

CLIFFHANGER

screenplay by

Michael France
Terry Hayes
Sylvester Stallone

Shooting draft 3/30/92

[NOTE: THE HARD COPY OF THIS SCRIPT CONTAINED SCENE
NUMBERS. THESE HAVE BEEN OMITTED FOR THIS SOFT COPY.]

EXT. MOUNTAIN RANGE - HELICOPTER POV - DAY

We are flying, soaring, wheeling, diving through a range of magnificent mountains. They are the Colorado Rockies and, right now, in early spring, it's one of the finest sights on earth: The lush greenery of the valleys gives way to cliffs of sheer rock and towering peaks crowned by snow.

As the CREDITS ROLL, we wheel past a mountain wall and realize this is the POV from

A HELICOPTER

as it soars up to circle the tallest mountain: The Tower. It rises thousands of feet from the ground below, so high that its summit is wreathed in clouds.

GABE

(V.O.)

Do you see them yet?

JESSIE

(V.O.)

Patience my love, patience.

GABE

(V.O.)

That's a virtue isn't it?

JESSIE

(V.O.)

Wait, I think I have them sighted. What's the word, Frank?

INSIDE HELICOPTER - FRANK AND JESSIE

Spotter FRANK NEWELL (50's) scans the mountain wall. JESSIE DEIGHAN (30's) expertly pilots the helicopter. Both wear jackets identifying themselves as members of the Rocky Mountain Park rescue team.

FRANK

The word is, we got 'em over there.

BINOCULAR POV - A LEDGE

that's part of a lower but equally formidable peak separated from The Tower by a chasm two hundred feet wide. HAL TUCKER (30's) and his girlfriend, SARAH COLLINS (20's), are decked out in warm weather climbing gear. Hal's aplomb suggests he's a veteran climber. Sarah's worried look confirms she isn't. Hal's knee is wrapped in several elastic bandages. He also carries a slow burning flare in one hand.

JESSIE

(into mic)

Gabe? Gabe, where are you?

GABE

(V.O.)

Just hangin' out.

WIDE SHOT

the chopper drops lower and from it's perspective, we now see GABE WALKER, (30's), climber extraordinaire, literally clinging against the underside of a fifty foot rock ledge. It is a death-defying manoeuvre that goes completely against the laws of gravity.

JESSIE

(transmits)

Oh, my God! I can't recognize the face, but the butt does look vaguely familiar.

(whistles)

GABE

(laughs)

Don't say that. You'll embarrass Frank.

FRANK

It'll take a heap more than that,
rock jock.

HAL fires a flare.

Gabe finally reaches the edge of the ledge and, grabbing the edge, swings out into space where he hangs by one arm as he digs his free hand into a chalk bag that hangs from his waist.

JESSIE
Hal's signalling he's OK.

FRANK
They're about two hundred yards
from the top of the tower, right
where that ledge comes out, Gabe.

INSIDE HELICOPTER

Frank lowers his glasses, Jessie struggles with the wind.

JESSIE
(quietly to Frank)
He knows it well.

GABE
(swinging up)
The ledge, I know it well, or
should I say we know it well.

JESSIE
You can stop right there.

GABE
We spent a night there one
night...

JESSIE
Enough.

GABE
Yeah, we were caught in a storm.
I went up there an innocent
climber...

JESSIE
Oh, please.

CUT TO - GABE

he pauses and points out at Jessie hovering above.

GABE

And when I came down, my morals
were corrupted forever.

JESSIE

(to Frank)

Don't believe it...

(into mic)

You know the trouble with you is
you have no brain filter.
Everything you think just pours
right out.

Gabe arrives at an overhang, turns around and prepares to kick
over what is apparently a dangerous move.

Gabe pulls himself up on the ledge. Winded he slumps down next
to the couple.

GABE

Room service...Hi, Sarah.

SARAH

(quietly)

Hi, Gabe.

HAL

Glad you could drop in.

GABE

Hey, anything for a friend.
How's the knee?

HAL

I think it's out. No big deal.
It's that old football injury.

GABE

(to Sarah)

Funny, he told me he twisted it
gettin' out of a hot tub.

HAL

I love you, too.

GABE

(into radio)

Rescue One -- have located helpless

climber, please prepare idiot
line for transport, over.

HAL
(laughs)
Wait 'til you get into trouble,
just wait.

EXT CHOPPER

The helicopter dips down towards the ledge. No way can it land here. Frank lowers a rescue wire to Gabe who swings precariously out from the ledge to grab it. The wire is just out of reach.

Gabe sees that Sarah is growing increasingly nervous at the prospect of having to make an emergency transport. The chopper's rotor wash requires all present to speak in a loud voice.

GABE
(eyes Hal, then Sarah)
How're ya feeling?

SARAH
Fine, I guess...

GABE
(making grab at the
cable)
Sarah, we could take off and
leave this guy behind...

Sarah smiles as if she's considering it. Hal grabs the radio.

HAL
Rescue One -- please be advised
Ranger Walker is making advances
toward my girlfriend that are
liable to get his ass kicked
right into space, over.

JESSIE
(O.S.)
Copy. Hal, tell Gabe he only
makes advances to me or else
he'll be walking down four
thousand feet, and sleeping
outside.

GABE
She's tough.

SARAH
Is it really four thousand?

Gabe secures the line to a heavy piton.

GABE
It's up there, but I guarantee
you can handle it.

THE HELICOPTER

Frank gets out to secure the wire. Now a lifeline spans the chasm.

ON THE LEDGE

Gabe finishes anchoring the line in the rock. Hal clips his harness onto the rescue line.

HAL
Remember, whatever he says about
me, don't believe it, honey.
I know you're nervous, but we've
done this a hundred times. Okay?

SARAH
Okay.

He kisses her.

GABE
Remember, keep your arms and legs
within the vehicle at all times--

HAL
(mouthing the words)
Hey, fuck you.

With that, Hal pulls himself hand-over-hand across the sloping line.

HAL'S POV--THE DROP

is vertigo defined. 4,000 feet straight down. However,

HAL

lets go of the overhead line and clasps his hands to his face in mock horror. He quickly whizzes the last thirty feet of line. Frank grabs him.

THE LEDGE

Gabe steals a glance at Sarah, realizes how frightened she is.

GABE

Sarah, tonight why don't you and Hal come over for dinner?

SARAH

(looking down)

Okay--I don't know about this.

He attaches her harness to the line.

JESSIE

The winds are picking up.

GABE

On my way. Alright Sarah, are you ready for the best ride in the park?

Gabe starts to push her out on the line, but at the last moment her nerve fails her. She grabs his arm, dropping her head to look down. Gabe takes hold of her chin, stopping her, making her face him.

SARAH

(scared but tough)

Please, can I think about this for a minute...Okay, I'm sorry, it's fine. What do you want me to do?

GABE

Just keep lookin' at me and only think about the distance across. Count it as you go: One, two...by eight you'll be there.

SARAH

Can I count as fast as I like?

GABE

Sure you can.

SARAH
(gives him a timid kiss
on the cheek)
I'm sorry for all the trouble...
Thank you.

Gabe pushes her out. As he does, he nods across the abyss to Hal who nods back, confident but concerned. He can't forget that everything that matters to him is suspended by a thread over a 4,000 foot drop.

GABE'S POV - SARAH

inching away in the harness, looking more confident now.

GABE
There you go.

SARAH'S POV - GABE

SARAH
One...

signalling "OK...you're doing fine..."

SARAH
Two...

GABE
That's it, you look like a
professional.

SARAH
Three...

SARAH - ANOTHER ANGLE

thirty feet out, going fine. Hal watches, his tension easing, but...

SARAH
Four...five...

GABE
Nice and easy...

SARAH
Six...

INSERT - HARNESS CLIP

holding the strap under Sarah's left leg breaks!

SARAH

Oh, God!

HAL

Sarah!

SARAH

I'm going to fall! Oh, God, help me!

GABE'S POV - SARAH

The harness completely unravels all at once, its strands shoot through the clips. What was a seat has become a trap door in half a second. As the harness shoots out from under her, Sarah falls but grabs the harness strand.

SARAH

Help me! Please! Oh, God, help me! Hal!!

HAL

Hold on! Sarah, hold on! Get her, Gabe! Throw her a line!

Hal's very worst fears are being realized as Sarah, too scared to breathe, dangles on the remaining strand of what used to be the harness. She sways from the wind and the jerk of her own weight. Her grip loosens.

INSERT - THE TOP CLIP

that is supporting all of Sarah's weight is being seriously tested. A single knot in the harness has caught there, but it clearly won't last long.

JESSIE

stares down in horror.

JESSIE

Gabe, get her!

GABE

moves back from the ledge.

GABE

(in control)

I'm coming out!

HAL

No, stay off the line! You'll
break her loose!

GABE

(screams)

The clip's not gonna hold!

JESSIE

(into Gabe's handset)

Go after her.

HAL

(kneeling on the edge)

Hold on, baby, he'll get you.

SARAH

(almost faintly)

I'm slipping--please, please...

Gabe gently pulls himself up on the line, crosses his ankles on it, and clips himself on with a three foot safety line. He starts smoothly, quickly pulling himself out. Hal can barely watch.

HAL

(anguished)

Don't lose her! Don't lose her!

Sarah is in trouble. The bobbing of the line from Gabe's weight and the winds are making her lose her grip even more. Gabe pulls himself along the line faster, trying not to shake the line. He looks across at Hal who has dug in to brace the line. It's not meant for this much weight.

Sarah starts to look down into the abyss.

GABE

No! Keep looking at me...Sarah!
Don't look down...look at me.
Keep your eyes on me...you can do
it. You're stronger than you
think...hold it, Sarah.

Her eyes slide up to him.

WIDER ANGLE

He is only ten feet away.

JESSIE
(into Gabe's handset)
Gabe, hurry--you can do it! A
little more and you've got her.

INSERT-THE CLIP

The knot has worked itself halfway through. It doesn't make any difference how tight she holds on to the harness, the harness itself is letting go!

GABE
(into mic)
She's losing it!

HAL
Sarah, hold on, he'll have you in
a second. Jesus Christ, grab
her!

ON GABE

who knows it and pulls himself the rest of the way, faster,
almost bridging the gap --

ON SARAH

staring desperately at Gabe, holding on --

SARAH
(shrieking)
Please -- oh, no -- please!

GABE
I'm here! Sarah, I'm here! I'm
here--I've got you!

INSERT - THE TOP CLIP

that's keeping Sarah alive surrenders the knot--it passes
through, and

SARAH

falls --

GABE

deliberately lets go of the main line and launches himself at
Sarah --

THEIR HANDS

catch--Gabe's got a tenuous grip on Sarah's upper arm--

ANGLE ON BOTH

Gabe's three foot safety line pulls taut, testing the limits of the line above as it yanks him and Sarah back. They start swinging like a pendulum over the abyss--with each swing Sarah's hand slips further down Gabe's arm. He frantically tries to tighten his grip on Sarah's arm, but his grip and hers are slipping. Gabe reaches up with his free arm to grab the main line and stabilize them, but their swinging keeps it out of reach.

GABE

Use your other hand! Grab it!

SARAH

Help me! I don't want to die!

GABE

You're not gonna die. Grab me with your other hand!

HAL

Sarah! Grab him, grab him!

Sarah is too scared to comply, her other arm flailing as if that might stop the swinging with the next arc.

Their grip slides to wrist level and keeps slipping. Gabe's hand digs into Sarah's climbing glove and holds!

JESSIE

Gabe hold her! Hold her!

Gabe's face is a mask of strained concentration as he tries to grab the main line and maintain his grip on Sarah.

He finally snags the main line, but he can't stabilize them with the next swing.

GABE

(exhausted)

Do it! Reach up! Sarah, reach up!

For what seems like an eternity, Sarah's eyes lock onto Gabe's with an expression of unabashed terror as her hand slides out

of her glove! She falls--her eyes still locked on Gabe who can only look down, swaying helplessly on the wire as Sarah SCREAMS

ON THE OPPOSITE SIDE

Frank and Jessie look down in horror, but neither look as anguished as Hal. Her screams are heard in Jessie's headset.

HAL

No!!

LONG SHOT - SARAH

falling--falling--falling--looking very small against the vast mountain range--

SARAH'S POV - FALLING

from this height takes the longest nineteen seconds you can imagine--

GABE

twists from his safety line, clutching Sarah's glove--he wants to, but can't shut his eyes--he locks eyes with

HAL

whose horror and grief are even greater than Gabe's.

GABE'S POV - THE CHASM

Sarah is gone. The "Safety" harness spirals down after her like a carefree bird. Her scream, echoes off the cliffs and through the canyons -- fainter, fainter -- until it's almost a memory -- carrying across to:

STREET DAY - 8 MONTHS LATER

A five gallon bucket of blackish water explodes against the pavement. On the street are signs that read "Do Not Cross - Danger."

TEN STORIES UP

Gabe is ten stories up on a suspended platform with a window washer scraper poised in his hand. He looks down in despair. He appears distraught, lifeless -- the fire has gone out of his eyes. The WINDOW WASHER glances over the edge, then back at

Gabe.

WASHER

Man, you better keep your mind on your business--you'll kill somebody.

GABE

Yeah.

WASHER

Two things you don't do in this line of work is daydream and stand back to admire your work. Got that?

GABE

Take me up.

EXT. DENVER MINT - HIGH ANGLE - DAY - FEW DAYS LATER

The Southwest regional center for printing and distributing currency.

INT. TREASURY COMPOUND - A MECHANICAL BILL COUNTER

is at work, banding and stacking currency. A HAND reaches to pick up a band.

THE BILLS

are something a banker could work a lifetime without seeing, but are real nonetheless -- \$1000 bills, banded here in hundreds. The band is put back in the growing stack by

RICHARD TRAVERS

mid-forties, a tough, imposing Treasury agent. He regards the fortune piling up in front of him with only cold, professional interest. The currency is being placed into a trio of metal briefcases--thirty thousand \$1000 bills. Travers shuts the cases in turn, and locks each with an electronic key card, triggering a FLASHING RED LIGHT on the locks. A uniformed PILOT arrives.

PILOT

We'll be fueled and ready in ten minutes, Mr. Travers.

TRAVERS

Very good.

WALTER WRIGHT, an authoritative man of fifty and head comptroller of currency approaches followed by MATHESON, a groomed agent in his late twenties.

WRIGHT

Rich...

TRAVERS

Good morning, Walt.

WRIGHT

I'd like to have a word with you.
This is Agent Matheson, FBI.

TRAVERS

(shakes Matheson's
hand)

Richard Travers.

WRIGHT

Matheson has been transferred
from the Denver office to Frisco.
As a professional courtesy
between offices, I was asked if
he could hitch a ride.

TRAVERS

We've got a full crew, but we can
squeeze one more, right.

WRIGHT

Appreciate it.

TRAVERS

You're the boss. Let's head out
to the tarmac. Matheson, have
you been totally briefed?

MATHESON

I don't know about totally.

TRAVERS

(laughs)

Who the hell ever is. This is
the most protected shipment we've
got-- and the most useless.
These bills aren't even in
circulation; the one thousand

dollar bills we're transporting are only used for international banking exchange.

MATHESON

Do you always transport through the air?

WRIGHT

Mostly. Armored cars can be hijacked. Trains can be derailed. But nobody can get to us in flight.

TRAVERS

I haven't lost a bill in eighteen years, don't jinx me, Walt.

WRIGHT

I think Treasury personnel are the most superstitious people in the federal government.

TRAVERS

We should be. Everybody wants what we have.

The men laugh and turn the corner.

EXT. COLORADO TOWN - EARLY MORNING

The weather is becoming moody as wind bends the tops of the trees and blows debris down the street. We see a well-worn vehicle moving past a filling station.

