **INT. TENT - NIGHT - LATER**

Silence other than Stephen's snoring. Sloane is still wide  
awake.

She hears something...close to them, VERY close...

FOOTSTEPS on the ledge.

Her body freezes.

SLOANE  
(Softly,)  
Stephen. Stephen.

STEPHEN  
What?

SLOANE  
(Softly,)  
There's someone outside our tent.

STEPHEN  
No one's up here. Go to sleep.

The sound of the ropes dropping on the ledge.

Sloane starts to breathe quickly, panicked.

SLOANE  
(Softly,)  
Stephen. Someone's out there!

Stephen, frustrated, sits up and pulls down the zipper of the tent.

He shines his iPhone flashlight on the ledge.

Nothing.

STEPHEN  
See! Go to sleep.

Sloane notices one of the ropes has been moved slightly away from the rest of the gear.

Stephen turns off his iPhone flashlight, zips the tent shut, and lies back down. After a few moments, Stephen snores again.

Sloane sits up, attaches the hunting knife to her waist, unzips the tent, and steps onto the ledge...

#### **EXT. LEDGE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

...Sloane walks up to the pile of rope that's been moved. She picks up the rope and inspects it.

SLOANE  
Mia's rope...

She runs her hand along the rope.

The bright moon reflects off the metal of her hunting knife on her waist.

We slowly PAN from her hunting knife, to her hands on the rope, to the granite wall, which is just a few feet ahead.

We hold on the granite wall for a beat, so we can no longer see Sloane and the rope.

Sloane enters the frame as she walks to the wall. She puts her hand on the cold granite.

As she touches the wall, she hears, very softly, from the mountain itself...

MOUNTAIN

*Let her fallllll.*

She jumps backwards, almost trips. She regains her balance. Panicked, she looks around the ledge.

She looks towards the granite wall again. Its menacing crevices cast dark shadows in the moonlight.

She runs back to her tent and jumps in.

**INT. TENT - EARLY MORNING - FOLLOWING DAY**

Sloane wakes up to the first rays of sunlight beating down on her tent.

Stephen doesn't snore. *Weird...*

Sloane shakes him. He doesn't move.

SLOANE

Hey! Wake up.

Sloane tugs on his shoulder and turns him on his back revealing...

Kevin, Sloane's fellow medical resident. He looks up at Sloane and smiles. The empty bottle of whiskey lies next to him.

Sloane leans down and starts to kiss him. She rolls on top of him, but her expression quickly changes from one of lust to one of disgust as she tastes something...

She looks down and yells. In the sleeping bag is now the **Patient**.

Bruises cover his neck and his lips are a dark purple. The patient opens his eyes, revealing yellowed sclera and dilated pupils. He opens his mouth, and through rotted teeth he whispers...

PATIENT

Sloaneeeee.

Sloane wraps her fingers around his purple neck, and tightens her grip, strangling him.

Sloane shoots up from her sleeping bag, sweating profusely and breathing heavily.

She looks down at **Stephen**. His face is ghost white, lips purple. Sloane puts her hand over his mouth to feel for his breath.

Nothing.

SLOANE

Stephen! No!

Sloane shoots up again.

STEPHEN

Sloane! Sloane! Are you ok?

Sloane looks at Stephen. Touches his face. She hugs him tightly.

STEPHEN

You ok? Sounded scary.

SLOANE

Yeah...

Sloane squeezes Stephen and her eyes water.

STEPHEN

That dream sounded insane! I wrote down some of the shit you were saying--

SLOANE

--Can you not do that?

Sloane looks at Stephen's neck and notices faint bruises. She gently rubs his neck.

STEPHEN

Want me to make you some coffee?

Sloane nods. Stephen kisses Sloane's head and walks out of the tent.

Sloane stares down at her hands, afraid of them.

She realizes her hunting knife is still attached to her hip. She unclips it and throws it on top of Stephen's sleeping bag.

**ECU:** The hunting knife. There's nothing on the blade. Until we look closer at the serrated edge. Unbeknownst to Sloane, we see tiny ROPE FIBERS along the blade of the knife.

**EXT. LEDGE - MORNING - LATER**

The group stands at the ledge looking up at the remaining 1000 feet of granite. All four of them look tired and haggard.

Mia and Luna are using the ROPE that had been moved the night before.

Luna rubs her temple.

LUNA  
My head is pounding.

STEPHEN  
It's just the thin air up here.

Mia holds her head.

MIA  
Me too. I feel dehydrated.

SLOANE  
Do you guys need to rest today?

MIA  
No, I'll be good. Just going to move slow.

STEPHEN  
Mia, you and I lead again?

Mia holds her head in pain.

MIA  
Luna, can you?

LUNA  
Sure.

Luna and Stephen walk up to the wall.

They both dry the bottom of their shoes with their chalked hands. They step onto the wall and place their fingers in the first holds.

**EXT. ROCK FACE - DAY - LATER**

Luna and Stephen are 150 feet above the ledge, 550 feet above the base camp. They mark each hold with chalk for Sloane and Mia to follow.

Stephen stops climbing and shakes out his right hand while holding on with his left.

LUNA

You good?

STEPHEN

These holds are razor sharp. My hands are shredded.

LUNA

We're almost at the end of the pitch. Just shake it out.

Stephen wipes each shoe onto the opposite pant leg, drying them. The wind picks up, blowing Stephen's t-shirt.

STEPHEN

This wind is a bitch!

They hear wings flap. Stephen turns around. An eagle is circling them nearby.

STEPHEN

Hey! Get out of here!

Luna turns around to see the eagle flying right at her. She panics and SLIPS.

