

SKI TRIP

The first 30 pages from a feature-length screenplay.

Written by

Adam Simcox

+447948619495  
as1561@exeter.ac.uk

A line of fifty shivering, hungry, and tired teenaged boys stand double-file against the wall of the chalet, waiting expectantly. The oldest (16-17 years old) stand at the front and the youngest (11-12) at the back. Each has a suitcase in tow. Below their jackets, each wears a shirt, tie and blazer. Mister JANUS (38) stands idly watching over the boys.

CHRISTIAN (14), discreetly checking his phone, stands next to RUFUS (13) who is a gangly, sensitive sort of boy.

Christian taps a message, pockets the phone, then leans out of the line to see LESTER (16), his brother, reaching for his pocket.

Christian tunes back into the conversation being had by the two boys before him, RICHARD and ALFRED (both 14).

ALFRED

No, she definitely was.

RICHARD

She wasn't "giving you the eyes."

ALFRED

How would you know?

RICHARD

Because I'm not a huge virgin.

CHRISTIAN

Why are you paying attention to her eyes? She told you to fuck off.

ALFRED

You don't speak French.

CHRISTIAN

At least I can afford lessons.

ALFRED

What's that even 'sposed to mean?

RICHARD

Harris is right, though. "Fuck off" is universal.

Alfred scowls at Richard. Richard smirks back. Christian's pocket buzzes. He slips his phone out. Reads the text.

LESTER (TEXT)

*"Leave it there. If you don't bother me, I won't bother you."*

Christian looks up at Lester again. Still facing away, Lester pockets his phone.

Mister SMYTHE (54), the teacher leading the trip, appears at the front door to the chalet. He nods to Janus.

JANUS

Right...

The boys ignore him.

SMYTHE

OI!

The boys quieten. Christian quickly pockets his phone.

JANUS

Right, boys - in we go. Not a peep from any of you until dinner. You're representing King Edward's.

2

INT. ALPS CHALET, FIRST FLOOR HALLWAY - NIGHT.

2

The boys stand to one side of the hallway. Janus slides a key-card into the door to room 103. At his feet is a box full of phones. He pulls a piece of paper from his pocket, reads.

JANUS

Harris, Ballard, Smith, Clement and the Apatows. Dinner will be in ten minutes. Come as a group. Do not leave anyone behind.

Christian, Richard, Alfred, and Rufus approach - their number bolstered by the twins TIM and PAUL (both 13).

As they move past Janus and into the room, each boy produces a phone and drops it into the box at Janus' feet. Christian approaches, then hesitates.

CHRISTIAN

Handed it in to Mister Smythe earlier, sir.

Janus looks down at him. Considers, then nods. Christian turns to see the others picking bunks. Starts towards them.

JANUS (O.S.)

Mister Harris. Not so hasty.

Christian freezes. Turns. Sees Janus' outstretched hand bearing the room's key card.

3

INT. ALPS CHALET, RESTAURANT AREA - NIGHT.

3

A buffet stands at the centre of the room. All fifty boys, accompanied by four teachers, sit eating. Conversation is sparse and conducted in hushed tones.

Christian, Alfred, Richard, Paul and Tim sit about a table towards the far end.

CHRISTIAN

I just don't see why I have to be it.

ALFRED

Was always gonna be one of us left over.

CHRISTIAN

Yeah, but we all had an agreement. Me and Ballard, Tim and Paul, then you and whoever's left.

ALFRED

I don't remember that.

RICHARD

Me either.

CHRISTIAN

No, we explicitly talked about it. I remember it.

ALFRED

Dry your eyes mate, this is a great opportunity to make a new, long-lasting friendship.

Alfred smirks at Christian.

CHRISTIAN

Fuck off.

Christian scowls at Alfred. Looks down the table toward Tim and Paul.

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)

Apatow, don't you remember this?

TIM

Hm?

PAUL

What?

CHRISTIAN

You were there for the conversation we had about beds. You remember, right?

PAUL

Was that after that assembly about the trips? I remember talking about something then.

CHRISTIAN

No.

PAUL

Oh. Then I don't remember.

CHRISTIAN

It was after PE. In the changing rooms. Right before Marshall set his deodorant on fire.

RICHARD

Ah shit. No, I remember. You're right.

Alfred looks to Richard, concerned.

CHRISTIAN

Good. So we can switch back.

Richard tilts his head from side to side.

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)

Right?

RICHARD

I mean, we're all settled in, now. I dunno why it's such a fuss.

CHRISTIAN

It's not a fuss. I'm not fussed. I just-

ALFRED

You clearly are.

Tucked away in a corner - some distance from the five other boys, Rufus eats alone. He looks over to them for a moment.

4

INT. ALPS CHALET, ROOM 103 - NIGHT.

4

The room is divided into an entrance hall and a sleeping area.

At the end of the entrance hall, on the right, is a bathroom. Turning left leads into the sleeping area, within which there are three bunk beds.

While Richard and Alfred have taken the bunk in the middle, Christian has been forced into the bunk below Rufus.

Most of the boys are now asleep. Christian sits up, looks about himself furtively, then lies back down and pulls his duvet over his head.

Underneath, he pulls his phone up to his face. Opens a messaging app, then types a message.

5 EXT. TIGNES VAL D'ISÈRE, WOODLANDS - NIGHT. 5

Fiery orange hues glow through the dark alpine treeline.