Two young rock jocks are driving by in their impossibly mudcaked jeep. Loud music blasts from their stereo. The two young men are BRETT and EVAN. They wear bright colored jackets and have their hats backwards over their long hair. Wraparound shades adorn Brett's face. Brett notices Gabe's Bronco crossing the intersection. He wildly honks the horn and does a radical U-turn.

BRETT

Gabe! Hey, man! Gabe! It's Gabe!

EVAN

How yo doin', Gabe!

Gabe wheels a bit closer. They drive side by side.

GABE
Hey, Brett. Hey, Evan.

EVAN
Where ya been, man?

GABE
Working in Denver.

BRETT
Work! Don't say that word, man.

EVAN
Man, I hate work even when
somebody else does it!

BRETT
Hey, Gabe, we're flyin' off the
Tower today. C'mon with us.

EVAN
C'mon, man--it's perfect weather
for a monster, full-fledged
gutrush!

GABE
No, you guys are too good.

BRETT
You heard it here, folks!

EVAN
I heard! Hey, later, Gabe.

The two boys spin off and Gabe slowly moves on in the opposite direction.

EXT. JESSIE'S CABIN - MORNING

It is a rustic, modest home built mostly of local lumber and stone. In the corral we see Jessie forking hay over the fence to her three horses.

The wind is picking up as Gabe steps into view. Thoroughly engrossed in her work, she fails to notice Gabe's arrival. She turns and is momentarily taken aback by the sight of Gabe. She collects herself.

They lock expressions for an uncomfortable moment, then Jessie throws one last wedge of hay.

JESSIE

(low)

Hello, Gabriel.

GABE

(softly)

When you call me Gabriel, I know I've got trouble.

JESSIE

Where've you been?

GABE

Working...I'm trying to figure out where to start.

JESSIE

Maybe I can help. Let's see... if one night I got up and packed up all my things and drove away without leaving so much as a note, and stayed away for months, I think what I'd want to do is come up with a well thought-out reason.

GABE

After the funeral I just had to leave.

JESSIE

Had to leave? Believe me, we all wanted to leave...but you know what? We stayed.

GABE

A lot of things fell apart up there.

JESSIE

I know...

GABE

I don't think you do.

JESSIE

Why can't you believe that you did everything you could?

GABE

Did I? I don't know. Maybe I shouldn't have gone out on that line. Maybe I panicked.

JESSIE

I was there, you were the only one who didn't panic. So do everyone a favor, don't hog all the guilt. You held on as long as you could. Yes, everything did go wrong, starting with Hal. I mean, what was he doing up on the Tower with a girl who could barely climb?

GABE

I can't blame anything on Hal. It was me. I play it back in my mind everyday.

JESSIE

Then turn it off, Gabe, because it doesn't get any better.

GABE

I don't expect you to understand.

JESSIE

I don't understand?

GABE

You couldn't.

JESSIE

(mounting anger)

You're saying, I don't understand? I'm the only one who does understand. I'm the one you lived with for two years, I'm the one you made promises to, I'm the one who spent too many nights looking up at these rocks and wondering if you were ever going to make it down in once piece or ever at all. Believe me, there's been times I didn't know what I wanted to do more, love you or hate you. But the one thing in our relationship that I did know

and still do know is that I
understand you.

GABE
Why are you yelling?

JESSIE
Excuse me?

GABE
Why are you yelling?

JESSIE
(confused)
Did I miss something?

GABE
Y'know, yelling at this altitude
can lead to hyperventilation and
fainting--

JESSIE
I'm not going to faint, but if I
want to faint, I'll faint, okay?

GABE
Okay, but if you do I'll have to
perform resuscitation--

JESSIE
Resuscitation?

GABE
--mouth-to-mouth, which could
maybe...

JESSIE
Which could maybe what?

GABE
Maybe lead to a flare up...

JESSIE
A flare up...

GABE
Flare up of old emotions...

JESSIE
Listen to you...
(melting)

The old "mouth-to-mouth"
resuscitation routine, huh?

GABE

From one professional to another,
of course.

JESSIE

Course maybe you don't have to
wait until I faint.

GABE

(charmingly)

No, I think I will, it's safer.
I have patience.

Jessie moves forward. A light rain has begun to fall.

JESSIE

Gabe, did you come back to stay?
(pause)
You didn't.

GABE

I can't. Not here.
(beat)
If you want, I'd like you to come
with me...somewhere else.

JESSIE

Where?

GABE

It doesn't matter, anywhere but
here.

JESSIE

You come back after being gone
almost a year, and you expect me
to just leave...

(beat)

This was our home, now it's my
home. I can't leave. You can
stay with me, and believe me, I
want you to, but to just take off
for the wrong reasons, I can't do
it. And you shouldn't either.

GABE

Like I said, I can't turn it off.

JESSIE
(softly)
And I can't leave.

GABE
If it's alright, I'm gonna pick
up the rest of my gear.

JESSIE
You know where everything is...
(looks at her watch)
I'm late for my shift.

GABE
Jess--you look good.

Jessie nods a thank you and despondently moves away. Gabe
heads inside as Jessie drives away.

EXT. CLOUDS - MORNING

A spectacular sight: Great rolling thunderclouds backlit by
the early morning sun.

The sound of an engine--then a plane appears through the cloud:
The Treasury Jet.

The DC-9 cruises over mountainous, remote terrain.

INT. JET - CLOSE ON TRAVERS

who looks tense--we MOVE AROUND the cabin and find two more
relaxed TREASURY AGENTS dozing on the opposite side of the
plane. The interior of the plane is rather spartan and cold.
Matheson is edgy. An AGENT offers condescending reassurance.

AGENT
Travers says you're being
transferred.

MATHESON
Yeah, moving up in the world.

Matheson turns back to his window.

Another jet's shadow moves sleekly past the window, momentarily
blocking out the sun.

MATHESON reacts to this and shifts his look upward to--

WINDOW POV - THE PLANE

is flying a parallel course to the Treasury jet, and is just one hundred yards away.

INSIDE THE PLANE

Matheson stands. Travers has noticed the plane by now too, and gets out of his seat as the other agents react.

MATHESON

That plane is tracking us.

AGENT

Travers?

TRAVERS

(to other agents)

Stay put. Don't anybody jump to conclusions.

Travers moves into

THE COCKPIT

where the pilot seems nervous but, oddly, not frightened.

PILOT

He's coming in too slow.

TRAVERS

(cool)

No, we're going too fast, and we're too high up. Give me 180 knots and drop to fifteen thousand feet.

THE CABIN

Matheson is out of his seat.

MATHESON

(to agent)

Christ! We're losing altitude and slowing down! If you have automatic weapons, get them!

Travers steps out.

TRAVERS

What are you doing? I have
jurisdiction on this jet!

Matheson goes to his briefcase and flips it open. It contains
a full auto uzi. He pulls it from its clasps.

TRAVERS

What the hell are you doing--

MATHESON

Now I have jurisdiction!
(to agents)
I said get your weapons.

TRAVERS

These are highly trained agents
overreacting without just cause.

Travers puts his hands out and walks forward, slowly, backing
Matheson into the cabin. Not in surrender, but as if he's
calming a nutcase. The other agents see this and don't know
which way to jump.

TRAVERS

Calm down...give the gun to me.
You're out of control, son.

MATHESON

(to other agents)
What the hell are you waiting
for, goddammit! Don't you see
what he's doing! He's hijacking
the shipment!

The other two agents get behind Matheson and rapidly disarm
him. Travers pulls out his gun and FIRES it three times, one
for each agent's chest. The agents are cut down, realizing too
late what's happened. Two shots knock Matheson over a seat.

The co-pilot begins to step out when he is shot by the pilot
with a silencer.

Travers puts on a radio headset as he goes to a window.

TRAVERS

(to mouthpiece)
Move into position!

EXT. TREASURY JET/QUALEN'S JET STAR - FLYING

Qualen's jet star is now flying a hundred and fifty feet directly behind and slightly below the Treasury jet. The door of Qualen's jet is open.

INT. TREASURY JET - REAR SECTION

Travers has slipped into a protective windsuit. He clips himself to a safety wire, flips on an oxygen mask and almost simultaneously pulls the lever that releases the bolts on the tail cone, leaving a 6' by 3' hole.

A huge vacuum is created by the hole and loose debris such as papers and bits of clothing are sucked out of the jet.

Travers pulls aside a tarp revealing a winch.

INT. QUALEN'S JET STAR - FRONT SECTION - DAY

Qualen steps into view. His presence is threatening. He is wearing a headset radio, goggles, oxygen mask and a cold weather jumpsuit. (The entire gang on board the jet are dressed in this fashion.) He is wired to a safety line in the jet.

Qualen is as deadly as advertised. 230 MPH winds are tearing at him through the open door, but he is unfazed and unfrightened. Next to him are Ryan and Kynette.

TRAVERS

at the open tail cone.

TRAVERS

(into radio)

More...more...keep proceeding...

THE TWO PLANES

Travers' jet lowers the cable with a lead weighted grappling hook into the Jet Star. It looks like an Air Force midair refueling--difficult and dangerous. After about a hundred and fifty feet of line is lowered

QUALEN

clips it to a ring at the top of the opening.

QUALEN

(into radio)

Locked on. Move into transfer position.

INSIDE QUALEN'S PLANE

The pilot, KRISTEL, is a woman. Her skill, like her hard beauty, can be measured in a glance. She's a lot calmer than her counterpart in the Treasury plane. Beside her is a co-pilot.

KRISTEL

(to co-pilot)

Check. Moving into transfer position.

ON THE TWO PLANES

Qualen's jet lowers itself, until it's 150 feet below the Treasury jet.

TREASURY JET CABIN

Travers, unclipped from his safety line, cautiously goes to the cockpit and picks up his portable monitor. The pilot, nervous, struggles with the controls.

PILOT

(shouting)

We're right on the edge of the storm! This isn't going to work!

TRAVERS

(loud)

Don't lose your nerve! All they'll find is a plane that went down in a storm...

Travers checks the monitor which electrically comes alive.

TRAVERS

(gestures to bodies)

...and enough pulverized bone for
six men heroically killed in the
line of duty.

INSIDE QUALEN'S JET

We can now see five other passengers. All are fit and armed: HELDON and DELMAR and RAY are seated, while KYNETTE and RYAN, ready to help with the transfer, are on the opposite side of the door from a very impatient Qualen.

QUALEN
(into radio)
Travers! Hurry it up.

TRAVERS
(into radio)
On my way. The cases are hooked
up and ready.

IN TREASURY COCKPIT

Travers steps back into the cockpit and flips a toggle switch over an LED.

THE LED

starts counting down from 2:00 -- 1:59 -- 1:58...

Even in the last minute, the storm's gotten worse. The plane is flying right into the blackest center of it. The pilot looks more panicked than ever.

TRAVERS
That charge is going to blow in
two minutes. Stick to the plan
and you're rich.

BACK IN THE CABIN

Travers heads back into the cabin and hooks his harness to the cable between the planes.

TRAVERS
(into headset)
Dip the plane. I'm coming over.

THE JETS - LONG SHOT

Qualen's jet dips down so there's a sharp incline. The cable is slightly bowed from the wind's force. Travers starts the slide down, his body almost blown parallel to the ground. In seconds he is across and into

QUALEN'S JET

where he's pulled in and unclipped by Qualen.

QUALEN

(shouting over the
wind)

Why didn't you send the money
over?

TRAVERS

(shouting too)

Somehow I didn't think you'd wait
for me if I'd sent it first.

Qualen smiles in reply. No. Maybe he wouldn't

QUALEN'S COCKPIT

Kristel is struggling to keep the jet on course.

KRISTEL

(yells)

I can't hold this course much
longer!

Qualen at the door.

QUALEN

(to Travers)

What's the delay?

TRAVERS

(into headset)

Let's move your ass in there!!

INT. THE TREASURY PLANE COCKPIT

The pilot locks the controls and stepping over the bodies, rushes back to the rear of the jet.

MATHESON's eyes open -- he's not dead yet.

IN THE CABIN

The pilot has just placed his harness on and is about to push the cases out when behind him, Matheson shakily crawls forward and riddles the pilot with auto fire. As the pilot falls forward, he hits the lever that releases the cases.

THE PILOT

drops out of the plane, flailing. If he is screaming, we can't hear it over the HOWLING of the storm.

IN QUALEN'S JET

Qualen and Travers are watching the whole plan unravel.

TRAVERS

(shouting to cockpit)

What the hell! Get underneath the jet! The cases will slide over!

THE JETS - LONG SHOT

Qualen's jet sharply dips down and the cases start to slide over, but at the same time...

INSIDE THE TREASURY JET

Matheson, dying, crawls to the opening and FIRES a full clip from his automatic at Qualen's jet, and

THE LED

counts down -- 0:02 -- 0:01 -- 0:00 -- and

THE TREASURY JET - THE BOMB EXPLODES

As the charge DETONATES, it sends a fireball blast back from the cockpit all the way through the fuselage and out the rear.

THE JETS - LONG SHOT

The Treasury jet plummets, leveling the angle between the planes. The cases dangle precariously on the wire.

INSIDE QUALEN'S JET

TRAVERS

(shouting)

Lower! Get underneath it!

Lower!

INSIDE QUALEN'S COCKPIT - KRISTEL

isn't quite panicked--yet.

KRISTEL

It's dragging us down!

Disconnect the cable!

Heldon and Ryan try to do just that, but the cable is taut. There's no way to loose the clip on the door.

QUALEN

Get rid of the plastique!

Heldon rushes to the rear of the plane to grab a bag as...

BOTH JETS

dive down faster at an ever steeper angle, over the edge of the Colorado Mountain Range.

INSIDE QUALEN'S JET STAR

Ryan and Kynette struggle to release the cable.

RYAN

It's too tight!

Qualen pulls out a pistol and fires several shots into the cable, snapping it.

BOTH JETS - LONG SHOT

The Treasury jet drops as Qualen's jet, trailing the cable and the money, sharply shoots upward.

THE TREASURY JET

explodes in mid-air.

INT. QUALEN'S PLANE - THE COCKPIT - KRISTEL

The jet is in serious trouble.

KRISTEL
We're not leveling out!

CABIN - QUALEN , DELMAR AND TRAVERS

QUALEN
(into headset)
What's the matter?

KRISTEL
(O.S.)
I don't know!

QUALEN
C'mon, pull!

The men struggle to reel in the cable, because,

CLOSE ON THE CABLE

The money cases are still, barely, holding on, the cuffs caught on the broken clip at the end.

QUALEN, DELMAR AND TRAVERS

aren't even bothering with the electric winch, they're dragging it in hand over hand, but

IN THE CABIN

The cases, torn by the wind, work their way loose one at a time and drop -- one -- two -- three -- into the snowy mountains below!

CLOSE ON THE CABLE

Ryan clamps the door shut as Qualen angrily lashes at Travers.

QUALEN
Foolproof plan?! You dumb
bastard! Kristel, what's the
report?!

He moves off.

THE COCKPIT - KRISTEL

tries to bring the plane up, but can't. The pressure gauge
needles are dropping fast.

KRISTEL
The hydraulics are not
functioning! He shot up the
hydraulics! I can't retain
altitude! We're going down--

QUALEN
Crash positions!

Everyone rapidly takes to a seat and starts to buckle up.

QUALEN
(to Travers)
Don't buckle up. You may not
want to survive this.

EXT. THE PLANE

breaks through the clouds, revealing the mountainous landscape
and a hard snowfall.

It is going down--it heads for a tree-lined plateau above the
snow line--the plane hits the ground level--

IN QUALEN'S COCKPIT

KRISTEL
(to co-pilot)
There's an opening!