LUNA

Ah! Fuck!

Luna DROPS 20 feet until her ROPE catches her fall.

**ECU:** the rope stretches tight.

Luna BOUNCES up and down a few times before swinging back to the rock face. The rope seems fine.

Luna SLAPS the wall.



**EXT. ROCK FACE - LATE AFTERNOON - LATER**

Stephen and Luna belay Sloane and Mia from the top of pitch 4, 800 feet above ground.

STEPHEN

My forearms are burning like crazy.

Luna holds up her forearms.

LUNA

Mine are totally swollen. Today was brutal.

STEPHEN

Tomorrow's harder.

LUNA

Fuck me...

**ON SLOANE / MIA:**

Sloane and Mia are 100 feet below Stephen and Luna.

Mia struggles, lagging behind Sloane by about 20 feet.

Sloane finds a wide portion of the crack and sticks her hands into it.

SLOANE

Mia! The crack widens up here. Use the hand jams to rest for a minute.

MIA

Ok!

Sloane catches her breath. She looks down at the ground far below them. She closes her eyes and breathes in the cool air.

MIA

Fuck! My legs are already starting to wobble.

SLOANE

Just find a crack and shift your weight back and forth to recover. You just need a second.

MIA

I need water!

SLOANE

We're almost there.

Mia reaches up to a moist hold. She GRIPS it, but her hand SLIPS and she FALLS.

**ECU:** the rope STRETCHES tight. We watch the OUTER SHEATH stretch, and at its most extended point, we see the INNER CORE of the rope. It's TORN.

Mia BOUNCES up and down a few times. The rope HOLDS her, despite the TEAR.

Sloane sprints ahead, expertly maneuvering the crack.

**EXT. ROCK FACE - LATE AFTERNOON - LATER**

Sloane reaches Stephen and Luna. Stephen gives Sloane a high five and a kiss. She catches her breath and takes a huge sip of water.

Sloane is both excited and exhausted. She leans back and yells up to the sky.

SLOANE

Woo!!

Beneath them, Mia continues to move up the rock face. She has about 50 feet to go.

**ON MIA:**

Mia exhales through her teeth as she grabs a new hold, bracing for impact.

She SQUEEZES the hold, and yells as the razor sharp edge of the granite SLICES into her fingers.

MIA

Fuck!!

Luna cheers from above.

LUNA

C'mon Mia! Keep pushing!

MIA

I can barely hold a cam!

Mia reaches the wide crack. She JAMS her hands into it, and starts to cry.

MIA

Motherfucker! I hate this shit so much.

Mia tries to catch her breath.

She hears a loud SHRIEK from inside the crack. A **BAT** is 6 inches above her hands. It FLIES out of the crack and BRAISES her face.

Mia SCREAMS and RIPS her hands out of the hold. She FALLS backwards and shoots down 12 feet.

**ECU:** the rope STRETCHES tight again. The outer sheath TEARS further. We HEAR and SEE the individual threads of the inner core start to POP and TEAR.

The rope reaches its most extended point, and just as we expect Mia to shoot back up, we hear a loud...

**POP!**

The rope **TEARS** completely.

Mia lets out a guttural and horrified SCREAM. The sound waves bounce off the granite and speed through the park below.

**Mia FALLS down the rock face.**

She SLAMS onto the ledge 350 feet below, and the force sends her body off the ledge another 400 feet down into the meadow.

**ON STEPHEN / LUNA / SLOANE:**

They all watch Mia fall to her death.

LUNA

No!!

Luna cries hysterically.

LUNA

(Through sobs,)

What the fuck was that?!

Sloane looks below, frozen, shocked. Stephen puts his hand over his mouth and cries.

LUNA

This was such a stupid fucking idea  
to come here!

Luna tries to control her breathing.

LUNA  
(Through sobs,)  
No one's in the fucking park...we  
have no service...and we're 800  
feet up a wall!

SLOANE  
(Softly,)  
I'm so sorry...I'm so sorry...

Sloane looks at the meadow below.

SLOANE  
Oh my god...

LUNA  
We need to go down! We need to go  
down now!

The sun is setting. Night is rushing in.

Sloane needs to take control of the situation...

SLOANE  
Let's all stay calm. Let's think  
about this--

LUNA  
--Think about what?! Mia is fucking  
dead!

Luna sobs more.

SLOANE  
We're closer to the top than the  
bottom. The way down is up.

LUNA  
Then let's keep fucking moving!

Stephen looks down at the meadow, sobs.

SLOANE  
Luna, listen. It's about to get  
dark--

LUNA  
--I don't care! Let's go now!

SLOANE  
Luna. We're going to get hurt if we  
go now.

LUNA  
She's fucking dead!!

SLOANE  
I know, Luna. I know. But we're not gonna also get hurt, right? We're gonna stay safe.

STEPHEN  
Sloane's right...

Luna puts her face in her hands and cries more. Stephen's body shakes in fear.

SLOANE  
Both of you need to sit in your harnesses and try to stay calm. I'm going to set up our portaledges so we can sleep for a little. Can you both stay calm for me?

Luna nods her head and slaps the rock in anger. Stephen nods sadly.

SLOANE  
We're going to get off this mountain soon. I promise...

Luna stares down at the torn rope and wails.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. MOUNTAIN HOUSE - NIGHT**

We are back in the mountain house. The carvings on the walls dance in the candle light.

The Person stands at the far wall and carves more jagged lines into the perfect circle with a hunting knife. We look at her from behind and still cannot see her face.

Richard's Shadow walks up behind her and puts his hand on her shoulder.

RICHARD'S SHADOW  
It's time to go...

The Person finally turns around and looks at Richard...

