

127 HOURS

Written by

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EXT. CROWD SCENES. VARIOUS.

A massive crowd, it could be a sports stadium, a u2 farewell show or new year's eve on copacabana beach, but whatever it is there are thousands and thousands of us. A mexican wave erupts success, celebration, with so many involved it's impossible to pick out anyone individually. Critical mass cyclists, easter crowds at st. Peter's basilica, nyc marathon, 4,000 flash mobbers doing the silent disco at london's victoria station, india's kumbh mela, macy's thanksgiving day parade, raves, subway parties, the daytona 500. . . . Gradually the screen splits into 2, and then 3, though at times there appears to be no division at all.

EXT. FREEWAY. NIGHT.

An overhead shot of a crammed freeway gives way to a single vehicle, a 98 Toyota Tacoma, red and white with a topper.

CUT TO:

INT. ARON'S TRUCK. NIGHT.

Cut inside as Aron Ralston, 27 cuts off the freeway.

TRIPTYCH.

OPENING TITLES ARE A SERIES OF TRIPTYCHS FEATURING ALL THE TITLE CARDS EXCEPT THE MAIN ONE. THEY BLEND, OVERLAP AND ARE INTERCUT WITH ADVERTS SOME FROM THE BILLBOARDS ARON'S VAN PASSES, SOME FROM TELEVISION AND SOME FROM THE RADIO. AND, OF COURSE, ALL THESE INTERCUT WITH ARON AND HIS TRUCK. AND THE LANDSCAPE.

A TITLE CARD READS:

'Utah. The Canyonlands. The slickrock desert. The red dust and the burnt cliffs and the lonely sky-all that which lies beyond the end of the roads.'

Edward Abbey. Desert Solitaire.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROAD. NIGHT.

Eventually Aron's truck is now alone on an interstate road.

2.

INT. ARON'S TRUCK. NIGHT.

At the southwest edge of Green River, Aron Ralston drives under the interstate into a landscape of obscurity. He looks to his right and left, not a single light perforates the absolute blackness of the San Rafael Desert.

CUT TO:

EXT. ARON'S TRUCK. NIGHT.

From high above, three quarters of the screen is black and see his truck's lights running parallel with the blackness.

CUT TO:

we

INT. ARON'S TRUCK. NIGHT.

A sign flashes by: Next Service: 110 miles
America's challengers for the Tour de France flash by in a
pack of 15 or so neon spirits. Night training.

10PM.

A BLM sign indicates that Horseshoe Canyon Trailhead is 47
miles ahead through the desert darkness.

CUT TO:

EXT.: ARON'S TRUCK. NIGHT.

From even higher above again we see him turn left into this
black void.

CUT TO:

INT. ARON'S TRUCK. NIGHT.

Bang inside the truck now on a dirt road. Music at ear bleed
level.

A yellow triangular sign cautioning ROADS MAY BE IMPASSABLE
DUE TO STORMS flashes past.

CUT TO:

INT/EXT. ARON'S TRUCK. NIGHT.

Jackrabbits dart onto the road, racing him, darting left and
right as he chases them down. They finish the game darting
back into the darkness.

CUT TO:

EXT. DESERT. DAY.

3.

Slowly, images from the Great Gallery materialise on different parts of the Triptych - petroglyphs and pictographs; dozens of 8-10 ft high Superhumans hovering over groups of indistinct animals, dominating beasts and onlookers alike with their long, dark bodies, broad shoulders, and haunting eyes.

CUT TO:

EXT/INT. VARIOUS. COMMERCIALS FOOTAGE.

Billboards, TV, cinema, www: commercial America sells everything to us through every means. As many brand names as we can get.

CUT TO:

EXT. DESERT. NIGHT.

Rushing across the desert grooves, pulling, snatching, hard left and right, the rear of the truck fishtails madly. Curves, swoops and sandy washes kick up dust clouds as everything in the truck flies all over the place. Except his bike, locked down and braced solid.

Music blazes on.
Another Rabbit. Another fence line. Another curve.

CUT TO:

INT. ARON'S TRUCK. NIGHT.

Suddenly a small brown sign flashes past. He kicks down on the brakes and reverses back. It's the sign pointing out the

road spur to Horseshoe and Blue John Canyons.

ARON

Nearly missed it!

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGH ABOVE ARON'S TRUCK. NIGHT.

The truck turns sharp left.

CUT TO:

INT. ARON'S TRUCK. NIGHT.

Now a really bumpy road approaching the dirt parking area.

CUT TO:

4.

EXT. PARKING AREA. NIGHT.

Ghostly, but there are three other vehicles and two encampments at the Trailhead, despite signs prohibiting camping.

CUT TO:

INT. ARON'S TRUCK. NIGHT.

He turns off the music and waits for a head to pop out or a light to come on but they have all turned in. Ghostly. He glides to a flat spot near the sign board welcoming visitors to the Horseshoe Canyon quadrant of Canyonlands National Park.

He whips into the back of the truck and flings everything

out

of the way of his sleeping bag and pad. Black.

END OF TRIPTYCH TITLE SEQUENCE.

CUT TO:

BLACK.

But no rest.

CUT TO:

INT. ARON'S TRUCK. DAY.

The doors smash open to reveal a glorious day and Aron's bike careers into it.

CUT TO:

EXT. DESERT. VARIOUS.

It's still like a wild road movie, but now on a bicycle. Having parked his motorized transport he ploughs into the land like an ad for extreme sports. Past bikers, he vanishes temporarily in their dust cloud, he wears a bandana across his face as the bikers pass by... a final telephone box,

past

remnants of those who tried to settle or work this unforgiving land; Aborigines, frontier settlers, ranchers... all driven away from a heartland he ploughs into.....

CUT TO:

5.

EXT. DESERT. CU on ARON.

Wearing a pair of beat-up running shoes and thick wool-blend socks, Lycra biking shorts and a Phish tee shirt he has a back pack with equipment but hydrates through a gallon of water stored in an insulated three litre CamelBak hydration pouch which he sucks on without stopping.

CUT TO:

EXT. DESERT. DAY.

His bike pummels the canyon landscape and you get a sense of the exhilaration this man gets from pitting himself alone against what nature can offer. He's clearly a fit and daring young man and these are his kicks.

CUT TO:

EXT. DESERT. DAY.

Even uphill he hammers his way up the sandstone. Gasping for oxygen, his legs screaming for rest, he pushes and pushes until the crest and then down, down, instant speed and he

can

suck on his water again. Part of a massive clan who define themselves not by what they are, but by what they do. In a way, he's an action movie personified and the opening should be shot and cut to provide adrenaline in spadefuls.

Until...

CUT TO:

EXT. DESERT. DAY.

Suddenly, he hits a sand trap and hurtles forward over the handle bars, face first into the sand, his toe clips and momentum brings the bike with him. The bike has him trapped on the desert floor like a takedown in wrestling. He

submits,

landing nose deep in the sand. He sits up, looks around quickly to see if anyone saw. Pulls out his camera from his bag and takes a a self-portrait snap of the mess.

CUT TO:

EXT. DESERT. DAY.

At what seems like the only tree for miles he U-locks his bike in the shade, pockets the keys, scoffs a muffin and heads off into the desert.

CUT TO:

6.

EXT. GULLEY CREST. DAY.

He approaches the crest of a sand gulley and sees below him, just 30 yards down the canyon, 2 fellow hikers. He looks around. All of them in the middle of nowhere it seems.

CUT TO:

EXT. APPROACH TO BLUE JOHN CANYON. DAY.

He can see now it's 2 girls passing a map back and forth between them. He rushes towards them, initially above them
as
he walks along side. They're aware of him before he arrives:

ARON

Hey. Are you doing the east pike?
Can I come along with you for a while?
The girls don't reply, just look at each other.

ARON (CONT'D)

I'm on my own. I'm Aron.

CUT TO:

EXT. APPROACH TO BLUE JOHN CANYON. DAY. A VAST ARROYO.

He slides/surfs down so he's on the same level as them, arriving in a haze of dust, holding out his hand for the

shake. Big smile.

KRISTI

(looking at Megan)
Sure, I'm Kristi.

MEGAN

Megan.

ARON

Nice to meet you. What a day.

KRISTI

It's beautiful.

ARON

Did you bike or come straight from
the trail head?

KRISTI

We left the car there. Pretty
quiet.

ARON

I left mine at the Horseshoe Canyon
and biked here.

7.

MEGAN

You biked from Horseshoe? That's
20 miles or more.

ARON

17 and windy.

The girls exchange glances.

ARON (CONT'D)

I do this a lot.
They laugh. He's crazy, but harmless.

ARON (CONT'D)

Wasn't expecting to see anyone in
the canyon today.

MEGAN

Yeah, you surprised us, sneaking up like that.

ARON

Sorry.

MEGAN

It's kind of nervy seeing a lone guy walking up to you in the middle of the desert.

ARON

Yeah, I know, I mean there's no one around for 50 miles.

KRISTI

... and suddenly there's a guy right behind you and `wait a minute, why is he wearing a HOCKEY

MASK!'

They all laugh.

ARON

Let me guess... You're here for the paintings or the Cathedral?

KRISTI

The Cathedral? We've got a bit disorientated and the map isn't great. Where is it?

ARON

The climb's a little tricky but it's worth it.

KRISTI / MEGAN

We climb.

8.

They all laugh.

CUT TO:

INT. CAVE. APPARENTLY SMOOTH DOME. DAY

spider,
Towards us comes Aron, upside down, like a tiny, fast
talking all the time, his voice echoing.

ARON

There's thousands of holds but you
can't see them until you're almost
upside down and then they just keep
appearing... it's a bit of a act of
faith so I'll go first... take off
as much as you dare as there's a
bit of a surprise at the other
end...

MEGAN (O.S.)

You behave Aron Ralston or we'll
tell your mother all about where
you lure girls...

ARON

I swear I won't look but I swear
you won't care when you get out
here...

spider
We've been moving towards him as he rushes towards us,
style. He's stripped to his underwear. He's lithe to say
the least. We can't see the girls or what's underneath us
but there's a feeling of the vertiginous, as much from the
weird echo and the sense of reflected light as from the
scale
of the dome.

ARON (CONT'D)

... and the thing is, when you get
to the middle...
He lets go.

ARON (CONT'D)

... there aren't any more.
We spin and watch him fall into the most exquisite emerald
pool 60 feet below.

KRISTI

OMG!

CUT TO:

INT. CAVE. DAY.

They can't see him. They can only hear the explosive crack
of man on water.

9.

MEGAN

Are you ok? ARON!

KRISTI

Of course he's ok. Listen to him.
Aron fills the cathedral dome with his version of a Phish
song at the top of his voice. Kristi strips to her underwear
and traverses away from Megan.

KRISTI (CONT'D)

Got to be there, Meg.

CUT TO:

INT. CAVE. DAY.

From the pool below with Aron we see Kristi in her underwear
heading out arachnid-style to the centre. Before she gets
there Megan appears too. She's left everything on except her
shoes.

They crash into the pool one after the other. They bob
together in the centre, the light seems to come from beneath
them and ripple over the heavenly ceiling.

MEGAN

We've got to go again. And film it!

CUT TO:

EXT. OUTSIDE THE CAVE. DAY (LATER).

Eating and drying in the powerful afternoon sun. A little self consciousness has returned but it's sweet-natured and fun still.....

MEGAN

I really can't eat all this chocolate by myself... Never mind, yes I can!

KRISTI

So have you got a girlfriend, Aron?

ARON

Well, there's not really anyone special.

MEGAN

Ah, so there's lots of girlfriends.

KRISTI

There's always a girl, you just don't know it yet.

10.

MEGAN

Yeah, we meet lots of guys and there's always a girl.

ARON

Long story.

KRISTI

With lots of characters in it.

CUT TO:

EXT. SNOWY MOUNTAINTOP. DAY. VIDEO FOOTAGE.

Aron on top of a snowy peak. Self shot. Classic pose.
Breathtaking backdrop.

ARON (V.O.)

I've done 46 of the 59 winter solo
ascents.

MEGAN

Wow, highest person in Colorado.

ARON

Well I figure no one else is mad
enough to climb in the winter.

KRISTI

... you can be the highest person
on the continent!

CUT TO:

EXT. STILL CAMERA. IMAGE OF 'MOTEL 6'

Megan shows the image to Aron.

MEGAN

Didn't you see it?

ARON

What? No.

MEGAN

Yeah, it's an old cattle guardian's house - the roof's caved in and someone spray-painted MOTEL 6 on the side. Smelled weird though.

ARON

Just like a MOTEL 6 then?