6 EXT. HARRIS FAMILY CHALET - NIGHT. 6

A cozy chalet standing just on the edge of the woodland has been set ablaze. A towering inferno against the dark sky.

7 INT. ALPS CHALET, ROOM 103 - NIGHT. 7

Christian lies asleep. The same fiery glow as that produced by the burning chalet illuminates his face, warming him.

A feint, reflexive smile appears on his face. A happy dream.

8 INT. ALPS CHALET, FIRST FLOOR HALLWAY - DAY. 8

Christian, Alfred, Richard, Paul and Tim stand outside their room, waiting.

ALFRED

Can we not just go without him?

RICHARD

I don't know. Rules were pretty specific.

ALFRED

It's not like we'll get detention or whatever. They can't do that, can they?

Paul shrugs. Richard turns to Christian.

RICHARD  
Why didn't you wake him up earlier?

CHRISTIAN  
I'm not going to baby-sit him.

RICHARD  
Go get him out here.

CHRISTIAN  
I said I'm not going to baby-  
Noticing Richard's glare, Christian stops.

9

INT. ALPS CHALET, ROOM 103 - DAY.

9

Christian enters. As the door closes behind him, Christian glances back over his shoulder at the others, then turns away. Moves down the hall and left into the sleeping area.

CHRISTIAN  
Rufus?

He turns back, then looks over to the closed bathroom door.

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)  
You in there?

No response. Christian moves closer to the bathroom.

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)  
Rufus, come on. We're hungry.

Still nothing.

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)  
Look - at least open the door. I'll  
kick it down if not.

RUFUS (O.S.)  
Just go down without me.

CHRISTIAN  
You know we can't.

Rufus goes quiet again.

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)  
I'm sorry. I didn't mean it. I  
won't kick the door down.

Christian waits. Gets impatient. Taps the door with his foot.

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)  
If I have to leave without you...

There comes a shuffling. Then, the lock clicks and the door swings inwards. Rufus stands inside, staring at the floor.

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)  
What are you doing in there?

RUFUS  
I dunno.

CHRISTIAN  
Come downstairs.

RUFUS  
I can't right now.

Christian reaches out and grabs Rufus' chin, forces him to look up, revealing Rufus has been crying. Christian pauses.

CHRISTIAN  
You've gotta cut that out.

RUFUS  
I can't.

CHRISTIAN  
It won't make things better.

A pause. Rufus pulls away and lowers his gaze again.

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)  
Fuck's sake... What's wrong?

RUFUS  
Nothing.

Rufus hesitates.

RUFUS (CONT'D)  
I don't want to be here.

CHRISTIAN  
What?

Rufus pushes past Christian and moves over to their bunk-bend. Sits down. Christian doesn't follow, only watches.

RUFUS  
...I want to go home.

CHRISTIAN  
You're being stupid.

RUFUS

I'm not being- I'm not stupid.

CHRISTIAN

Why did you even sign up?

RUFUS

I dunno. I like skiing, I guess.

Christian doesn't respond. His brow softens.

RUFUS (CONT'D)

I usually go with my family. Like, most years. Last year they said it wasn't going to happen. Then the same thing happened this year. But, like, this year, they said I could go alone. Or, with school or whatever. I don't know why. Something must've happened but they won't- you know-

Christian remains quiet. Rufus glances up at him. There's a pause as each boy recognises something familiar in the other.

RUFUS (CONT'D)

You too?

For a fleeting moment, Christian hesitates.

CHRISTIAN

No. I chose to be here.

Another silence passes between them.

RUFUS

Do you think it'd be okay if I came down alone? After you guys, I mean.

CHRISTIAN

You know it wouldn't.

There's a long silence. Rufus picks at a nail, uncomfortable. Suddenly, there's a bang on the door.

ALFRED (O.S.)

(Muffled.)

Hurry the fuck up!

CHRISTIAN

Look - just, like, get on with it. Suck it up. If they punish us as a group- it's just gonna be worse for you.

Christian stares at Rufus expectantly. Rufus lowers his gaze.

10 INT. ALPS CHALET, FIRST FLOOR HALLWAY - DAY. 10

The four boys outside wait for a few moments. The door opens and Christian steps out. He looks about at them, then shakes his head. Rolls his eyes dramatically.

11 INT. ALPS CHALET, LOUNGE AREA - DAY. 11

All six of the boys sit about the spacious lounge. Sofas line most of the walls. A large table sits at the centre of the room. Large windows look out onto the ski resort outside.

Christian sits by one of the windows, watching on as the other boys from the school ski away from the building. Rufus sits quietly in one corner.

After a long, monotonous while, Smythe enters the room.

SMYTHE

Right boys - you'll be with me for  
the morning.

12 EXT. "SANTONS" SKI RUN - DAY. 12

A red sign denotes the run's difficulty. A skier, dressed in the all-red get up of an ESF instructor, flies past. Then another skier flies past, then another.

Soon twelve skiers have passed by, forming a snaking line behind the instructor. By the uniformity of the group's movements, it becomes clear these skiers are reasonably experienced.

Christian (identifiable for his bright orange jacket) follows Richard (in a dark camo jacket). Behind them is Rufus (dressed all in dark blue).

13 INT. MOUNTAIN CAFE - DAY. 13

Most of the "experienced group" sit sipping hot chocolate, chatting. Rufus speaks inaudibly to the instructor. Christian sits across the room, empty-handed, feet up on a chair, watching him.