Through the dim lighting and dirt on her face we think we can see Sloane, who we will refer to as SLOANE'S SHADOW. Her face is littered with small cuts, she has a flat affect, and her eyes are completely black.

But we're still not sure it's Sloane until Richard's Shadow confirms it...

RICHARD'S SHADOW  
Take my hand Sloaney...

Richard's Shadow leads Sloane's Shadow out of the mountain house.

**EXT. MOUNTAIN HOUSE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

Richard's Shadow and Sloane's Shadow jump down to the forest floor. Their stained white outfits contrast the darkness around them.

Richard's Shadow leads Sloane's Shadow through the forest towards the trail in the direction of the peak.

**EXT. ROCK WALL - PORTALEDGES - NIGHT**

Two portaledges hang from separate anchors, side by side. It's a bed 800 feet in the sky, made of metal tubing with nylon stretched over it, and above each one is a nylon tent. The portaledges are supported by four suspensions that connect to the anchor. Their climbing gear hangs from slings at the entrance of each one.

Luna sits in one looking incredibly sad and defeated and Stephen and Sloane sit in the other. They each wear harnesses and are tied to the anchor to protect them.

Wind blows and the metal tubing taps against the granite over and over again.

SLOANE  
Here, Luna, use some of this hand ointment. You'll need it for tomorrow.

Sloane reaches over to Luna's portaledge and accidentally DROPS the ointment.

SLOANE  
Ah! Fuck.

It falls 800 feet. They hear the aluminum bottle echo as it hits the granite ledge below, immediately bringing back horrific memories of Mia's fall.

Luna closes her eyes, holds back tears. She stares into the night sky and shakes her head in disbelief.

LUNA

I can't believe we're up here still  
while she's down there...

Sloane reaches across the portaledges and holds Luna's arm.

SLOANE

I'm so sorry Luna...

Luna begins to cry again.

Sloane hesitates to speak, then finally breaks the silence.

SLOANE

Stephen, remember last night when I  
woke you up? And I told you I  
thought someone was outside our  
tent?

STEPHEN

Yeah. No one was there. Remember?

SLOANE

I know. But I heard someone. And  
the pile of ropes had been moved.

STEPHEN

I know we're all traumatized right  
now, but I can assure you that no  
one was on that ledge. It was a  
freak accident. It's all in your  
head.

SLOANE

Exactly! It's in our heads. It's in  
our minds. I don't know what it is,  
but there's something that's after  
us.

STEPHEN

Nothing is following us. You're the  
most logical person I know. You  
know none of that's true.

Sloane shakes her head.

SLOANE

Every single one of us has had a  
pounding headache--

STEPHEN

--It's the altitude.

SLOANE  
I know what high altitude feels  
like! This is different. And  
I've...

Sloane hesitates.

STEPHEN  
What?

SLOANE  
I've heard the mountain speak.  
Twice.

LUNA  
What did it say?--

STEPHEN  
--Enough! Do you realize what we're  
talking about?! Mia is dead and  
we're talking about the mountain  
speaking to us? Sloane, you're just  
imagining it cause you heard all  
those stories about your Dad here.  
It's not real--

SLOANE  
--I'm telling you--

LUNA  
--What stories?--

STEPHEN  
--Whatever the fuck is happening we  
can all agree that we need to get  
the hell off this mountain  
tomorrow.

LUNA  
We shouldn't have been here in the  
first place.

Luna aggressively zips her portaledge shut.

The two portaledges sit side by side, gently swaying in the  
wind, illuminated by the camp light that dangles in  
between...

**INT. LUNA'S PORTALEIDGE - NIGHT - LATER**

Luna sleeps on her portaledge. The wind howls against the  
granite, rocking Luna's portaledge back and forth.



Each time the portaledge's metal tubing makes contact with the granite wall, the sound echoes through the quiet night.

The wind howls louder. The portaledge SWINGS OUT further, and BACK into the wall. Luna is TOSSED a couple inches.

Luna wakes up from the collision, disoriented. The wind calms. The portaledge is still again.

Luna closes her eyes for a few moments until...

We faintly hear something from the wall...

MOUNTAIN

*Wake upppppp.*

Luna SHOOTS UP and stares in the direction of the wall.

LUNA

What the fuck was that?

The wind screams against the rock face, picks Luna's portaledge up and outwards, and gravity SLAMS the portaledge back into the granite wall.

The metal tubing COLLIDES with the granite. Luna is TOSSED around inside, and her body is LAUNCHED into the granite wall. She lands back on the portaledge.

**ECU:** Luna's harness is no longer clipped into the anchor.

Luna grips both edges of her portaledge, squeezes the metal tubing, and breathes deeply.

LUNA

It's just the wind...

The wind stops. The camp light outside her tent continues to swing.

Luna notices her harness is not clipped into anything.

LUNA

What the fuck?

Luna goes to clip herself in when...

#### **EXT. PORTALEDGES - CONTINUOUS**

...The wind violently FLIPS Luna's portaledge.

Meanwhile, Stephen and Sloane's portaledge, only a few feet away, is completely STILL.

Luna SCREAMS in terror, as she...

**INT. LUNA'S PORTALEGE - CONTINUOUS**

...Misses her opportunity to clip herself in, and is TOSSED and SPUN around her portaledge as it FLIPS.

The wind stops.

The portaledge is still.

Luna reorients herself and realizes that the cot is ABOVE her, and she is lying on the inner roof of the flipped tent.

She hears the nylon tent RIP as it tries to hold her weight.

SNAP

SNAP

SNAP

The nylon tent cover RIPS off the portaledge, and at the last second, Luna GRABS the metal tubing above with one hand.