THE PLATEAU - LONG SHOT

The problem is, the ground itself isn't level. It tilts down towards another edge five hundred yards distant. If the plane keeps skidding, it'll go over the edge.

The plane sleds down at an angle, skipping over rocks, through trees, tearing off a wing--

INSIDE THE CABIN

The men are jolted around. Windows IMplode.

THE PLANE

rips downhill through a wooded area like a runaway train.

The second wing is sheared off by trees.

COCKPIT POV - THE OPPOSITE EDGE

A fallen tree stump is coming up fast, it rips through the windscreen, narrowly missing Kristel and ripping the co-pilot's head completely off.

THE PLANE

continues to slide, three quarters of the fuselage intact. It finally comes to rest.

WIDER VIEW - THE PLANE

or what's left of it has stopped several feet short of the edge.

EXT. SPUR - DAY

Brett and Evan are preparing to jump. Evan is wearing a walkman blasting music. A heavy snow is falling.

BRETT

(speaking loudly, over
the wind)

Did you catch that thunder?

EVAN

(pulls off his
headphones)

No way, death-breath, that was
too intense for thunder. C'mon
let's rock an' roll.

The two boys leap.

We pull back to reveal they are plunging, arms flailing down a
huge chasm. The rock wall behind them speeds past, Karwhoosh!
Their back-packs burst open, parachutes stream out. Hollering
with delight, they're riding the updrafts like a rollercoaster.

EXT. CRASH SITE - DAY

The plane lies still. All is quiet except for the howling
wind. A section of the rear passenger compartment is exposed
in the snowstorm.

INSIDE THE WRECKAGE

The cockpit is nearly severed from the rest of the fuselage,
the sides broken open.

CLOSER - TRAVERS

lies face down in the debris. He struggles to free himself
from what appears to be the body of Ray. He pushes it off.

Breathing heavily, Travers is about to rise when a gun is
placed against his neck.

WIDER - QUALEN

in front of Travers, holding the gun. Qualen is bruised and
gashed on the forehead. He's about to blow Travers' head off.

QUALEN

You thought about everything
except what's happening now.

HELDON

Kill the fucker, his fucking plan
almost killed us!

TRAVERS

Kill me? Christ we're partners
in this!

QUALEN

Were. Give me the tracking

monitor!

TRAVERS

Why? What are you going to do?!

QUALEN

The monitor! I never ask twice.

Travers pulls off the monitor that was slung around his neck.

TRAVERS

Take it. There's only about
fifty thousand code variations.
That's right, fifty thousand.

Delmar moves up to Qualen.

DELMAR

I'll break your fucking neck!

TRAVERS

Go ahead, break my fucking neck.
But you're going to need the
money to buy your way out of the
country, because we sure as hell
can't stay in the States anymore.
(to Qualen)
You know it and I know it.

KYNETTE

I say, fuck the money. Getting
off this mountain is all I want
to know about. The money's gone.
Kill the rat bastard and let's
move.

QUALEN

No, we haven't come this far to
lose everything--and Travers is
right, we'll need the cash.

HELDON

How're we gonna get off this
mountain even if we find it?

QUALEN

(moves off)

No problem--Kristel...

INT. RANGER STATION

Rain is pounding against the windows. Hal is watching a football game on a small portable television. He is whittling away at a piece of wood with a shiny folding knife used by most climbers. FRANK is standing behind a large 3' by 4' piece of glass upon which he is painting a bizarre abstract creation. Frank is approximately sixty years old, but still possesses the wiry, but partly stiff body of a former rodeo rider who's taken a hundred falls too many.

Jessie enters looking rather despondent. She goes to the coffee pot.

FRANK

Oh yes, that's it right here. I believe 'ol Frank nailed it with that stroke. Hal c'mere.

Still whittling, Hal drifts over, and observes the painting.

HAL

Hey, Jessie, you're just in time for another masterpiece.

FRANK

So, what do you see?

HAL

Surprise me.

FRANK

What usually eats a banana?

HAL

(at a loss)

A monkey?

FRANK

So...what are you, blind, son? This is a banana eating a monkey, nature in reverse.

HAL

Y'know, Jessie, doesn't Frank look like a normal guy--but he's not,

(laughs)

are you Frank?

Suddenly, the scanner radio barks to life.

KRISTEL
(O.S., panicky)
Somebody help...please...is there
somebody there...we need help...

Hal runs to the radio and keys the mic.

HAL
Rocky Mountain Rescue, come in!

INT. COCKPIT

Kristel is sitting on the floor of the cockpit. She's ripped the guts out of the plane's radios and avionics to jury-rig a system of wires, transistors and dials. Qualen and Travers watch. Qualen can't suppress a grin as he observes Kristel's "distraught performance."

KRISTEL
Please help, we're stranded. We
were hiking and lost our
bearings...we didn't expect this
weather to come in so fast.

INT. RANGER STATION

Hal starts to jot down the information. Jessie stands behind him.

HAL
(into radio)
Acknowledge. How many are there?

KRISTEL
(O.S., panicked)
Seven people. I don't know our
position, the only visual bearing
is a cylinder rock formation.
Over.

JESSIE
Got to be Comb Bluff.

HAL
(keys mic)
Acknowledge. Winds are too
strong to get a chopper up there,
Are you near any natural shelter?
Over.

KRISTEL

(O.S., panicked)

No, nothing and Billy is going
into shock we need
insulin...please hurry, please...

Dead silence.

HAL

Mayday! Come in, Mayday! Damn,
lost contact.

INT. COCKPIT

Kristel disconnects a couple of wires from the battery.
Travers watches as Qualen leans down and kisses her.

QUALEN

We need insulin--
(to Travers)
Would you have thought of that?

Travers tenses.

INT RANGER STATION

Hal folds up his knife and jams it into a non-detectable sheath
on the side of his boot, then starts pulling out his climbing
gear.

HAL

(to Jessie)

You and Frank get the tents,
thermal clothing, and medical
supplies together.

JESSIE

Who's going with you?

HAL

You're looking at him.

JESSIE

Where's the rest of the team?

HAL

Bob and Rick are in Denver. I
gotta get up there as fast as

possible. Frank, get me a load
of flares.

Jessie turns and exits.

EXT. JESSIE'S CABIN - DAY

Jessie's truck roars into the shot. It is pouring rain. Gabe is just putting his belongings in the rear of the Bronco. He flips up the tailgate.

JESSIE

Thank God you didn't leave. We just got a Mayday. Seven climbers stranded off Comb Bluff. The weather's pouring in fast and Hal's gone up alone.

GABE

Hal knows what he's doing.

Gabe heads back inside and Jessie follows.

INT. CABIN

Gabe gathers the last of his belongings.

JESSIE

If he gets up there and the weather gets as bad as it can, they'll never make it down. He needs someone who has emergency medical training and knows every handhold on these peaks.

GABE

He doesn't want my help.

JESSIE

That's not the issue here, those people are. He can't do it alone.

GABE

He can handle it.

JESSIE

What if he can't?

GABE

I haven't climbed in months--you lose the feel.

JESSIE

You mean the nerve.

Gabe is wounded by the remark.

JESSIE

I know you don't want to be responsible for anybody's life anymore, but walk away and you are responsible. Please Gabe, he went up the west ridge. If you go up the south face, you can catch him, no problem--

GABE

Can't do it.

He carries the last box out the door.

EXT. CABIN

Gabe gets into the Bronco.

JESSIE

Can't do it? I don't believe this. Don't you feel anything?

GABE

I only came back for you.

Gabe stares at her for a moment, then turns and drives away.

JESSIE

Go on! Leave. Go wherever you want. But you're going to be stuck on that ledge for the rest of your life.

CUT TO: GABE DRIVING

It is pouring rain as Gabe guides his bronco down the winding mountain road. The bronco pulls over.

INT. BRONCO - DAY

Gabe stares straight ahead at the rain that beats down on the windshield. The wipers going back and forth become like a monotonous heartbeat. Indecision fills his eyes. He puts his head down on the steering wheel and WE CUT.

INT. WRIGHT'S OFFICE - DAY

Wright's pacing around, trying to figure out what in his office he should break first. Davis shows up at the door.

WRIGHT

(furious)

Okay, what's the report? Where the hell is that plane?

DAVIS

(walking to a map)

There's no radio contact at all sir, and we're not receiving the tracer signal from the cockpit's flight recorder.

He points to a huge part of Colorado. Hundreds of square miles.

DAVIS

We have to assume it went down in the storm. That storm front is still building. Even if we could get a search plane up now, it'd be impossible to see anything on the ground.

WRIGHT

What about the roads?

DAVIS

Most of this area doesn't even have roads.

A secretary enters.

SECRETARY

Mr. Wright, there's two FBI agents that demand to see you.

TWO MATURE AGENTS enter in a highly agitated state.

AGENT #1

Mr. Wright, I'm Agent Hayes and this is Agent Michaels. We're here about the jet disappearance.

WRIGHT

Look, if you're just concerned about your agent who was along for the ride--

AGENT HAYES

Matheson wasn't along for the ride, he was working surveillance.

WRIGHT

Surveillance? For what?

AGENT HAYES

The Bureau had been receiving sketchy reports about Treasury flight patterns being monitored from Denver to San Francisco. It was thought best not to alert anyone in your department in case there was the possibility of it being an inside job.

WRIGHT

That's impossible. You suggest a hijacking? Impossible. Not only did I have my best men on that flight, each one of those cases are monitored, and the money is in unexchangeable denominations. It would be useless for anyone to steal.

AGENTS MICHAELS

(presents a folder)

Not for this man.

WRIGHT

Who the hell is this?

AGENT MICHAELS

Eric Qualen. He's the one we've been tracking without much success. He's a former member of military intelligence who found it more profitable going to the other side. Industrial

espionage, diamond hijacking from South Africa, theft and disposal of millions in negotiable bearer bonds, you name it. He's got the international connections to move this currency, and one hundred million offers one hell of a temptation to this psychotic.

WRIGHT

Jesus Christ, this can't be happening.

AGENT HAYES

I know. Unfortunately it is, and what we need is a complete profile on all the men aboard that jet, backgrounds both business and personal.

WRIGHT

(to Davis)

Arrange it.

EXT. SOUTH WALL - DAY

The sheer wall that is leaning actually outward is a terrifying sight. We see a mere spec moving cautiously upward--it is Gabe.

CUT TO - C.U. GABE

straining to maintain his balance in the driving wind and snow.

GABE

(echoes Jessie's words)

And if you go up the south wall,
you can catch him, no problem,
yeah.

Gabe has a moment of indecision, almost a look of mounting fear in his eyes.

Gabe starts to ascend and pauses to look straight up the rock face, then straight down. As the wind tears at his face, his eyes reflect in momentary panic.

FLASH BACK:

Black and white grainy dreamlike effect as Sarah falls. She stobes down the canyon floor, her eyes and amplified voice shrieking in fear.

BACK TO SCENE:

Shaken, Gabe starts to descend, then pauses and looks up the sheer face...

He pulls out his bolt gun and fires into the wall. Hooking up, he proceeds upward.

GABE

Keep going, keep going...

EXT. MOUNTAIN WALL - DAY - HIGH ANGLE ON HAL

Who's now a good way up the wall, at least a thousand feet off the ground. Wind and snow make the climbing hard. This part of the wall is sheer, slightly overhung and slick. His only foothold is about a half-inch of ledge. A larger ledge is above him, tantalizingly just out of reach.

He gropes up, stretching, trying to get that extra half-inch reach...he gets it.

THE TOP OF THE LEDGE

Suddenly a hand seizes Hal's. Surprised, Hal starts to slip back. Gabe pulls him the rest of the way up. Panting from this last effort, he leans against the wall next to Gabe.

HAL

What the hell are you doing here?!

GABE

I was with Jessie, she filled me in.

HAL

Now let me fill you in. You can get your ass back down an' go back to that hole you been hiding in--

GABE

When we get this group down, I'm gone.

HAL

You're gone now! I don't climb with people I can't trust. Why'd you come up, to prove something?

GABE

I'm here for the same reason you are, so let's do it.

HAL

Can't pass up another chance to play hero, can you.

GABE

Look, I know--

HAL

You don't know anything. You did it your way and she died.

GABE

I did what I thought was right.

HAL

Well you were wrong! It was your weight on the line that did it--

GABE

There wasn't time for anything else.

HAL

We'll never know, will we?

GABE

Look, it was a bad time for everybody.

HAL

(explodes)

What the hell do you know about bad time. You didn't love her, you didn't have to explain to her family.

GABE

And you weren't looking into her eyes when she fell. Now drop it!

Hal suddenly catches Gabe off-guard by the front of the jacket. Gabe is precariously balanced on the edge, his life totally in Hal's hands.

HAL

No, buddy, it was you who dropped it!

GABE

If you want, do it. I don't care.

Gabe and Hal lock stares for a long moment. Hal pulls him back in.

HAL

(a threat)

When it's over, you and me...

Hal gives him a withering stare and moves away.

EXT. COMB BLUFF - BINOCULAR POV - DAY

Gabe and Hal are now visible two thirds of the way up.

EXT. PRECIPICE EDGE - DAY

From the top of the bluff, someone is looking down through binoculars. Gabe and Hal are a few hundred yards below. Ryan lowers the binoculars and keys a headset radio. The wind is blowing snow on his face.

RYAN

They're here

INSIDE THE PLANE

Qualen is wearing another headset. He disentangles himself from Kristel.

QUALEN

(to others)

The guests are here.

THE MOUNTAIN'S EDGE

Hal follows Gabe up. From here, the rest of the range looms large. The storm raging above makes this a spectacular sight. Gabe sees the trees torn from the ground by the plane crash.

RYAN
About time...

Gabe and Hal turn around only to find themselves staring at Ryan's ominous expression and poised weapon.

RYAN
...Walk.

INT. FUSELAGE

Hal and Gabe are hustled inside the plane. Driving snow blows through the wreckage. Kynette quickly confiscates Gabe's bolt gun and ice axe.

QUALEN
Where's the helicopter?

HAL
What the hell's going on?

Qualen motions to Delmar who viciously backhands Hal.

QUALEN
That was the first and last question-- now only answers. Where's the chopper?

GABE
It can't fly in this weather.

QUALEN
(to Travers)
This is where your background in police work comes in handy--ask the questions, Travers.

TRAVERS
Don't use my name!

QUALEN
(hard)
Ask the questions.

TRAVERS
You're both with the mountain rescue team?

HAL

Yeah...

TRAVERS

Anyone else following?

Hal shakes his head "no."

TRAVERS

What's your names?

HAL

(Hal looks at Gabe, who
nods)

Tucker and Walker.

TRAVERS

Tucker and Walker, we've lost
three bags.

QUALEN

You know how the airlines are.

GABE

Bags?

QUALEN

Suits, underwear, 100 million
dollars...the usual stuff.
Travers was smart enough to bring
along a tracking device. Step
into my office.

Gabe and Hal stand there defiantly.

Delmar grabs Hal and heaves him forward.

DELMAR

(to Gabe)

You too.

INT. COCKPIT - DAY

Tight on a map spread out on the plane's wrecked instrument
panel.

We see Travers keying a set-up of numbers into his portable
monitor. The monitor lights up with a pattern of frequency
beacons.

QUALEN

Where's the third one, Travers?

TRAVERS

(to Gabe)

There, what's that place?

Gabe looks at the monitor, then the map, and he glances at Hal.

GABE

Looks like the Tower. It's a bad climb.

QUALEN

A bad climb, no, just another challenge. What's life without 'em, right, Agent Travers.

TRAVERS

Get off my back, Qualen!

QUALEN

(smoothly)

I haven't even got on it yet.

(to Gabe)

Let's go, time to fetch.