A few moments pass. Richard appears - a steaming cup of cocoa in each hand. Kicks Christian's feet off the chair.

14 EXT. TIGNES VAL D'ISÈRE, GATHERING AREA - DAY. 14

Most of the King Edward's boys have collected in one area in the centre of the resort. The experienced group ski slowly through the gathering. Find an empty spot to collect.

Christian glides to a halt next to Alfred (in a green jacket). Alfred turns, smirks, then stamps on Christian's heel tabs, releasing his boots from their bindings, before shoving him over, into the snow.

15 EXT. BOWLING ALLEY - NIGHT. 15

Outside, in the car park, four mini-buses pull in.

PAUL (O.S.)

I don't know who that is, though.  
How am I 'sposed to do it only  
knowing two?

16 INT. BOWLING ALLEY - NIGHT. 16

The fifty schoolboys from King Edward's occupy eight lanes. Christian, Richard, Alfred, Rufus, Tim, and Paul occupy one such lane.

Christian stands waiting, bowling ball in hand, for the lane to reset.

ALFRED

How do you not know who she is?

PAUL

Because I don't spend all my time  
at home just, like, looking at  
celebrities.

TIM

He does, just not any women.

PAUL

Good one, dickhead.

Christian turns back.

CHRISTIAN

Arterton was the one in that Bond  
film with Daniel Craig.

PAUL

Which one?

CHRISTIAN

Uh...

ALFRED

Casino Royale. Bowl already,  
Harris.

Christian turns back to the lane and hurls his ball at the pins left over from his last attempt. Scores a spare.

RICHARD

No, that was Eva Green. Arterton  
was Quantum of Solace. The one they  
drown in oil.

Rufus gets up quietly, trying his best not to be noticed. He moves to grab one of the smaller balls from the rack. Christian sits back down.

ALFRED

Eva Green could get it, though.

CHRISTIAN

You've really got a thing for  
French girls who'd never give you a  
second thought.

Richard nudges Alfred, nods towards Rufus.

ALFRED

*Go on, Clementine!*

Rufus turns back to see the boys smiling cruelly at him. He steps up, then tosses his ball with all his might. With a thud, it drops onto the wooden alley at an angle and with almost no momentum behind it.

RICHARD (O.S.)

That might actually stop before it  
hits the pins.

Eventually, the ball drops into the gutter and the boys behind Rufus break into mocking applause.

Rufus goes back to the rack. Searches for another ball. After a few moments, Alfred narrows his eyes.

ALFRED

What's he looking for?

TIM

Ball he had last time was tiny.

PAUL  
Just take a bigger one, mate. It'll  
work better.

RUFUS  
I can't hold those ones properly.

PAUL  
What?

RUFUS  
...I can't hold those properly.

RICHARD  
Then pea-roll one or some shit.  
Hurry up.

Rufus picks a heavy ball. Struggling to carry it, he rolls it over to the lane. There, he crouches and with two hands shoves it towards the pins.

PAUL  
Straighter at least.

TIM  
What you get with bigger balls.

After what feels like an eternity, the ball reaches the pins. Knocks down two. Rufus returns to his seat glumly.

Paul gets up, starts bowling. Christian's gaze wanders over to another lane: that of his older brother, Lester, who stands at a ball rack next to JAMES (16).

Together, the two boys search the rack. James finds a ball. Hands it to Lester, who smiles back warmly.

ALFRED (O.S.)  
(To Rufus.)  
How are you in the "experienced  
group" and so shite at bowling?

Lester straightens and turns. Catches Christian staring. Turns away dismissively. Christian swivels back.

CHRISTIAN  
Same way you're so shit at skiing  
and a little less shit at bowling.

His turn over, Paul sits back down. Alfred gets up, gives Christian a slight bump as he makes his way to the rack. Rufus seems to be the only one who notices.

PAUL

Alright, it'd probably be: fuck Margot Robbie, marry Jorja Smith, drown Arterton in a pool of oil, since I don't know her.

RICHARD

If I had my phone, I'd show you.

CHRISTIAN

Just do another one.

PAUL

I don't want to.

TIM

I've got one: Salah, Firmino, van Dijk.

Richard and Christian snort loudly. Wanting to join in, Rufus laughs too - but he's a little late. Tim notices, scowls at him. Christian glances between the two boys.

PAUL

Fuck yourself, Tim.

TIM

I mean, they're the only celebrities you spend your time looking at.

RICHARD (O.S.)

Well in, Smith!

Christian glances over to Alfred, who walks triumphantly back to his spot next to Richard. On the score screen above, an animation unfolds, celebrating Alfred's strike.

ALFRED

"A little less shit at bowling."

Richard gets up, moves over to the rack.

RICHARD

Can you two stop being so bitchy for once?

TWENTY MINUTES LATER.

Once again, Christian stands waiting, bowling ball in hand, for the lane to reset.

He glances up at the scoreboard, at Alfred's numerous strikes, at his own gradually lowering scores.

He bowls. Gutter ball. The boys behind titter, clap mockingly, then go back to muttering amongst themselves.

A moment passes, but Christian doesn't budge. Eventually, he turns back, but instead of moving towards his seat, he goes for the rack. Finds another ball. Rufus starts to get up.