The nylon tent cover drifts down gently in the wind.

Luna hangs from the portaledge with one arm, a black abyss beneath her dangling legs.

LUNA  
Sloane!! Stephen!!

Sloane and Stephen's portaledge remains STILL. They don't wake up to Luna's screams.

LUNA  
Help me!!

Luna swings her other arm up and now hangs on the metal tubing as if it's a pull up bar. She uses all her strength to pull herself up.

As her forearms and biceps make a 90 degree angle, the wind races downwards and SNAPS three out of the four suspensions.

The portaledge SWINGS downwards, hanging on by one piece of suspension.

Luna hangs onto the corner of the portaledge as it dances in the wind.

The wind STOPS.

LUNA  
Sloane!! Stephen!! Fucking help  
me!! Help!!

Then, the biggest gust of wind yet SWINGS the portaledge so far out that it's nearly PERPENDICULAR to the wall.

The portaledge reaches the peak of its outward movement, and then races back towards the granite.

Luna screams as she heads for the wall, unprotected.

The wind rushes past her face as she SLAMS into the wall HEAD FIRST and...

RELEASES her grip from the metal tubing, FALLING into the black abyss below.

The metal tubing TAPS against the granite a few more times gently as the wind calms.

Sloane and Stephen's portaledge remains STILL.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. BASE OF MOUNTAIN - NIGHT**

We stare ahead at the granite wall. Barely visible in the night.

Footsteps approach us from behind as Richard's Shadow and Sloane's Shadow enter the frame.

They walk to the base of the wall slowly and robotically. They look up at the granite that towers over them.

Richard's Shadow looks down at Sloane's Shadow.

RICHARD'S SHADOW  
That feeling in your stomach? That means you're ready. Richard took years, but Sloane is ready now. Remember: she's not in control. We are.

Richard's Shadow grabs two holds and hoists himself up. Sloane's Shadow follows.

Their frail frames transform as they pull themselves onto the rock face with NO ROPES. Both suddenly seem strong and agile as they FREE SOLO up.

Richard's Shadow sprints up the wall at an inhuman speed, and Sloane's Shadow follows close behind.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. PORTALEDGES - EARLY MORNING**

Luna's portaledge looks like a crime scene. TORN suspensions, RIPPED nylon, and traces of BLOOD on the metal tubing.

Stephen opens his tent and sees Luna's portaledge.

He SCREAMS in horror as we...

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. PORTALEDGES - MORNING - LATER**

Stephen and Sloane embrace each other silently, crying.

Stephen grabs his head in pain.

STEPHEN

Ah! Fuck! Ah!

Stephen holds both sides of his head.

STEPHEN

My fucking head. It's on fire.

Sloane holds Stephen's hands.

SLOANE

Something is trying to kill us. And it's taking over our minds.

Stephen rubs his temple and struggles to keep his eyes open.

STEPHEN

What the fuck is happening?

SLOANE

I don't know...I don't know...but we need to get off this fucking mountain.

Stephen looks at Sloane desperately.

STEPHEN

Sloane...are we going to die?

Sloane goes into survival mode.

SLOANE

No Stephen! We're gonna make it to the top. We're almost there baby.

STEPHEN

I'm not gonna be able to do it...my head...

SLOANE

Here's what we're gonna do. You're gonna belay me from here. Can you do that?

Stephen nods, wipes tears.

SLOANE

Good. When I get to the top, I'm gonna build a z-pulley and pull you up. You won't need to do anything. You'll just need to strap in. Can you do that?

Stephen starts to lose consciousness. Sloane grabs his cheeks.

SLOANE

Stephen. Baby. Stay here. Stay here.

STEPHEN

I can't see straight...

SLOANE

You don't need to see straight. You just need to belay me. Can you do that?

Stephen rubs his head in pain.

STEPHEN

I'll try...

Stephen's eyes start to flutter again.

SLOANE

Hey! Stay with me.

Stephen opens his eyes.

SLOANE

You remember our third date in college? When you took me on that hike? And we crossed the river? You remember that?

Stephen smiles at the memory.

STEPHEN

Yeah...

SLOANE

What did you do when I fell in the river and got swept downstream?

STEPHEN

I...I saved you.

SLOANE

Yes! That's right! You saved me.  
You were so brave.

Sloane puts her hand on Stephen's chest.

SLOANE

I know that bravery is still inside you. I know you haven't felt it in a long time, but it's in there. Can you find that for me?

STEPHEN

I can find that. I can find that...

Stephen looks up at the remainder of the wall, intimidated.

SLOANE

And Stephen...

Stephen looks at Sloane.

SLOANE

...My answer is yes.

Stephen smiles through tears.

SLOANE

I'm sorry that I stopped caring.  
That I stopped paying attention.  
And I don't know why it took this  
shit to realize how much I love  
you. But it did. And now I see the  
answer so clearly.

Sloane kisses Stephen once more. Stephen hugs Sloane tightly.

SLOANE

I can't wait to be with you at the  
top.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. ROCK LEGDE - MORNING**

Sloane's Shadow and Richard's Shadow climb onto the ledge where Sloane, Stephen, Mia, and Luna camped.

Sloane's Shadow shakes out her muscles.

RICHARD'S SHADOW  
How're you feeling?

Sloane's Shadow gives Richard's Shadow the thumbs up.

SLOANE'S SHADOW  
Let's keep moving.

They both walk to the wall and continue up at inhuman speeds.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. ROCK FACE - MORNING - LATER**

Sloane ascends the rock face. She is about 50 feet above Stephen.

SLOANE  
You ok baby?