CUT TO:

11.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE CAVE.

KRISTI

Why are you on your own?

ARON

Solitude. Great tunes. Empty mind.
He indicates the wilderness.

ARON (CONT'D)

And I can sing Phish songs as loud as I like.

MEGAN

Phish?

KRISTI

Not those guys from...

ARON

Yeah, I know, I know.

(LAUGHS)

See, that's why I'm on my own.
Nobody likes me or my band.

They laugh as he goofs for them. He gathers all their packaging and stuffs it in his backpack.

ARON (CONT'D)

I'll get this. Leave no trace.

CUT TO:

EXT. BLUE JOHN CANYON. DAY.

They're walking again.

ARON (CONT'D)

Hey, but I like a beer like the next man. You know, end of the day.

CUT TO:

EXT. CANYON. GULLEY.

They're negotiating a steep gulley. Aron is 1/2 way down, Megan at the top, Kristi on her way down to him.

ARON

I'm not certified yet but that's what I want to do.

MEGAN

An illegal instructor.

12.

ARON

It's hard to get the hours to qualify. Catch 22.

KRISTI

Well, we'll sign your time-card today.

ARON

Great. Now put your ass on my head.

KRISTI

Okay but don't look and no grabbing now, if I do...

MEGAN

Oh whatever, you love it.

KRISTI

Shhh!

Aron then quickly slips to the bottom. Megan is way high, Kristi half way.

ARON

(at his most instructor-ish, talking all the time as he makes his way down)
You'll have to chimney down a little ways - like here, watch - one foot on each wall then squat onto your right heel, now your butt's on the wall, so you can move your right foot across, now put your left foot under your butt lower down and scootch your butt down - watch that black part, it's slick, slime, try not to get it on your shoes - if you can get to these bomber handholds here it's like an elevator shaft and just think friction to control the slide. This is a keeper so always have someone at the bottom to boost you out.

He looks up to them.

MEGAN

I didn't understand any of that.

EXT. CONJUNCTION OF BLUE JOHN CANYON, WEST FORK, EAST FORK.

LATER IN THE DAY. 2PM-ISH

They come to a clear fork in the paths. He watches them turn their map round and round.

13.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

Kristi, I think this is our way back.

ARON

Why don't you come with me to the Big Drop Rappel? I can give you a lift back to your car.

KRISTI

How far is it?
He shows them on the map.

ARON

About another 8 miles or so, I think.

MEGAN

You'll never get out before dark.

ARON

No, I really got to do this. Anyway I've my miner's lamp.

MEGAN

You don't climb at night, do you?

ARON

No, it's great for seeing snakes in hand holds. Can I get a picture then?
They pose with raven feathers in their hair.

ARON (CONT'D)

Listen, my friends are having a party tomorrow night. You should

come.

KRISTI

Yeah, we'd like that. What time?

MEGAN

Where?

ARON

Drive on the east road and about 40 miles out there's a huge inflatable Scooby Doo. You can't miss it. Turn off and it's about 2 miles down that track. Starts late and it'll go right thru. Lots of cheek kissing and his last picture of them...

14.

KRISTI

Come on Aron, hike out with us - we'll go get your truck, hang out and have a beer.

ARON

No, I really got to do this.

KRISTI

Okay. Scooby Doo, yeah?

ARON

That's the one. I'll have 3 cold beers waiting for us.

MEGAN

12 cold beers!

CUT TO:

EXT. CANYON FORK. DAY. POV VARIOUS.

12

And they separate down 2 different canyons shouting to each other...'hot dogs!...'vegetarian hot dogs!'.... 'so that's

yes

cold beers and 9 vegetarian hotdogs!'...'.. I really can't eat all these vegetarian hotdogs by myself... never mind,

I can!'... the last of the dialogue fading away as they lose earshot of each other and we pull up out high over the meandering slits of sandstone...

CUT TO:

EXT. MAIN BLUE JOHN CANYON. DAY.

Aron alone ... they are gone ... he picks up the pace as he checks his watch... he loved them but now he's behind schedule and he's ruthless about his schedule...

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGH ABOVE ARON. BLUE JOHN CANYON. DAY.

His sense of momentum is established again and it's clear he's moving downhill, into the fissure of the rock.

CUT TO:

EXT. BLUE JOHN CANYON. DAY.

Without warning his feet suddenly slide forward from under him and he skates/snap-kicks trying to keep his balance on a floor of scattering pebbles left there by a flood. There's a flash of the sky and dazzling sunlight.

15.

Only his arms and the proximity now of the walls prevent him landing hard on his ass.

CUT TO:

EXT. C/U. DAY.

A small snake slithers away from his giant feet.

CUT TO:

EXT. BLUE JOHN CANYON. DAY.

ARON

Easy Aron, easy now.
He keeps moving, descending still, but a little more circumspect. He lets the change of pace allow him to whip round his pack and with the practice of thousands of times selects and plays a CD without stopping, slipping the headphones over his head.

CUT TO:

INT. RUCKSACK. PORTABLE CD PLAYER.

We see the CD begin to spin: the display tells us there's 38:47 to play before 0:01 appears.

CUT TO:

EXT. C/U ARON'S EARS. DAY.

fills

Suddenly, louder than loud, the sound of fanatical 5,000 strong applause at the Phish live concert in Las Vegas,

fills his head and ours.

He's heard it many times as he alternatively anticipates/answers all the dialogue preamble mixed over the applause...

CD RECORDING

Good evening Las Vegas... are you
having a good time? Are you ready
for PHISH!

Whether we are or not, the first song begins on a wave of
adoration from his fellow Phish fans. He sings along.

CUT TO:

16.

EXT. BLUE JOHN CANYON. SHORT SLOT ENTRY. DAY.

Aron keeps descending, the canyon walls growing taller and
closer, into the narrowing slot canyon.

CUT TO:

EXT. BLUE JOHN CANYON. S-SHAPED LOG. DAY.

A dry waterfall, many months since it's seen rain. A drop of
maybe 12/15 ft with no obvious climb down. Way beyond his
reach and jammed into the walls of the canyon is an enormous
S-shaped log, sand bleached and wind dried it looks like a
massive reptile making its way down the canyon. Beyond it,
Aron can see his route down disappearing into narrowing
darkness.

CUT TO:

EXT. CANYON WALL. DAY.

To reduce the drop he scrambles down clinging to the edge,
pushes away and drops the final 6 feet or so landing in a
fine cloud of sand. Nothing to it, second nature.

CUT TO:

EXT. S-SHAPED LOG. DAY.

PHOTOTIME

He snaps the log now arching above him well out of reach.

TITLE.

" 2:41pm. Sat April 26th. 2003 "

ARON

Won't be coming back this way.

CUT TO:

INT. SLOT CANYON. DAY (NOTE: FROM HERE ON CANYON SHOTS INT.)

He spins and continues, seeing the first huge chockstones, the size of vans, their noses buried in the floor of the canyon like unexploded bombs. He easily scrambles over one and around another-tight fit but he's skinny.

CUT TO:

17.

INT. DEEPER INTO THE CANYON. DAY.

The slot is now just 4ft wide and as he stops to look at massive tree logs jammed at strange angles high above him

and

silhouetted against the blue cloudless sky, he drinks deeply from his water bottle.

CUT TO:

INT. CANYON RIM. LOOKING DOWN. DAY.

and
On we go and so does the concert. He pumps the air unaware
as we track above him - it's like the canyon in Star Wars

he's Anakin feeling the force. One set of chockstones leads
to another and he rapidly negotiates them like an obstacle
race - until there's one the size of a big refrigerator

which
has been stopped by the walls 18 inches from the floor.

CUT TO:

INT. CANYON. CHOCKSTONES. DAY.

Over or under? He drops to his belly and squeezes
underneath, rucking the sandy floor in front of him. He's
halfway, his chest rising out the far side when suddenly he
can't move. The music jams and loops on 2 notes like bad
techno. He pushes but nothing.

He reaches back with his hand and releases a part of his
rucksack strap that's snagged. And the music releases too.
He squat-jumps out and brushes off the sand.

No panic -a nothing moment.

CUT TO:

INT. SLOT CANYON. DAY.

Now it's steeper. We're already 60ft below ground level and
it's falling away further in front of us. Another drink and
the map is out.

CUT TO:

INT/EXT. SILHOUETTE PROFILE. CROSS SECTION OF CANYON. DAY.

We see a section of the canyon and the tiny figure of Aron

wide

moving within it. We track in and elide into a graphic view of him chimneying his way along the canyon now only 3 ft

at most. It's a chance to see his skill and thirst for climbing. And to see how deep he's going.

18.

He uses his legs, back and natural body weight to body walk along and down the towering walls.

CUT TO:

INT. SLOT CANYON. DAY.

He's moving towards a final chockstone below him jammed in the gap. You can see the way he's thinking: it's about the size of a bus wheel and used as a platform will help him reduce the 10 foot drop and get quickly down into the next section.

CUT TO:

INT. SLOT CANYON. DAY.

He reaches it at the same time we do and kicks fiercely, automatically, to make sure it's solid.

ARON

Yep.

And across he steps onto it. It holds.

CUT TO:

INT. CANYON FROM UNDERNEATH SILHOUETTED AGAINST SKY. DAY.

As before he squats and clambers down the back side of the stone to reduce his drop down.

CUT TO:

INT. CANYON. DAY. C/U TIGHT ON ARON.

Just as he dangles there's a scraping sound, small but close,
too close and the stone judders towards him, pulled by the torque of his weight on his side, rotating.
Instantly and instinctively he lets go and drops. Like he's trying to detach a mine dragging him to the sea floor.

CUT TO:

INT. CANYON. ON CHOCKSTONE. DAY.

But it follows him down, somehow he's released its latent energy.

CUT TO:

19.

INT. CANYON. TIGHTER ON ARON. DAY.

He watches the chockstone follow him - not looking where he's going.

CUT TO:

INT. CANYON. ARON'S POV. DAY.

The backlit chockstone falling towards him consuming the
sky.

CUT TO:

INT. SLOT CANYON. DAY.

His arms rise to protect his head but his eyes remain open
and through his fingers we see the next 3 seconds. The
rock's
face and his.

It grabs his left hand and flings it against the left wall.
He pulls it away as the rock ricochets against the canyon
and

careers towards his right arm which he raises, to compensate
for withdrawing the left, and to protect his head.

The rock smashes the right hand and wrist against the wall
and drags it down the remaining distance. Like a cheese
grater it tears the skin from the back of the hand and the
forearm, decorating the wall. Aron is powerless to stop its
force and he lands on his feet allowing the rock to jam in
front of him with his hand held against the canyon wall by
the stone.

All this happens too quickly. We can hardly register what's
happened as everything stops.

CUT TO:

INT. CANYON FLOOR. DAY.

Silence. He's standing behind the rock. Like he's in a line
for a bus. Like he's shaking someone's hand. A hand shake
with the canyon. Silence.

CUT TO:

TITLE:

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CUT TO:

20.

INT. CANYON FLOOR. DAY.

Adrenaline, searing, roaring pain and panic.

ARON

FUCK, get your hand out of there!

but Pulls and pulls, yanks until his shoulder will dislocate,
nothing moves. Sweat, anxiety flaring, hot pain.

ARON (CONT'D)

SHIT, SHIT, SHIT, SHIT...

Pushing with his left hand desperate to reverse the action;
so simple to undo the moment, to reverse gravity for a split
second and pull his hand out... nothing. Again and again
thrusting up with knees, thighs, pelvis, left arm, head,
neck... nothing.

CUT TO:

INT. CANYON FLOOR. DAY.

Then slam upwards, harder than ever as though he's run at it
from a hundred yards and it's a door that will surely burst
open.

ARON

YEEARKGG... UNNNHHH

Air exploding out of his lungs. And then a quiet hollow sound of the boulder shifting fractionally. A howl of phenomenal pain -

ARON (CONT'D)

NO, NO, NO, NO, FUCK.

He reverses the fraction and collapses in sweat and blood, knees bleeding, good fingers lacerated. But he remains upright, attached. Unable to physically collapse. Grabs his shirt and wipes sweat away and goes to drink. He hula-hoops out of his backpack to get access to the water, gulps down 3 full throatfulls - stops mid 4th and backwashes as much as he can into the bottle -

ARON (CONT'D)

No, no... more water.

He caps the lid tightly and drops it into his pack.

ARON (CONT'D)

Relax. Stop. Come on.
He breathes and breathes, taking stock for the 1st time.

CUT TO:

21.

