

The Boarder

Based on A Life by Michael

EXT. CALEB'S - DAY

A snow-covered CHALET at the bottom of the mountain. Like some pioneer cabin. Smoke comes out of the stone chimney. In front are racks of skis and boards.

LOUD LAUGHTER, almost too loud, comes from inside the chalet.

The bottom of a board SCRAPES to a stop outside.

INT. CALEB'S - DAY

It's cramped, but cozy -- a winter saloon. Guests of all kinds in colorful jackets sit at the tables. Many of them talk, BUT --

At the BAR, there's a group LOUDER than anyone. FOUR GUYS, all late 20s. Their coats are UNDONE, and they drip beer onto their sweatshirts as they SHOUT AROUND.

One, with a HUGE MUSTACHE, leans over the bar as a YOUNG BARTENDER, mid-teens, blonde, passes by.

MUSTACHE

Sweetheart.

(beat, then louder)

SWEETHEART!!

He POUNDS the bar with a lean hand. She whips around, startled. The men LAUGH.

MUSTACHE

(tipping mug back and forth,
grinning)

I'm empty.

BARTENDER

Sorry.

She goes to grab his mug. He grabs her wrist. Smiles.

MUSTACHE

Aren'tcha gonna ask what I want?

The GUYS CHUCKLE and WHOOP. A CHORUS of "Yeahhs," "Come ons", "Ask him honey"'s and so on.

BARTENDER

What do you want?

He smiles, and it grows into a toothy laugh under his mustache. The other guys LAUGH too.

(CONTINUED)

MUSTACHE
(smacking lips)
How about something... lighter.

He pulls her with a sudden motion over the bar. She YELLS while the GROUP CHEERS ON.

BANG.

Everyone in the chalet turns.

A BOARDER stands in the white light pouring from outside. He's tall. Stocky. His face is obscured by a mask and simple black helmet. He wears a stark white and black coat. Sleek black pants. Hard to tell if he came off the hill, or a space shuttle.

In his hands, a snowboard patterned black, white, and blue. There's a cartoon astronaut sticker on the bottom.

He moves wordlessly across the floor. His boots, a snowy gray, THUNK with each step.

The Boarder sits down at the corner near the guys. His masked face turns slowly to the scene.

He says something, but it's MUFFLED.

One of the GUYS, CHUBBY with a STOCKING CAP, SNORTS.

STOCKING CAP
What?

The Boarder pulls down his mask. He has a broad chin, and big teeth under a strong nose. His voice is DEEP.

BOARDER
May I please have a hot chocolate?

A couple of the guys CHUCKLE. Another one, with a birthmark on his cheek, leans over.

BIRTHMARK
When we're done, bud.

The Boarder SNIFFS. Looks at the bartender.

BOARDER
Is it okay if I get it myself?

Completely confused, she nods.

(CONTINUED)

He gets up and makes his way around the bar. There's a row of SILVER TANKS labeled COFFEE, HOT CHOCOLATE, HOT WATER. He grabs a mug from a stack nearby and slowly fills up the cup.

The guys watch him. It's silent, save for the HOT CHOCOLATE FILLING THE CUP.

It finishes. He lifts it, steaming, to his mouth.

His goggles fog up. He rubs them, then takes them off. In the black frame of his mask, he has a face all at once boyish and masculine. Bold, but kind. His eyes are a cold, simple, icy blue.

The LAST GUY, HUGE, with DARK EYEBROWS, walks over to the Boarder. He puts a hand on his shoulder.

EYEBROWS

Why don't you sit down?

The Boarder holds up a finger. Slurps LOUDLY from the cup. Smacks his lips and makes an "AAAAHh" sound. He looks at the bartender and gives a thumbs up.

BOARDER

This is really, really good.

He throws the hot chocolate in the big guy's face. The guy WAILS. The Boarder kicks him in the chest, and he stumbles and falls down, rolling around on the ground, SCREAMING.

The other guys, for a moment, look stunned. Then they EXPLODE towards him.

He leaps over the bar. STOCKING CAP and BIRTHMARK charge at him.

In a smooth, brutal motion, he grabs his board and SLAMS IT across both of their heads. Clotheslined, they fly back, skidding into the tables.

The Boarder looks at Mustache. Raises his eyebrows.

The guy pulls the bartender over the counter and holds her in a choke.

MUSTACHE

Back the fuck off man!! Back off!!

Saying nothing, he walks up to Mustache. He's a good half foot taller.

(CONTINUED)

His hand wraps around the guy's forearm. Slowly bends it back. Back. Back.

SNAP.

Mustache COLLAPSES, holding his arm, BENT THE WRONG WAY. He's SCREAMING.

The bartender looks at him. He's already walking out.

BOARDER

(stops, turns around, points
at the bartender)

Seriously -- really great job with
the hot chocolate.

He walks out the door, back onto the hill.

MAIN TITLE: **THE BOARDER**