RUFUS

Um... Christian? I think it's my-

CHRISTIAN

Don't sweat it, Clementine.

Christian moves over to the lane. Rufus follows. A smirk spreads across Richard's face.

RUFUS

I appreciate the thought, but it's my go-

Christian bowls. Rufus stands back, defeated. Behind, the other boys are clearly amused. As Christian walks back to the rack for another ball, he glances at them.

At the back of the alley, Smythe, Janus and Mister LAWRENCE (58) look on, hot drinks in hand - blind to the bullying.

17 INT. ALPS CHALET, ROOM 103 - NIGHT.

17

Rufus lies atop the shared bunk, facing the wall. Wide awake. Pensive.

From the bunk below, a diffuse light flickers up the wall. Then, as quickly as it appeared, it vanishes.

In the bunk below, Christian has cocooned himself in his duvet again. From within, a soft sobbing emerges.

Rufus listens intently.

18 INT. ALPS CHALET, ROOM 103 - DAY.

18

The boys are all collecting their gear, putting their boots on, zipping up their salopettes. Rufus has his stuff laid out on Christian's bunk.

Christian emerges from the bathroom, returns to his bunk. Glances at Rufus.

Rufus stops. Picks his things up and moves them to a pile on the floor.

RUFUS

Sorry.

Christian proceeds to lay his things out.

Across the room, Alfred has finished preparing, goes to leave. Pauses.

ALFRED

(To Rufus.)

Come with us, this time,  
Clementine.

Rufus doesn't look at him. Alfred lingers, then leaves. After a few moments, Paul and Tim leave too.

RUFUS

(Quietly, to Christian.)

Did you keep your phone?

Christian is taken aback. He looks quickly over to Richard, who doesn't seem to have noticed, then glares at Rufus. Shakes his head.

As Richard finishes dressing, Christian and Rufus remain silent. Eventually, Richard leaves.

As Rufus speaks, he continues dressing. Facing away.

RUFUS (CONT'D)

I know you did.

CHRISTIAN

What?

Rufus turns to Christian.

RUFUS

You've still got it, haven't you?

CHRISTIAN

No. I don't. That would be against  
the rules.

Rufus turns away again. As the two continue to talk, they don't dare glance at one another.

RUFUS

I noticed last night.

Christian pauses. Considers for a long while.

CHRISTIAN

So? What?

RUFUS

It's not a big deal. I didn't mean-

CHRISTIAN

If it's not a big deal, why bother?

There's a long silence.

RUFUS

Look, I know it's none of my  
business. But-

Christian exhales sharply through his nose. Exasperated.  
Rufus hesitates.

RUFUS (CONT'D)

I don't get why you-

He stops himself. Reconsiders.

RUFUS (CONT'D)

I just thought we're a lot alike.  
And I don't get-

CHRISTIAN

Yeah? Why's that?

RUFUS

I dunno. You seem upset sometimes,  
I guess. And like, I do, too-

CHRISTIAN

Oh, don't do that.

RUFUS

I'm not doing anything.

Christian turns to Rufus.

CHRISTIAN

Other day you told me you weren't  
dumb, Clementine.

RUFUS

I'm not. And that's not my-

CHRISTIAN

Stop playing dumb, then. Get to  
whatever it is you're doing.

RUFUS

I don't want anything. I want to  
make friends.

Christian frowns. Thinks.

CHRISTIAN

Why?

RUFUS

Because. We're similar.

CHRISTIAN

We're not. Stop saying that.

RUFUS

Then because it'd be better than what's going on at the moment. It'd be an improvement on what you've got, too.

CHRISTIAN

What I've got are four more friends than you.

RUFUS

Why are you being like this?

Just then, there comes the sound of the front door opening. Shuffling feet.

Richard appears. Glances at Christian and Rufus.

RICHARD

Your Mother's meeting nearly done?

Neither Christian nor Rufus respond. Richard turns away, steps into the bathroom and closes the door behind him. Christian's voice suddenly becomes low. Rufus instinctively follows suit. Neither can face the other.

CHRISTIAN

That all?

Rufus considers what he's about to say for a moment.

RUFUS

I want to use your phone. Just once.

Christian doesn't say anything.

RUFUS (CONT'D)

To call home. Then that's it.

CHRISTIAN

That's not going to happen.

RUFUS

If- if you don't let me, I'll go to  
Mister Smythe.

CHRISTIAN

No one likes a grass.

RUFUS

I'm serious.

CHRISTIAN

No. You're not. You're too much of  
a pussy.

Rufus frowns. Richard re-emerges from the toilet. Looks at Christian expectantly. Christian starts towards him.

Richard leaves.

RUFUS

You know, I hear you at night. It's  
only a matter of time before they  
do too.

Christian hesitates momentarily.

RUFUS (CONT'D)

You're making a mistake.

Christian ignores him. Exits.

19 EXT. "GRAND PRÉ" SKI RUN - DAY.

19

A green run. A gentle slope. Christian is at the back of the experienced group. Skiing slowly. Before him are Rufus and Richard. The sky is grey, snow falls gently.

Richard picks up his pace a little, increases the gap between himself and Rufus. Soon, Richard and Rufus' turns start alternating. As Richard makes a left, Rufus curves right.

Through mirrored goggles, Christian watches the two boys as they form a kind of helix.