Stephen gives Sloane the thumbs up. Something then catches Stephen's attention.

STEPHEN  
Sloane! Something's on your left!

Sloane looks to her left. About five feet away is a BLACK SNAKE, slithering on a small ridge just above her hand. Sloane reaches for her hunting knife.

The snake lifts its head off the ridge and moves in the direction of Sloane, HISSING.

Sloane grips her hunting knife, SWINGS it across her chest, and SLICES the snake's head CLEAN OFF.

Snake blood SPRAYS onto her face and shirt. She closes her mouth and eyes to avoid the shower.

The snake head falls below. Sloane grabs the remaining body of the snake and flings it off the rock wall letting out a cathartic scream.

SLOANE  
Go fuck yourself!

Sloane looks around the rock face wildly, amped up.

SLOANE  
What else?! I'll fucking kill you!

**ON STEPHEN:**

STEPHEN  
What the fuck?

Stephen struggles to make sense of what's happening as five feet of bloody, headless snake falls right behind him.

Stephen is sprayed with snake blood. He wipes his face with his shirt and dry heaves a few times.

STEPHEN  
(Trailing,)  
What is happening...?

Stephen's eyes start to flutter again.

Sloane yells from above.

SLOANE  
Stay with me Stephen! Don't pass  
out on me! Stay with me!

STEPHEN  
(Trailing,)  
I'm so tired...

SLOANE  
Stephen! Stay with me!

Sloane's voice drowns out, as Stephen looks at the rock wall. He smiles and touches it.

STEPHEN  
So soft...

A 4 inch CRACK suddenly OPENS right in front of him.

MOUNTAIN  
*Come restttttt.*

Stephen sticks one of his arms into the crack. He PRESSES his body against the rock face.

Stephen's eyes begin to close when...

He is HIT with a few tiny pieces of granite from above and he hears a low RUMBLING.



The two sides of the crack CLOSE together again.

Stephen's arm is CRUSHED. We hear the bones in his forearm BREAK under the immense pressure of the granite.

Through tears, Stephen SCREAMS in unimaginable pain.

Then, the mountain RELEASES his arm. His limp arm is SHREDDED, BLOODY, and BROKEN.

Stephen looks at his mangled arm and passes out in a state of shock.

**ON SLOANE:**

Sloane sees Stephen below swaying in the wind, unconscious.

SLOANE

Stephen! Oh my god. Stephen! I'm coming down!

Sloane starts to descend.

**ON STEPHEN:**

Stephen is still unconscious when we hear the granite begin to separate again. Tiny pieces of rock fall from above, and the crack reveals itself.

This time, the crack is about 3 feet wide and has a perfect ledge to sit on within it.

MOUNTAIN

*Come insideeeee.*

Stephen comes to, but seems utterly confused and disoriented. He grabs his throbbing arm in pain and starts to cry.

Then he sees the MOUNTAIN SEAT right in front of him.

Stephen's body is pulled towards the seat as if he's a magnet. Stephen sits in the seat, and leans his back against the wall of the dark crack.

**ON SLOANE:**

Sloane descends carefully. She can no longer see Stephen.

SLOANE

Stephen! Stephen! Where are you!?

Sloane quickens her pace downwards.

**ON STEPHEN:**

Stephen falls asleep in the crack. The crack darkens and we can hardly see him.

Tiny bits of rock begin to fall from above, followed by a loud rumbling again.

The sides of the crack start to CLOSE IN on Stephen.

Stephen continues to sleep as...

The wall CRUSHES his entire body. We hear his body BREAK in hundreds of different places.

Stephen disappears into the rock wall as the crack closes completely.

**ON SLOANE:**

The rock face SHAKES as the crack closes - it's a VERTICAL EARTHQUAKE.

Tiny pieces of rock rain down on Sloane's head.

**ECU:** Sloane GRIPS two holds with all her strength.

The SHAKING finally stops.

Sloane manages to stay on the wall.

We FOLLOW a small piece of rock as it falls down the granite wall.

After a few seconds the rock collides with a SHOULDER.

We pull back to see Richard's Shadow and Sloane's Shadow climbing at breakneck speeds, quickly gaining on Sloane.

**BACK ON SLOANE:**

Sloane cries and hugs the still wall, trying to catch her breath.

There is a TUG on her harness.

She looks down and sees that the rope that connected her to Stephen is being PULLED into the mountain.

As the rope is swallowed up by the mountain, the TUG intensifies.

The rope PULLS Sloane outwards and down. She quickly grabs her hunting knife and SLICES the rope.

Sloane stops getting pulled into the mountain. She brings her hand back up to a hold and has four points of contact on the wall again.

She takes a moment to catch her breath. She looks down at the meadow below, at her torn rope, and at an absent Stephen.

In that moment, she realizes that she is...

**FREE SOLOING, ALONE, 1300 FEET UP A GRANITE WALL.**

She looks up. 100 feet left.

Sloane looks down again. *Bad idea.* She hyperventilates. Her palms moisten and her grip starts to loosen.

She wipes each hand on her pants then reapplies chalk.

SLOANE

Don't panic. Breathe. Think about it in steps. You're not going to die today...not today.

This moment is interrupted by a WHITE EAGLE that lands on a branch nearby that sticks out of the rock face.

The eagle looks at Sloane.

SLOANE

Hi.

*A moment of peace.*

The eagle then takes off. It flies up to the top of the rock face within seconds.

Sloane enviously watches it glide up to the top effortlessly.

SLOANE

I'll see you soon...

**ON RICHARD'S SHADOW / SLOANE'S SHADOW:**

Richard's Shadow looks up and sees Sloane.

RICHARD'S SHADOW

There she is...

