

BROKEN

Written by

Somebody Else

Mountain, Wedding Planner, Beer Bottle, Horror, Win At Any Cost

FADE IN:

EXT. SKI RESORT - NIGHT

A sign greets scattered guests: "Welcome to Keystone."

INT./EXT. GONDOLA - NIGHT

JACOB, male, 26, fidgety, disheveled, plops onto the seat of a small gondola car. An expensive camera hangs around his neck, and he's immediately engrossed in tinkering with it.

He's quickly joined by CHRISTOPHER, male, 24, dressed sharp and dripping with nervous energy.

Seconds later, MARY BETH, female, 45, polished professional, slips in, joins Christopher on the seat opposite Jacob.

She sets a case of beer on the floor between her feet.

The doors close and the gondola begins its climb, its three occupants set.

The darkness of the mountain night quickly envelopes them.

INT. GONDOLA - NIGHT

Christopher looks at the case of beer.

CHRISTOPHER

You found it.

MARY BETH

Must've made twenty phone calls.  
Had to pay a shuttle driver to  
bring it from Denver.

CHRISTOPHER

Awesome. Thanks. Bonus points for  
making me look good.

MARY BETH

Well, she'll love it -- nice  
romantic gesture like that.

She sits back, settles in for the ride.

MARY BETH

You ready for the big day?

CHRISTOPHER

No, but, I have twenty-two hours to get ready, right?

MARY BETH

Once you're through this rehearsal dinner, I bet those butterflies just melt away.

Jacob looks up.

JACOB

You getting married?

CHRISTOPHER

Tomorrow.

JACOB

That's so cool. I'm getting married tonight.

He pulls a photo from his pocket, proudly shows it off.

It's actually two pictures, tattered and worn, taped together to look like one. One half: a smiling Jacob. The other: a smiling EMILY, female, 24. Clearly two different locations.

Christopher tenses.

CHRISTOPHER

That's my --

Mary Beth grabs his leg, tilts her head. Following her gaze, Christopher sees: blood on Jacob's hand. Fresh.

CHRISTOPHER

-- friend.

JACOB

You know Emily? Small world.

He puts the photo away, extends his hand.

JACOB

I'm Jacob. Are you here for our wedding? Did she invite you? She's just full of surprises.

Christopher shakes his hand, reluctantly. Blood now on his own hands, Christopher discreetly wipes it on the seat.

CHRISTOPHER

No, I --

JACOB  
Oh, my god! You could be my best  
man. Yes, that's perfect.

The idea energizes Jacob. He nearly bounces out of his seat.

JACOB  
I don't know anybody, really. I  
mean -- I'm even my own  
photographer.

Jacob laughs at the thought.

JACOB  
I should get a picture.

He fumbles with the camera.

JACOB  
Damn thing. So fancy.

He hands the camera to Mary Beth.

JACOB  
How about you take it?

He leans across, grabs Christopher around the neck, flashes a  
big smile.

JACOB  
Best buds. On my wedding night.

Mary Beth reads a label on the camera's strap: "Dave Powell."

MARY BETH  
Where'd you get this?

JACOB  
Some man gave it to me. In the  
village. David? I think. Nice guy.

Jacob wipes his hands on his pants -- an instinctual move.

Christopher and Mary Beth catch eyes as worry builds.

JACOB  
Come on. Take the picture.

She does. Jacob takes the camera back while Christopher looks  
at his cell phone: no bars.

They sit in awkward silence, until, suddenly, Jacob flares.

JACOB  
I'm so stupid! I forgot the ring!

Raging, he punches at the gondola's plexiglass windows.

MARY BETH  
Look -- um -- Jacob -- take it  
easy. Just, breathe, okay?

Jacob leans in to Mary Beth.

JACOB  
What are you, some kind of  
psychologist?

MARY BETH  
I'm a wedding planner. I help bride  
and grooms. Like you. Don't worry  
about the ring. We'll figure it  
out, okay?

Christopher jams a beer bottle between the two.

CHRISTOPHER  
Let's drink. New friends.  
Celebrating.

Jacob calms, takes the beer, sits. He takes a long drink,  
then looks at the label.

JACOB  
Lost Abbey. Never heard of it. But,  
it's good.

CHRISTOPHER  
We found it in California. Emily  
was --

He catches himself.

JACOB  
You went on a trip with Emily?

MARY BETH  
Just friends, right?

Christopher nods as Jacob studies his companions.

Grabbing a knife from his waist, Jacob lunges at Mary Beth  
and stabs her repeatedly, each stroke fierce and deep.

Christopher retreats to the corner, best he can as Mary Beth  
slumps, dead.

Jacob calms, slides a wedding ring from Mary Beth's finger.  
He looks at Mary Beth.

JACOB  
You're right. Problem solved.

He grabs two beers from the case and tosses one to Christopher.

JACOB  
Let's get drunk. I'll be married soon. Wife probably won't like me going out much.

Christopher looks at Jacob. Looks at Mary Beth.

He cracks his bottle over the railing. He's got a weapon.

CHRISTOPHER  
Emily -- is my fiancé. She's getting married tomorrow. To me.

Jacob cocks his head.

JACOB  
I thought we were best buds?

He drops the knife, breaks his beer bottle over the rail.

EXT. SKI RESORT - MOUNTAINTOP GONDOLA STATION - NIGHT

Gondola after gondola arrives at the station.

Down the line, a gondola approaches -- different from the others: its windows wet with blood. It swings into the station and the doors slowly open.

The ATTENDANT'S eyes go wide as someone steps from the gondola onto the platform.

Jacob smiles a bloody smile as he hands the attendant a beer and walks past.

JACOB  
To celebrate. I'm getting married.

FADE OUT.