

REQUIEM FOR A GLACIER

Written by

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EXT. ALPINE MOUNTAIN MEADOW. SUMMER - DAY

A SCRAWNY HERD OF COWS is grazing lazily on bits of dry brown brush covering the barren land, dazed from the heat and thirst. A panorama of steep mountains behind them, only the tips of the jagged mountaintops blanketed in white snow.

A CALF stumbles towards the empty well, its tongue desperately parched, searching for the last drops of water.

A strange HUMMING NOISE slowly grows nearer and a DARK SPOT appears on the crest of the horizon. The cows become more animated and start walking towards the empty well.

As the dark spot on the horizon draws nearer, we can make out a HELICOPTER carrying a load of a VAT OF WATER.

Two OLD FARMERS (70s) step out of a nearby shed waiting for the vat of water to land.

The helicopter takes off again without setting down. The cows excitedly crowd around the now filled well.

INT. HELICOPTER - MOMENTS LATER

Inside the helicopter, the noise of the rotor is deafening.

A WOMAN looks out of the helicopter window, watching the herd of cows quickly shrinking in the distance. She turns around. This is PENELOPE (34), dark curls, a contained, guarded composure and alert, intelligent eyes. Her face reflects concern.

Penelope looks towards her colleagues sitting across from her, MARGARET (44) and JONATHAN (48), both clutching their armrests as the helicopter quickly gains more height. All three of them wear protective noise cancelling headsets.

Penelope looks through a stack of paperwork in front of her, maps with TOPOGRAPHICAL DETAILS and CONTOUR LINES of a mountain. She tries to focus but her gaze keep being pulled towards the window onto the sight of the incredibly dry land.

Jonathan gestures for her to lift one ear protector. She does.

JONATHAN

(over articulating)

Are you -- gonna be *staying* --with  
*family?*

For a moment a dark shadow moves across Penelope's face, but she has her features back under control within seconds.

She points to her ear and shakes her head, then puts the ear protector back in place.

Penelope turns her back to Jonathan and stares out of the window, while her colleagues wordlessly continue to compare notes.

EXT. BASE OF THE GLACIER - DAY

On a table, a pair of hands arranges two sheets of paper - a heavily annotated speech.

The hands nervously straighten the paper. A DROP OF SWEAT falls down, blurring the writing and smudging the ink.

A large, red faced, mustached MAN, dressed in a suit, looks up from the pages and wipes his brow. This is the MAYOR (70).

From the makeshift stage and lectern set up at the base of the glacier, he looks out over his small "congregation". Half a dozen ELDERLY MEN, and a pimple-faced teenage PHOTOGRAPHER (16), who nervously fiddles with his very large camera.

Behind the mayor, a large banner is hoisted reading "Welcome!". Behind the banner, nestled between barren brown bedrock, sit the paltry remains of a retreating, dirty-grey-white GLACIER, surrounded by some SCRAPS OF ICE covered in INSULATING SHEETS.

The sound of the approaching HELICOPTER causes the members of the small group to look up and blink into the sun in unison.

The helicopter lands nearby and a GUST OF AIR from the rotating blades nearly blows the assembled welcome committee off their feet, as the mayor's speech blows away into the glacier's runoff water.

Penelope, Jonathan and Margaret emerge from the helicopter, carrying BOXES OF EQUIPMENT. Penelope steps out with considerable hesitation. Her face is a mask.

Two ELDERLY GENTLEMEN take Penelope by the elbows, and she is gently but decidedly shoved up onto the improvised stage.

The HELICOPTER takes off again drowning out all other noise. Penelope looks after it as if she would wish to get right back on it.

A CAMERA FLASH goes off, and Penelope finds herself standing next to the mayor who is smiling broadly into the camera. Penelope looks like a deer in the headlights.

The mayor takes up his position, his fingers twitch nervously as his written speech is gone -

MAYOR

(a booming voice)

Ladies and Gentlemen, I speak for the town council in its entirety when I say that it is a great pleasure to welcome back one of our own - on this very special day!

(he laughs nervously)

The prodigal daughter has returned, and just in time...a time of need..

The camera flashes vigorously, snapping one image after the other. Penelope turns her head away, her eyes falling onto her two colleagues, who stare back at her in disbelief.

MAYOR (CONT'D)

(voice fading in and out)

What you see here is untapped potential...transforming this unused land into crisp white slopes that will keep year round. Now *that* is something I want to read on my holiday brochure...ski fun for the whole family, summer and winter. This will put our beloved little town on the map once and for all, and bring our economy into the 21st century...

EXT. GLACIER - SOMETIME LATER

The mayor and his entourage have left. Margaret and Jonathan are collecting meltwater samples in shell-shocked silence.

Up the hill, Penelope compulsively drags on a cigarette, looking through a THEODOLITE, while the battery of her RADAR SENSOR mounted on a tripod is powering up next to her. Deep lines of worry are etched in her face.