Sloane's Shadow looks up and for the first time smiles.

The two quicken their pace towards Sloane.

**ON SLOANE:**

The granite darkens and cools as clouds roll in. The wind picks up and the temperature falls precipitously.

Sloane looks up at the dark clouds.

SLOANE  
I've gotta fucking move.

Sloane continues her ascent to the top.

She studies each hold before gripping it. She is methodical and precise in her movements.

Sloane grips a piece of granite. She senses its rotten. She massages her fingers into it and puts some pressure on it.

It BREAKS right off the wall. *She knew it.*

She reaches to a more stable hold and continues up.

Sloane finds a slight CRACK and rests. She moves her body in different directions, attempting to relieve pressure from her battered limbs.

Sloane's forearms are SWOLLEN, her fingers are covered in DRIED BLOOD and TORN SKIN, and her right climbing shoe has blood stains on it from a CUT on her leg.

We now look at Sloane from above as she rests on the rock face.

While Sloane has not yet seen them, we see Richard's Shadow and Sloane's Shadow gaining on her.

Sloane takes a few deep breaths and continues up. The meadow and forest below are just specks in the distance.

She expertly grabs the holds ahead and glides up the rock face.

With 65 feet to go, Sloane stops again. She holds her head in pain.

SLOANE  
Ahh! Fuck!

She massages her temple.

SLOANE  
 You're fine. You're fine. You're  
 fine...

Then, from within the rock, she hears...

MOUNTAIN  
*Where's Stephennnnnn?*

Sloane shakes her head, tries to ignore it.

SLOANE  
 It's in your fucking head!

The rock face RUMBLES and SHAKES again. Sloane grips the  
 holds and looks down to see...

STEPHEN'S BODY get LAUNCHED from within the rock face.

His body goes FLYING OUTWARDS and DOWN into the meadow below.

The mountain laughs. The laughter seems to come from all  
 around Sloane.

Sloane watches Stephen's body fall. She VOMITS in between her  
 legs, the last of her nutrients. She wipes her mouth and  
 cries.

SLOANE  
 (Through tears,)  
 Stephen...I'm so sorry...I'm so  
 sorry...

As Sloane watches her vomit drip down the rock face she sees  
 them...

Richard's Shadow now within 15 feet.

Sloane's Shadow 20 feet behind him.

Sloane screams in horror. She stares closely at Richard's  
 Shadow. *Is that him?*

RICHARD'S SHADOW  
 Sloaney...

*It's him...or some version of him. Her worst nightmare is  
 happening.*

Richard's Shadow is now 10 feet from Sloane's legs.

Sloane turns to the wall and reaches up, but he is moving too  
 quickly.

Richard's Shadow is now 5 feet below her.

Sloane stares at him in shock and deep confusion

SLOANE

It's in your head...you're not your  
Dad...it's in your head...

Then Sloane feels him PULL DOWN on her leg...

*It's real.*

Adrenaline pumps through Sloane's veins as she grips her holds even tighter.

Richard's Shadow pulls down on her leg harder.

SLOANE

No!!

Sloane feels her grip slipping. She channels all her strength and KICKS Richard's Shadow with her other foot.

His grip on her leg loosens, giving Sloane a short window to kick him again.

She drives her foot down into his face. We hear the bones in his nose BREAK as Sloane makes contact.

Richard's Shadow releases his grip from Sloane's leg and falls off the rock face down to the meadow below.

**We are back in the opening scene and now realize that the falling body was Richard's Shadow.**

We watch his long, mangled hair dance wildly in the wind as he falls. A silhouette in the darkening night.

We follow him down, and this time, we see his body explode on the forest floor.

His arms and legs lie on the ground at nauseating angles, blood is splattered all over the granite wall behind him, and his wet hair rests over his face.

**ON SLOANE:**

Sloane holds back tears as she sees Sloane's Shadow gaining on her quickly.

There is no time to make sense of it. She needs to keep moving.

Sloane analyzes the path ahead and continues up.

After about 10 feet, her left foot SLIPS. She presses her body against the wall.

Sloane looks up. 25 feet left.

Sloane looks down. Sloane's Shadow is only 15 feet behind.

She feels a drop of liquid on her shoulder. She turns to look at the dark clouds that cover the sun.

SLOANE

Rain. Fuck.

Sloane feels another drop on her arm.

She looks down. It's not rain. It's BLOOD.

She looks up to see...

An AVALANCHE of BLOOD pouring down the rock face.

The BLOOD snakes its way down the crevices and cracks.

Sloane closes her eyes and grips the holds, bracing for impact.

The BLOOD showers Sloane. It sounds like she's caught in the middle of a CRASHING WAVE.

It finally STOPS.

Silence.

Sloane is COVERED in blood. She opens her eyes. The whites of her eyes shine brightly against the dark red that covers her body.

Sloane YELLS up to the top of the mountain.

SLOANE

Fuck you!! Fuck you!!

Sloane's Shadow, also covered in blood, is now only 10 feet behind Sloane.

Sloane quickly dries her hands on the inside of her shirt.

She carefully and efficiently grabs each hold, avoiding the bloody wet spots as she moves up.

Sloane's exhausted legs wobble with every movement. She gathers all her strength to keep moving.

Sloane yells down to Sloane's Shadow.

SLOANE

What the fuck do you want from me?!

Sloane's Shadow stares at Sloane in a trance and continues moving towards her.

Sloane turns to look up and cannot believe it. 10 feet left.

SLOANE

C'mon! C'mon!

Sloane reaches for a hold 6 inches too far. She misses the hold and her feet SLIP.

She quickly readjusts. Safe again...