EXT. MOUNTAIN WALL - WIDE SHOT - DAY - HAL AND GABE

have led the gang further up the wall, using pitons and carabiner clips to create a guide rope. It's still just a matter of climbing relatively easy ascending ledges. The howling wind continues to blow snow all around them.

QUALEN

(yells from behind)

The faster you find the bags, the bigger your boys' finder's fee will be.

HAL

(to Gabe)

Right, all the bullets we can eat.

THE WALL

The climbers have reached an easier section of the wall. The

ledge is now two feet wide. Travers takes out the tracer monitor; it shows the first case is just above them.

Travers and Gabe look up through the driving snow.

Qualen has Hal's walkie-talkie in his hand. He monitors Jessie's message.

JESSIE

(V.O.)

Hal, come in, please.

Qualen turns off the radio.

QUALEN

Sounds cute.

A CREST

juts out of the wall a hundred plus feet above their position. As the rest of the wall above is completely sheer, the case must have landed on top of a ledge. But this isn't easily accessible. WE MOVE DOWN from the crest to see there are only the smallest of handholds and those are slick with ice, making climbing almost impossible. Tons of snow and ice are suspended precariously on top of the mountain.

ON THE LEDGE

Delmar holds his gun on Gabe, as Hal helps Gabe put on his crampons.

HAL

Watch yourself under that overhang.

(Gabe eyes him)

It could go anytime.

Gabe eyes the ledge and gets his meaning.

QUALEN

Go on, fetch.

GABE

I need my bolt gun and an ice axe.

TRAVERS

Don't give him anything.

QUALEN

We agree on something. And for insurance, take his coat.

HAL
He'll freeze.

QUALEN
Ryan, get a rope, I want the man on a leash, too.

Gabe looks up, this is going to be tough, even for him.

HAL
Forget me. If you can, get away.

GABE
Would you?

Hal looks at him for a beat, emotionally torn.

Gabe moves away.

HIGH ANGLE - GABE

moves up the wall with some ease at first. There are small handholds, and decent footholds, but twenty feet up, there's nothing. To keep going, Gabe has to wedge his fingers into small cracks, supporting his weight only by several fingerholds at any given moment.

ON THE LEDGE - TRAVERS AND QUALEN WITH RYAN

who holds the rope fastened to Gabe's ankle.

GABE ON THE WALL - CLOSE

He's moving up a sheer face. He has hit a section that barely has any edges for him to insert his fingers. He pauses and removes his necklace.

CUT TO - QUALEN AND HAL

QUALEN
What's he doing?

HAL
The best he can since you gave him nothing.

CUT TO - GABE

He takes the charm, which is really a miniature ice axe, and

inserts it into a crack. Then wrapping the necklace around his gloved hand, he pulls himself up with one hand to a secure handhold.

Gabe keeps this hold with one hand and slides the other up, hammering into a crack wedged with ice. Some of the ice chips whistle past and down. Finally, Gabe gropes one hand over the edge and pulls himself onto

THE CREST.

Exhausted, Gabe slumps prone across the top. He sees a case wedged in a crack.

He goes to it.

It's battered from the fall, but still holding together. Gabe manages to force open the trashed locks, he looks inside the case, and fingers a band of \$1000's.

GABE

Jesus.

ON THE LEDGE - TRAVERS AND QUALEN

look up. They can see Gabe has made it, but they can't see him or the case.

TRAVERS

I don't trust him.

QUALEN

Kill him when he gets down.

Hal overhears the last statement and bolts forward screaming up toward Gabe.

HAL

Don't come down, they're gonna
kill you! Don't come down!

Delmar rams Hal with his forearm against the back of Hal's neck, levelling him.

TRAVERS

(shouting)

Pull the rope! Pull it!

ON THE CREST - GABE

Gabe is painfully being jerked onto his side and pulled to the edge by the frayed rope that is still fastened around his ankle.

ON THE LEDGE Travers and Qualen

TRAVERS

Pull, goddamn it!!

Gabe frantically claws at the ground as he desperately tries to sever the rope. Nearly at the edge, he manages to brace one foot against a rock as he wildly slashes at the rope with his crampon.

The rope being pulled by Ryan and Kynette suddenly snaps down on the men.

ON THE CREST

With the case, Gabe scrambles up the wall, towards the girder of ice, From Travers' and Qualen's point of view, Gabe can hardly be seen. Since the mountain bulges out as it goes up, Gabe's got a slight edge of cover.

TRAVERS

(shouts to Heldon)

Shoot! What the hell are you waiting for?

Heldon runs along the lower edge, FIRING up at

GABE

who has to flatten against the upper ledge. Bullets howl past twenty per second, SPARKING against the lip of the rock. The bullets chisel away at the ice above him. Gabe looks ominously at the frozen overhang.

QUALEN

(holds a gun to Hal's head)

Bring down the money or your friend's dead!

TRAVERS

We can't and he knows it.

Frustrated, Qualen shoves Hal aside.

QUALEN

Get him!!

HELDON

Sees Gabe's cover is gone. Heldon's ledge is getting wider. Heldon moves out to the ledge and continues to fire into the ice.

THE ICE AND SNOW

emits a roar as it gives away, dropping an avalanche of White Death.

GABE

drops the case and hugs the wall.

THE AVALANCHE - WIDE VIEW ON THE MOUNTAIN

Only now can we see how much snow and ice has been penned up on the mountain top--tons of frozen fury sweeps down the mountainside. It SHATTERS the case against the wall easily sweeping a SCREAMING Heldon off the ledge.

TRAVERS, QUALEN AND HAL

are safe at their vantage, but stunned at the sight of the avalanche. Heldon's machine gun FIRES uselessly as he's swallowed in an explosion of white and a flurry of green as the bills scatter amid the snow.

TRAVERS

stares at thirty plus million dollars worth of snow settling far below.

Qualen grabs Hal by the throat.

QUALEN

Your friend just had the most expensive funeral in history. Now it's all you...

JESSIE

(V.O.)

Come in, Rescue Unit, over.
Rescue Unit, what's going on Hal?

Qualen presses his gun to Hal's temple.

QUALEN

Talk. No tricks, no codes, no

messages. You haven't found us.
It was a fake call.

HAL

(keys it)

Jessie, I reached the top of the
Tower. So far, no sign of
anyone. Looks like a phoney
call. Over.

INT. RANGER STATION

Jessie looks at Frank. It is still pouring down rain.

JESSIE

You gotta be kidding me! Do you
want me to fly up after you?
Over.

HAL

(O.S.)

Negative. The winds are too
high. I'm going to ride out the
storm here. I'll take shelter in
the Douglas Exhibition Shaft.
Over and out.

CUT TO:

TRAVERS

(pulls away the radio)

Have her come up.

HAL

The down drafts would wipe her
out. It's the only chopper. If
it goes, you got no ride out.

QUALEN

Let's go to the next case.

Delmar shoves Hal forward and the group moves out.

THE UPPER CREST

where Gabe was. Nothing is stirring. Then there is movement
ten feet from where Gabe was hugging the wall.

It's a crevice in the mountain, about two feet wide. A climber

would call this a "chimney", and it's packed with ice and snow. It's also packed with

GABE.

His hand appears through the snow and he digs himself out, gasping and coughing. Coated with snow, he leans against the wall. Alive.

RANGER STATION - DAY

Jessie looks out as the rain splatters against the window. The station's windspeed gauge is flying around so fast it looks like it might take off.

JESSIE

(to Frank)

He said the Tower, but he's on Comb Bluff? Frank, fly me to the west valley, the winds are never too bad there and it's only a half hour climb to the Douglas Shaft.

FRANK

I don't know.

JESSIE

If I don't meet up with them, you can come and pick me up by nightfall.

FRANK

Hal will have my head for this.

Jessie starts for the door.

JESSIE

And it's such a handsome head. Please Frank, and I swear I'll buy one of your paintings.

FRANK

(follows)

I admit, I can be bought.

EXT. MOUNTAIN - WOODED AREA

Travers, Qualen, Hal and gang are crossing a small river in the

whipping snow.

Hal checks the monitor. The next blip is above, almost straight up. Hal motions to the wooded area ahead.

HAL

On top of the peak.

TRAVERS

(suspicious)

It looks like a winding route.

QUALEN

Mr. Travers is not the athletic type, he needs something more direct.

HAL

The only faster way up is the East Face and it's smooth as glass. Maybe a dozen guys in the world could do it in good weather, only a psycho would try it in a storm.

CLOSE SHOT - GABE'S FACE

is torn with pain. He's making the toughest climb of his life, besides nearly being frozen to death in the snow storm.

WE PULL BACK and REVEAL a WALL that is as wide as it is high, five thousand feet by five thousand feet, narrowing to a domed peak at the summit. Worse, it's checkered with ice. Visible on the massive wall is a small dot, moving two-thirds of the way up.

Gabe holds himself steady with one hand, gets a foothold, and lunges in a 'dyno' movement to another set of handholds and swiftly continues on his way up.

EXT. CHOPPER - DAY

We see the chopper being buffeted by winds as it hovers over a flat area in the west valley. Jessie is being lowered by a winch. She reaches the ground and disconnects the harness, waving she's okay.

CUT TO - FRANK IN CHOPPER

FRANK
Jessie, Jessie, copy?

INTERCUT:

JESSIE
I copy.

FRANK
Jessie, girl this is insane.
Weather stat called in wind gusts
up to 50 knots for tonight.

JESSIE
If you can't make it back, I'll
hold up at the Douglas Shaft.
Stop worryin'. You sound like a
mother hen.

FRANK
Rooster! Forget the hen stuff.
Be safe, honey. Over.

Frank banks the chopper out of there.

EXT. EAST FACE WIDE SHOT - DAY

The sheer wall of the East Face rises, seemingly forever into the sky above.

Gabe is clearly exhausted and freezing. The wind and snow threaten to throw him off the wall, but he forces himself on. He is climbing up a huge, frozen waterfall.

GABE
(teeth chattering)
A steam bath...
(pulls himself up)
A steam bath, a bottle of Remy
Martin...keep going...

He climbs higher into a "chandelier" of hanging icicles. It's an incredible formation, part of a

FROZEN GLACIER OVERHANG

a sheer overhang of ice, curling over the top of the East Face waterfall.

Gabe climbs past the icicles up a sheet of pure ice.

GABE

A steam bath with a bottle of
Remy Martin, and a fire--now
what?

He slows to a stop, and the ice overhang curves out, away. Gabe sticks his gloved hand into a stream of water. He reaches out and grabs a huge icicle with his wet fist. The glove freezes there instantly.

GABE

A steak soaked in Remy cooking
over a steam bath on fire!

Gabe wets the other glove, hauls himself up and goes for a second handhold. The next glove freezes on another icicle. Suddenly his feet slip off the wall and Gabe is left dangling with a glove frozen into place. He tries to pull away to grab a higher handhold but his hand slips out of the glove.

Gabe clings one-handed to the overhang, his face showing real terror. His body swings wildly, held only by one gloved hand, frozen overhead. His legs kick out to find some support, smashing into HUGE ICICLES. They break off and fall away. His naked hand stretches for the glove but can't reach it. Gabe swings his spiked boot up to try for a "heel hold". His foot smashes into the snowy ice atop the serac and holds! Stabilized, he snatches the frozen glove from the icicle and hauls himself up, over the lip, in the world's toughest sit-up!

GABE'S POV THROUGH THE DRIVING SNOW

A small shack with a sign commemorating the "Douglas Mine Shaft 1933".

INT. DOUGLAS SHAFT - DAY

Just a "point of interest" for tourists who have hiked up this far, housing a mini-museum.

A pair of thundering kicks at the door and the lock shatters. The light of day knifes into the otherwise dark, windowless room comprised of old planks of knotted pine.

THE GORDON DOUGLAS DISPLAY

has black and white photos of the square-jawed 1930's climber

with his expedition. More important is what's beneath it. Douglas' original climbing equipment: a coil of rope, some pitons, a hat, a cloth backpack, small binoculars, a parka, and other odds and ends.

Trembling badly, Gabe grabs a pick axe off the wall and prepares to smash the glass. He hears movement in the shaft area, an opening not more than ten feet away. Dust floats in the strip of light that is emitted from the door. Gabe's eyes tighten like an enraged animal.

SHAFT

From inside the shaft's entrance, Gabe's figure stealthily approaches, the ice axe raised high, ready for the kill. He moves into the darkness. Something tries to bolt away and he lunges at it, furiously slamming the person against the wall. A radio falls from the person and lets out a static death groan as it shatters to the bottom of the shaft. Gabe's axe is poised for the fatal blow.

JESSIE

No!!

Gabe pulls her forward into what little light there is and stares into her terrified countenance.

JESSIE

Gabe!?

GABE

(crazed)

What are you doing here!?

JESSIE

(hyperventilating)

Looking for Hal. Oh my God, I heard someone kick the door open...you came back.

GABE

How'd you get up here?

JESSIE

Frank dropped me in the west valley and I hiked. You look frozen. What's happening?!

GABE

You got to go back now!

JESSIE

Where's Hal, what's going on?

Gabe heads to the display case.

GABE

The distress call was a fake. It was a downed plane full of thieves.

He shatters the three display cases and starts to remove the old clothing, flares, gloves etc.

GABE

Before it crashed, they dumped three cases filled with millions. They're using Hal for a bird dog. Once they find the money, Hal's dead. So get on your radio, contact Frank, have him pick you up, then contact the state police, the park police and anything else wearing a badge and tell them to get up here! Do it Jessie.

JESSIE

I can't. The radio's at the bottom of the shaft. But Frank'll be looking for me soon. When he gets here I'll contact everybody from the chopper.

GABE

That's no good. It'll be dark soon, there's no other shelter for ten miles. If they show, they'll take you too. Why'd you have to come up here?!

JESSIE

For the same reason you did, to help.

GABE

Yeah, let's go.

They exit.

EXT. CHOPPER PAD. DAY

Frank is standing beside the helicopter trying to raise Jessie on the radio. Wind and rain whip against the chopper.

FRANK
Jessie! Jessie! Come in. I
can't take off.

There is no response.

EXT. THE TRAIL - SUNSET

Hal is leading Qualen, Travers and the others upward. This is a comparatively difficult route. The wind makes it even harder but fortunately the snow has stopped. The sun goes down beyond a facing, taller mountain.

QUALEN
(eyes Travers)
Man against nature, right
Travers.

TRAVERS
What about it?

QUALEN
Down there you buy a life, up
here you earn it or die. How's
your health?

Travers takes out the tracer and pushes to the head of the group.

TRAVERS
It's close, just up there.

EXT. ELSEWHERE ON THE SUMMIT - NIGHT - GABE AND JESSIE

spot a crater of snow and rush to it.

GABE
There it is. C'mon.

Even though the case is covered by snow, the tracer's blinking red light is visible. Gabe and Jessie dig it out.

GABE
Let's be creative.

JESSIE

Excuse me?

NEARBY ON THE SUMMIT - TRAVERS

glances at the tracer monitor, which shows the case is nearby.

TRAVERS

This way.

QUALEN

Then go fetch.

Qualen shines a light. All of them push through the trees.

TRAVERS

is excited now. He can't even wait for Qualen's flashlight, he races through the trees, dividing his attention between his surroundings and

THE MONITOR

which shows he's practically on top of the case. Finally

TRAVERS

can see the blinking of the red tracer light ahead through the branches.

TRAVERS

(calling behind)

Over here!

Travers shoves his way through the branches, and heads for the light, but something's wrong. Qualen comes up behind Travers and shines the light on:

A SNOWMAN

hastily constructed, stands with a five-pebble smile, as well as Douglas' cap. The tracer, still blinking, is its nose. The case is propped up against it. Travers runs to the case and opens it: empty...written on a \$1000 bill is "Wanna trade?"