She looks through the theodolite again - she has spotted something in the distance. She frowns, looks harder.

CUT TO:

EXT. FURTHER UP THE GLACIER - MOMENTS LATER

Penelope arrives, catches her breath, and takes in a row of METAL POLES which have been driven into the ice, each several feet apart from the other. Some of them lean to the side where the ice has moved, reminiscent of an old fence.

Penelope kneels down by the side of one pole and inspects it more closely. There are numbers engraved into the poles.

Her eyes wander downhill towards her colleagues working in the distance. The teenage photographer - who seems to be taking his job rather seriously - continues to take photos of the two scientists at work.

Penelope squints. Even though she cannot hear what her colleagues are saying, their body language clearly shows their annoyance, as they try to make the photographer leave.

Penelope snaps a quick photo of the poles on her smartphone.

EXT. BASE OF THE GLACIER - MOMENTS LATER

CLOSE ON Penelope's phone screen with the photo of the poles.

PENELOPE

(off screen)

They must have done other studies  
in the past. Maybe even  
commissioned a previous assessment?  
Did you know?

Jonathan and Margaret shake their heads, their faces closed.

PENELOPE (CONT'D)

This doesn't make any sense...I  
don't get it.

Margaret gives her a piercing stare.

MARGARET

You don't? It's pretty obvious.  
They behave like they already know  
the outcome of all this.

Penelope frowns. Is this a jab directed at her? She looks over at Jonathan, who does not look any friendlier.

JONATHAN

I don't think we can expect  
transparency from them. But you  
seem to be getting along quite well  
with them all...

Penelope is at a loss for words. She angrily turns around and walks back to her RADAR SENSOR to check the battery.

Then she hears the CLICKING and FLASHING SOUNDS of the camera behind her. Nerves fried, she spins round, ready to lash out.

The pimple-faced teenage photographer grins back at her unfazed and lifts his camera again. Penelope changes strategy with lightning speed, and puts on her most charming smile.

PENELOPE

This is such an impressive camera!  
What kind of lens is this? Can I  
take a look? It's a *huge* lens...

The boy's ears go pink and he mumbles something under his breath. Penelope's smile widens and she winks at him.

He looks to his feet, and - unable to resist so much female attention - hands her his camera.

PENELOPE (CONT'D)

(pretending to inspect the  
camera)

Waaaah, and you own this beauty...  
how do you operate it?

The sound of an approaching JEEP distracts the boy, while Penelope's fingers expertly navigate through the menu.

PENELOPE (CONT'D)

(casual)

Girlfriend picking you up?

BOY

(cheeks flaming red)

No, no...this is my sister. She  
works for the mayor, so uhmm...

Penelope hands him back his camera. Turns to leave--

PENELOPE

You better make sure you're home in  
time for supper then.

The boy saunters down the hill towards the car, leans against the hood "James Dean Style" and lifts his camera again. He stops dead in his tracks. The camera card is empty, all images deleted.

VIVIAN (26), right hand woman of the mayor, dressed rather formally, gets out of the car. She moves with purpose, but in her body is an undercurrent of tension.

Vivian looks uphill towards the scientists at work, then at her younger brother.

VIVIAN  
They're still not done?

The boy, still in shock and fiddling with his camera, only gives a shrug.

Vivian takes a few steps towards the glacier on the uneven rocky ground. She stops and looks down at her heeled leather shoes. Then looks back at her brother.

VIVIAN (CONT'D)  
(with an edge)  
Would you go get them, please?

Her brother stares at her in disbelief.

INT. VIVIAN'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Vivian at the wheel, Penelope in the passenger seat next to her pretending to read some paperwork to avoid having to talk to anyone. Vivian is in an extremely upbeat mood which feels slightly performative.

In the back, Margaret and Jonathan sit left and right to the photographer, who clearly wishes to simply vanish. The two scientists stare out of their respective windows in sullen silence.

VIVIAN  
I've been following your career over the last years, its so impressive to see someone go out into the world and make something of themselves. I think the whole town is very proud. But I always knew you'd get somewhere...

Vivian throws Penelope a glance as if they were old friends. Penelope shifts her weight uncomfortably. She can't remember who this is.

PENELOPE  
Ahm, we went to school together...?

Penelope throws a quick glance towards her colleagues in the back, who pretend to ignore their conversation but are clearly listening.

VIVIAN  
Here we are...

Penelope looks up from her paperwork for the first time - and freezes. They are outside a building reading TOWN HALL.

PENELOPE  
 (regaining her composure)  
 Why are we here? Why did you not  
 drive us to the hotel?

There is almost an edge of panic in Penelope's voice. She can't face all these people again.

JONATHAN  
 Is the hotel not here in town?

Vivian parks the car. And smiles.