But Sloane's Shadow is now only 5 feet behind.

SLOANE

Don't fuck it up now.

8 feet left. Then she sees it.

*The last thing she wants to see.*

8 feet of FEATURELESS ROCK ahead.

Nothing to grip onto. No holds.

SLOANE

Fuck!!

Sloane inspects the rock wall, searching for the solution.

To her left, more FEATURELESS ROCK.

She looks to her right. She sees it.

4 feet away, there is an 8 foot stretch to the top filled with holds.

But there's one problem...

The 4 feet to her right is more sickening featureless rock.

Sloane is TRAPPED.

Sloane's Shadow is now only 2 feet behind Sloane.

There's only one way out of this...

**Sloane needs to DYNO...NOW.**



A climbing move in which the climber performs an all-points-off jump from one set of holds to another set of holds.

For a moment in time, her entire body will be off the wall as she jumps 4 feet horizontally, with 1392 feet of granite below.

Sloane gets in position.

She closes her eyes.

**Quick Flash:** Richard hoists Younger Sloane onto the base of a wall.

**Quick Flash:** Richard and Younger Sloane sit on the edge of a ledge, eating peanut M&Ms, laughing as the sun sets.

**Quick Flash:** Richard drives Younger Sloane in his Ford F-250 Pick Up, and they sing along to the music.

**Quick Flash:** Richard robotically walks into a house, head down, clothes filthy. Sloane and her Mother run up to him and hug him in a panic. He does not look up at them.

**Quick Flash:** Richard sits across from a psychiatrist in a white coat.

**Quick Flash:** The Psychiatrist speaks to Sloane and her Mother. Both of them fight back tears.

**Quick Flash:** Richard looks down at Younger Sloane.

RICHARD

*You control as much as you can. You  
prepare as much as you can. You  
practice as much as you can. That's  
all you can do. That'll give you  
the strength to punch any fear you  
have right in the nose.*

Sloane opens her eyes...

As Sloane's Shadow reaches for Sloane's leg, Sloane PUSHES off the wall and LAUNCHES herself to the right.

She is AIRBORNE. Sloane's Shadow watches.

The meadow and forest wait to consume Sloane below.

Sloane clears the four feet of featureless rock and STICKS out her hands to catch the HOLDS.

She MISSES the first one with her right hand.

She CATCHES the second one with her left hand.

The momentum of the jump sends her legs SWINGING to the right.

Her legs SWING back down like a pendulum.

She GRIPS the second hold with her right hand.

But the FORCE of her swinging legs is too much to bear.

Her hands SLIP...

She **FALLS**.

Sloane closes her eyes, stretches out her arms, and accepts her fate as she drops down from the sky...

Then...

She **STOPS** falling...

And BOUNCES up.

She looks down at her harness and sees a ROPE attached.

She follows the rope up to the top of the mountain to find...

**RICHARD**, belaying her from above. Young, healthy Richard.

RICHARD  
Almost there Sloaney!

Sloane, speechless, SWINGS back to the wall.

8 feet of holds left.

She CRIES and SCREAMS as she moves up each hold towards her father.

**Sloane's Shadow DYNOs** after Sloane and lands the jump perfectly. She is now inches behind Sloane.

Sloane has 2 feet left.

Sloane reaches towards the final hold.

Sloane's Shadow reaches up and grabs Sloane's leg, but Sloane is pulled out of her Shadow's grip as...

Richard stretches his hand down, grabs Sloane, and PULLS her up.

Sloane crawls onto the horizontal surface and hugs the ground.

**Her vertical nightmare is over.**

She lies on her back, and through tears, blood, and astonishment, yells into the sky.

RICHARD (O.S.)  
I'm so proud of you.

Sloane, through blurred vision, looks up to see Richard smiling.

Richard reaches down and lifts Sloane to her feet. Richard wears a climbing harness, climbing shoes, and a helmet.

Sloane looks at her father, touches his face.

SLOANE  
Dad!

Sloane hugs him and cries.

SLOANE  
I missed you.

RICHARD  
I missed you too, Sloaney.

We watch this embrace until we hear a GRUNT behind them.

Sloane turns around to see Sloane's Shadow hoisting herself up onto the top of the mountain.

Sloane's Shadow stands and stares at Sloane. Both look exactly the same at this point, completely covered in blood and dirt.

SLOANE  
What the fuck do you want from me?!

Sloane reaches deep into her energy reserves and charges towards her Shadow, who stands at the edge of the mountain.

SLOANE  
What do you want?! Who the fuck are you?!

Sloane's Shadow stares silently as Sloane approaches her aggressively.

Sloane now stands one inch from her Shadow. Sloane looks into her Shadow's empty, black eyes.

SLOANE

Who are you?!

Sloane SHOVES her Shadow backwards towards the edge.

Sloane's Shadow easily regains her footing and charges back at Sloane.

Sloane's Shadow TACKLES Sloane to the ground. The back of Sloane's head lands on the ground with a THUD.

Sloane's Shadow puts her hands around Sloane's neck and begins to squeeze.

Sloane uses all of her strength to drive both of her knees simultaneously into her Shadow's back.

Her Shadow's grip momentarily loosens, giving Sloane an opportunity to flip her Shadow over.

Sloane is now on top of her Shadow and strangles her.

SLOANE

What do you want?!

For the first time, Sloane's Shadow opens her mouth to speak, but no words get through her constricted vocal chords.

SLOANE

What did you say?!

Sloane slightly loosens her grip on her Shadow's neck.

Sloane's Shadow opens her mouth to speak...

SLOANE'S SHADOW

Stop fighting me...Let me in...

Sloane squeezes her neck harder.

