

Over Due
by
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WGA/E Registered

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EXT. THE CASCADE MOUNTAINS - DAY

Snowy and serene slopes of beautiful mountains.

Skiers skiing, snowboarders snowboarding . . .

A sudden deep RUMBLE.

Like a rock from the Eiger, a large chunk of snow and ice detaches at the top of the mountain.

The icy orb rolls down the hill quickly building up and gathering snow as it approaches the base.

The snow fans out in a large plum and we are engulfed in THUNDER and clouds of frosty white.

EXT. APPLEBURY LIBRARY - DAY

SUPER: "East Applebury, Shalot Island, Washington State"

Sleet and snow.

A brick building sits at the corner of a park fenced in by low stone walls.

The sign next to it reads, "Library."

INT. APPLEBURY LIBRARY - CONTINUOUS

Quiet except for the soft sound of typing on a keyboard. Rows of bookshelves fill the back part of the large room.

One person, THE BROWSER, moves slowly in the stacks.

A phone RINGS.

At the central service desk, RACHEL PETWAY, looks up from behind a pile of books. Rachel is early thirties and would be good looking, if not for the overly stern "librarian" attire and a slightly off skin tone from using too much self-tanning lotion.

Rachel gives an "are you going to get that" gesture to her co-worker -

Her co-worker, an attractive late 20's woman reluctantly lifts the handset. This is KAYLA BRUNDEL - open, friendly and almost aggressively exuberant.

KAYLA
 (into phone)
 Applebury Library, this is Kayla...
 no, I'm sorry we're closed for the
 holidays all next week . . . okay,
 hang on, I'll transfer you.

Kayla, at random, pushes a few buttons on the phone and then puts the receiver down.

RACHEL
 Did you just hang up on a customer?

KAYLA
 (proudly)
 No, I transferred them.

The Browser looks over at them in annoyance.

RACHEL
 We only have one line.

KAYLA
 Oh sure, whoops. I guess they'll
 call back.

Kayla shrugs happily while Rachel frowns and goes back to her work.

KAYLA
 So, what are you doing over break?

RACHEL
 I told you, I'm staying home.

KAYLA
 That's too bad, because I'm going
 skiing in the mountains with
 Herman, my boyfriend!

The phone starts to RING again.

RACHEL
 Yes, you mentioned that.

Kayla holds up the brochure she has been studying - it shows a picture of a snow covered Swiss villa.

Rachel points at the phone.

KAYLA
 Oh, can you get it, Rachel?

The phone continues to RING.

The Browser looks over at them again.

RACHEL

I'm doing the cataloguing, that means it's your job to answer the phone. We've been through this.

Kayla puts her brochure down and picks up the phone.

KAYLA

Fine.

(into phone)

Applebury Library, this is Kayla. .
 . . oh seriously! It must have been
 like a bad connection. You're
 looking for what? . . Oh, a book. .

With a thud, Rachel stamps a book and closes the cover -

"Alive: The Miracle of the Andes by Piers Paul Read."

She stacks next it to similar titles: "Dead in the Snow,"
 "Joy of Hypothermia," etc.

I/E. RACHEL'S CAR - EVENING

Rachel drives her classic blue Citroën Bijou across the Mt. Pousada Bridge. Even in the fading light, the view is stunning. Rachel doesn't even glance at it.

A cell phone rings.

In the car, Rachel picks up.

KAYLA (V.O.)

Rachel, I just had a thought that will make you very happy.

RACHEL

Kayla, I'm driving.

KAYLA (V.O.)

We're co-workers now, which makes us kind of like friends. So, why don't you come skiing with me?

RACHEL

I thought you were going with Hermes.

KAYLA (V.O.)

It was Herman. Can you believe he said I wasn't mature? We are so done!

RACHEL

He canceled on you.

KAYLA (V.O.)

No! I just thought the anal-preventive librarian thing might be getting old for you.

RACHEL

No, thank you. And I think you mean "anal-retentive." Now goodbye.

EXT. PRUDENCE DRIVE HOUSE - EVENING

Rachel gets out of her Citroën outside a residential house.

Her cell phone RINGS again, Rachel reluctantly answers.