C/U: WRISTWATCH

Time Check. 3.14pm. Stares at it until it changes to 3.15pm - the watch is working.

CUT TO:

INT. CANYON FLOOR. DAY.

He examines the boulder at each point he can reach, stretching and contorting to see into his crushed and wretched hand where his thumb is visible above and his little finger below. No matter how much he touches them, there is no feeling. He prods up and down to see what feeling is left and where it stops. Comparing left hand to where the right hand is trapped to measure the width of his right wrist - now smaller than the width of his little finger on his right hand. He can barely get the little finger of his left hand in the gap. We reverse back on him at each contortion. He

REALIZES -

ARON

FUCK! What the fuck? How the fuck did you get your hand trapped by a fucking boulder? Its crushed, it's fucking dying man!

He reaches up and touches the trail of blood, hair and skin left on the canyon wall as the rock pushed him to where he is. Looks under boulder, no blood - check.

[He hears the crowd cheering on his headphones. It's been playing throughout. He switches it off]

He looks above for the first time.

ARON (CONT'D)

HELP! HELLO!

CUT TO:

INT/EXT. PULL OUT OF CANYON. DAY.

... to see the slot canyon, back and back and back, nothing more than a dry crack in the surface of this massive land. Gradually his cries for help become inaudible.

CUT TO:

INT. CANYON FLOOR. DAY.

He unpacks everything with great energy, like a stocktake, and lays it all out on the surface of the rock;

22.

chocolate bar wrappers and bakery bag with crumbs of chocolate muffin inside that he volunteered to take away on behalf of the girls, 2 small bean burritos, cd player, cds , extra AA batteries, mini digital video camcorder, small multi-use tool and 3 LED headlamp.

CUT TO:

BIG C/U: VARIOUS.

... of all these elements - these are now his only companions and their POV of him reflects that as he tests each one for its potential, opening all the blades and laying them out to look at them; sunglasses - scratched, bike Ulok key, rock climbing harness, cloth goggles bag, rapelling equipment, water bottle, car keys, plastic grocery bag, empty dehydration pack, money, credit cards, green and yellow climbing rope in black zippers bag, a stick, stones and sand. Everything.

Pause. He stares at it all and it all stares back at him.

CUT TO:

C/U: DIGITAL NUMERALS.

3.28, changes to 3.29

HARD ENERGY CUT

TO:

INT. CANYON FLOOR. DAY.

Inside the tiny gap we see... his headlamp flick on to let him assess the rock and the wall and his hand in between it. He picks a point and begins to chip away with the knife. He's back - energy, movement, purpose, action makes him happy. He occasionally stops to look at his left hand, swollen and puffy and constantly in need of flexing. He gets into a rhythm of 'tick,tick,tick', flex and back again, 'tick,tick,tick'

CUT TO:

TIGHTER C/U: DIGITAL NUMERALS.

4.19pm, changes to 4.20

CUT TO:

23.

INT. CANYON FLOOR. DAY.

In a huge close up of this eye he can see in the foreground that there's a pile of steel filings from the knife itself, almost as big as the dust from the ground -

ARON

Not good.
He blows the whole lot into our face with a mighty gust.

ARON (CONT'D)

When in a hole....
Alternative; he starts digging away at the wall instead,
same
result.

ARON (CONT'D)

Fuck. It's hard as iron.
Pause.

You're gonna have to cut your arm
off.

As if to answer that idea we...

CUT TO:

INT. CANYON FLOOR. DAY.

Tapping a rock in his hand onto the top of the knife as he
balances it against the wall or with his mouth. Weird close
angles as he almost taps the side of his eye socket.
Suddenly, he hammers down with ten times more force onto the
handle of the knife, the rock explodes in his hand,
showering
pick dust over everything, and bouncing the knife off the
rock. Once again, gravity takes over. The knife hits his
shorts and as he moves to grab it, he misses it and knocks
it
further round the back of his leg. He pivots and turns to
try
and catch it but gravity is quicker than his restricted
twist
and it falls into a hole between the rounded rocks near his
left foot -

ARON

NO, NO!

CUT TO:

INT. CANYON FLOOR. DAY.

The knife is visible in the crack below and behind his right leg but he can't twist to get anywhere near it. He tries to pull the canyon wall off balance to get closer. No chance.

24.

ARON

Shit!

his He pulls off his right sock and shoe and tries to squeeze foot into the hole. Too big. Size 10. He looks upward. He can't believe he's done it.

ARON (CONT'D)

Shit!!!

CUT TO:

INT. BENEATH CANYON FLOOR.

We're on a level with the knife in the little hole beneath his feet. An enormous overhead light switches on (Aron's headlamp placed above to let him see). The stick enters from top of screen and nudges the knife in a semi circle. It's a bit Punch and Judy if it wasn't so fucking serious. Huge shadows. No success. The knife remains where it is. Maybe an ant races across it.

Pause.

The stick withdraws.

PAUSE :

The stick re-enters with the top of it almost broken off, acting like a hook, we push in on the knife as the stick hooks through the little ring at the end of the knife. It lifts.

CUT TO:

INT. ARON IN CANYON. DAY.

Looking down onto the ground, around his leg, his toes holding the stick like a chopstick lift the knife out and up tremulously, breathlessly, towards his good arm. He picks it off the stick gently. Big smile. First one.

ARON

Sweet.

CUT TO:

25.

TITLE OVER WIDE INT CANYON. NIGHT:

" SATURDAY NIGHT " :

We pass through the transparent title on our way along the canyon. Half dark. We're on a wind blowing dust through the canyon walls, to find a miner in the distance digging into the rock. It's Aron of course, and his head-lamp is filled with the dust swirling through. He's using the shorter file from the multi tool and has tied a shoe lace to his wrist

and

looped through the ring at the end of the tool. He pulls his cap down, to keep most of the dust out of his eyes. His lips are caked but he keeps blowing on his arm, to keep it clear.

CUT TO:

C/U: DIGITAL NUMERALS. NIGHT.

The watch, now luminous, changes to 00.00.

CUT TO:

INT. ARON IN CANYON. NIGHT.

Midnight is celebrated with a tiny, careful, sip of the water. He holds it in his mouth. Puffing his cheeks, circulating the precious fluid around.

CUT TO:

EXT. EXTRAORDINARY LANDSCAPE. DAZZLING DAYLIGHT. DAY.

Daylight, a lunar landscape almost, though with patches of green and giant boulders, Aron whom we sense only by being around his shoulder is out walking with his friend, Mark Von Eeckhout through this field of boulders. They come upon one the size of a house buried nose deep in the field.

MARK

Wow, look at the size of this one.
There's no cliffs or mountains anywhere near. We look at Mark's pleasant, unremarkable face for far too long as he looks around -

MARK (CONT'D)

How the fuck did this get there?
It's like we're on the moon looking over Buzz Aldrin's
shoulder at Neil Armstrong; it certainly sounds like that...

HARD CUT TO:

26.

INT. CANYON FLOOR. NIGHT.

Chip, chip, chip; stretches his arm, flexes his legs,
tick, tick, tick. He changes the blade, prising suddenly at a
section of the rock with his file. It bites and a dime size
shred chip of rock arcs through the night light. He catches
it perfectly on his right elbow.

ARON

Cool.

He picks it off his arm and places it on top of the rock
next
to where he's working. It's a grain of sand on the seashore
but it's something.

Boy, his arm and his legs are aching now.

CUT TO:

INT. ABOVE ARON, LOOKING DOWN INTO CANYON. NIGHT.

He's stepped into his harness and is throwing 30ft of rope
up
towards us. There's a tangle of knots and carabiners looking
for purchase close to camera. Each time it falls back all
the way. He persists, each time, varying his line of attack
fractionally.
Finally it catches.

He pulls gently at first, then fiercely, it holds and we slide softly and slowly down the rope and as we reach him he gently takes the weight off his feet finally.

ARON

Aahhhhh.

Lovely relief for him, light off, his eyes close.

CUT TO:

INT/EXT VARIOUS. DAY.

A re-run of the accident. He can now witness it in detail as though it were planned and his role is to point us where to look. 3 seconds become 30... We fall with his face in high definition slow motion watching his future. We fall with the rock pitilessly chasing him down to the floor of the canyon. As he lands...

CUT TO:

27.

INT. CANYON. PRE DAWN.

... His eyes open and he stands unsteadily rubbing at his legs, the lack of circulation has forced him up. Doesn't think about the dream, starts chipping again.

CUT TO:

INT. CANYON. TIME-LAPSE. DAWN.

Lit only by his lamp, the black shifts to grey and then there's light. He watches it arrive. A rush of wind.

Something flaps and he looks up sharply -

RAVEN

Caw-caw.

CUT TO:

EXT. SKY. DAY.

A black raven flies symmetrically the length of the canyon slit above him. Blue, blue sky.

CUT TO:

INT. CANYON. DAY.

ARON

Caw-caw.

As he stretches his neck to follow the path of the only
other living thing, he freezes stock still. The bird has gone.
Nothing moves. Not him.... nothing. Time passes.

He switches his light off.

CUT TO:

EXT. NEVADA DESERT. BLACK ROCK CITY. PRE DAWN.

Island- On top of some 4 x 4 vehicles are 8-10 ft huge Easter
like masks, multi-coloured. Multiple bikes are strapped to
the backs of the vehicles too. More of Aron's friends,
including Mark V.E. mill around their 4 x 4s. There are

multiple lights in the distance but it's unclear what it might be. The vehicles' own headlights illuminate Rana, a stunningly beautiful red-haired woman in her mid-20s, effortlessly organising the 15 or so group. As before, we remain behind Aron. By the camera's virtually complete concentration on Rana it's clear he's a fan.

28.

RANA

OK - lights off and line up
alongside me.

They turn off their vehicles' headlights as she draws a long line in the sand and they join her standing on one side of it.

RANA (CONT'D)

On the other side of this line,
everything will be different.
As they all hold hands and together step cross the line
(Aron's keen and ever so slightly ahead of everyone across
the line) the sparkling lights of the crescent-shaped 'town'
of vehicles and camps that is Burning Man are replaced by an
astonishing sunrise in the Nevada desert. They hoot and
holler as Rana smiles beautifully at Aron.

RANA (CONT'D)

And remember, stick together, the
desert wants to kill you.

CUT TO:

INT. CANYON. DAWN.

Aron is very still, looking at the rock and the open blade
lying on top of it. Suddenly he looks over his shoulder to
see...

CUT TO:

INT. CANYON. MORNING.

A dagger of sunlight appear behind him. His won sunrise.

C.U. WATCH.

9.30am

CUT TO:

INT. CANYON. DAWN.

might

He looks at ithe sunbeam as though it's his prey and it

run away. It makes it's way along the canyon walls towards him. He's very still. But it shifts across the floor and it's going to miss him. He whips off his left shoe and sock and pushes it towards the coming light. Slowly it climbs and caresses his ankle and lower calf. He pulls the other sock off and alternates the feet. He looks like he's doing yoga. As it leaves him passing overhead it suddenly bursts into

the

opening in front of him.

29.

door

It's a beautiful sight as the colors of the canyon reawaken but we can see from above that he appears to be behind a

with a room of life beyond him.

CUT TO:

TITLE:

" SUNDAY ":

CUT TO:

INT. CANYON. DAY. VIDEO MESSAGE ONE.

ARON

It's three-oh-five on Sunday. This marks my twenty-four-hour mark of being stuck in Blue John Canyon above the Big Drop. My name is Aron Ralston. My parents are Donna and Larry Ralston of Englewood, Colorado. Whoever finds this, please make an attempt to get this to them. Be sure of it. I would appreciate it.

He takes long blinks and seems to avoid looking at himself though the screen is facing him. He looks alarmed and wide eyed, startled, in contrast to his slow slurred delivery.

ARON (CONT'D)

So... I was hiking Blue John Canyon yesterday... and this happened.

He pulls the camera round to show where his forearm and

wrist

disappear into the horrifyingly skinny gap between the chockstone and the wall. As he does that we

INTERCUT WITH:

INT/EXT. VARIOUS. CANYON. DAY.

Flashes of the accident-almost in silhouette - like an animatic side view. It freezes just before the moment of entombment.

CUT TO:

INT. CANYON. DAY. VIDEO FOOTAGE.

ARON

What you're looking at there is my

arm, going into the rock... and there it is, stuck. It's been without circulation for 24 hours.

(MORE)

30.

ARON (CONT'D)

It's pretty well gone. If the colour doesn't come across on the video, it's grey and blue.

ARON (CONT'D)

Unnhhhh.....I'm in deep stuff.