TRAVERS

(incredulous)

He's alive!

QUALEN

(to the others)
He can't be far away. Find him.
Go!

Qualen, Kynette, Delmar and Kristel fan out, each with a flashlight and a gun. Ryan straps on the nightfinder goggles.

RANGER STATION - NIGHT

Frank works the microphone.

JESSIE
Jessie, come in Jessie! Damn,
somebody pick up.

ELSEWHERE ON THE SUMMIT - GABE AND JESSIE

watch the chaos from an elevated vantage point. They can see the flashlight beams, all headed in the wrong direction.

GABE
They've got to find shelter soon,
and so do we. How are you
holding up?

JESSIE
You know me, I'm a night person.

Gabe doesn't see:

RYAN - "NIGHTFINDER" POV

with these goggles, light is amplified a thousandfold. Even starlight is enough for Ryan to run easily through the thick woods, and he's going in the right direction.

GABE AND JESSIE

begin climbing down to level ground so they can circle close to where Travers is holding Hal.

"NIGHTFINDER" POV - RYAN

looks up, and sees Gabe and Jessie climbing down the small rock, fifty yards distant. Ryan smiles, looking macabre under the goggles, and opens fire.

GABE AND JESSIE

react as the bullets impact inches over their heads. They jump the last ten feet and are running even as they hit the ground. More bullets hit where Gabe and Jessie were a split second ago.

Ryan chases them, easily manoeuvring through the trees.

ELSEWHERE ON THE SUMMIT

Kristel, Qualen, Delmar and Kynette, having heard the gunshots, turn and run toward them. Travers smiles at Hal's fearful reaction.

RYAN

is closing the gap, Gabe and Jessie's bright forms just ahead. They burst out of the trees and find all that's beneath them is

GABE AND JESSIE'S POV

A sudden, sloping plunge down a field of ice. No escape here. Anything that goes down this slide is going all the way to the ground far below.

A fresh burst of bullets forces them to dive behind a boulder, the sole source of cover.

GABE

This way.

RYAN

emerges from the woods. He can see there is nowhere for them to have gone except behind the boulder. He walks toward it as if he had all the time in the world.

GABE

Give me a flare!

Jessie fumbles in her backpack and pulls out a flare.

GABE

Take off and meet me at Eagle Cave.

JESSIE

What about you?

GABE

Don't worry about me, just go.

Gabe ignites the flare and heaves it over the boulder at Ryan.

RYAN - "NIGHTFINDER" POV - THE FLARE

arcs over the boulder to fully ignite, turning everything into an agonizing flash of white.

RYAN

SCREAMS, blinded as he tries to rip the goggles off.

GABE

Go!

Jessie takes off.

Gabe bolts out from behind the boulder and rushes him. Ryan shoots blind, fanning out in a semi-circle as he gets the goggles off.

Gabe charges straight for Ryan, just getting to him before the machine gun's field of fire can intersect his path. He tackles him.

The machine gun CLATTERS away, landing on the edge of the ice, just out of reach. Ryan recovers from the blinding flash, pulls an ice axe out of a pack sheath and swings it at Gabe. Gabe rolls away and gets to the machine gun, grabbing it--but Ryan dives for Gabe, slamming into him--the force of it knocks the machine gun loose--it skips down the ice slope. The momentum of Ryan's hit also carries both Gabe and Ryan over the edge, onto--

THE ICE SLOPE

Gabe and Ryan both start sliding down, Gabe face first on his stomach, Ryan on Gabe's back. Both are in immediate agony, because

GABE'S POV - THE ICE FIELD

The edge and a 5,000 foot drop are a hundred yards away.

GABE AND RYAN SLIDING

Gabe flails as the ice gashes him from underneath. He manages to flip over on top of Ryan and ride him down like a bobsled.

Gabe frantically reaches behind to get the ice axe, trailing from a wrist strap, but Ryan's arm is thrashing away, threatening to toss off the axe.

ON SUMMIT

Hal, Qualen, Travers, Kristel, Delmar and Kynette arrive at the lip. Qualen snatches up the nightfinder goggles and sees...

QUALEN'S "NIGHTFINDER" POV

Gabe and Ryan accelerating, have almost reached the edge. Gabe grabs the ice axe, ripping it off Ryan's wrist just as they reach the precipice edge. Gabe swings it toward the ice with everything he's got. The axe's scythe-like blade catches on the ice, right at the lip of the precipice. Gabe is wrenched to a painful halt, suspended over the drop, as Ryan shoots over the edge. Gabe unhooks the axe and climbs down to a narrow ledge and disappears into the darkness.

HAL, QUALEN, KRISTEL, KYNETTE, DELMAR AND TRAVERS

Qualen shines his flashlight below, illuminating the long, frozen streak of blood on the ice.

KYNETTE

That's it, man! Fuck the money and fuck you if you wanna keep looking for it. I wasn't born to die on no motherfucking mountain!

KRISTEL

We have to keep going!

QUALEN

(to Kynette)

She's more a man than you are.

(to Hal)

Find us some shelter.

(back to Kynette)

You can come with us or you can go and freeze to death.

Delmar shoves Hal forward and they disappear into the darkness. Kynette follows.

EXT. TENT - NIGHT

The winds howl against the green nylon portable tent.

INT. TENT - NIGHT

Brett and Evan sit inside eating candy bars.

EVAN

"It's a perfect day for a monster jump." Hey man, can you like do me a favor?

BRETT

What?

EVAN

Next time you're like watching MTV, y' know, like flip it to the weather channel for a split second and check it out. I mean, hey, we could be home watching some righteous pornos.

BRETT

That woulda been cool.

EVAN

Exactly, cheesehead, exactly.

INT. DOUGLAS SHAFT EXHIBIT

Qualen, Travers, Kynette, Delmar and Kristel follow Hal into the cabin. Their flashlights streak through the gloom.

QUALEN

We'll stay here until sunrise.

(to Hal)

You, start a fire.

Travers stands at the shattered glass display cases.

TRAVERS

(to Hal)

He was here. What was in there?

No response.

Delmar gives Hal a nudge in the kidneys.

DELMAR
Answer the man.

HAL
Nothing, just tourist souvenirs.

QUALEN
Souvenirs? No, wrong answer.
Looks like your friend plans on
hanging around, that possible?

HAL
No, he's gone.

QUALEN
No, he's close, and he's using
our money to keep you alive.
Nobody's worth that much on the
open market.
(to Kristel)
Except you, the loyal one.
(to Hal)
Didn't I tell you to warm the
place up?

INT. THE CAVE - CLOSE ON GABE AND JESSIE

We can see from the flickering shadows that a small fire is now
burning in the cave. We pull back to see

THE FIRE

which is built out of bundles of \$1000 bills. It's safe to say
that something like \$500,000 is going up in smoke. Gabe takes
a fresh bundle of notes and tosses them on the flames.

GABE
Man, it costs a fortune to heat
this place.

JESSIE
I'm glad you find humor in this.
(gestures at the money)
Do you know what people would do
for that?

GABE
I can't believe you just said
that.

JESSIE

Neither can I. What do you think they're doing now?

GABE

Making things real rough for Hal.

Jessie looks at the necklace around Gabe's neck.

JESSIE

You still wear the cable necklace I gave you.

GABE

(nods)

Call me sentimental.

JESSIE

Remember the first time we came up here?

GABE

Of course I do.

JESSIE

It was great.

GABE

You attacked me.

JESSIE

Can you think of something more romantic than attacked?

GABE

Only kidding...actually I attacked you.

JESSIE

No, actually it was more like mutual attacking.

They laugh wearily.

JESSIE

Why can't things stay the way they are...everything has to change. What we had was perfect.

GABE

I don't know. Here, lay down and

get some rest. We're going to
need it.

Gabe lays back and Jessie slides up next to him.

JESSIE
Gabe...your arm?

GABE
Yeah?

JESSIE
If you're not using your arm, can
I borrow it?

GABE
(smiles)
Sure, just give it back when
you're done.

Jessie curls into his arms as the fire's dying flames dance
delicately across their open and thoughtful expressions.

EXT. WIDE MOUNTAIN VIEW - DAWN

The first rays of sun poke through the mountains. The storm
seems to be letting up.

INT. RANGER STATION - DAWN

Frank is slumped over the radio. He obviously hasn't slept.
His attention is fixed out the window, on the windspeed gauge:
the winds are slowing.

FRANK
Gabe, Hal, Jessie...do you read!
Again, do you read. Come in!
What the hell's going on up
there?

EXT. WOODED AREA - DAY

Travers turns down the volume button.

QUALEN
Jessie? Looks like your friend
found company.

TRAVERS

We're down to a few hours before
the whole world shows up here.

(to Hal)

Where's the next one?

HAL

It's up there, on the Tower.

QUALEN

How far?

Travers grabs his hair.

TRAVERS

He asked you, how far?! I think
you've been taking the scenic
route. How far from here?

HAL

Half a day.

HAL'S POV - ON BRETT AND EVAN

ahead in the trees and rocks.

BRETT

Hey, Hal...it's Hal. Hey, man,
you jammed up here, too?

QUALEN

Walk over.

HAL

For Christ's sake, they're kids.

QUALEN

We're not animals, but don't
force us to be. Walk over.

Hal stiffly moves forward.

EVAN

Check it out. Was that storm a
severe bummer or what? We were
in tent city last night.

HAL

(dryly)

Yeah.

BRETT

We're gonna take one more jump
and split. Hal, you babysitting
lost hikers? What's up?

Evan and Brett start to move toward the group.

HAL

Run!

BRETT

What?

HAL

Run, goddamn it!

DELMAR pulls out his gun and Brett and Evan, shocked, take off running.

Brett gets ten yards before Delmar mows him down with his machine gun, riddling the kid with at least thirty rounds at close range.

HAL

You son of a bitch! You said you
wouldn't kill him!

QUALEN

Sue me.

Hal goes to attack Qualen with a flailing fist.

Kristel clubs him with a pistol. An enraged Delmar kicks him savagely in the mid-section.

Evan runs with Kynette and Travers in pursuit.

BELOW ON THE WALLSIDE

Gabe and Jessie, moving along the rock wall, react to the sound of the gun-fire, then move on. The wall is relatively sheer, but there are shelves cut in that make progress easier.

IN THE WOODS - EVAN

runs like his ass is on fire with Kynette and Travers still in pursuit.

He tries to pull on his parachute and run at the same time. It's not easy, but he succeeds in closing the first of the three buckles. He continues running and weaving through the trees. He sees the edge just ahead, and puts on an extra burst of speed.

THE SPUR

is a rock formation that juts off like a diving board. Evan runs like hell down it.

TRAVERS AND KYNETTE

emerge from out of the trees. They see Evan launching himself off the edge.

GABE AND JESSIE

are several hundred feet below.

GABE

Don't pull it.

ON THE SPUR EDGE - TRAVERS

Tries to grab the rifle from Kynette.

TRAVERS

Shoot him.

Kynette tries to hit the falling target but misses.

EVAN

is falling, nearly two thousand feet.

GABE - WATCHING

GABE

A little more. Now!

EVAN

pulls the D-ring. The parachute billows open, inflating.

KYNETTE

sights down the rifle.

TRAVERS

Hit him! You're letting him get
away!

In a startling smooth movement, Travers rips the gun from Kynette's grip and fires almost simultaneously.

CLOSE ON THE PARACHUTE

Bullet holes pierce the canopy.

EVAN

Exhilaration turns to panic as a bullet lodges in Evan's upper back.

GABE AND JESSIE ON THE LEDGE

are powerless to do anything but watch.

JESSIE

Oh, God.

EVAN

struggles to maintain consciousness and control.

JESSIE

turns away. She can't watch any more.

EVAN

lands hard and collapses.

KYNETTE AND TRAVERS

Don't see Gabe or Jessie.

Hal is led over to the Spur with the other gang members behind him.

QUALEN

Good, Travers. It might catch on, like shooting skeet.

TRAVERS

You dumb bastard, you waited too long. If he made it back, this place would have been covered with police in a few hours. The way we're moving, it's going to be anyway.

HAL

Murdering, motherfucker...

QUALEN

Kill a few people, they call you a murderer. When you kill millions, you're called a conqueror. Go figure. Move on Tucker, time is short.

ON THE LEDGE BELOW - CLOSE ON GABE

who is still shaking with fury.

He watches Hal and the gang being led away.

GABE

Can you keep going?

Jessie nods "yes" and they move out.

EXT. MOUNTAIN - ARIEL SHOT - DAY

Hal leads the gang through a buttress, a large, boulder formation that lies between the mountain they've just come from, and the nearest mountain to it, the Tower.

Hal and the rest of the expedition are totally exposed as they climb in single file up to the top. The incline is angled so that the climb amounts to an uphill run on all fours.

CLOSER ON HAL AND GANG

Hal leads the gang forward and keeps casting anxious glances back at them, and beyond them.

QUALEN

Forget it. Your friend's smart,
not invisible.

Qualen is right. There's absolutely no way Gabe can come up behind them without being seen.

LOWER DOWN ON BLUFF

where the bluff meets a tree-lined plain. Gabe and Jessie in hiding, watch Hal and the others go up. They know they can't follow them without being seen.

GABE

He's taking them the long way
around.

Moving closer to the bluff's base, Gabe and Jessie shove through a screen of brush to the beginning of

THE CRACK.

A crevice runs the entire length and breadth of the bluff. Gabe pulls out his ancient binoculars and scans the crack.

GABE'S POV - THE CRACK

Picture a mine shaft designed by a madman. The crack moves upward, then erratically to the side, then straight up again. The width of the crack is uneven, ranging from six inches to six feet. And that's just how it looks on the outside.

Gabe turns the binoculars to the inside of the crack. It looks as if the crack goes all the way through the bluff. On this route, Gabe can tunnel the mountain instead of going up the side.

GABE

We have to get through to the
other side. You up for it?

JESSIE

I've gone this far, and right now
I think I'm in better shape than
you.

GABE

A simple yes or no would have
done.

JESSIE
Want me to lead?

GABE
Cute.

EXT. TOP OF THE BLUFF - DAY

A vista. From this point you can see everything else in the mountain range. The only thing that's taller is the Tower.

Between the two mountains lies a drop of a mere four thousand feet.

QUALEN
You said there was a way across.

HAL
There is.

TRAVERS
Then where the fuck is!

HAL
There. You blind?

Travers tenses, then turns to where the sides of the two mountains converge. At one point, they're only about fifteen feet apart. It's here that a rope and timber bridge spans the drop.

TRAVERS
This is insane. The hell with the money. You radio in for that chopper, understand!

QUALEN
Hey, you dealt us this hand, we're playing it all the way. Move.

INT. THE CRACK - CLOSE ON GABE'S FACE

Gabe is holding a flashlight while sweating and straining in the dark. The light reveals there's about two inches of clearance between his chest and the rock, and about the same between his back and the rock.

GABE

Nice view, huh?

JESSIE
Breathtaking.

There is no light inside, not even above, because the crack doesn't go straight, it zig-zags up. Gabe and Jessie are well within the mountain rock. Nothing could be closer to being buried alive.

Gabe and Jessie snake through a spot where the crack goes straight up. Gabe aims Jessie's flashlight upwards.

GABE'S POV

scores of bats hang on the wall, surrounding them, up and down, left and right.

JESSIE'S FACE

is somewhere between nausea and the realization that she's made a big mistake.

JESSIE
I really didn't need to see that.

Gabe cuts the light and slithers up through the dark.

EXT. RESCUE HELICOPTER - DAY

Frank is flying low and fast, over treetops and snow, nothing but empty wilderness. A BUZZER goes off. Frank looks at an infra-red screen mounted on the dash. The indicator reads there is a body below.

Frank sends the copter into a tight roll, bringing it over a clearing.