20 EXT. SKI LIFT - DAY.

20

The weather has taken a turn for the worse. A dense blizzard has enveloped the mountain: it's a white-out. All that's visible below the lift are the tips of the tallest trees.

Richard and Christian sit either side of their instructor.

INSTRUCTOR

I think we will be meeting the, euh  
- "débutants" - at the top of the  
ascenseur. They've lost the  
instructor and he's at the bottom,  
so we will ski together down to  
meet him and wait out-

He gestures about himself at the blizzard.

INSTRUCTOR (CONT'D)

-this all.

21

EXT. TOP OF SKI LIFT - DAY.

21

The experienced group stands intermingled with the beginner group.

Rufus stands near the front of the pack, listening to the instructor. Richard, Christian and Alfred stand at the back.

Alfred glances over at Christian, who has started to shiver. The pair exchange a look. Christian turns away first, embarrassed.

INSTRUCTOR

We will go carefully. Make sure you  
know who is behind you. If they  
fall, tell the person in front.

The instructor pushes off and down the slope. The front of the pack starts to follow, one-by-one.

ALFRED

Awfully kind of you to rescue us.

RICHARD

Ruined our session.

ALFRED

I'll ruin you in a minute.

RICHARD

Come fight me then, dickhead.

Richard smirks, then pushes off.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

Oh no... I'm just out of reach...  
Whatever will you do?

As Richard begins his descent, he quickly disappears into the snow.

Alfred goes to follow, planting his poles - but Christian stops him with a hand.

CHRISTIAN  
Your binding's loose.

Christian moves behind Alfred, then stamps on both of his heel tabs. Pushes him over into the snow. For a moment, he apprehends the sprawled Alfred, then skis away.

Alfred rolls over, just in time to see Christian disappear into the blizzard. He flounders. Attempts to get up. Stumbles. Falls to his knees.

Disoriented, helpless, Alfred looks about himself.

22

INT. ALPS CHALET, ROOM 103 - DAY.

22

Rufus stands at the mirror in the bathroom, washing his hands. He lingers there for a moment, enjoying the warm water, then shuts the faucet off and moves to the door. Unlocks it. Turns the handle.

In the same moment, the front door opens and Alfred and Tim enter. Rufus lets go of the handle. Quickly switches the bathroom light off.

ALFRED (O.S.)  
He's had it in for me for fucking ages, Tim. Don't give me that-

Soundlessly, Rufus shrinks away from the bathroom door.

TIM (O.S.)  
I'm not saying he doesn't. I just don't get it.

Tim stops in the entrance, starting to remove his boots. Alfred proceeds into the sleeping area, treading icy water into the carpet.

ALFRED  
Because his daddy owns a chalet and mine doesn't- I don't know. Why does there need to be a reason?

Rufus retreats into the corner of the bathroom, hiding himself away behind the door. Listens.

TIM  
Seems dumb.

Alfred turns to Tim suddenly.

ALFRED  
Who're you calling dumb?

TIM  
I'm calling him dumb. Calm your  
tits.

ALFRED (O.S.)  
I was out there for hours, Tim.  
Fuck you, telling me to "calm my  
tits."

TIM  
What did you tell them happened  
when they found you?

Tim, having taken his boots off, gets up and moves over to his bunk. Starts taking his outer-layer off.

ALFRED  
I found *them*. And I told them I got  
lost - I'm not gonna be a pussy  
about it. Anyway, that's not what  
I'm talking about-

TIM  
This seems like it's a little past  
all that, though.

ALFRED  
What?

TIM  
I mean, like, I don't know- I just  
don't get why you won't tell them-

ALFRED  
Tim. I'm not a grass.

Tim pauses. Apprehends Alfred for a moment.

TIM  
Alright.

Tim, stripped down to his thermals, smells himself.

TIM (CONT'D)  
I need a shower.

Inside the bathroom, Rufus grimaces. Concern creeping in.

ALFRED (O.S.)  
Yeah, well. I shotgunned it  
earlier.

TIM (O.S.)

Did you?

ALFRED (O.S.)

Yeah. And considering that I'm  
*fucking freezing-*

Alfred, having just about removed his boots, still has a way to go with the rest of his clothing. He starts on his various outer-layers.

Tim looks as if he's about to say something, then doesn't. Parks himself on his bunk.

ALFRED (CONT'D)

Anyway, what's Smythe gonna do about it?

TIM

What?

ALFRED

About Harris- Christian.

At this, Rufus frowns to himself.

TIM

Oh. I don't know. Hold him back.

ALFRED

Yeah. So. Shit all. Might even hold us all back too.

TIM

I mean, maybe.

Alfred, now down to his t-shirt, starts on his salopettes.

ALFRED

So. We deal with it ourselves.

RICHARD

What?

ALFRED

You back your friends, Tim. That's what you're 'sposed to do.

Tim looks away, rubbing the back of his neck.

TIM

Yeah- but, like, he's my friend too.

Finally down to his thermals, Alfred eyes Tim for a moment. Then turns away too. Takes his top off. Then pauses.

ALFRED  
Grow some balls.

Finally, he moves towards the bathroom. Inside, Rufus has pressed himself into a corner. Breathing slowly, quietly.

Soon, as Alfred nears, the padding of his footsteps becomes audible...

Just as Alfred reaches the bathroom door, though, the front door opens and Richard and Paul enter the room.

Alfred stops in his tracks.