ARON (CONT'D)

So I have very little water. He can't help look in the camera towards those who know what that means in this place.

ARON (CONT'D)

Yeah, I have about a third of a litre left. He picks up the water bottle and shakes it for the camera.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT/EXT. VARIOUS. CANYON. DAY.

Different angle on the freeze-frame.

CUT TO:

INT. CANYON. VIDEO FOOTAGE.

ARON

So the way I see it... there's kind of four things happening here... I tried to move it with some rigging... useless... and I tried chipping away at the rock... I think part of the problem is, is that my hand is actually supporting the rock. Which means every time I chip away the rock moves a bit and settles onto my hand again. I can't feel it happening but microscopically, it seems to be, because the little gap over there between the rock and the wall seems to be getting smaller. And this chockstone is the hardest thing here.

CUT TO:

31.

INT. WIDE. MOVING THROUGH CANYON. REALTIME.

A breeze slides through the canyon and he shudders involuntarily for five seconds.

CUT TO:

INT. CANYON. DAY. VIDEO FOOTAGE.

ARON

So the third thing left was to cut my arm off.

PAUSE

ARON (CONT'D)

I don't know whether I could do that but it's pretty much suicide. It's four hours to my vehicle that way and with very difficult climbing with one hand and the bike is like two, two and a half hours, that way but the climbing... fourth class climbing... which I think will be probably impossible with one hand... between the blood loss and the dehydration I think I would die if I cut off my arm.

ARON (CONT'D)

Which means I'm waiting for someone to come along.
He summons up the guts to let the evidence out.

ARON (CONT'D)

I didn't tell anyone where I was going and I didn't leave a note on the truck.

ARON (CONT'D)

Dumb.
The video whirrs on until he suddenly looks straight into
the lens.

CUT TO:

INT. CANYON. DAY. REALTIME.

He hears voices.

CUT TO:

INT. CANYON. DAY. VIDEO FOOTAGE.

We see his reaction to this sound through the video message.

CUT TO:

INT. CANYON. DAY. REALTIME.

He puts the camera down and listens. People descending at the S log! He can hear them. He screams and screams and screams and then he stops. He listens again.

CUT TO:

INT. CANYON. DAY. ARON'S POV BACK UP THE CANYON.

The noise is there still. Again he screams and screams.

CUT TO:

INT. CANYON. DAY.

Breathing hard, heart racing he listens again. The noise is still there unchanged. He knows now it's not people. They would have heard him.

CUT TO:

INT. CANYON. DAY. ARON'S POV.

He looks above and behind and sees a kangaroo rat disappearing, scuffling, behind a chockstone.

CUT TO:

INT. CANYON. DAY.

He stops, staring at the camera still recording. He picks it up, rewinds and ...

CUT TO:

INT. CANYON. DAY. VIDEO FOOTAGE.

... re-runs the sound of him screaming for help.

33.

ARON

(SCREAMING)

HELP!!! HELP!!!! OVER HERE!!!

HEEELLPP!!!

Freaky. We just see an arbitrary view of the rock and sky on the video camera, maybe with a bit of elbow, but we hear his desperation, screaming at no one, distorting on the tiny speaker.

CUT TO:

INT. CANYON. DAY. REALTIME.

He stops it. The sound of his absolute helplessness and need freaks him out and threatens absolute despair. Snorts.

ARON

No one's coming Aron.

He rewinds to the end of the message and erases his futile calls for help.

CUT TO:

EXT. ARON'S TRUCK. DAY.

mini- Aron's Truck. We sense him in the cab but we're not inside with him yet. Music loud and pulsing as we travel towards the inflatable Scooby Doo. It's 12ft tall, powered by a generator.

CUT TO:

INT. ARON'S TRUCK. DAY.

Aron swerves to affect the figure which buckles and flaps in his after-draft.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROAD. DAY.

into We stay with the dancing figure as his truck drives away the landscape. The generator fan rattles on as the booming bass of the truck fades.

CUT TO:

INT. CANYON. DAY.

You can see him thinking. Will the girls go to the party?

34.

EXT. GOOGLE-EARTH SATELLITE SHOT OF WILDERNESS. DUSK.

see We're now high above the desert, and in the time-lapse we
the soft, grey, endless line of darkness cross right to left

BRINGING -

CUT TO:

TITLE:

" NIGHT TWO ":

CUT TO:

INT. CANYON. NIGHT.

back to A flashing, strobe-ing light - Aron's head-lamp bouncing
and forth off the canyon walls - but also, as he continues
chip away...

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. CANYON. NIGHT.

madly

...jump-cutting, strobe-lit as though by flash, of Aron
dressing for the night.

INTERCUT WITH:

C/U: WATCH

We see the thermometer on his watch falling down and down
from 70 => below 50.

CUT TO:

INT. CANYON. NIGHT.

The whole thing is almost like stop-frame animation. He
cannibalizes everything he can, using his knife, his teeth,
he tears holes in a cloth camera bag, he's frantically paced
to occupy himself, to pass time, to create heat from energy,
but he has to be careful not to stab himself in the eye. He
thrusts his left arm into the newly fashioned sleeve,

pulling

it up with his teeth.
Purple webbing around his right arm, the insulated Camelbak
protects his upper arm from the chilling canyon wall. Yellow
webbing wraps a grocery bag (that held the burritos) round
his upper right bicep.

35.

The dirty green and yellow ropes are curled round his legs
like pythons. Finally he puts his head inside the rope bag.

CUT TO:

INT. ROPE BAG. BLACK.

It's plastic inside and although it's black the light from his head-lamp suddenly lights him up alarmingly as we go inside with him.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROPE BAG. NIGHT.

He looks like a multi-coloured version of the Michelin Man, only much thinner.

CUT TO:

INT. ROPE BAG. NIGHT.

He laughs, as though he can see how ludicrous he looks. We return to normal speed as he turns the light off.

CUT TO:

INT. ROPE BAG. NIGHT.

BLACK - but we can hear his breathing close as in a space suit. LONG PAUSE.

ARON

God, I am praying to you for guidance. I'm trapped in Blue John Canyon - you probably know that - and I don't know what I am supposed to do. I've tried everything I can think of. I need some new ideas. Please show me a sign.

PAUSE - Just his breath.

He switches on the head lamp and the inside of the bag explodes with light. There's enough light for any kind of heaven but it's just Aron in Blue John Canyon. He looks around his bag. He stops. Silence. Only his breathing to listen to. Heart rate... fast... too fast. Light off.

PAUSE.

36.

ARON (CONT'D)

OK, then, God, since you're apparently busy: Devil, if you're listening, I need some help here. I'll trade you my arm, my soul, whatever you want. Just get me out of here. You want me never to climb again, I can give that up. Just show me the dotted line.

PAUSE:

ARON (CONT'D)

Ungg-gggu-ggga-gggnggh!

teeth His throat uncontrollably shudders and splutters as his rattle with cold suddenly. It does sound like a demonic fit from the multi-coloured headless man.

ARON (CONT'D)

Yeah. Not very funny.

CUT TO:

INT. ASPEN STORE. DAY.

without

Aron leaves work: at no point do we see Aron. He's there, you sense him in reflective surfaces, his arms, particularly his right one and his feet occasionally come into shot. It's not a strict P.O.V, more like 'over the shoulder' but much shoulder.

Q

What you doin'?

ARON

Still not sure. I'll see you Tuesday.

Q

Have a good one.

ARON

Always do.

CUT TO:

BLACK.

CUT TO:

37.

C/U: DIGITAL NUMERALS

11:59 => 00.00 in huge, luminous figures.

CUT TO:

INT. CANYON. NIGHT.

He pulls his bag off and pulls his water bottle out of the ground where he has half-buried it. It won't open. He can't unscrew it. He mutters, cursing himself for tightening the

lid too much. He puts it between his teeth and levers with his head, but nothing. Is his strength vanishing so quickly?

He looks at his puffy left hand... there's a tremble in it. He shakes it to get rid of the tremble and jams the bottle between his legs. He uses a bit of cloth to give his hand better purchase on the top. We're tight on the neck of the bottle as it releases, finally and he lifts it, slowly, almost ceremonially. Controlling the tilt, a half-mouthful of water slides onto his tongue. He tilts the bottle back towards upright but not the whole way. He waits. Circulating the splash of water around his mouth.

CUT TO:

INT. CANYON. C/U: BOTTLE NECK

The bottle neck stares at Aron.

CUT TO:

INT. CANYON. C/U: ARON

... his eyes staring at the bottle neck.

CUT TO:

INT. CANYON. NIGHT.

He still holds the water in his mouth as he rewinds the top onto the bottle and reburies it in the sand to stop any evaporation. He moves to pop his contact lenses into his mouth and wash them in the moisture. First one then the

other

as we...

CUT TO:

INT. ARON'S APARTMENT. DAY.

The images shift with the lens change back to his apartment, daylight, we sense him though he's probably in the shower. His ansaphone clicks in.

38.

ANSAPHONE (MOM)

Aron, it's Mom. Hoping to catch you. Nothing urgent. Dad's in New York so it'll be a quiet weekend. Aron is clearly there but can't answer.

ANSAPHONE (MOM) (CONT'D)

Call me. Lots of love.

CUT TO:

INT. ARON'S APARTMENT. DAY.

In front of his bathroom mirror he's slipping his lenses in for the day. It looks like The Man Who Fell To Earth.

CUT TO:

INT. C/U: VARIOUS. ARON & MIRROR. DAY.

Huge close-ups that freak people out who've never worn lenses. Mirror shots and lots of short soft focus.

CUT TO:

INT. ARON'S APARTMENT. DAY.

We hear a girl and a guy somewhere in the apartment. He closes the door. GIRL SHOUTS:

GIRL

That was your Mom! And your Dad called. Call him. We're going. See you next week. Oh, and Rana called.

CUT TO:

INT. CANYON FLOOR. PRE DAWN.

He is absolutely still. Almost absent. Flies buzz around him. Indeterminate time passes.

CUT TO:

39.

INT. CANYON FLOOR. PRE DAWN.

Massive C/U of an ant. Huge, high-definition image, more like a JCB-digger than an insect, and then more of them, and all moving towards the mosquitoes which hover and land near the real giant, Aron.

CUT TO:

EXT. CANYON. PRE DAWN.

He watches them devour him and then he clears them away from

his hand. Suddenly breaks and he's busy now well before
sunrise. In the grey-white, soft morning he is involved in
recycling his overnight insulation gear into a crude lift
and

pulley.
Obsessive, inventive, analytical, he constantly adjusts and
adds and subtracts, and cannibalizes. Undoing and tying
knots with his teeth and hand. Each time nothing happens to
the rock. But each time he doesn't stop. He tries again and
again and again; looping and re-looping throwing and
catching
ropes; creating footholds and bouncing in them with his
foot,
his knees, his ass.

Finally he stops. He looks down. For a moment it's as though
he will cry. He looks up to where he came from and

CUT TO:

INT/EXT. VARIOUS. CANYON AND BEYOND. DAY.

... suddenly we're moving, retracing his journey at
increasing and eventually staggering speed.
Through the slot canyon, up and into the blazing light
across
the desert paths, past his chained-up bicycle and back to
his
truck waiting at the side of the road. But we don't stop...

SLAM CUT TO:

INT. ARON'S TRUCK. DAY.

We crash into the back of the truck and there, lying on its
side is an almost-full bottle of Gatorade, and then there's
a

grapefruit, and another one, and they've got sparkly condensation on them -like advertising spritzer mist - all over them. And a water bottle, and an orange. And high energy snack bars and another orange. The fruit seems to roll around the empty truck.

40.

The Gatorade lies on its side and the liquid slaps slowly backward and forward like a Lava lamp. The liquid literally bulges with wetness, moisture texture, and we...

CUT TO:

INT. CANYON. DAY.

... snap back to Aron's face.

CUT TO:

TITLE:

" MONDAY ":

CUT TO:

VIDEO MESSAGE TWO. INTERCUT WITH LIVE FOOTAGE.

Aron trying not to look at himself:

ARON

are
It's freaking me out looking at myself so I hope you guys
OK with this

PAUSE

CUT TO:

REALTIME:

We can see 2 images of him when we go behind the balanced video on the rock, as he has deliberately turned the screen away from himself.

CUT TO:

VIDEO:

ARON

It's Monday - all day - bummer. I spent the morning trying to create a 6:1 system ration and lift the boulder but friction between the rope and carabiners is dissipating every bit of force I apply.

(MORE)

41.

ARON (CONT'D)

All it's good for is sitting in...

CUT TO:

REALTIME:

We see a more objective view of his morning's activities as he describes them. We see him below us as the raven flies between us and him.