EXT. WOODS

The copter is down, rotors still turning as Frank runs into a wooded area. Wolves are circling Evan's barely conscious body. Frank pulls out his pistol and fires several shots. The wolves flee.

FRANK
Go on -- get lost! Go on!!

TIGHT ON FRANK

as he looks at Evan who is barely hanging on to his life. He rolls the young man over and sees the bullet wound.

Evan moans.

FRANK

(nearly breathless)

Hell, you've been shot. Hang on
boy, hang on...

He starts to lift the boy's body.

INT. BLUFF CRACK - DAY

Gabe and Jessie have a quick climbing rhythm now.

The passage starts to thin out. They grope up. The passage narrows to the point that they can't get through it.

GABE

What was God thinking when he
built this place?

JESSIE

If we don't get out of here soon
we can ask him in person.

Gabe looks up to see if the crack has gotten wider. It hasn't.

GABE

Keep going this way.

The light aims up, no opening larger than a mail slot. Still moving to the side, he gets the opening he wants, but not where he wants it.

GABE

Oh, you beautiful rock...this
way.

The crack suddenly, drastically widens as he moves to the side. Since he's been bracing his back against the wall, Gabe falls out of control, twisting around, face down.

JESSIE

Gabe?!

Gabe bounces down the walls for several yards and catches himself by bracing his arms and legs against the crack. As he

brakes himself, his flashlight shoots off into space. One more foot and he would have gone soaring to his death.

JESSIE

Gabe! Are you alright?

GABE

(upside down)

No, not really. Throw down a rope.

EXT. WOODS - DAY

The copter with Evan's covered body attached to a cradle on the skid. Frank takes off, banking towards the ranger station.

EXT. BRIDGE

The bridge, narrow and dilapidated, is only wide enough for one person at a time. Hal is half way across, swaying above the massive drop, the wind whistling through the chasm.

HAL'S POV

Kristel waits on the other side of the bridge, a gun trained on him.

QUALEN

(turns to Kynette)

The other one's following. Drop back to the higher vantage point and maybe you can drop in behind and we'll have him flanked. If you get to him, I know you'll want to kill him, but get the money first. Go.

INT. BUTTRESS CRACK

Gabe is face down, arms and legs pressing against the five-foot gap of the tunnel walls. Carefully, he takes one hand off the wall, gets out his lighter with the other, and ignites it for a look.

GABE'S POV - UPWARD

Just as the crack has widened below him, it's widened above him. More important, it slants at an easy enough angle to

allow him to walk up. A rope is tied around his shoulder.

He braces himself with one leg and one arm until he has his hands on the curved edge where the crack snakes into a sideways passage.

JESSIE
Can you see light?

GABE
Up ahead.

OVERHEAD ANGLE - THE CRACK

Gabe takes a deep breath, readies himself, and shoves himself away from the wall with his arms, pushes himself into a squat against the opposite wall, hanging for a second with no support at all, then springs from that wall into the diagonal passage. Gabe lands hard but flat on the passage and starts backsliding, but he digs in with his boots and hands and starts heading up.

JESSIE
Gabe are you alright?

GABE
For the record, whenever you hear me sliding out of control, I'm never alright. When I secure the line, come on up.

CUT TO - TREASURY CHOPPER - DAY

Wright, Davis, and a local FAA Agent are airborne across the Rockies. Wright takes off his headset and turns to Davis.

WRIGHT
An FAA satellite has located a
downed aircraft.
(to pilot)
Head one hundred and ten miles
south, southwest of the park
entrance.

EXT. BUTTRESS TOP

Kynette lies flat, staring down.

KYNETTE'S POV - ON THE BUTTRESS SIDE:

No one is in sight. He hears a noise behind him and spins around. The opening to the crack is right there on the top of the mountain.

INT./EXT. MOUNTAIN CRACK

Gabe climbs out of the crack, securing the rope, and leans down to call to Jessie.

GABE

Come on up.

Jessie, tired, starts her ascent.

EXT. CRACK - DAY

Gabe is looking around the horizon, setting down his ice axe. He stares back into the crack's gloom.

Kynette looms over him, his gun aimed down. Gabe looks up, totally caught cold.

KYNETTE

(aims barrel)

Look here, the mountain man.
You're Walker, right?

GABE

Good memory. You must be great
with numbers.

KYNETTE

Your mouth's writing a check your
ass can't cash, but if ya wanna
buy some life, bring me the
money.

GABE

I burned it.

KYNETTE

(hard)

What the fuck you mean you burned
it?

GABE

Never could save a thing.

KYNETTE

Now you get burned.

JESSIE

(O.S.)

Gabe?

Gabe takes the split second that Kynette pauses when he hears Jessie's voice and dives head first into the crack. Kynette's bullets rip up the ground where Gabe was just standing.

IN THE CRACK - JESSIE'S POV

GABE

Rappel! Rappel!

Gabe is sliding head first down the rope until he manages to right himself.

CUT TO - JESSIE

She is rappeling as fast as she can.

Gabe reaches the end of the rope thirty feet down, as the vertical passage again becomes diagonal. Jessie is waiting as Kynette reaches the edge of the crack and FIRES down at Gabe and Jessie. Bullets RICOCHET all over.

Gabe throws himself over Jessie, shielding her.

GABE

Still glad I came back?!

EXT. CRACK - DAY

Kynette looks down the crack as his radio comes to life.

QUALEN

(V.O.)

Kynette, what's happening?

KYNETTE

The bastard got lucky.

QUALEN

(V.O.)

Make him unlucky!

(into microphone)

Kristel, get me the C-4.

EXT. BRIDGE - TOWER SIDE

Kristel standing with Travers, Delmar and Hal.

HAL

C-4?

DELMAR

More bang for the buck.

INT. CRACK

Kynette slides down the rope and enters the blackness of the crack. His weapon poised for action, he stalks his prey. Suddenly Gabe lunges out of the dark and attacks Kynette from the rear. The machine gun goes flying. Kynette rolls to his feet and smashes Gabe with a shattering punch.

Jessie can only look helplessly on as Kynette slashes at Gabe with a knife. The crack is getting wider. Kynette powers into Gabe with another bone shattering punch. Gabe flies back several feet managing to straddle the crack walls. Overhead are jagged stalagmites that hang like an entrance to the jaws of hell.

Kynette moves in for the kill. He swings down with the knife, the blade hissing in the gloom. Jessie pulls off her belt that comes equipped with a rather large buckle. Kynette has Gabe cornered and draws back the knife for the kill.

KYNETTE

Who's the man now?!

As he thrusts forward, Jessie's belt buckle bashes with shocking force against the side of Kynette's face. Gabe uses this split second of great fortune to lunge at Kynette and seizes his knife hand. Gabe drives home a half-dozen painful punches that force the knife loose from Kynette's hand. In one powerful moment Gabe drops down, wraps his arms firmly around Kynette and swings upwards driving a stalagmite deep into Kynette's upper back. Gabe slumps in exhaustion. He picks up Kynette's machine gun and checks the clip -- empty. He pulls his bolt gun off Kynette's back.

GABE

Let's move.

EXT. CRACK - DAY

Up above, Qualen FIRES a burst straight down into the crack. Kristel arrives with the C-4.

QUALEN
Start to rig it.

INT. CRACK

Gabe and Jessie move laterally through the crack, flattening themselves against the walls as the bullets ricochet past. The echoing sound of a radio is heard.

FRANK
(V.O.)
Jessie, Hal, come in...please
report. Over.

JESSIE
Where's the radio?

Gabe moves off in search of the radio.

FRANK
(V.O.)
Hal, Jessie...please if you hear
this, please report in. Over.

EXT. CRACK - DAY

Qualen and Kristel are still at the edge of the crack. Kristel has placed detonators on the side of the C-4 explosives.

KRISTEL
Ready.

She hands them to Qualen who bends down to place them just inside the crack.

QUALEN
Perfect. You'll make somebody a
great wife.

INT. CRACK - DAY

Gabe is near Kynette's body. He jams his hand in a crack on the rock floor.

FRANK
(V.O.)
Hal, Jessie...report in
...please!

GABE
C'mon, stretch!

He strains to reach his hand down to the unreachable radio.

GABE
One inch more!

EXT. RESCUE STATION - CHOPPER PAD

As Frank transmits from the landed chopper, an ambulance pulls away. A police car stands by.

Gabe still strains to reach the radio.

FRANK
Jessie, I don't know if you can
read this, but all hell is
heating up. We found Evan. He's
been shot, but he's alive. He's
going to the hospital right now.
Do you read? Over.

INT. CRACK

FRANK
(V.O.)
Do you copy? Over.

GABE
Damn!

Jessie stands behind.

JESSIE
No luck?

GABE
Next time, date only basketball
players.

KRISTEL
(V.O.)
Help me. Please help us.

FRANK

(V.O.)

I copy you. Where are you?
Over.

JESSIE

Oh, no!

KRISTEL

(V.O.)

I'm near a rock formation
opposite a crack in the wall.

GABE

She's a lyin' bitch!!

JESSIE

Get it!

Gabe shoves his hand so deeply into the crevice to reach the radio, his arm appears to be on the verge of ripping out of its socket.

GABE

I can't!

FRANK

(V.O.)

I think I know where you are.
Hang on.

GABE

I can't get it!!

(He pulls his arm out)

JESSIE

They'll kill him! He has no
idea!

GABE

We gotta get out and fire a
flare. It's the only chance!

They take off.

Just past their feet we see a subtle movement from Kynette.

EXT. BRIDGE - TOWER SIDE - DAY

Qualen and Kristel scramble across the rope and timber bridge to where Hal, Travers and Delmar are waiting.

QUALEN
They're still alive...

Travers uses Hal's axe to take a couple of heavy swings at the bolts which tie the bridge to the rock. Qualen grabs his arms before he can take a third swing.

QUALEN
(looking at watch)
...for another four minutes.

TOP OF CRACK

Push in on a HOLE punched in the snow along the crack's top near the edge. Shoved inside is a packet of plastique--the detonator LED races down -- 3:01 -- 3:00 -- 2:59 --

EXT. TOWER FACE - DAY

Qualen gestures toward the mountain with the radio.

TRIVERS
Is it set?

QUALEN
Primed to go off right over his head, officer.

Hal explodes! He throws himself at Qualen, grabbing for the radio.

HAL
There's a bomb right over you-- three minutes...

INT. CRACK - DAY

Gabe and Jessie turn towards the unreachable radio.

Hal is being pounded on by Delmar who rips the radio from his hand.

HAL
(V.O.)
Get out of there! Get--

CUT TO: TOWER FACE

DELMAR
Let me do the job.

QUALEN
Soon.

INT. CRACK

Gabe leads Jessie horizontally through the crack, fast and furious.

JESSIE
(pointing)
We might be able to go that way.

GABE
Forget it. If that charge goes off before we can reach it, this whole damn crevice will slam shut on us. This way.

They scramble along a single ledge as the crack narrows.

TOWER FACE

Everyone is staring at the wall. Qualen looks at his watch: the second hand sweeps around.

TRAVERS
Why the hell are we wasting time here?!

QUALEN
Insurance against him finding that last case ahead of us.

He looks at Hal who has murder in his eyes.

QUALEN
He wants to kill me. Pick a number and wait your turn.

GABE AND JESSIE ON THE WALL

Gabe takes the bolt gun from his belt and fires in a shaft of metal and rigs a carabiner.

CUT TO

Timer reading: 2:42

GABE AND JESSIE

Gabe rapidly scans the rock below. All smooth. He sees a lip ninety feet below, leading into the wall: a cave. Gabe turns back to Jessie and flips the rope off his shoulder.

GABE
Pull it apart!

JESSIE
What?

GABE
Start pulling it apart! We're climbing down on it.

JESSIE
This rope is sixty years old!

GABE
These old ropes can hold 900 lbs., each strand 300. I'm 190, you're about 135 -- it just may hold.

JESSIE
Never

GABE
Never, what?!

JESSIE
I've never weighed 135 lbs.!

GABE
Helluva time for vanity!

HELICOPTER - MOVING OVER MOUNTAINS

Frank is in the air, heading out toward the range.

TOWER FACE

Qualen smiles.

QUALEN

Here comes our limo.

Delmar grabs Hal. They all scramble out of sight.

INSERT - THE BOMB

The timer has about two minutes left -- 1:59 -- 1:58 --

GABE AND JESSIE - AT CRACK'S EDGE

They are furiously unravelling the rope.

GABE

Almost have it.

EXT. HELICOPTER - FLYING OVER THE MOUNTAINS

Frank is practically at the buttress and the facing Tower.

KRISTEL

(V.O.)

I can hear you. Hurry.

FRANK

(into radio)

I see your flare. I have visual
bearin'. I'm comin' in. Over.

GABE AND JESSIE - AT THE CRACK'S EDGE

Gabe and Jessie have unravelled the rope fiber. It's three different strands wound together. Gabe sees the chopper and shoots off a flare. The chopper flies overhead and past.

JESSIE

(frantically)

Frank! No, Frank! Frank!

GABE

(hands Jessie rope)

Jess, c'mon...

Gabe ties the rope to the carabiner.

He takes the line and lets it drop. Ninety feet of what looks like twine.

GABE

C'mon, it's the only chance.

Jessie's clearly not convinced, but there's no choice. She starts to rappel down, Gabe close behind.

INSERT - THE BOMB

is ready to blow -- 0:42 -- 0:41 --

INT. CRACK

Bloody and dying, Kynette musters all his strength and rises.

JESSIE AND GABE - RAPPELLING DOWN

have to swing over to the side about fifteen feet to get to the cave. It means a pendulum type swing that puts even more pressure on the rope. The fibers begin to fray and snap. They swing down lower, twenty feet to the cave, four thousand to the ground. Fibers snap at an alarming rate.

INSERT - THE BOMB

- 0:34 -- 0:33 --

KYNETTE

Emerges from the crack, knife in hand.

JESSIE AND GABE - RAPPELLING

They reach the end of the rope, six feet above the cave and fifteen feet away laterally.

GABE

(shouting)

Swing and drop!

They start the swing. As they get over the cave's lip, Kynette grabs the rope and cuts it. Jessie and Gabe, still clinging to the rope, fall onto the cave's narrow lip. Gabe lands, but Jessie tumbles over the edge! She loses her grip and drops.

JESSIE

Gabe!

GABE

Hold on! Hold on! Reach up!

Jessie reaches up with the other hand.

JESSIE

I can't...I can't.

Gabe's hand flashes out. He's got a tenuous grip on her forearm. Jessie swings like a pendulum over the abyss. With each swing her hand slips further down Gabe's arm, their grip slides to wrist level. Gabe's hand digs into Jessie's glove and holds.

JESSIE

Oh, God...please, oh God!

FLASHBACK - GABE'S POV

Sarah's hand slides out of her glove. He hears the exact same dialogue. She falls...her eyes still locked on...

BACK TO: GABE

GABE

Reach up! Do it!

JESSIE

Don't let me fall!

GABE

Do it, goddammit!

His left hand finds a grip on a ledge. Pulling with all her strength, Jessie starts to reach up with her free hand. He inches up to her shoulder, bicep, forearm and finally grabs her wrist.

Gabe pulls her to safety.

THE BOMB -- 0:04 -- 0:03 --

GABE AND JESSIE

throw themselves across the cave's narrow lip.

ABOVE ON THE WALL

the bomb detonates, raining debris and triggering a massive rock slide.

KYNETTE

turns. A storm of rock sweeps him to his death.

JESSIE AND GABE

as the rockslide tumbles past. Safe, for now.

JESSIE

Thanks for holding on.

GABE

(standing)

We were going together before I ever let go of you.

JESSIE

I'm holding you to that.

(pause)

Gabe, what about Frank?