KAYLA (V.O.)

Rachel, don't make me go alone. I will, you know. I'll go alone, just me and . . . Please, Rachel. Look, it's just a small out of the way ski lodge called Le Grand - something, it's run by a Swiss Couple!

RACHEL

I don't ski.

KAYLA (V.O.)

The reservations are paid for. You can make new friends or a friend in your case.

RACHEL

Look, I don't need friends, I don't need to go skiing, and I don't need to go anywhere with you. Okay?

She snaps the phone shut, again. Gathers her satchel of books and goes inside.

INT. PRUDENCE DRIVE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Rachel enters through the kitchen door and sets her book bag on the counter.

RACHEL
Mom, Dad? I'm home.

She sniffs and looks in the pot on the stove.

The deep red soup bubbles.

DAD (O.C.)
Run! Run for the hills.

Surprised, Rachel turns but smiles when she sees her DAD -
sixties, healthy but bit brow beaten.

RACHEL
Dad!

She gives him a big hug then pulls a small wrapped present
from her bag.

DAD
Hey? Is this what I think it is?

He tears open the present and his eyes light up when he sees
the model train engine.

RACHEL
It's the '72 Bullet Train, the one
you didn't have. Happy early
Christmas!

Dad loves it, but gives her a warning look.

DAD
I'm afraid we're in for a savage
holiday, Rachel.

Rachel looks back to the stove.

RACHEL
Is that why there's a pot of blood
on the stove?

Her mother, GLENDA - an older but more cheerful version of
Rachel, enters the living room.

GLENDA
That's borchst, dear, we've had it
before. I'm glad you're home; I
have some exciting news!

But Rachel starts unpacking her books, setting them carefully
in order on the counter.

RACHEL

I brought all the Brontës home. I'm going to re-read them over the break.

The brochure from "Le Grand Festin" falls from one of the books.

Rachel frowns at it.

Glenda steps next to Rachel, she holds a photograph behind her back.

GLEENDA

The Fosters are coming to stay for the whole week!

RACHEL

The Fosters? Who the hell are the Fosters?

GLEENDA

Watch your bad words, dear. The Fosters were our neighbors when you were little. Remember, you got on so well with their son, Clifford.

She shows Rachel the photo - a twelve year boy old stands on top of a young girl (Rachel) who lays face down in the mud.

RACHEL

(disgust)
Clifford Foster!

Glenda misreads Rachel's disgust for delight. She studies photo.

GLEENDA

That's right! Clifford Foster. You two used to play so well together.

RACHEL

Clifford Foster!

GLEENDA

He just got divorced! And guess what, we don't have enough space so he'll have to share with you.

RACHEL

Share my room? With Clifford Foster!

GLEENDA

That's right, dear, you don't need to keep saying his name. But it's a chance you for you to, you know, dear. . . When was the last time a man was in your bed, sweating and -

RACHEL

Mother, stop! I could have a man sweating whenever I want. But it wouldn't be Clifford Foster! He always tore the last pages out of my Agatha Christie - before I finished.

GLEENDA

You could pretend to be asleep, that's how your dad and I -

RACHEL

Mother!

GLEENDA

Well dear, they'll be here tomorrow so unless you've got another place to go.

Rachel repacks her books and heads upstairs.

Dad shouts after her.

DAD

Run Rachel, before it's too late!
Oh, and thanks for the train!

INT. RACHEL'S BEDROOM - LATER

Her room is orderly with modern flair - if one happened to live in 1954, flower print wallpaper, bed skirt, etc.

Rachel holds Kayla's brochure in one hand and phone in the other.

She dials.

RACHEL

Kayla? It's Rachel from work.

KAYLA (V.O.)

Rachel! What's up? Are you watching "Dance Off?"

RACHEL

Um, no. Look, my Mom's invited people over all next week. She wants me to share my room.

KAYLA (V.O.)

You live with your parents still? How old are you, Rachel?

RACHEL

Thirty-three. Why does that matter?

KAYLA (V.O.)

You need to get yourself some class and live in your own place, like me.