SLOANE'S SHADOW

Don't be afraid...

Sloane notices writing stitched into the bottom of her Shadow's shirt, barely noticeable. It reads: Fairview Psychiatric.

SLOANE

Who are you!?

Beat, as Sloane's Shadow smiles slightly.

SLOANE'S SHADOW

I'm you...

Sloane tightens her grip and YELLS into her Shadow's face.

SLOANE  
You're not me!!

Sloane's Shadow uses both arms to shove Sloane off with all of her force.

SLOANE'S SHADOW  
You can't run away from me any longer...

Sloane's Shadow is now on top of Sloane.

SLOANE'S SHADOW  
You're just like Dad. He fought so hard...

Sloane stops fighting. She looks into her Shadow's black eyes. Desperate for an answer.

SLOANE  
What did Dad see?

Sloane's Shadow smiles. Her eyes grow even darker.

SLOANE'S SHADOW  
Himself...

Sloane yells and flips her Shadow over. The two wrestle and roll around on the edge of the mountain.

Sloane's Shadow uses her legs to flip Sloane over her own body.

Sloane lands on the ground with a bone crunching THUD. She passes out.

Sloane's Shadow stands up, picks Sloane up, and throws her over her shoulder.

She walks to an area that is surrounded by 30 upside down tree roots arranged in a perfect circle. The roots stick out of the ground and their trunks extend downwards into the ground.

# **EXT. CIRCLE OF TREES - CONTINUOUS**

Sloane's Shadow reaches the center of the circle of trees.

In the center is an OPERATING TABLE.

Sloane's Shadow throws the unconscious Sloane onto the operating table. There is a set of surgical tools and a surgical mask next to it.

Sloane's Shadow puts on the surgical mask and picks up a pair of SCISSORS. She cuts through the center of Sloane's shirt.

She then reaches for a scalpel. She positions the scalpel just beneath Sloane's neck.

Sloane's Shadow makes an INCISION in Sloane's upper chest, and guides the scalpel down to Sloane's lower stomach, creating an 18 inch incision down her torso.

Sloane's Shadow grabs both sides of this newly formed incision and pulls them apart in opposite directions. Her body blocks our view of what we presume are Sloane's insides.

Sloane's Shadow climbs onto the operating table with Sloane. She sticks her head into the open incision. **Her head disappears INSIDE of Sloane.**

Then her arms disappear, then her torso, then her hips, then her legs, and then her feet get sucked into Sloane's body.

We watch the two sides of the incision move back towards each other on their own like magnets.

The incision closes. The skin from either side stretches on its own over the wound.

The wound disappears. We watch Sloane's chest move up and down again with every breath.

Sloane finally coughs. She shoots up from the operating table.

She feels her chest. It's fine.

She feels underneath her. She is lying on the stone ground again.

The circle of trees have disappeared.

Sloane's Shadow is gone.

Sloane yells into the sky. Primal. From the deepest places within herself.

Sloane hears something move nearby. She turns around.

Standing a few feet away is...

Her Younger Self. Staring at her with a huge smile.

Next to her Younger Self is the young and healthy Richard who pulled Sloane to the top.

Richard and her Younger Self wave goodbye and turn to the forest.

They walk into the distance holding hands.

Sloane watches them walk away. *A time she will never get back.*

Sloane cries more. She curls up into the fetal position. Her eyes flutter. Her body shuts down. She passes out.

**CUT TO:**

**OVER BLACK**

...the sound of a HELICOPTER.

**EXT. TOP OF THE MOUNTAIN - DAY**

Sloane opens her eyes, and through blurred vision, she sees a white, gold, and blue helicopter with the California Highway Patrol insignia pasted on its tail.

Two EMTs jump out of the helicopter with a spinal board. They run up to Sloane.

Just as they reach Sloane, she passes out again...

**CUT TO:**

**INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY**

Sloane wakes up in a hospital bed.

She starts to sit up when she feels an excruciating pain in her stomach.

She lies back down and stares up at the ceiling.

STEPHEN (O.S.)

Sloane!

Stephen enters, holding a bag of peanut M&Ms.

STEPHEN

Here baby. Thought you could use some of these.

Sloane looks up at Stephen. Her eyes tear up and she smiles.  
We are on Sloane's face.

SLOANE  
I don't think I've ever appreciated  
you more than I do right now...

Sloane reaches up to touch Stephen's face when we hear...

NURSE (O.S.)  
Where'd you get those from?

Sloane looks away from Stephen and towards the **NURSE (60)**.

The Nurse looks down at the bag of Peanut M&Ms.

Sloane turns back to Stephen...

He's gone.

NURSE  
Anyone ever tell you that you look  
just like your father?

Sloane looks up at the Nurse, deeply confused.

Sloane looks down at her body and realizes she's wearing all white. She looks closely at her shirt, which has writing stitched into it: Fairview Psychiatric.

Sloane looks up at the Nurse again. She tries to speak but can't get the words out.

NURSE ELLEN  
You've gotta rest Sloane. I'll be  
back in 30 minutes to check up on  
you.

Sloane watches the Nurse exit. She starts to breathe quickly, panicked. She looks around the room, eyes wild.

She moves her arms up...

But she feels resistance...

She pulls her arms up harder. They're stuck.

She looks down...

Her wrists are tied to the hospital bed by LEATHER STRAPS.

Then we hear a BANG. BANG. BANG. from the window.



Sloane turns towards the window. In the distance is Lytta's Peak. It looks majestic in the bright sun.

The peak now seems to be moving slowly towards us and the noises of the room intensify.

Sloane opens her mouth to scream and we...

**CUT TO BLACK.**