23

INT. ALPS CHALET, FIRST FLOOR HALLWAY - DAY.

23

Outside, Christian lingers opposite the room. Listening to the muffled voices coming from within.

RICHARD (O.S.)  
They're saying to shower after dinner. Change after. We need to go.

Down the corridor, a door opens and a NIGEL (16) steps out. Looks up and down the hall.

ALFRED (O.S.)  
For fuck's sake. I'm freezing.

RICHARD (O.S.)  
Yeah, well.

Nigel spots Christian. Calls over to him.

NIGEL  
Harris - you seen your brother?

Christian looks over glumly. Shakes his head. The young man frowns, then retreats back into his room.

PAUL (O.S.)  
Anyone seen Clementine? We couldn't find him on the way up.

RICHARD (O.S.)  
Just get dressed. He's probably downstairs.

24 INT. ALPS CHALET, ROOM 103 - DAY.

24

Rufus, back still pressed firmly against the bathroom wall, visibly deflates, tension leaving his body.

Just then, though, the door swings open and the bathroom light springs to life. Rufus jumps slightly, then freezes.

As the door reaches him, Rufus grips the handle. Holds the door as close to his body as he can manage.

There comes the sound of padding footsteps. Then, that of an excess of deodorant being applied.

RICHARD(O.S.)

You sure, Apatow? You smell fucking foul.

TIM (O.S.)

No thank you.

The spraying stops. Then the padding comes close again. Rufus, wide-eyed, lets go of the door handle.

The light turns off, then, the door swings shut again.

25 INT. ALPS CHALET, RESTAURANT AREA - NIGHT.

25

Just outside the restaurant itself, Christian, Richard, Alfred, Tim and Paul stand waiting. Standing on the threshold to the restaurant proper is Mister Lawrence, eying them. He checks his watch.

CHRISTIAN

I really am sorry.

ALFRED

Alright.

CHRISTIAN

I didn't mean for all of that-

ALFRED

Yeah, I said alright. Chill.

PAUL

Think you caught enough of a chill there for all of us, Smith.

Paul laughs at his own joke. No one else joins in. An awkward, tense silence looms.

RICHARD

He's said he's sorry. Quit moping.

Suddenly, Rufus comes hurrying down the corridor.

RUFUS

Sorry. I got caught up with dropping equipment off.

MINUTES LATER.

The boys stand around the buffet at centre of the restaurant. Alfred, Tim and Richard take the lead, their plates full, behind them stand Christian and Rufus, then Paul.

Having everything they need, Alfred, Tim and Richard make a right at the end of the counter and find a table at the far end of the room.

After a few moments, Christian reaches the end of the counter. There, he stops. Looks back at Rufus. Rufus responds with an expectant look. At this, Christian's expression becomes almost apologetic. Suddenly, the look turns to a frown and he turns away. Follows the others wordlessly.

Rufus watches him go. From behind, Paul approaches and smacks Rufus' bum before pushing past him, hastily.

PAUL

Sit with us, tonight. The boys need a good distraction.

At the end of the counter, Paul makes a right. Rufus glowers, then turns left, finds a table at the other end of the room.

26

EXT. OUTDOOR ICE SKATING RINK - NIGHT.

26

A kind of improvised rink: thick ice contained within a kind of box whose walls seem only to be compacted snow.

Some of the King Edward's boys stand on the edge, watching as their peers rotate around the rink. Rufus is one such boy, leaning casually against snowy perimeter, observing. On the opposite side, Alfred sits atop the compacted snow.

Rufus watches Christian for a short while, then glances over to Alfred. Sees him watching Christian, too.

Eventually, Rufus pushes off from the wall. Heads towards Alfred.

27

INT. ALPS CHALET, ROOM 103 - NIGHT.

27

Christian stands in the bathroom, next to Paul. Both are brushing their teeth. The bathroom door has been left open.

Alfred enters the room and passes by the open door, wordlessly.

A few seconds pass, then Rufus enters and passes by. As he does so, he glances into the bathroom. Sees Christian.

Christian pauses, frowns, then resumes brushing.

LATER THAT NIGHT.

A snoring fills the room. Christian lays in bed, pretending to be asleep. Slowly, he sits up. Looks about the room, glancing from bed to bed. No one seems to be awake.

Content he's alone, Christian reaches beneath his pillow and pulls out his phone. He lays down, facing the wall, and brings his duvet up and over his head, cocooning himself. Underneath, he unlocks the phone. Finds his messaging app. Types a message. Sends it.

For some time, he waits. Then his phone buzzes softly. He permits a small smile.

In the background, the snoring stops. Christian doesn't notice. He types another message out and sends it off. The next buzz comes quicker than the first.

At this new message, he frowns. Considers for a long moment. Types for a while. Hesitates. Then sends the message off.

Soon, nervousness creeps in. Christian goes to type out another message but, in the same instant, a bright light penetrates the duvet. Suddenly, the whole thing is RIPPED away from him.

Christian - startled by the inexplicable blazing light - rolls onto his front, locking his phone and hiding it beneath himself reflexively.

Alfred tosses the duvet to the floor with a cruel titter. Tim stands behind him, holding a torch.

Alfred grabs at Christian, trying to get him to roll over again. Christian resists, flailing.

CHRISTIAN  
(Hissing.)  
Get off!