CUT TO:

VIDEO:

ARON

There's a raven flies overhead, I clocked it at 8.15. I'll bet it's there tomorrow too. I'll film it for you tomorrow

CUT TO:

REALTIME: EXT. SKY. DAY.

We see the raven and we see him check his watch. Sure enough, 8.14 Slides to 8.15.

CUT TO:

VIDEO:

ARON

I have about one hundred and fifty millilitres of water left. That's four ounces. I can't believe it but I peed twice today, within a few minutes of each other. How is this possible? It's two days since I peed, I'm dehydrated and I had to go so quickly I forgot to save the first. I saved the second in the

CamelBak. Will I drink it? It smells foul, and hot but it'll settle. And I can chill it in the sand in the night. It's like Polar winter here for nine hours.

CUT TO:

42.

REALTIME:

We see his precious bottle of water. It looks back at him. Next to it is the Camelbak of his stored urine.

CUT TO:

VIDEO:

ARON

No number twos. Which will disappoint my insect friends. They're gonna have to wait. The sunlight appears down here for a few hours. I get 15 minutes of it at 9.35... and apart from chipping away uselessly at this rock that's pretty much my morning routine.

CUT TO:

REALTIME - TIME-LAPSE:

Aron is deathly still as we travel towards him with the dagger of light. His leg is stretched out and the only movement is the change of leg halfway through. He stays in shot throughout getting bigger and then smaller as the light approaches and recedes; the sliver of light leaves the canyon.

CUT TO:

VIDEO:

ARON

I keep chipping at the rock but just to generate warmth and give me something to do. I think it's making it worse. I know it's settling more on my arm as I remove material from it. The area where I chipped flakes off yesterday has already rotated down onto my arm.

PAUSE. I can't feel anything.
PAUSE. So I made a great tourniquet and I tried to cut it off.

CUT TO:

43.

REALTIME:

We see him pull the elastic neoprene tubing insulation from the CamelBak. It's stretchy, supple and strong and emerges like a thin snake. It's perfect. He wraps the black neoprene around his right forearm 2 inches below his elbow. Simple overhand knot tightened with his teeth. 2nd knot, 3rd knot, clips the neoprene with a carabiner and twists 6 times tight.

ARON

OWWWWW

Now real pain in his right arm. Weird smile at the success. The skin colour separates; fish belly white below the

between
tourniquet and bright red bunched up crushes of flesh
the elbow and the tourniquet.

ARON (CONT'D)

Oh yeah. That aches.
He takes out the multi-tool and switches to the long blade.
looks at it. Then he presses the blade and draws it quickly
across his forearm. Nothing. Repeats it harder. Nothing.
No cut, no blood, nothing. He switches to the short knife
and saws viciously at the same point.

ARON (CONT'D)

Shit!
He releases the tourniquet and as the blood flow returns a
series of angry red lines establish themselves where he was
sawing. He looks at them.

ARON (CONT'D)

Pathetic, Aron, pathetic.

CUT TO:

VIDEO:

ARON

The blades are too blunt even to
break the skin. I guess that's the
chipping. It's not even a proper
Leatherman. It's a knock-off one
we got free in a gift pack with a
torch... Mom gave it to me.

LONG PAUSE.

Sis. Sonja, I'm very proud of you.

(MORE)

44.

ARON (CONT'D)

I didn't get to hear firsthand how
your championships went, but I
heard from Mom that you placed very
well at the national competitions,
that you were tenth overall in

speech and debate in the nation.
Hot damn, girl. I'm very proud of
you. Not just for that but for who
you are.
He looks directly in the lens for the first time.

ARON (CONT'D)

I can imagine you in your living
room looking back at me.

CUT TO:

INT. CANYON. DAY.

We see his sister on her living room sofa. The sofa sits in
the open section of the canyon.

CUT TO:

INT. CANYON. DAY. VIDEO FOOTAGE.

ARON

I've been thinking about what my
friend Rob in Aspen says to me
several... frequently.. Several times
that, confusingly,
'It's not what you do but who you
are'.
I kind of got hung up on that a
lot, because I always thought who I
was, was very much wrapped up with
what I did. That I was happy
because of the things that I did
that made me happy. If things you
do make you happy, then they can
also make you unhappy. I think
that's why I found myself being as
ambitious and energetic -
The wind interrupts him and he shivers.

ARON (CONT'D)

(muttering, bitterly)
It's cold... this place is an ice-
box at night... And killing winds.

45.

PAUSE

ARON (CONT'D)

(he struggles to complete
the sense of the

SENTENCE)

" - to do all the outings that I
did". PAUSE.

As he loses track of what he's saying and then catches up,
the canyon has become noticeably darker. He's oblivious.

ARON (CONT'D)

I did want to say, on the
logistical side of things, I have
some American Express insurance
that should cover costs of the
recovery operation when that does
happen. Bank account balances
should take care of my credit-card
debts. You'll have to sell my
house, Mom and Dad. Possession-
wise, I don't know if Sonja can use
my computer and video camera...

CUT TO:

INT. CANYON. DAY.

He's interrupted by a sudden realization as he looks first
one way up the canyon and then the other. He looks up at the
sky above.

CUT TO:

EXT. SLOT CANYON. DAY. ARON'S POV.

There's an angry looking black motherfucker of a cloud.

CUT TO:

HUGE C/U OF:

A massive crack of noise like the land has split. His eyes staring up, unblinking, the corridor of light above him reflected in his contact lenses like mirrors. Suddenly a drop of water hits his eye like an invisible bomb dropping from the sky.

CUT TO:

46.

EXT. DESERT. DAY.

silent
slip

We're many miles away, the dust spits as though hit by bullet tracer fire. Raindrops gathering and multiplying, soaking and bouncing off the desert floor, they skim and into a groove and then another, the slit instantly fills and water drops crash on the new surface. The spillage spreads and fills everything near it. We tilt up, the sky is furious black, and murderous. Lightning arcs across hundreds of miles.

CUT TO:

INT. CANYON. DAY.

Aron's sky darkens above him. Instantly plunging him into a dark, violet nether-light. He looks up the canyon as he pulls at his arm in panic and tries to gather his laid-out possessions into his backpack. Simultaneously he opens his mouth to gather any drops he can into his parched throat.

CUT TO:

EXT. DESERT. DAY.

A channel fills now as the grooves spill and multiply. The water poured from above appears everywhere, visibility is virtually gone, whether it's through mist or darkness it's impossible to tell.

CUT TO:

EXT. DESERT. DAY.

Another channel explodes like a volcanic surging mass in every direction. The camera literally slips and slides as the water now seems to take a direction towards deeper gulleys, looking for something to fill, for somewhere to escape to.

The floor of the desert becomes a river careering towards
the slot canyons.

CUT TO:

EXT. DESERT. DAY.

Now carrying debris with it the water cascades into the natural pipe-work of the desert.

CUT TO:

47.

EXT. BLUE JOHN CANYON S-LOG. DAY.

We see the S log from below as someone seems to pour unimaginable tons of water over the lips of the canyon above it. The walls glisten with force as the canyon becomes a 6FT wall of churning mud, hurtling towards the chockstones. The smaller ones are picked up and tossed downstream, smashing and breaking on the bigger ones.

CUT TO:

INT. CANYON. DAY. WIDE.

We can see Aron in the distance pulling at his arm. Without time to watch it's journey towards him, it seems to skip
time
and hit him like a tsunami under-surgng the initial push of water on the floor.

CUT TO:

INT. CANYON. DAY. CLOSER.

In an instant it smashes into his chest, scattering all of his possessions as he still tries to grab them.

He pushes and pulls, trying to gain height but is underwater almost immediately. He tries to take a huge suck of air before he's submerged but even that is compromised by water.

We hear him choke and he disappears into the liquid wall of mud.

CUT TO:

INT. CANYON. DAY. UNDERWATER FOOTAGE.

We're with him underwater. He's trying to switch his light on. We can see almost nothing in this washing machine of churning slush and debris and malevolent water. The light flicks on. He can see his arm and the rock. Suddenly the water lifts the chockstone and his arm releases. He pulls it towards him, luminous deathly white in the mud, and flat,

and

too big.

CUT TO:

INT. CANYON. DAY. UNDERWATER FOOTAGE.

We're close on Aron's face, at last free but now suffocating in darkness.

CUT TO:

48.

INT: CANYON. NIGHT.

Aron gasps and throws his night bag off his head and to the floor. He's sweating and gasping; thumped alert but...

CUT TO:

TITLE:

" NIGHT THREE ":

CUT TO:

INT. CANYON. NIGHT.

... the canyon is dry as Mars. He tries to control his breathing. Head down, sweat drips onto his arm - he licks it off and lifts his head - a sudden shiver - looks at his watch.

CUT TO:

C/U. WATCH:

The display changes from 20.29 => 20.30

CUT TO:

INT. CANYON. NIGHT.

He can't believe so little time has passed. He's only just closed his eyes. It's going to be a long night. The two bottles stand looking at him. He goes back in the head bag and we go with him.

CUT TO:

INT. ROPE BAG. NIGHT

He holds the video camera at waist height and switches it to playback. He rewinds through his messages. Stops, switches

battery. off playback and rewinds the blue LCD screen to save

The light is surreal, soft LCD hell.

CUT TO:

HUGE C/U OF:

Battery time. Time rewinding, hurtling backwards.

49.

Stops. Plays back.

CUT TO:

INT. CATHEDRAL CAVE. DAY. VIDEO FOOTAGE.

Megan and Kristi. The Cathedral. They clamber out in wet clothes - it's from after their first jumps. We see all three of them climb and fall and get out of the water and climb and fall, smashing into the azure water. Their faces are dripping wet, beaming mad, screaming and howling, completely natural, children really, on their first helter-skelter / Big Dipper.

He rewinds this time in vision. Kristi's bra and pants are soaking. Megan's top cascades water as she rises out of the water.

CUT TO:

INT. ROPE BAG. NIGHT

For Aron the volume of his and their shouting is deafening and the first human sounds he has heard for days. He watches, staring, laughing; not laughing, staring, eyes

tearing in self-pity.

CUT TO:

C/U: VIDEO CAMERA

HE STOPS IT IN VISION

There's water, joy, 2 beautiful girls, happiness,
sensuality,
company, freedom...

CUT TO:

INT. ROPE BAG. NIGHT.

He looks at the picture and then into the bag. His breathing is hard, pronounced. He carefully tells himself..

ARON

No. No. Don't.

He sees the moisture on the inside of the bag, condensation. He licks it with his sticky tongue, twice, three times. He looks back at the LCD screen.

CUT TO:

50.

INT. ROPE BAG. NIGHT.

The LCD looks back at him.

CUT TO:

INT. ROPE BAG. NIGHT.

He kills the image and snaps it shut.

CUT TO:

INT. CANYON. NIGHT.

He emerges from the bag.
21.05 and looks at the bottle. He takes the Camelbak and saying...

ARON

See you later...
... swallows quickly 2 'spoons' of urine without disturbing the sediment. Tangy and bitter, the saltiness makes him wince.

CUT TO:

INT. ARON'S TRUCK. DUSK.

We're in his truck again but this time over his shoulder and we can see the Scooby Doo Figure dancing in the distance. It's now lit up too, as night is falling, and we're coming

at

it from the other direction. As he gets to it he swerves and follows its guide to the party.

JUMP CUT TO:

EXT. DRIVEWAY. NIGHT

Jump cut, pulling up at the party.

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. PARTY. NIGHT.

Jump cut, inside it's nice, full of ordinary decent people, though no one acknowledges Aron as we stay attached to his shoulder. There's a mini-Scooby Doo dancing in the main room and there's a light, early party atmosphere. Aron searches for the girls, approaching any cluster to see which girls they contain. Rana is there but doesn't acknowledge him.

51.

There's no Megan or Kristi anywhere and we finally settle on the bar / drinks table where there is an ocean of all kinds of drink. And melting ice in huge buckets with bottles of beer floating around in them. And orange juice, and popsicles. And melon, and lemon and lime. And grapefruit and oranges for Margaritas are filling frosted glasses. During the ritual we...

CUT TO:

INT. CANYON. NIGHT

Aron ducks out of his head-bag and shakes his water bottle. Something he always does - to check the sound of real water. To make sure he hasn't drunk it all without knowing. He opens, tilts and holds as always and then ritualistically removes his contact lenses and washes them in his mouth. Suddenly a shiver tears across him like an attack dog. He coughs a lens out and as he tries to catch it before it goes into the sand he tips the bottle in his lap. He hasn't put the top on fully. It goes horizontal on his shorts and a leak of the sacred fluid darkens his tan

shorts.