GABE

I don't know. I don't know.

THE HELICOPTER - OVER THE TOWER

Frank sees Kristel in a clearing, face down in the snow, and banks down.

EXT. CLEARING

Frank, running, carrying a first aid kit, pauses at the sound of the explosion.

FRANK
What the hell?

He resumes running. He arrives at Kristel. He turns her over and breaks a capsule over her nose.

KRISTEL
Welcome.

FRANK
What's happening here?! Where's
the rest of the group?

Delmar steps out from his hiding spot.

DELMAR
Here.

FRANK
What're you doing? I came here
to help you all.

DELMAR
You did.

Delmar fires. The fusillade blasts into Frank. Delmar keeps firing. Frank staggers to the ground. Silence.

CUT TO: TOWER FACE

Hal has viewed this with Qualen's pistol to his head.

HAL
He never hurt anybody.

QUALEN
I'm touched. Kristel, check the
chopper, let's go.

Hal rises and they move off.

EXT. MOUNTAIN - GABE AND JESSIE

They are moving swiftly down a steep rock path.

GABE
Crockett River is where the last
of the money fell.

JESSIE

If we go along the northern
ridge, we can get there first.

GABE

There's no "we". There's a me.
All I have to do is make it along
the north wall to Bitker Ladder.
What you're doing is going back
down to the station to get help.
And don't put on that mad face.

JESSIE

Forget it. You're in no shape to
climb alone.
I stayed with you this far, and
you didn't drop me, so I owe you.
C'mon, let's go. Hurry up, time
is money.

GABE

"Time is money" -- please.

EXT. THE TOWER - INCLUDE RESCUE COPTER

Travers comes over, with Hal and Delmar in tow. Kristel
follows.

TRAVERS

We'll use the copter to locate
the third case and get out of
here.

KRISTEL

There's not enough fuel to search
around. Just enough to get us
down.

QUALEN

Travers, you're not running
things.

HAL

(to Travers)

When he finds the money, you're
as dead as me.

Travers glares at Qualen.

QUALEN

Give me the monitor. Now!

Travers, strangely nonchalant, hands it to Qualen.

Qualen looks to the screen, which reveals the locale of case three.

CLOSE - THE MONITOR

suddenly goes completely blank.

QUALEN

What's the code, Travers?

TRIVERS

I told you, 50,000 possible
keycode combinations, in fifteen
second intervals.

QUALEN

(roars)

Give me the fucking code!

Travers pulls a pistol from behind his back.

QUALEN

Look what you found. What was
your idea? To use the chopper to
find the money? Good idea, but
without a pilot, nobody gets off
this mountain.

Qualen grabs Kristel and pulls her in front of him as a shield.

KRISTEL

What're you doing?

QUALEN

(to Kristel)

You know what I think love is
Kristel? The mistake that one
woman thinks she is different
from all the others.

TWO SHOTS ring out.

Blood blossoms across Kristel's chest. Shock and sadness on her face.

Qualen lets go of her.

Dead, she slumps to the ground.

Revealing Qualen's smoking pistol.

QUALEN

Now, I'm the only one who can fly
us out of here. Partners again?

(low simmer)

Take your toy and get our money.

Travers, Delmar and especially Hal are shocked by Kristel's murder.

QUALEN

(to Delmar)

Radio when you find it. I'm
waiting here.

EXT. BRIDGE

Gabe and Jessie work their way up a steep slope, up to the rope and timber bridge that spans the chasm. Gabe is several paces ahead when he steps onto the bridge. A snapping sound from the bolts freezes him.

GABE

Get back!

Jessie has just stepped onto the bridge. She jumps back. The last bolt forced to take all the strain breaks free. The bridge collapses, swinging down, spilling wooden slats and debris into the chasm. The rope and timber completely unravel. Gabe jumps off the disintegrating bridge onto the

ROCK SPUR.

Jessie grabs him, steadying him.

GABE

Doesn't anything last?!

Jessie turns, looking around, as if somewhere she'll see a solution.

JESSIE

My heart can't take much more of
this. Look, if we climb down
from here, it'll take two hours
to get back to the station.

GABE

That's exactly what I want you to do.

JESSIE

What about you?

He turns around, pointing across the chasm.

GABE

What do you think? Maybe I could reach the ledge without falling. No, forget it.

JESSIE

Oh, good. For a minute I thought you'd lost your mind.

GABE

points to a series of tiny outcroppings just below where the bridge was anchored.

GABE

But maybe with a good start I can hit those hand-holds.

JESSIE

Hand-holds?! I can barely see them.

GABE

We don't have time to argue about it!

JESSIE

Are you crazy? Has the altitude shrunk your brain, Gabe?

GABE

(overriding)

Take the rope.

JESSIE

I won't do it. No way.

GABE

(overriding)

Take the rope.

JESSIE

Enough's enough. How could anybody in their right mind... then again, you never were in your right mind.

GABE

Wrap it around that rock twice.

JESSIE

I'm going to wrap it around your throat!

GABE

An' if I miss, dig in and try your best to slow the fall.

JESSIE

Forget it! I refuse!

GABE

Fine, it shouldn't bother your conscience.

JESSIE

Don't lay any guilt on me. Suicide's a personal thing, best done alone.

She turns and goes. Gabe doesn't look after her. He backs up, all of his senses are focused on the gap and the hand-holds beyond it. Push in on his face...a moment of meditation as he centers himself.

JESSIE

Please, Gabe, this is insane.

(to herself)

Please don't do this. I can't watch this. I can't.

She starts to quickly wrap the rope twice around a thin outcropped rock.

JESSIE

Y' know, you're not brave, you just have no common sense. None!

Then he's off! A few powerful strides and he leaps!

ACROSS THE GAP

Nothing but air for four thousand feet. His whole body would like a spring, the wind rushing past. His arms firing out, reaching

THE ROCK

racing to meet us. His hands stretching...stretching...his fingers touching! Sliding down the rock, gripping the handholds. Gabe, like a fly on the wall, hangs by nothing more than his fingernails.

JESSIE is determined not to turn and look. Suddenly, a scream!

JESSIE

Gabe!

She slowly turns and sees Gabe standing on the opposite ledge.

GABE

Just kidding.

JESSIE

Gabe? Wait 'til I get over there. Tie the rope so I can come across.

GABE

Can't do it. Now go back and get help!

He lets the rope fall and runs off.

JESSIE

Gabe, you bastard! Be careful!

EXT. COMB BLUFF - JET STAR CRASH SITE - DAY

What's left of the Jet Star has been located. Several dozen Treasury and FAA agents sift through the wreckage, taking photos and putting pieces into bags for analysis. Many bags. Many small bags. We move to one bag in particular. Above an FBI chopper hovers.

CLOSE ON BODY BAG

as the zipper is pulled down. Before we can see anything, we mercifully reverse POV.

WRIGHT AND DAVIS

are near a helicopter, with STUART, the overbearing FAA forensics expert.

A SEARCH PILOT zips the bag back up.

STUART

We found I.D. on the dead pilot.
He was known to be in the company
of Qualen. We have to assume
this was his jet.

WRIGHT

Unless you find additional
wreckage, we have to assume the
treasury jet was successfully
hijacked.

STUART

You assume right.

WRIGHT

Son of a bitch. Travers had to
have masterminded the whole
goddamn thing. So much for
having total faith in somebody.
Never again. Never. There's
still a chance they didn't pull
it off.
How do you explain the sudden
drop from the radar screen? I
want every able man up here until
this whole range has been turned
upside down!

DAVIS

I'm on it.

EXT. MOUNTAIN WALL - GABE MOVING ON A LEDGE

that's extremely narrow. It's got irregular breaks, causing it to go up or down several feet, and Gabe is jogging it, leaping across the ledge's gaps, leaning toward the wall and away from the four thousand foot drop.

He makes the last jump to a section of ledge near the bottom of

THE "BITKER" LADDER

A prominent sign reads "Property of the Bitker Mining Company."

The ladder consists of metal rungs woven into loose steel cable bolted into the rock, running two hundred feet to the top, something left here by a past expedition, now a tourist's toy. The bottom rung is three feet above Gabe's outstretched arms.

GABE

(coiling for jump)

Bitker you cheap bastard.
Couldn't you afford three more
feet?!

Gabe leaps up, grabbing the bottom rung instead of a half mile of air, and he shoots up the ladder as we PULL BACK.

WIDER ANGLE ON MOUNTAIN WALL

A closer look at terrain seen earlier.

As we track Gabe up the ladder, we can see a lake on top of the mountain. Constant motion keeps it from totally freezing, but it is still coated with a solid sheet of ice.

ELSEWHERE ON MOUNTAIN SLOPE - HAL

leads the others down the grade, we can see from their relative position to the lake that Gabe has a lead on them. A very slight one.

TOP OF LADDER - GABE

pulls himself over and starts running into a

ROCKY AREA

where he spots the third case. It took a tough landing on a rock. It's shattered into halves, and the bands of bank notes are scattered around in the snow.

Gabe rushes down behind a rock and starts gathering the cash. Soaked by the snow, they've nearly frozen into ice bricks. Something catches his eye. Several feet away he sees rabbit tracks leading into a very prominent rabbit hole.

EXT. FURTHER UP ON SLOPE - HAL

and the other two crest a rise. Unaccustomed to the altitude and the exercise, Travers and Delmar are fading. They stop,

catching their breath.

TRAVERS

checks the monitor. Anxiety washes across his face. The relative position shows they're...

TRAVERS

Almost there. Alright, I've got it locked in.

DELMAR

(motions to Hal)

Then you're done with him.

Delmar walks over to check the monitor.

TRAVERS

(nods)

Yes, and do it quietly. Your insane boss just made enough noise for anyone within ten miles to hear us.

Travers studies the monitor and moves away.

HAL AND DELMAR

DELMAR

(pointing at Hal)

Ready to die quiet-like, asshole.

HAL

Hey, let's get something straight.
If I'm gonna die, I'm gonna die,
but you're always gonna be the
asshole, so just shoot, alright.

DELMAR

Who's shooting?

Delmar rears back and slams his head against Hal's forehead, driving him to the ground. Delmar then kicks him in the ribs.

DELMAR

How we feelin' so far? Upset
stomach, aye?

Hal recoils from another kick and tries to rise.

DELMAR

Like soccer? Great sport! I was a bloody good striker. Here's an outside right.

(kicks)

Hal recoils in pain as Delmar breaks the bone in his lower leg. Hal howls in agony, but tries to rise.

DELMAR

Did I hear somethin' break?
Outside left!

HAL

Fuck you.

DELMAR

Cursin'. That's a penalty kick for unsportsmanlike conduct, mate.

He kicks Hal again, sending him back several feet, crashing heavily on his side. Hal tries to remove a folding climbing knife that fits in a sheath sewn into the side of his boot.

DELMAR

A lovely chip shot to the winger!
(kicks)

Hal has been kicked near the edge of a cliff. He weakly reaches for his boot knife. Again this is not noticed by Delmar, who's having a wonderfully sadistic time.

DELMAR

Winger back to striker!

Delmar kicks Hal, who is barely hanging on to consciousness.

DELMAR

He dribbles past one defender.

(kicks)

Two defenders.

(kicks)

Three defenders!

Hal lies crumpled on his side, curled in a ball of pain.

DELMAR

Striker lines up to the goal...
focuses on the ball...

Hal has barely managed to remove the knife and secretly opens it. Its serrated edge glistens like a chrome serpent in his hand.

Delmar backs up to take perfect aim at the back of Hal's head.

DELMAR

The crowd is on its feet, the League Cup Championship for this season comes down to this last kick. The striker sees an opening, draws back his foot and fires!

As Delmar's leg explodes forward, Hal spins and drives the knife into Delmar's approaching shin bone. Delmar buckles in pain, allowing Hal to reach up and snatch a pistol from the goon's waistband.

Hal fires from a prone position and catches Delmar in the mid-section, which blows the large man upright, soaring onto his back.

HAL

The season's over, asshole.

Hal struggles to his feet and removes Delmar's automatic weapon and limps away in excruciating pain.

CUT TO - TRAVERS

Travers turns, reacting to the shot and the distant sounds of Delmar screaming. He thinks the painful cries are emanating from Hal.

TRAVERS

I said quietly...shit.

Travers is looking down at the monitor. His eyes fix on the screen, following the blip that's just ahead of him. He freezes...the blip starts to move.

TRAVERS

What the hell?

Travers is now running, following the monitor's lead.

TRAVERS

It can't be.
(furious)

It can't be!

THE MONITOR

The blip changes directions, likewise, Travers.

CUT TO:

Hal has just finished tying a tourniquet around his upper leg. He hobbles off.

TRAVERS

is slogging up the hill after the blip, which now turns back toward him. Travers aims his gun and waits.

HILL TOP

A large winter rabbit sticks his head over the hillside. Travers sees the rabbit with the tracer fastened around its neck and nearly goes apoplectic. He fires at the rabbit. Bullets rip up the ledge as the animal runs away. Travers reaches for his radio.

TRAVERS
(into radio)
Come in--come in!

EXT. TOWER FACE

Qualen in the chopper.

QUALEN
You got what we need?

TRAVERS
No, that son-of-a-bitch Walker is
alive.

QUALEN
No names, this is an open line!

TRAVERS
I don't give a shit, Qualen! I
had to be insane to ever tie up
with a low-life, piece of shit
like you. They beat us. A
couple of fuckin' hick mountain

boys beat the man no law agency
ever could.

QUALEN
Get off the radio!

CUT TO - TREASURY CHOPPER - DAY

Wright is monitoring the conversation between Qualen and Travers through the headset.

WRIGHT
Jesus Christ, that's Travers.
They're alive!!
(to pilot)
Get a bead on that frequency.

CUT TO - QUALEN AT THE CHOPPER - DAY

QUALEN
Stop transmitting you stupid
bastard!

CUT TO - TRAVERS

TRAVERS
Why? I always wanted my own
radio show! What was I thinking,
I must have been crazy to think
I could get away with it. It's
hard to believe I sold out after
twenty years and this is the
payback--to rot on a mountain
with a fucking dirtbag like you.

CUT TO - QUALEN

QUALEN
You are losing your mind,
Travers!

CUT TO - TRAVERS

TRAVERS
I lost it when I met you! Gotta
go, I'm doing my last official

man hunt.

He turns, looking for some sign of Gabe. Then he sees it: footprints in the snow. He takes off.

CUT TO - TREASURY CHOPPER - DAY

WRIGHT
(to pilot)
You got a frequency bearing yet?

PILOT
Not exactly, but close.

The chopper banks wildly to the right and soars away.

CUT TO - GABE'S FEET

sink into the snow.

WIDER

As Gabe makes his way to a thickly wooded area. He has the money swung over his shoulder wrapped in a garment. Suddenly BULLETS blast behind.

TRAVERS

slides down onto the level that Gabe is running. Finding his footing, he fires again and bullets blast the bare tree branches just above Gabe's head. He quickly bursts to his feet, running for all he's worth.

A round from a second burst of gun fire rips into Gabe's shoulder. He tumbles out onto...

A SLOPE

that leads down to the frozen lake. Gabe slips on the loose rock and slides out of control, still holding the money bag.

TIMBER BRIDGE

that spans out onto the river, rising at least 20 feet above the ice. He slams into the base of it with a THUD.

EXT. MOUNTAIN TRAIL - DAY

Jessie is running down the trail for all she's worth. She hears the sound of a chopper approaching. Her expression brightens as she now runs toward the sound. What lies before her is a cliff edge that drops into an expansive valley.

JESSIE

Frank, you're beautiful!

She runs to the edge, just as the chopper rises into view like a whirling dragon from hell. The blood drains from her face as she locks eyes with the man at the controls--Qualen. He has an automatic weapon trained on her.

