

MEMORY
AND THE
MOUNTAIN

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INT. CARE HOME, BEDROOM - DAY

Lying in the expensive bed in the centre of the expensive room is PETER HITCHLOC (80s, broad shoulders, white beard) asleep.

The curtains are pulled open by MEREDITH (20s, trying not to look nervous). The light wakes Peter. He stirs.

MEREDITH

Mr. Hitchloc, my name is Meredith Brown, I'm a memory broker from Mnemosyne Inc. I'm not sure if you received our missives but I--

PETER

I got your letters.

MEREDITH

Well, we never got a response so I figured perhaps--

PETER

My lack of response was my response.

She sits down next to his bed.

MEREDITH

Well I'm not sure our letters made clear quite the level of excitement we have at Mnemosyne about your memories. One of the most common requests we get from our customers is climbing Mount Everest.

PETER

Ha!

MEREDITH

The account of your climb has all the elements I believe our customers are looking for; friendship, camaraderie, tragedy, triumph.

PETER

The hell do you know about it?

MEREDITH

Your climb is legendary, Mr. Hitchloc. You're a hero.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PETER

Ha, you pretend you're interested in the truth but you're just like the reporters.

MEREDITH

I can assure you sir, I'm different. I'm after your memories because I think the truth is always better than the legend. I just need one big selling memory to prove it.

He looks at her. He seems suddenly very tired.

PETER

Fine. Take the memories, they're yours.

Meredith is very excited to hear that. She puts her briefcase on the bed and opens it to reveal a complicated gadget. She takes a small crown-like ring and places it on Peter's head.

CUT TO BLACK

EXT. WHITE SLOPES OF MOUNT EVEREST - DAY

MEMORY

All of the memory scenes are shot from Peter's POV, our view is his.

We are trudging up a snowy slope carrying a long pole with a spike. We look behind us and see RICK (30, big beard, bright climbing gear). Rick smiles.

We look up at the peak above us. The sun is high.

CUT TO:

MEMORY

Inside a yellow tent we are sharing a hot tea with Rick.

PETER (O.S.)

You okay today, Rick? You've slowed down.

RICK

Still not used to the air. It ain't like Kilimanjaro.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PETER (O.S.)
We can rest a spell here if you like.
Get going midday.

RICK
Don't worry about it. I'll get there.

Rick unzips the tent and we are greeted by a beautiful mountain vista.

CUT TO:

MEMORY

We are walking along a rocky path behind Rick. He stops and looks down a steep slope. He looks at us and points down.

We look down the slope to see a frozen body dressed in bright climbing gear, half buried by snow.

RICK
What's that now? 20? 30?

PETER (O.S.)
I lost count.

RICK
Look at his shoes, he must have been there for years.

PETER (O.S.)
Someone should book him for littering.

Rick laughs and continues along the path.

CUT TO:

MEMORY

We are walking along a ridge, breathing heavily.

We look back and see Rick collapse.

We run over to him and kneel next to him.

RICK
It's alright, I was just a bit light headed. Give me that.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He takes a small oxygen tank and breathes through the mouthpiece.

PETER (O.S.)
Let's rest here and then set up camp
on the other side of this ridge.

Rick nods and gives the thumbs up.

CUT TO:

MEMORY

We are running.

We run under a rocky outcrop and find Rick, he has collapsed.

We sit him up.

PETER (O.S.)
Rick! You okay, man?

RICK
... Can't... You're going to need to
radio Bruce. We have to head back.

PETER (O.S.)
Well... We're so close, man.
Seriously, I can see the peak.

RICK
Sorry Pete. I should have thrown in
the towel ages ago.

PETER (O.S.)
We've just got to hang on a little
bit longer.

Rick shakes his head.

RICK
I can't move.

We stand up and look towards the peak, the sun is behind it making it glow.

RICK (cont'd)
Don't leave me Pete.

We take a step towards the path.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RICK (cont'd)
Pete. Don't leave me, man. I'll die here.

PETER (O.S.)
I could just... I could just get up there and get back before it gets dark.

Rick makes eye contact with us. Pleading us to stay. We look at the ground.

We start walking towards the peak.

RICK
Peter! I'll die by myself, Peter!
Don't leave me.

CUT TO:

MEMORY

The peak of Mount Everest. A beautiful 360 degree view of the Himalayas.

We sit down.

CUT TO:

MEMORY

We walk past the rocky outcrop where we left Rick. We can see his shoes. He's dead.

We keep walking.

INT. COMPUTER LAB - DAY

Meredith takes a viewing helmet off her head having just watched the memory. She is sitting in a leather chair next to a TECHNICIAN (20ish, rumped) behind a lot of computers.

She turns to the young technician.

MEREDITH
It's going to need some editing. A lot of editing.