He whips it upright.

ARON

(furious at himself)

Fuck a nut, Aron. Pay fucking
attention - look what you did?
He stares at the stain - with all the dirt on his shorts
it's

already paste. He screws the lid on slowly and can barely be
bothered to lift his lens into his mouth.

CUT TO:

HUGE C/U OF:

With difficulty he puts the murky lens back in his bloody
eye.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. UNKNOWN. NIGHT.

The image shifts with the lens to night, everything short
focus. Only one thing at a time clear, everything else
diffuse. No idea where we are. We come over Aron's shoulder
and he's clearly in the deep background of a vehicle. In
front of him a half a dozen of his friends (boys and
girls)... and Rana, excitedly chatting. Though we can hear
nothing.

52.

Gradually it becomes clear it's night outside. They are all
undressing in their seats until all are butt naked. The tone
(we can't hear) is clearly more infantile than sexual. We're
beginning to see there's a ferocious blizzard outside. And
we appear to be badly exposed to it. Up a mountain, on the
crest of a high road... Snow, hail, swirls savagely around
all sides of the truck. We remain inside. It's warm, the
heater blows.

They prepare themselves for a mutual signal, press their
window buttons. All the windows open and a BLIZZARD explodes
inside the vehicle.

CUT TO:

EXT. MOUNTAIN. NIGHT.

One shot outside - POVs naked arms out the windows shaking and saluting the storm. Their crazy, happy faces through the windscreen as the weather invades the vehicle.

CUT TO:

INT. CANYON. NIGHT.

Aron very still, listens to their screams. He looks at his knife dangling from his wrist by the shoelace.

CUT TO:

EXT. CANYON. SUNRISE.

Hundreds of miles of canyon - sunrise. The inner canyons change from dark umbers and black shadows to immense bands of pastel yellow, white, green and a hundred shades of red, a hallucinogenic movement towards light.

V.O.

`Good morning America!' etc.

There's a chorus of 'Good Mornings' from American TV & radio shows. Literally dozens of them from Texas to Oregon, Massachusetts to the Carolinas.

CUT TO:

TITLE:

" TUESDAY ":

CUT TO:

53.

INT. CANYON. MORNING. VIDEO FOOTAGE.

Aron joins the morning chorus.

ARON

Good morning everyone! It's 6:45 Tuesday morning in BJ Canyon. The weather is great! I figure by now that Leona, my housemate - Hi Leona! - has missed me hopefully since I didn't show up last night. Another hour and a half they'll miss me for not showing up for work. Hi Brion at work! Best case scenario is they notify the police and after a 24 hour hold they file a report, a missing persons report. Which means noon tomorrow it's official that I'm gone. I do still have the tiniest bit of water left. Well, actually, I've resorted...I've had a couple pretty good gulps of urine that I saved in my Camelbak. I sorta let it distill...it tastes like hell. So it's 70 hours since I left on my bike from Horseshoe Trailhead during which time I have consumed 3 liters of water and a couple mouthfuls of piss.

Pause.

Did I say the weather is great? Well, it is. Though flash floods potential is still present. There's 4-prong major canyons upstream from me that all converge in this 3 foot wide gap where I am. The rock I pulled down on top of me, it was put there by flood.

PAUSE

Still, I'd get a drink.
He shudders, it's ridiculous.
Then composes himself during a long blink and looks straight
at the camera.

ARON (CONT'D)

Mom, Dad, I really love you guys.
I wanted to take this time to say
the times we've spent together have
been awesome. I haven't appreciated
you in my own heart the way I know
I could. Mom, I love you. I wish
I'd returned all of your calls,
ever.

(MORE)

54.

ARON (CONT'D)

I really have lived this last year.
I wish I had learned some lessons
more astutely, more rapidly, than I
did. I love you. I'll always be
with you.

CUT TO:

INT. CANYON. MORNING.

Switches off the camera.
He charges into setting up the 6:1 haul system again. Much
quicker this time. He clears the rope - the rock - of his
possessions and puts his sunglasses on.

ARON

Ready for lift-off.
He bounces his full weight in the stirrups and pulls on the
haul line. It looks a better set up.

ARON (CONT'D)

Come on, move, dammit.

Nothing. He stops. And stares directly at the knife below

him. Absolute stillness. Nothing moves. Not him. Not even the insects.

CUT TO:

INT. CANYON. MORNING.

The knife stares back.

CUT TO:

INT. CANYON. MORNING.

Twice

Without warning he suddenly tourniquets his arm again .

around the fore arm, knotted twice and clipped with a carabiner that he twists 6 times. He secures the fix by attaching the purple webbing.

Looks to his watch

CUT TO:

C/U: DIGITAL NUMERALS

7:58AM.

CUT TO:

55.

INT. CANYON. DAY.

He folds open the knife, grasps it in his fist and picking a spot just above the rock's grip on his right wrist, he hesitates and then violently plunges the blade into his arm up to the hilt.

the
He lets go leaving the knife embedded. He swoons and stares at it. He slowly grasps the tool more firmly and wriggles it slightly, the blade connects with something hard. He taps
knife down and feels it knocking on the radius of his upper forearm bone.
He puts his ear close and we can hear the little thocking sound.

ARON

barely
Whoa, that's the bone.
He pulls the knife out opening the wound more. There's
any blood. He pokes at the gash with the tool.

ARON (CONT'D)

Ouch!

He can see the epidermis, thick and leathery rough. Yellow fatty tissue under the skin in a membrane layer around the muscle. He thocks, thocks again and some blood finally seeps out and blocks his view. He pulls the knife out and thinks. He's sweating and puts the tool on top of the chockstone.

He immediately pulls up his water bottle and stares into it. With a little shake he opens it and drinks it all gulping open throated. He shakes any last drop down and runs his tongue up into the neck. He screws the lid back on and loosens the tourniquet. There's no discernible increase in blood loss.
He picks up the video again.

CUT TO:

VIDEO FOOTAGE

ARON (CONT'D)

This next part may not be for all viewers at home. It's a little after eight. At precisely eight o'clock I took my last sip of clean water... and... hide your eyes, Mom...

He pans across the boulder and zooms in on the wound, smattered with bright red blood.

56.

ARON (CONT'D)

I made an attempt - a short career in surgery, as it turned out - those knives are just not anywhere close to the task. I've got about an inch-wide gash in my arm that goes about a half inch deep. I cut down through the skin and the fatty tissue, and through some of the muscle. I think I cut a tendon, but I'm not sure.

I'll never saw through the bones with this knife. I tried, anyways. It really just didn't go well. The tourniquet is relaxed at this point. Which actually is a little bothersome, considering I'm not bleeding that bad, barely at all. It's so weird. You'd expect to definitely see more pulsing and bleeding, but oh well.

PAUSE

I'm really fucked now. I'm out of water.

CUT TO:

INT. CANYON. DAY.

Stops the video and rips a section of his t-shirt to make an impromptu bandage to cover the wound. As he ties it with his teeth there's a rush of someone else's noise: the swat of wings. He grabs the camera just in time to catch the very end of the raven's flight 70 ft above his head.

ARON

Shit missed it. 8:31AM. He's late and I still missed it.

We can hear his heart racing. He holds his left hand to it hoping to calm it down.

CUT TO:

EXT. STADIUM. CROWDS.

Like the beginning there are thousands of fans filling the screen, people everywhere, maybe holding lighters. And again like the beginning the screen splits into 2...

57.

TITLE:

" NIGHT FOUR. WEDNESDAY. NIGHT FIVE "

CUT TO:

INT/EXT. VARIOUS.

The rest of Tuesday and night, and Wednesday and night play out through the triptych. Repetition is used to create a trippy sense of losing coherence- sometimes there's 3 Arons

doing the same thing. It could be consecutive days or he's forgotten.

switched
close-
up - his disintegration is terrifying.

At key moments it resolves to one image and then back again. Things seem to loop and his close-ups almost seem to watch the loops happening again and again. This is particularly true inside the head bag at night. When his light is on it's bleached and monstrously overlit, like cruel HD

blue,
that allows us to witness him in hiding. The images, sometimes of himself also, play out on the interior surface of the bag. The effect is like wraparound Imax, multi-screen Technicolor.

INT. CANYON. DAY. DIPTYCH.

Aron has his headphones on EXT. STADIUM CROWD

Listening to the live concert again.

The laser in the CD The crowd smears, skips. dragged and distorted. It's been damaged by the time in The numbers skip on the the sand. display.

As they stop...

CUT TO:

INT. CANYON. DAY.

Aron falls into the canyon.

58.

Beyond the foot 11.32 => 11.33
in the sunlight Aron falls again into the HUGE figures.
dagger. We don't canyon replayed in slower
see above waist motion V.O: HERE he is
height. Someone Aron lifts a
carrying 2 huge huge rock onto
office water his shoulder
dispensers by and heaves it
their necks walks to crash on
into the canyon the chockstone
He walks up to Aron It shatters
And puts them down into dust.
his side and leaves. It's like
ARON: quarry mining.
'Thanks' He finds a

BLACK SHOT-

Adverts - 7UP, etc. Some putt sized
televised, some billboard rock and
some radio, pull tab cans begins
split and spit, slurpees hammering with
grapefruit juice, OJ that -
popsicles. ARON:
'owwww!'
But he carries
on.

SHUDDERING SO

VIOLENTLY WITH

Temperature 57 - shivers, like
56 - 55 (huge a fit teeth
Figures) chattering,

RACKING HIS

A figure starts body with a
a small fire to furious
comfort Aron. vengeance.
Perfect for bacon

and beans.
He pisses again 02.02=>03.03=>04.04
ARON: Huge luminous figures on There's the
"I can't believe the inside of the black interior Scooby
this..." bag. Doo waving at a
decants the table in front
sediment out of V.O: There you are of it piled to
Camelbak. The creaking point
stench of the with margaritas
sediment makes the excess runs
him retch and jerk down the table
away. Where is all legs.
This coming from?

ARON:

`Fuck Aron 05.05 We see it reflected
That shit stinks' on his eyeball the eyelid
rustles back and forward.
Finished he tucks
back in but VIDEO FOOTAGE: During this we
there's a small [ARON: RAMBLING ON VIDEO see pictures,

59.

bloom. ARON: ONLY SOMETIMES COHERENT] unremarkable
`You can shake Tom, thanks for the lovely, natural
and you can dance fire last night...
but the last My friend Rob in Aspen ones of Erik +
drop is in the says to me several... Jon + Kristi +
pants'- of pee frequently... several Matt + Brent +
on his shorts. times, confusingly, Gary + Judson +

BRYAN + MIKE +

INT. ROB IN CANYON ON SOFA. Rachel + Angie
ROB: `It's not what you do [SOME TAKE
but who you are'. THEIR TURN ON
+ Erik + Rana + THE SOFA IN
Sonja + Jean Marc THE CANYON]

+ CHAD + KELLER

+ Soha + Craig + Aron falls
Brandon + Chip + One of the things again - the
Norm I'm learning here is that I accident
didn't enjoy people's re-runs in
company that I was with silhouette
enough, or as much as I
could have. A lot of really
good people have spent time
with me. Very often I tend

to ignore or dismiss their
presence in seeking the He eats the
essence of their presence. last bite of

BURRITO WASHED

Did that make sense? down with a
swig of urine,
He switches off and applies winces and
lip balm. swallows
somehow. ARON:
He looks at it and bites a `That's it.
bit off. Masticates it on I'm on the
and on... Chewing. urine diet
now. Well,
The chockstone it's no
waits and Aron's slurpee...'
foot kicks and
then lands and
they fall together.

The raven flies. => The accident runs in Aron watches
reverse the raven

INT. STORE ROOM. DAY.

REFLECTED ON THE INSIDE

OF THE NIGHT HEAD BAG.