INT. KAYLA'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Kayla lounges on a well-used sofa. Clothes clutter around her. She has an old laptop open to a page entitled "How to Speak Swedish." On the second-hand coffee table, a small TV plays "Celebrity Dance-Off."

The conversation cuts between them.

KAYLA

So?

RACHEL

So what?

KAYLA

Something you want to ask me? About the mountains maybe?

Rachel stares at her single bed; she doesn't say anything.

KAYLA

Rachel? Are you there?

RACHEL

Can . . . can I go to the mountains with you?

Kayla practically jumps off the sofa, leaving the laptop to fall onto a pile of clothes.

KAYLA

You bet you can! Oh, Rachel it will be so much fun! You and me, just two girls out on a skiing adventure in the wilds!

RACHEL

(quickly)

Look, I'm just going so my mom
doesn't try and fix me up with a
literature abusing divorcée -

KAYLA

Five hours in the car! - you don't
mind driving do you? I only have my
scooter - We can really get to know
each other. You know, totally bond
before we hit the slopes.

RACHEL

Okay, Kayla, I don't ski. And since
we know each other already from
work we won't need to bond. In fact
our relationship can remain as
stagnate and diurnal it is now.
Okay?

I/E. RACHEL'S CAR - LATER

The snow comes down hard.

Rachel drives. Kayla munches potato chips while looking for a
place on the dash to plug her iPod into.

KAYLA

This is way fun, and a cool car
too, Rach! Where's the thingie-a-
majig?

RACHEL

It's an old car, and I try to keep
it clean.

She glances at the potato chip debris forming around Kayla.

KAYLA

So no -

Kayla holds up the plug and moves it through the hole between
her thumb and forefinger.

KAYLA

- in the car, huh?

RACHEL

It has a cassette player. And I've
got OF HUMAN BONDAGE on tape in the
glove box.

KAYLA
Kinky! Right on, Rach.

RACHEL
Of Human Bondage is a book.

KAYLA
Oh sure, I knew that. Hey speaking of, do you think we'll meet some guys at the lodge?

RACHEL
Kayla, do you mind if we're just quiet for a while? I need to focus on driving.

KAYLA
Oh sure. Right.

Kayla takes up her well worn brochure and looks at it a moment, then she pulls the travel magazine out of her purse.

KAYLA
I'll just read a while.

Rachel nods dismissively, concentrating on the road.

KAYLA
So, did I tell you the lodge is run by this Swiss family? Which is like awesome, right. "A little slice of Europe right in our backyard."

RACHEL
I saw the brochure.

KAYLA
Right, anyway, I've been brushing up on my Swedish so I can fit in.

RACHEL
They don't speak Swedish in Switzerland. They speak German, French, Italian, and Romansh.

KAYLA
Oh Really? Well, Rachel, that's a matter of opinion.

RACHEL
No, Kayla, it's not an opinion. It's a fact!

Kayla thumbs through her magazine.

KAYLA

Hey Rach, do you mind if we're just quiet for awhile. I'm trying to read.

EXT. MOUNTAIN VILLAGE - AFTERNOON

All encompassing snow covers the roads, houses and gardens.

A large snowmobile pulled sleigh waits in the parking area in front of a billboard with a picture of a Swiss château on it.

The sleigh driver, JOHANNAS, thirty, with a strong jaw and healthy skin, checks his watch. It reads exactly four minutes and thirty seconds to eleven.

Rachel's car pulls into the lot and parks.

Rachel and Kayla get out and Johannas immediately starts to load the girl's bags into the sleigh.

Kayla snaps pictures with a small digital camera.

JOHANNAS

Bonjour.

KAYLA

Tack så hemskt.

SUBTITLE: "Thank you, very much. [Swedish]"

Johannas gives her an odd look and keeps loading luggage.

She takes a picture of him.

Rachel tries to help move one of the bags and her hand brushes against his. Johannas smiles at Rachel who quickly pulls her hand back.

JOHANNAS

Ton sac est tres lourd. Qu'est dans là? Les birques?

RACHEL

Wha - no. *Il y a des livres.*

JOHANNAS

Books, huh? I like a girl who reads. *Je suis Johannas.*

Johannas jumps on the snowmobile, Rachel and Kayla climb aboard the sleigh.