ALFRED

Apatow, pull him- get him out from under-

Tim grips the torch between his teeth and grabs Christian's legs. Together he and Alfred heave Christian up and out of bed, lifting him high.

Christian kicks at Tim, catching him in the chest. Tim drops him. At the same time, Alfred lets go. Christian hits the ground. HARD.

TIM

Jesus...

Richard sits up in bed, rubbing his eyes.

RICHARD

What the fuck's going-?

No one responds.

Alfred bundles onto Christian, pushing his face into the floor with one hand and burrowing the other under his torso in search of the phone.

Tim steps back, watching. Rufus sits up, leans over the side of his bunk and watches.

CHRISTIAN

HEL-!

Immediately, Alfred throws a hand over Christian's mouth. Everyone looks over to the door and waits expectantly. But nothing comes.

Alfred leans in close to Christian.

ALFRED

(Quietly.)

Unless you want Smythe in here, shut the fuck up. Just- give it over.

In response, Christian bites down on Alfred's fingers. Alfred stumbles back, clutching his hand, stifling a cry.

Christian starts to rise. On seeing this, Alfred lunges forwards again. Kicks Christian in the midriff, winding him.

TIM

Alright, Alf, that's a bit much.

Now hurt, Christian's grip on his phone loosens. Alfred looms down. Plucks the phone away.

ALFRED

That's all I wanted, you dickhead.  
No need to be all fucking rabid  
about it.

CHRISTIAN

(Weakly.)  
Give it back...

ALFRED

What? No.

PAUL

You think he's broken something?

TIM

No, dipshit.

RICHARD

Alright. You've got it now. Can we  
go to fucking bed, please?

Alfred looks up towards Richard.

ALFRED

He's had it in for me for ages.

RICHARD

He doesn't have it in for you.

Richard looks towards Christian, who's holding his chest.  
Moves his head from side to side.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

He only does it because you nibble  
so easily. Like you are now.

ALFRED

I'm not having a nibble. I mean-  
*fuck*- it's just- it's not right  
he's had his phone and hasn't told  
any of us about it.

RICHARD

No one gives a toss about the  
phone, Alfred. It really doesn't  
matter. I told you earlier, quit  
being a bitch.

Alfred turns to Richard violently. Richard is taken aback.

ALFRED

If you don't shut the fuck up,  
Richard-

Suddenly, the phone buzzes. Alfred frowns. Turns to Christian, then looks at the phone, turns the lock screen on. Sees a message. A wide smile spreads across his lips.

ALFRED (CONT'D)

Please tell me "mummy"'s a pet name  
for some girl you've been hiding.

Christian looks up at Alfred. Doesn't speak. Alfred smirks. Looks at the message.

ALFRED (CONT'D)

(Reading)

"I know you don't, darling. But  
it's going to be like this for a  
while at least--"

Christian shifts from his seat, starting upwards but Alfred puts a foot to his chest. Holds him down.

RICHARD

Do we really have to read the whole  
thing?

There's a silence. Christian looks up at Rufus, who recedes back into his bunk - a look of guilt now staining his calm demeanour.

Paul tilts his head from side to side.

PAUL

I mean, it *is* funny.

TIM

She's the only one he's been  
texting?

PAUL

Obviously, Tim.

ALFRED

"-But it's going to be like this  
for a while at least, so it would  
be better if you try to get used to  
it, for now. You don't need to text  
me every time you get a little bit  
upset. You're getting a little bit  
too old for that now, don't you  
think?

(MORE)

ALFRED (CONT'D)

On that note, did you find the money your father said he gave you..."

Alfred trails off as he skims the rest silently.

ALFRED (CONT'D)

Then it's just some shit about his toothbrush.

Christian sits, staring at the floor. On his face rages a quiet battle of emotions: devastation, anger, confusion.

PAUL

Hope that wasn't a pet name- doesn't seem like things are going well.

Alfred looks up at Richard, who rolls his eyes and turns away, goes back to bed.

ALFRED

Oh, come on. Lighten up.  
(To Christian.)  
What's your code? I want to reply.

Christian, still staring at the floor, says nothing.

ALFRED (CONT'D)

Tell me.

Christian looks up at Alfred, but remains indignantly silent. Alfred stares back, incredulous.

ALFRED (CONT'D)

Look, it's- either you unlock it or it goes. The only fair options, here.

Still nothing comes.

ALFRED (CONT'D)

Bloody hell. Alright. Tim-

Alfred holds the phone out to Tim. Tim looks to Paul, then Christian, then Alfred. Doesn't move.

ALFRED (CONT'D)

Tim- come on.

TIM

Can't, like, I hold him and you do it?

ALFRED

What?

TIM

I'd just- I don't know. I'd prefer it that way round.

ALFRED

No. Stop being a prick.

TIM

Fuck you. I'm bigger than you. So- y'know- it'd make sense.

Alfred rolls his eyes, then turns back to Christian. Glares at him, then slowly starts to get off him.

Immediately, Christian sits up and Alfred is forced to put a hand to his face and push him back onto the floor. After a short while, Christian stops fighting and Alfred starts to rise again. This time, Christian stays put.

Alfred moves over to Tim. Gestures toward Christian. Tim steps forward, then hesitates. Stops. Puts his hands on his hips; cutting as imposing a figure as he can.

TIM (CONT'D)

Just stay there.

Alfred shakes his head at Tim's timidity, then slinks toward the bathroom.