ARON CHIPPING

away desultory A slit of light in blackness
reveals Jon in work clothes.
Aron licks A light switch flicks on and
moisture thin metal shelves full of
condensation cleaning supplies appear He takes shots
from inside the on 3 sides, industrial mop, of himself
bag. His head- Aron in his canyon gear, with his still

60.

lamp blinks right arm out of focus. camera and of
unreliably. Tries to knock on door with his hand and
left arm. Jon stops him and of the light
indicates it won't do any in the canyon.
V.O: Where are good. He takes one

You going? with the flash
VIDEO FOOTAGE: at night in
ARON: I'm holding on but the canyon.
it's really slowing down, And one inside
the time is going really the bag
slow but my heart rate is blinding
INT. GARAGE. DAY. going like crazy [WE HEAR himself. The
We're in the IT POUNDING IN CONTRAST spots in his
doorway of a TO HIS SLURRING DELIVERY] eyes bleed
garage with I swear it's like 3 x what across into
friends in the it should be... other shots
background gathered and change
around Rana who colour.
is working on one Rewinded video -
of the giant Megan and Kristi
Easter Island masks and back through
for Burning Man. his life in the
She chats away, canyon and then
carefree, some of him
she's in baggy climbing in snow
dungarees or that existed on
overalls with her the tape - triumphant
hair falling around pose on top of the icy
her face out of its wonder. All ice picks
hairband. She brushes and Gore-Tex.
it back and flecks of
Plaster of Paris dust
her skin. She notices
Aron. V.O: He's over here
RANA: There you are.
She shouts to someone:
RANA: Here he is.
Mum and Dad sitting on
Sofa. Sofa sitting in canyon He imagines
In front of him - flash-floods his head in
Of light the dagger
of sunlight.

HIS HEAD

URNS ALWAYS

Rana's face is remaining in
huge on the inside the light.An
of his head bag, smiling accelerating
at him. Her face in huge carousel of
scale compared to his head. yellow
warmth.

CUT TO:

ALL THE SCREENS GO BLACK.

61.

INT. ROPE BAG. BLACK.

Breathing close but shallow and rasping.

ARON

God, it's Aron again. I still need
some help. It's getting bad here.

I'm out of water and food.

Listen. Give me the strength not to
do anything against myself. I want
to see this through, whatever.

A rumbling thunderous sound grows and the inside of the bag
begins to bear the image of the top of the canyon at dawn

but

crumpled like paper, creased like the bag [BUT STRETCHED
ACROSS 2 SCREENS]. The noise grows and grows...

CUT TO:

INT. CANYON. DAY. INT. CANYON. DAY.

ARON'S UPWARD POV.

When it can get no louder Obscuring the light on
a horse leaps the 6 ft gap his face once they've
at the top of the canyon. gone and only dust
it's followed by dozens of falling lightly is
horses stampeding across his evidence then...
roof....

CUT TO:

EXT. SKY. DAY.

...the raven beats its wings across the canyon.

CUT TO:

INT. CANYON. DAY. SINGLE SCREEN.

We tilt down the wall (still reflected on inside of bag) to see Aron completing his obit. Scratched on wall of canyon: Aron Oct 75 => APR 03 RIP.

As we reverse back on Aron in the canyon there's a burst of light and color beyond him and on the sofa in the canyon a little boy sits. He's blond, about 3 and in a red polo

shirt.

He looks like Aron.

Aron walks towards him, the sunlight hits his face like a train and Aron looks up to it but keeps moving towards the boy, walking downhill towards the sofa. The boy leaps off

the

sofa and comes running to Aron.

62.

He scoops the boy up with his left arm and balances him around his shoulders with his right handed stump. The boy holds Aron's arms in his little hands and they prance around the sofa, they giggle and shout playing bulls, giraffes, elephants, jousting knights, pretending to walk downhill behind the sofa. Like any father in any park. [A PERFECT POP SONG, BLONDIE MAYBE, PLAYS IN THE DISTANCE]. Like any father in any park.

Aron watches the image begin to fade. He switches on the light but its low and feeble.

As the images on the inside of the bag fade so too does Aron's lamp. He tries to warm it up but it fades to black.

He

holds his breath.

CUT TO:

INT. CANYON. DAY.

peeks
It's strangely still even by the canyon's standards. He
out from his head bag; his contacts are cloudy and sore to
blink.

You can hear him blink. Eye socket rasping against eyeball.
The head lolls like he's lost control of the neck muscles.
His tongue rasps as he flexes his mouth to prevent sealing.

CUT TO:

TITLE.

" THURSDAY MAY 1st ".

CUT TO:

INT. CANYON. DAY.

03. He looks at his obituary on the wall. ARON. OCT 75 => APR

RIP.

ARON

Out of date. May Day. Not dead.
He smirks.

8:15 Waits for the raven. No sign

INTERCUT WITH:

C/U. DIGITAL NUMERALS.

8:30. Nothing.

63.

8:45 No raven.

CUT TO:

INT. CANYON. DAY. VIDEO FOOTAGE.

It's tough looking at him. So long without water. The dehydration is frightening.

ARON

No raven today. Everything's fucked. Sonja... if you still want me to play at your wedding... there's a tape in a box in the basement of Mom and Dad's Lounge. It's me 1993 or 1994.

We hear the music. Mozart, Beethoven, Bach, Chopin - he can hear it as he played it until...

ARON (CONT'D)

There was a little boy, and he looked like my cousin Charlie but he was too young. And I don't want to die... But I really don't know what to do.

Pause.

Quietly, deadly:

VOICE

I did this Aron. I created this. The boulder did what it was here to do. It was waiting for me but it did the only natural thing it could

do. I chose to come here, I chose to do this descent by myself. I chose not to tell anyone where I was going. I chose to turn away from the women who were there to keep me from getting in this trouble. I wanted it to be like this. Look how far I came to find this spot.

It's not that I'm getting what I deserve - I'm getting what I wanted.

He's empty now. He clicks the camera shut and puts it away. That's over.

CUT TO:

64.

INT. CANYON. DAY.

He looks at his 'good' hand. It's swollen and angry red like an inflated prosthetic on top and around of his real hand.

He

takes off his shoe and pulls the sock over his hand to cushion his palm and picks up the black rounded hammer rock again. Ignoring the pain he starts hammering at the rock surface. SMASH. MAD NOW.

ARON

I hate this rock.
The rage blooms purple in his mind.

ARON (CONT'D)

I hate it.
His face swells with anger, nostrils flaring.

ARON (CONT'D)

I hate this fucking canyon.

A small mushroom cloud of pulverized grit and dust erupts each time.

ARON (CONT'D)

I hate this cold slab pressing me
against this damp fucking wall.
Smash, Smash, Smash.

ARON (CONT'D)

I know there's water near coz of
these fucking mosquitoes.

The sock quickly disintegrates with friction as he hammers
and hammers.

ARON (CONT'D)

I hate this fucking mess.

Finally he stops but his fingers are paralyzed, fused rigid
around the rock. He pulls them off with his teeth and the
stone drops to his feet.

and There's a thick layer of dust across the top of the stone

his right arm. He tries to blow it away. He fails. Tired,
it's too thick and he's too dehydrated. He picks up his

knife and using this starts sweeping the grit off his thumb. As he
cleans up he accidentally rips away a thin piece of decayed
flesh. It peels back a long way like a skin of boiled milk.
The insects start to gather.

ARON (CONT'D)

Shit.

65.

He pokes the thumb with the stubbed point of the blade. On
the second prod the blade punctures the epidermis like soft
butter. There is a clear hiss as gases escape. The stench is
death. He looks at the gangrene attached to him, poisoning
him.

ARON (QUIET, CLEAR) (CONT'D)

Get rid of it Aron, it's dead, it's
garbage.

He drops to his haunches but the webbing stops him at his
waist. He detaches it and drops down again, almost able to
squat. His trapped arm is the only thing preventing that.
His face is suddenly open.

He pushes and pushes with his left hand under the boulder to
create maximum downward force on his right arm. Hard,
harder,
HARDER. It looks insane, unnatural and painful, but he says
nothing.

POW

Like a gunshot in the canyon, the bone breaks. The sound
ricochets. He rises and sees the bone pushing up violently
against the skin. He feels it. It's a serrated, but clean,
successful break.
Still he says nothing.

Now he humps his body up and over the chockstone, smearing
his feet, one with a shoe, one without, against the wall, he
pushes grabbing further and further round the dark side of
the chockstone, pulling with a silent, furious intensity.
Hard, then harder, and HARDER.

BANG

A second gun shot smashes around the canyon. He's sweating
heavily and yet euphoric, possessed. He checks the
underneath
of the arm. It's broken too. Around the same place.
He can rotate his forearm like a shaft inside a housing.
Giving himself no time to wake up he grabs the knife, looks
at the watch-

CUT TO:

C/U: DIGITAL NUMERALS.

10:32

CUT TO:

66.

INT. CANYON. DAY.

He mutters...

ARON

Ok Aron, here we go. You're in it now.

He pushes the knife hard, to the hilt, in between 2 veins on his wrist.

Fuck knows where the sweat is coming from but it's pouring out of him.

Sawing downwards he makes as large a hole as he can without tearing any of the noodle like veins. He puts the knife in his teeth and pokes his left forefinger and thumb inside his right arm.

feel
Like a mechanic he looks to analyse and then he works by only.

His sweat falls on his knife mixing with the blood.

by
He pulls muscle nearer the surface allowing his knife to slice and pare away at a pinky 'finger-sized' fragment bit

bit. It takes a dozen actions, each time the knife goes back to his teeth.

Sort. Pinch. Rotate. Slice.

working.
There's not a lot of blood. But he keeps working and

the
Once the blood increases he puts the knife down on top of rock and swiftly ties his tourniquet.

He's silent, refusing to verbalize the pain.

CUT TO:

C/U: DIGITAL NUMERALS.

10.53

CUT TO:

INT. CANYON. DAY.

He can't cut the tendon, no matter how hard he slices. But
nothing will stop his addiction to surgery now. He folds in
and swaps the blade for the pliers. He uses them to bite
into
he
an edge of the yellowy tendon. Then squeezing and twisting
tears away a fragment.

Grip. Squeeze. Twist. Tear.

67.

Finally he finishes the tendon.

CUT TO:

C/U: DIGITAL NUMERALS.

11:16

CUT TO:

INT. CANYON. DAY.

a
He returns to the knife. Finally all that remains inside is
pale white strand. Like swollen angel hair pasta. The nerve.
He touches it with the knife edge.

ARON

AAAAARRRRRRGGGGHHHH!

still
He explodes internally with vocal pain, through gritted
teeth. The first time he has made any sound during the
surgery. But it's like he's been taser-ed, he's stunned
for a minute

CUT TO:

C/U: DIGITAL NUMERALS.

11:17

CUT TO:

INT. CANYON. DAY.

He looks at it... the nerve.

CUT TO:

INT. CANYON. DAY.

...and the thin, swollen wire of his own nerve looks back at
him. For the final time, he asks himself, 'Can you do this?'

CUT TO:

INT. CANYON. DAY.

He puts the knife in and pulls it toward him, an inch, two inches, it lengthens like pulling a guitar string. Unimaginable pain builds in his whole body, like he's pushing his arm into a cauldron of magma...

68.

(It's difficult to tell because everything is so tight and claustrophobic but maybe the boy is there intermittently riding his shoulders slipping across and around him, or obstructed by the boulder and stopped from getting to Aron) ...until it breaks. He shudders in shock and drops everything

for minutes. His head lolls forward dripping. His mind swarming with trauma. And then he's back on the last action stretching the skin of his outer wrist tight and sawing the blade into the wall. It's a piece of gristle on a cutting board. Everything now is forcing us towards the boulder, cramping us

in with him impossibly close, he's sweating and heaving, his vision blurring with tears, his contacts failing, his breath impossibly dry and rasping and then, as simply as this all began, his shoulders open and he's free..... He staggers back, one, two, three steps away from his arm...

His head swarming with colours, swooning, overpowering. He stares at his obituary as he's born again. His feet stagger under him like a new foal, an involuntary dance, we see colours bleeding and blending in his P.O.V.s and the colours invade our shots of him.

ARON

(spitting out this declaration at the rock)

I AM NOT GOING TO DIE.... HERE.

CUT TO:

C/U: DIGITAL NUMERALS.

11.34 am

CUT TO:

INT. CANYON. DAY.

and He's busy packaging his stump in the plastic grocery sack then wrapping that with the yellow webbing he wore as a chocker to keep his neck warm in the night. He stuffs the repackaged arm into the empty Camelbak backpack and throws the straps over his neck to hold the arm in a makeshift sling. Packs his bag, water reservoir, full bottle of shiny urine, video, pocket knife. Grabs his climbing rope, messy and knotted from its use as insulation, and heads off down the canyon.

returns Stops almost immediately and hesitates for a beat. He

69.

to take 2 photos on his still camera of the rock and his hand.
Goodbye.

CUT TO:

INT. CANYON. DAY.

And now the motion and energy and life force of the action movie returns...
It's like Ray Liotta's final day in Goodfellas; relentless, frustrating, pressure of life again now he's free from his

tomb. Deeper and deeper, down and down into the swirling
scoops of the sandstone. Couple of difficult manoeuvres,
lots
of slipping and bumping, despite his best effort
occasionally
his right shoulder takes the brunt and he stops, winces and
grunts thru the pain.