EXT. TIMBER BRIDGE - DAY

Travers runs onto the entrance of the bridge. Gabe is gone, but his footprints indicate he's gone out onto the bridge.

Travers cautiously follows the tracks to the end of the bridge where they stop, giving the impression that Gabe jumped onto the ice below.

He peers over the edge. The ice stretches across the river like glass, but no snow--thus no footprints.

FROM UNDER THE BRIDGE

We see Travers' head glance under. Finding nothing, he retreats.

CAMERA PANS and

picks up Gabe about twenty feet back, wedged in an "X" configuration against the underside of the bridge.

The weight from Travers knocks bits of snow and ice onto Gabe. He strains to hold himself in place.

ON THE BRIDGE

Travers steps back twenty feet, stops just above Gabe. He notices that snow is scraped off the side, obviously where Gabe crawled under.

TRAVERS

Didn't you ever play hide and
seek when you were a kid, Walker?
Rule #1, cover your tracks.

He aims his gun at the wooden planks below him.

GABE

knows it's coming. He releases his foot holds and swings, holding on by just one hand. A stream of bullets rip past him and lodge into the ice fifteen feet below.

TRAVERS

Make it easy on yourself. You stole the money, now I've got to take you in. Come out so I can read you your rights.

TRAVERS

can't tell if he hit him. He steps over to the edge, peers down and, just as he does...

GABE

reaches for a hold with his other arm, swings his legs up and does a kick maneuver, scissors his legs around Travers and tries to pull him over the edge. Travers strains with all his might, clinging to a cross rail for dear life.

The thrust from Gabe's weight pulls Travers loose from his hold, causing them both to...

EXT. ON THE ICE

crash down onto the ice. A spider web of cracks jolt from the point of impact. Gabe scrambles to his feet, sees Travers' gun about ten feet away.

As he lunges for it, Travers tackles him. The two of them crash against the ice again. This time it gives way, dropping them both into the FREEZING WATER.

EXT. UNDER WATER

Dark, eerie silence. Rays of light come through from the clear ice making it nearly impossible to identify the hole.

Gabe and Travers struggle, clawing up toward the surface, kicking...desperate. Gabe reaches for the opening, but Travers pulls him down.

EXT. ON THE ICE

Travers' head comes up, reaches for solid ice. Gabe yanks himself up on Travers' back, GASPING for air. Travers elbows him in the face.

He loses his grip and slides back under the ice.

EXT. UNDER WATER

Gabe reaches up with his arms, but the current pulls him away.

EXT. ON THE ICE

Travers drags himself onto solid ice. Breathless, he lies face down, looking...

EXT. UNDER WATER/THROUGH THE ICE

Gabe has his mouth pressed against a tiny air pocket, GASPING. He's holding on with only two fingers, just as if it were a vertical climb, but he's not going to last much longer. We can see the distorted shape of Travers staring back at him.

EXT. ON THE ICE

Travers retrieves his weapon.

EXT. UNDER WATER

Gabe loses his grip and is swept away by the slow moving current.

Travers steps above, preparing to blast him away with his weapon. Gabe sees this just before he passes beneath a cloudy patch of ice that causes Travers to momentarily lose sight of him.

Gabe still drifting, frantically claws at his bolt gun.

EXT. ON THE ICE

Travers moves over the cloudy patch of ice, awaiting the second Gabe will reappear.

Gabe's head starts to pass into view. Gabe also can now see Travers' outline.

Travers LEVELS his weapon and takes AIM.

Gabe FIRES the bolt gun. There is a solid THUD as the ice underneath Travers bulges upward.

Gabe's head emerges through the cracked ice as the bolt BURIES itself into Travers' chest.

GASPING for breath, Gabe can only manage to pull his head out of the deathly water as Travers staggers several feet away.

Gabe helplessly watches as Travers WEAVES forward. As life ebbs from his body, Travers struggles to raise the automatic weapon and aims it at Gabe's head. The weapon wavers then at the final moment of truth. It descends as Travers can no longer maintain consciousness. His weapon hangs at his side. He spasmodically pulls the trigger. Bullets rip into the ice at his feet and Travers disappears from view as if falling through a trap door.

EXT. UNDER THE WATER

Travers takes in water as the current pulls at him. He pushes his face up for an air pocket, but there isn't one.

EXT. ON THE ICE

Gabe, totally exhausted and only half out of the water stares down.

ANGLE THROUGH THE ICE

Travers is looking up at him, his gruesome, distorted face gasping for its last breath. His eyes pleading for mercy as he drifts into eternity.

EXT. ICE

Gabe, exhausted, slips back into the water and is just about totally submerged. A hand shoots into the freezing water and yanks him back to the surface.

HAL

pulls Gabe to the surface.

Gabe tries to focus on Hal.

GABE
(coughing)
Am I dead, or are you alive?

Hal hauls him out of the ice hold.

HAL
Both. You gotta get outta these
clothes, fast.

Hal opens his boot knife and with startling swiftness,
literally slices the near-frozen garments off his friend's
torso.

HAL
Thanks for staying around when
you didn't have to.

GABE
My pleasure.

Hal places his jacket over Gabe's exposed upper body and pulls
off the outer shell of his foul weather gear and starts to
frantically rub his back and legs.

HAL
Don't get the wrong idea, you're
not my type.

EXT. HELICOPTER - OVER MOUNTAINS

The machine veers between towering out-croppings.

INT. CHOPPER - DAY

Qualen is at the controls. Jessie's hands are handcuffed to a
bar fastened to the chopper's roof. Qualen keys the headset
radio.

QUALEN
Travers - come in.

EXT. SHORELINE

Gabe is sitting, wearing the garments given to him by Hal.

GABE

(still thawing)

How's your leg?
I'll live. Where'd you leave
Jessie?

GABE

Near Freedom Falls. She went for
help.

HAL

Hey, about everything that
happened with Sarah. I know you
did what you could--

QUALEN

(V.O.)

Travers--come in.

Hal reaches over and grabs the radio.

HAL

(keys the radio)

Too late, you missed him. He
decided to swim to Arizona--
underwater. Any messages?

Beat.

QUALEN

(V.O.)

Tucker?

GABE

(into mic)

Qualen, glad you stuck around.
There should be a few hundred
cops looking to meet you.

Another beat.

INTERCUT - GABE & HAL (SHORELINE) AND QUALEN (IN THE CHOPPER)

QUALEN

Tucker, you know where the money
is-- I want it.

HAL

(tired)

Qualen, go fuck yourself. The game's over--you lost.

QUALEN

(now he's had enough)
No, the goddamn game's not over!
It's never over when you're playing against a team that doesn't care if they win or lose--how do you negotiate with someone like that?!

HAL

What are you talking about?

JESSIE

(V.O.)

Gabe! Hal! They killed Frank!

TIGHT ON - Gabe reacting. He grabs the radio.

GABE

Jessie! Are you alright?

QUALEN

I want the money--meet me at the highest point from where you are. Don't do it and we're going to see if your angel here can fly. Copy?

GABE

Copy. Jessie, go to the top of Bitker ladder.

QUALEN

(V.O.)

Love's a killer, isn't it?

The radio goes dead. Hal is staring at Gabe.

HAL

What are we going to do?

GABE

Give him the money.

Gabe takes Delmar's radio from Hal.

HAL

I'm going with you.

GABE
Not on that leg.

HAL
Take the gun.

GABE
You keep it. Get up there if you
can, and if you get a chance, do
me a favor and kill him.

He starts off towards the bridge.

EXT. HELICOPTER

The chopper, with Qualen in it, blasts over the lake,
searching.

INT. HELICOPTER

Qualen scans the mountain side. He sees nothing.

QUALEN
(into the headset)
Where are you, Walker?

GABE
(V.O.)
You're getting warmer!

HELICOPTER'S POV

along the rock wall, up the side of the precipice and there
is...

GABE

standing on the end of a narrow spur that juts out from the
mountain like a diving board, holding the backpack over the
edge.

GABE
I've got your luggage! Give me
Jessie!

The helicopter flies in low, circles him, nearly blowing Gabe
over the edge with its whirlwind. Gabe dangles the money. If

Qualen shoots him, the money falls, too.

INT. HELICOPTER

Qualen hovers the chopper in front of him. He puts the gun up against Jessie's head so that Gabe can see it.

QUALEN
Throw it up or I'll kill her.

GABE
(V.O.)
You do, and the spring thaw is
going to be worth a lot of cash!

QUALEN
The money!

GABE
WHEN SHE'S SAFE!

EXT. SPUR

The chopper hovers a safe distance away from the ledge. Gabe still stands on the overhang, the pack still held out over the edge.

INT. HELICOPTER

Qualen unlocks Jessie's cuffs.

EXT. SPUR

Hovering fifteen feet above Gabe, Jessie lowers herself down on the grappling cable.

GABE
Run!

She doesn't.

JESSIE
What about you?!

GABE
RUN, DAMMIT!!

She runs for the protection of the rocks.

Gabe and Qualen stare at each other.

Qualen levels his gun at Gabe through the open passenger door.

QUALEN

Let me have it!!

Gabe hurls back the money like he was throwing an Olympic hammer above the chopper and into the blade. The sack disintegrates into a million pieces.

GABE

Don't you want to count it?

Qualen glares at Gabe and aims his weapon. Gabe ducks beneath the chopper and hooks the cable to the top rung of Bitker Ladder.

THE HELICOPTER

spins around, Gabe instantly flattens to avoid the tail swinging past him and dashes away from the cliff's edge.

Qualen wildly spins the chopper around looking for Gabe. The cable from the chopper reels out as the machine maneuvers.

CLOSE ON JESSIE

eyes widening with fear.

JESSIE

Run! Oh, my God!

Gabe, realizing he does not stand a chance in the open, reverses field and runs for all he's worth toward the cliff's edge.

THE HELICOPTER

with its skids skipping just over the ground, gains on Gabe.

GABE

as he runs toward the mountain's edge. It's just a few feet ahead, but the chopper is almost on him. As it drops lower on the verge of overtaking him, he dives off the edge, FALLING. Gabe falls the first twenty feet of the long drop, then grabs a rung of the cable ladder.

THE HELICOPTER

flies low over the precipice, flying over the valley below.

Gabe tries to frantically climb up the ladder when the cable connected to the chopper pulls taut, popping the bolts that hold the ladder in place, rung by rung.

Qualen is disoriented by the sudden jolt. The engine strains as the ladder weighs the machine down. Gabe hangs on for dear life as the bolts holding the ladder continue to rip out. One bolt explodes from the wall and crashes into the exposed upper engine of the copter. Still going, the chopper strains' against the ladder. Thirty feet of it tethers the chopper to the wall. Gabe is dangling from the center of it.

On the ladder, Gabe has one arm hooked around a rung, as the chopper thrashes the ladder up and down.

HAL appears at the top in time to witness this. He sees a frantic Jessie and hobbles to her.

INSIDE THE CHOPPER

Qualen is totally enraged.

INSERT - THE ENGINE

as sparks fly, it slowly grinds to a halt.

THE HELICOPTER

still strains against the cable ladder, but the rotor blades slow.

GABE ON LADDER

stares at the stalling rotor. If it were possible for him to grip the ladder tighter, he'd do it now.

JESSIE AND HAL

JESSIE

Oh, my God!

HAL

Climb, Gabe, climb!

ON THE HELICOPTER

As the rotor WHOPS to a dead halt, the chopper arcs down and

slams against the mountain wall sideways. The winch cable is still caught in the ladder, and it holds.

Gabe is shaken off by the massive impact. He falls, landing on the helicopter's side near the smoking propeller. As Gabe scrambles up for a solid hold,

INSERT - THE WINCH CABLE

One of the two rungs holding the chopper bursts.

THE HELICOPTER

slips, now hanging from just a single rung. Gabe is sliding off the machine but manages to angle his body and prop himself against the blade.

CHOPPER ROOF

Qualen crawls out the side, and as his head clears the doorway, he sees Gabe and fires his machine gun. Gabe ducks behind the base of the propeller as bullets rip into the side. The gun is empty and Qualen throws it aside and crawls out to challenge Gabe.

GABE

Come on--one last challenge!

They latch into a death struggle against the center of the rear flank of the chopper. Qualen tries to gouge Gabe's eyes out, but Gabe manages to break free and pounds him repeatedly against the head.

CUT TO:

Hal tries to aim his weapon, but there is no clear shot.

CUT TO - THE TREASURY CHOPPER

Wright and Davis swing into view. Wright looks through binoculars.

WRIGHT

It's Qualen! Get me down there.

CUT TO - THE LADDER

The bolt supporting the ladder, which in turn supports the chopper, is being worked loose by the ensuing battle. With

each of the men's movement the bolts slip further out.

CUT TO - TREASURY CHOPPER

The chopper drops lower and directly above Gabe and Qualen. The chopper's backwash makes the men appear as if they are battling in a hurricane.

INT./EXT. CHOPPER

Qualen manages to force Gabe's neck against the chopper's blades. Gabe manages to drop low and drive home several killer punches that now have Qualen on the verge of unconsciousness. Gabe feels a sudden snap, sharp movement of the fuselage. He realizes he has only seconds to live. Pulling himself away from Qualen, he prepares to jump.

Qualen, with his last remaining strength, grabs his legs, tackling him.

QUALEN

We go together, Walker!

Gabe tries to crawl towards the ladder. The bolt is milliseconds from snapping.

Jessie frantically yelling down.

JESSIE

Gabe! Jump!!

Qualen tightens his grip on Gabe's legs.

QUALEN

(hissingly)

You lost!

Gabe breaks a foot loose and kicks Qualen square in the head.

GABE

You fell.

Qualen slides back and tumbles into the door opening, landing awkwardly against the dashboard.

EXT. CHOPPER

At the precise moment the chopper finally breaks loose.

Gabe leaps, catching the final rung on the ladder.

THE FALL - LONG SHOT

Qualen's screams trail behind the helicopter as we follow the entire 4000 foot drop.

INT. CHOPPER

We see Qualen is flattened against the windscreen looking straight down as the ground furiously rushes forward.

EXT. CHOPPER

Gabe watches as the chopper falls nose first like an atomic bomb, finally exploding into a massive fireball on the valley floor.

INT. TREASURY CHOPPER

Wright turns to the pilot.

WRIGHT

Now that's justice. Let's get
down there.

EXT. SPUR

Gabe turns and looks back at the wall. He struggles with his remaining strength to pull himself up on one rung.

Gabe leans back, gripping the ladder, too tired to move.

Just the thought of one more climb drains him.

GABE

(mumbling)

Forget it. No way. I've had it.

Before Gabe can take this any farther, a loop tied to the end of a rope falls next to him. Gabe looks up. The same old Douglas rope that he left with Jessie.

ON THE EDGE - HAL

has thrown the line down, Jessie is by his side.

HAL

Remember, keep your arms and legs
in the vehicle at all times--

Gabe puts the loop around himself and tightens it by rote.
Even this action aches.

Hal and Jessie draw Gabe up. Gabe pulls some of his weight by
using hand and foot holds, but when he reaches

THE PRECIPICE EDGE

Hal and Jessie are both winded from the effort of hauling Gabe
onto the top. Gabe unties himself and collapses into Jessie's
lap.

HAL

(winded, coiling rope)
Jesus -- you think you could have
put a little less effort into
that climb? I thought you were
in shape.

Jessie embraces Gabe. They share the kiss of their lives.

GABE

The "old mouth to mouth"
resuscitation routine.

JESSIE

There's a lot more where that
came from. You're not leaving
again?

GABE

And miss all of this peace and
quiet? Never, right Hal?

HAL

Right.

JESSIE

Then it's a deal.

They kiss as the camera pulls away to reveal the magnificent
mountain range.