Legs wobbling beneath him, Christian slowly rises to his feet.

TIM (CONT'D)

I said stay there.

Christian glares at Tim. Clenches his fists.

Alfred moves inside the bathroom and over to the toilet. There, he turns. Gives Christian one final glance, then dangles the phone over the toilet bowl.

Suddenly, the phone buzzes. Alfred doesn't read the message. Instead, he lets go.

Christian sits at a table near the entrance. Alfred and Tim sit on either side of the large room, inaudibly giving their testimonies to Smythe and Janus.

A nasty cut on Christian's forehead is being dabbed at softly by the chalet's NIGHT MANAGER (37). His knuckles are swollen and bloody. Tim is sporting a freshly bruised eye and rubs at his jaw. Every few moments, Alfred clutches at his stomach.

The Night Manager gives Christian a stern look. Christian's tear-stung face is now entirely impassive.

29

INT. ALPS CHALET, RECEPTION AREA - NIGHT.

29

The reception hallway, leading to the front door, is entirely dark. No one seems to be about.

Leading off to the left is a long corridor, at the end of which is a back door, also leading out into the cold.

At the back door, a shadowy figure appears. Then, behind him, another emerges. Hushed chatter and giggling can be made out.

The two figures struggle at the lock for some time, then manage to turn it.

The door swings open gently and the two figures file in quickly, followed by four others. Second from last, Lester appears and enters. Behind him follows James.

The group slinks down the corridor silently, approaching the chalet's grand, central stairwell.

On their right the doorway to the restaurant area appears. The first figure glances inside, then stops in his tracks. Looks back to the others.

30

INT. ALPS CHALET, RESTAURANT AREA - NIGHT.

30

The first boy slinks silently past the open doorway, then three more follow. As each boy passes by, they glance in at the quiet scene. Christian seems to be the only person inside the restaurant to notice.

Soon comes Lester who, on seeing Christian, freezes. Christian doesn't react. Just stares blankly back at his brother.

Eventually, James appears behind Lester and moves him on. For a moment, James turns to look at Christian. He gives the younger boy a sympathetic look, then puts a finger to his lips. Smiles. Winks. Shuffles away.

Mister Smythe gets up and moves over to Christian and the Night Manager.

SMYTHE

I don't suppose you'd have another room free, would you?

NIGHT MANAGER

Of course, yes. We do.

31 INT. ALPS CHALET, ROOM 205 - NIGHT.

31

Christian enters the dark room, noticeably different from room 103 for its smallness and lack of bunks. He drags his suitcase behind him.

After he steps inside, he pauses. Shivers. He turns back, glancing up at Mister Smythe, who lingers in the doorway.

SMYTHE

The radiators just need a moment.

ONE HOUR LATER.

Christian lies asleep in a bed in the corner, now entirely alone.

Ever so slowly, an orange glow starts to illuminate Christian's face.

After some time, his breathing softens and his foggy breath becomes clearer.

32 EXT. HARRIS FAMILY CHALET - NIGHT.

32

The chalet fire blazes on.

After a moment or two, a section of roofing falls away and smashes through the floor. A plume of smoke erupts and billows into the black sky above.

END OF FIRST THIRTY PAGES.

FIND TREATMENT FOR REST OF FILM BELOW.

Christian spends some time isolated from the others and is kept inside to study during the mornings. Tentatively, he approaches Richard, but Richard rebukes him and Christian retreats into himself. After a day or so, James notices how lonely Christian has grown and introduces himself properly. The two talk and James invites Christian to sit with the Upper Sixth boys at dinner. Here, James floats the idea of Christian coming out with them the next night. Lester refuses.

The next day, James asks Christian more probing questions regarding his relationship with Lester. Christian reveals that he and Lester's parents have split and that while he went with their father, Lester went with their mother. Christian also mourns the selling of the family's nearby chalet. James convinces Lester that Christian needs his help and, begrudgingly, Lester agrees to let Christian accompany the group on a nighttime excursion.

The final night of the trip, the group of seven heads out into the snow for a night of reverie, ignoring the forecast of heavy snowfall. One condition Lester asserts, however, is that Christian doesn't drink. Soon, Lester and James start to argue and, after things boil over, James makes a drunken pass at Lester, revealing the two are in a relationship. Lester explodes at him and, out of spite, James gives Christian his first drink. Lester storms off.

The snow begins to beat down heavily and, as the group move to leave, they realise Lester's continued absence. Most of the boys depart for the chalet, but James and Christian start to search for Lester. Soon realising how drunk James is, Christian suggests he catches up with the others.

After the snowstorm intensifies, Christian retreats to his family's old chalet (which exhibits no signs of the fire damage Christian has dreamt of). Inside the Chalet, he finds Lester. The two talk for a while and Lester reveals that he has in fact been having the same dream as Christian - that he was considering burning the chalet down. Lester soon realises Christian is in a bad way, however, and decides he needs to take Christian back, away from the cold of their old chalet. On the way, the pair get lost and take shelter under a tree.

As they try to stay warm, Lester reveals to Christian that he has resented him for a long time - resented that his father picked Christian over himself. Christian reveals that he feels angry all the time, but doesn't understand why.

As the cold sets in, the boys huddle together for warmth. Christian closes his eyes and the warm, fiery glow of his dream comes over him. In the last moment of the film, Lester shakes him awake and tells him they need to keep talking.