But on he goes, 100 ft of the rope trailing behind him. As
we follow its progress snaking after him we see specs of
blood on the lower walls.

The canyon becomes a chute increasingly steep in which he
ignores the shrinking daylight above because he has another
target; the twists and turns of the curricles of sedimented
sandstone lead to a soft glow, red, translucent, growing and
growing in intensity. He pushes forward, the tail of rope
whipping faster and faster along the walls and floor.

CUT TO:

INT/EXT. ROCK SHELF. DAY.

Finally, we burst into the dazzling midday sun on a rock
shelf halfway up a sheer walled amphitheatre, 200ft high.
The
scale of the slated cliff face opposite is breathtaking, the
dazzling sunlight poaches the air he sucks in and burns his
dry eyes.
He sees, for the first time in his new life, green. The deep
green of a healthy 50ft tree below him and to his left, and
he knows. He looks for the bolts drilled into the rock, and
he knows. Now he can look down. Right to the edge of
vertiginous drop and there below is a puddle of shallow
turgid water. Life itself. He wanted it to be there and now
he's mesmerized by it. A pair of swifts leave the tree and
zig zag up and around him. He wobbles and has to stop
himself
lunging head first over the precipice. Instead he drops to
the bolts and kisses them like the pope arriving in a
foreign
land.

Unravelling the rope of its knots, he's baking in blazing

70.

open
light. He can't go yet, every knot must be undone pulled
between his teeth and his hand. But he'll die if he can't
have moisture. He tips the saved urine over himself and
licking and retching simultaneously he suddenly stops and
listens. He can hear a shuffling, a zip-zip... The rope is
uncoiling over the ledge. He put it down to drink. Picking
up
speed the more it falls, there's only a few feet left. He
lunges across the ledge and catches it just in time. That
was
his future disappearing over the ledge.

CUT TO:

EXT. CANYON. DAY

edge.
We're far below - 6 storeys - and see him inch over the
Something's not right. It's a difficult overhang and he's
awkward and vulnerable with only one useful arm. His bad arm
catches horribly on the lip of the ledge. Suddenly he starts
coming fast, faster and then hideously, much too fast,
accelerating out of control and smashing into the water with
deadly force.

CUT TO:

INT. UNDERWATER. DAY.

We're underneath, deep in the pool, and he crashes in an explosive cascade of air forced into the water.

CUT TO:

EXT. C/U: DAY.

His feet gently touch the sandy floor, 10ft to the side of the pool...

CUT TO:

EXT. POOL. DAY

... he's a great climber and even in his present condition has perfectly executed the descent. And the pool is a puddle, swimming with dead leaves and insects, 2 inches deep at most. He falls on it with his bottles, filling them and dipping his mouth into the water, He washes his head, drinks and fills, drinks and gargles, and drinks again-insects, leaves, tadpoles, everything. Blood splashes in beside him so out comes his map again as he plots his way out. He sees a great goose-necked avenue before him bending to the right.

71.

Checking the map... there's a long way to go and he's small, nothing in this landscape.

CUT TO:

EXT. (VARIOUS) CANYON. DAY.

He walks shedding any weight that might reduce how long he can keep going; his equipment, carabiners, headphones; his harness left like a spent snake skin behind him. He keeps to the shadows of the huge Monument Valley-like cliffs when he can.

CUT TO:

EXT. HORSESHOE CANYON. DAY.

Finally, he comes to the great gallery that we saw in the opening titles. A 300ft huge wall with dozens of broad shouldered figures painted to enormous scale in all shades

of

tan and maroon. They seem to stare back at him. He salutes them in his own way and continues.

He banks left beneath a colossal alcove high up in the cliff face and makes to the flattest ground - there's no shade to hide in here.

CUT TO:

EXT. HORSESHOE CANYON. DAY.

70 yards ahead, 3 aliens are walking away from him. 2 tall, one shorter. All with elongated bodies and tiny heads, shimmering in the heat.

He goes to shout but his voice catches. Then a feeble effort is lost in the vast scale of the canyon. The figures walk on bending and disappearing in the light. He digs deep.

ARON

HELP!

And the figures turn.
There's a terrible pause of uncertainty on both sides and
then he pushes out another heartbreaking -

ARON (CONT'D)

HELP ME! I NEED HELP!

The figures begin to run towards him. We watch his face in
close up as they come. If tears come, then now they come at
the sight of humans. He mutters to himself.

72.

ARON (CONT'D)

Hang in there Aron.
At they get closer he summons a surge of energy from
somewhere.

ARON (CONT'D)

My name is Aron Ralston. I was
trapped by a boulder on Saturday
and I've been without food and
water for 5 days. I cut my arm off
this morning to get free and I've
lost a lot of blood. I need medical
attention.

There's a pause as they look at this refugee from a low
budget horror movie. He hungrily eyes the water bottles
attached to their waist bands. This gives them a way in to
his world. The moment is broken by their offering him their
water. It pours down his throat bypassing the swallow
mechanism.

CUT TO:

INT. TV STUDIO. DAY. ERIK MEJER TESTIMONY

(Erik's English is almost perfect, although accented and without humour. His family sit beside him on comfortable chairs in a TV studio. They are very pleased to

BE THERE)

ERIK

We are the Mejers from Holland. At the start of the trailhead we talked to a ranger who told us about a car that was parked in the area already for several days and that the owner might be missing in the canyon. We joked that we would keep our eyes open and that we would try to find him. After a hike of 5.3 kilometres to the Great Gallery (Indian rock art) where we took some pictures, we returned and suddenly heard a noise behind us, and after that a voice that cried "Help, I need help". Monique and I immediately realized that this had to be the missing person.

(MORE)

73.

ERIK (CONT'D)

We didn't find him, he found us!
We gave him our water and Oreos.

CUT TO:

EXT. HORSESHOE CANYON. DAY.

Back now live as Aron wolfs down the cookies and organises

the Mejers in a series of jump cuts pushing us through the final stages-he's brutally practical.

ERIK

We are the Mejers from Holland.
You should stop and rest.

ARON

No, we need to keep hiking.
We need a helicopter - who can run fastest?- You, go now fast. Take him.

Monique runs ahead with Andy, her son.

ERIK

They told us you were here.

ARON

Who? Who told you?

ERIK

The police at the parking lot

ARON

Do you have a phone?

ERIK

There's no signal for miles.
Nobody for 6 days and then like London buses another couple appears. They too are confronted by:

ARON

Do you have a cell phone?

WAYNE

No. I'm Wayne. I have some medical training.

ARON

Is it ok for me to drink so much water?

74.

WAYNE

Sure so long as it doesn't make you vomit.
Aron drinks more and more, he overhears...

WAYNE (CONT'D)

(TO ERIK)

Make sure he doesn't pass out.

ARON

I gotta stop and empty my shoes.
You'll have to tie my shoe lace.
As he sits his head slumps forward. He's absolutely motionless. Wayne and Erik try to talk to him but he can barely hear them. A pop song spins round and round
distantly.

He strains to pull his head up, and, staring, drops forward to his knees. There it is. Filling his vision like a god. Whirling screaming in front of him, dust blasting him as he kneels. A HELICOPTER.

CUT TO:

EXT. HELICOPTER. DAY.

A strange slightly formal man pops out of the helicopter. He almost looks like he's part of the Matrix.

PILOT

Are you Aron?

ARON

Yes I am. Can I get a lift?

CUT TO:

EXT. HELICOPTER. DAY.

gets
Aron looks at the beautiful white leather seat before he
in the back of the helicopter. Surreal. It's a startling
contrast to his Frankenstein, and even now it's not lost on
him.

ARON

I'm gonna make a terrible mess of
your seat.

PILOT

Just get in buddy. We're all
looking for you.

The helicopter sucks upwards into the sky leaving Wayne,
Monique, Andy and Erik far below.

75.

1000 HOURS LATER

CUT TO:

INT. UNDERWATER. DAY.

Underwater. A figure dives in, pulling strong breast strokes down and towards us. Its Aron, fully recovered after surgery.

Eyes open, he pulls and pulls down through crystal clear, oxygenated water.

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT/INT. HOSPITAL ROOM. DAY.

As the helicopter and gurney staff transfer him into the medic room he's surrounded by vertical giants as he lies horizontal for the first time in 6 days.

ARON

Thank you for bringing me back.
The most senior of the burly men says,

BURLY MAN

That's all your miracle days used
up kid. You need to rest. You can
stand everyone a beer later.
Aron is greeted by medics. Needles. Care. Machines. Tubes.

ARON

Will you look after this for me
please?

He opens his fist and there is the small folded up knife.

CUT TO:

INT. UNDERWATER. DAY.

He pulls again releasing a huge chunk of air into a metallic bubble.

CUT TO:

76.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM. DAY.

A very soft voice reading.

VOICE (MOM)

...his love, the peace that passeth
all understanding...

ARON

Mom.

MOM

My boy. My only one. There you are.
She strokes his head so gently.

ARON

Hey Mom.

MOM

How are you feeling?

ARON

OK. Are you okay...

MOM

You've been asleep for 2 days. We
are so lucky...
She's a decent woman and a devoted mum. She looks weary,
worn
out with worry and love for her boy.

ARON

Mom, I'm sorry I scared you.

Very soft voice (again) - Aron hears the same words as he drifts back into drugged rest.

VOICE (MOM)

...his love, the peace that passeth
all understanding...

CUT TO:

INT. UNDERWATER. DAY.

Face underwater. Pull and kick. Wanting oxygen now.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. PRESS CONFERENCE. DAY.

(all of this without

SOUND)

Flash of celebrity. His first press conference. And boy, is there a lot of press there!

77.

Aron, of course has his camera with him as he walks out and takes a snap of the noise and light. We see his still, it's floor to ceiling, wall to wall journalists.

CUT TO:

EXT. POOL. DAY.

pool, We can see him beneath, swimming along the floor of the
like a diver building lung capacity.

CUT TO:

EXT. VAST CROWD. STADIUM. NIGHT.

The vast crowd again, floodlit, ready to begin their evening.

CUT TO:

INT. ARON'S TRUCK. NIGHT.

In Aron's 4 x 4 somewhere in the endless parking lot outside the stadium. Rana is wearing glasses, reading an SMS she's just received.

RANA

OK - he's got 3 vegetarian hotdogs and the tickets and he'll be outside Gate 6 in 5.

ARON

So are you guys ok with me?

RANA

Yeah. We split up a while back when you were in hospital.

ARON

Christine told me.

RANA

(always to the point)
Is that what this is about?

ARON

Yeah.

She laughs at him.

RANA

What about the climbing?
Aron reaches in his bag and pulls out his scary looking
prosthetic arm / axe. He clicks the points together. She
doesn't laugh, maybe a smile.

78.

RANA (CONT'D)

Solo?

ARON

I'm gonna finish the 49ers this
winter or next.

RANA

(to change it)
Well, all I can't figure out is
what took you so long to cut it off
and get one of these.
They both laugh. But he also answers.

ARON

Rana, before I did it I was
hallucinating, I saw this child, a
little blond boy -

RANA

(over her glasses)
Not Jesus please...

ARON

No, he looked like my cousin
Charlie but way too young... and I
didn't know why but I knew he was
mine and that this was what lay in
front of me.
He looks at her.

Pause.
She doesn't say anything.

ARON (CONT'D)

But it's not going to be you, is
it?

RANA

No Aron, it's not.

ARON

(HE KNOWS)

OK.

Rana leans over and tenderly kisses his cheek.

RANA

You know, everyone who cares for
you, a little bit of them dies each
time you go back.

Before he can work out how to answer she breaks the door
open.

79.

RANA (CONT'D)

Let's go hero. If they do The Fly
first and we miss it we'll never be
forgiven.

EXT. CONCERT. NIGHT.

The concert explode into life.

THE POP SONG PLAYS OVER:

` A man will rise, A man will fall...

INT. UNDERWATER. DAY.

the
His face pushing for the surface. He surges up and out of
water, to cling by his elbows on the side of the pool. No
prosthetic.

SONG CONTINUES OVER:

...From the sheer face of love

Like a fly from a wall'

CUT TO:

EXT. POOL. DAY.

the
There in front of him on the grass by the pool is the same
sofa as in the canyon. On it and around it, his friends and
family, including Rana. There's so many of them they fill
screen. Tucked deep into the sofa, is his son giggling away.
They smile, simple, silent support for him. He looks right
back at them.

THE END