VIVIAN  
 But I told you, this is the welcome  
 dinner organized by the mayor. I'll  
 drive your assistants to the hotel  
 right after but I thought I'd bring  
 you here first.

The word "assistants" has made Penelope's colleagues sit up straight. Jonathan opens the car door with a bang and wordlessly gets out. Margaret follows him.

Vivian looks after them, unable to read the situation.

VIVIAN (CONT'D)  
 I'm sorry I didn't invite them, but  
 we didn't know you'd bring  
 assistants...  
 (Penelope winces at the  
 word)  
 ...but I'll make sure they're  
 comfortable in...  
 (she consults her notes)  
 ...oh wow, I didn't know they are  
 still open for business. Who picked  
 that hotel? You?

Penelope takes a breath to calm herself. When she turns back to Vivian, there is a winning smile on her face --

PENELOPE  
 Look, I really appreciate all your  
 efforts, but I promised to call HQ  
 to check in regarding the data, and  
 it could delay things if I don't.  
 (this has the intended  
 effect on Vivian)  
 So I'd appreciate it if you sort  
 this out for me. Maybe my...  
 (MORE)



PENELOPE (CONT'D)

ahmm... *assistants* could take my spot at dinner?

Vivian's admiration for Penelope and her apparent "power" has just grown considerably. She hesitates...then nods.

PENELOPE (CONT'D)

Great, I knew I could count on you. I'll go talk to them. They'll be so excited to meet everyone.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. PENELOPE'S HOTEL ROOM - LATER

The door flies open and Penelope storms into the modest room, throws her suitcase in a corner, anger no longer in check.

It's an old hotel from the turn of the century. Judging from the decor, it hasn't undergone any renovations since the 70s.

Penelope steps to the window as she pulls her phone out from her pocket. We are surprisingly close to the glacier here, it can be seen above the sea of trees surrounding the hotel.

Penelope stares at her phone in disbelief. No reception.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER

Penelope stands behind the welcome desk, talking into the landline phone. A nervous, very skinny RECEPTIONIST stands close behind her.

PENELOPE

...What do you mean you're not flying again anytime soon? Don't the cows need water?...Well, how else am I supposed to get out of here? I don't care whether the town council has paid the bill or not, I am not associated with them...listen, I am happy to pay for it myself...hello...hello...

Penelope stares at the receiver. Her hopes of a quick gateway have just gone up in smoke.

PENELOPE (CONT'D)

(mumbling to self)

A fucking trap this town, always has been...

The receptionist, fingers tapping nervously on the counter, sees her chance and reaches for the receiver.

RECEPTIONIST

May I...

Penelope takes a step away.

PENELOPE

I need to make another call. Can I have some space please...

The receptionist backs down. Penelope starts dialing again --

PRE-LAP sound of running water.

INT. SHOWER - LATER

PENELOPE

(phone call continues VO)  
...tell the mayor I'll be in his office first thing tomorrow, to discuss a more professional way of moving forwards, without publicly undermining my scientific integrity, I insist...and if any of these unauthorized photos from today are published, there will be consequences...

Penelope takes a cold shower. As the water runs across her face, she tries to control her breathing, her eyes closed.

INT. PENELOPE'S HOTEL ROOM - LATE EVENING

Penelope sits on the hotel bed in her bathrobe, flipping through old digitized PHOTOS on her laptop.

There are shots of her as a child, playing in the snow. She flicks past them quickly. Then she stops at some old shots of the GLACIER - an impressive, monumental looking glacier.

She looks up and out of the window where the shrunken glacier's surface reflects milky-white in the moonlight.

Penelope stares for a long beat. Then she lets herself fall backward onto the bed, exhausted.

EXT. VILLAGE SIDE STREET - NEXT DAY

The depressing vista of old, rural buildings, no tourists in sight anywhere. Abandoned, overgrown gardens, crumbling houses with damaged roofs direly in need of repair -- a place soon to become a ghost-town

Penelope hurries down the empty side street, a determined stride. SOUNDS OF A PROTEST echo from somewhere nearby. She stops to read some flyers strewn on the floor: "Mother Earth is not for Sale!"

Penelope turns a corner, frowning --

EXT. VILLAGE MAIN STREET - CONTINUOUS

The street is blocked left to right by several ELDERLY WOMEN holding up a hand-painted BANNER reading "Save the Glacier!".

Other PROTESTORS wave wooden signs reading "Stop the Ski Resort Mafia", running back and forth, shouting, gesticulating wildly, arguing with each other - it's chaos.

Penelope puts up her hoodie, adjusts her scarf, takes a breath and walks towards the protest, a FOREIGN ELEMENT in the crowd as she weaves her way past the protestors.

Someone bumps into her, Penelope quickly steps aside.

YOUNG VOICE

(o.c)

We need jobs, unlike these  
hippies...

Penelope turns to the voice. There are three YOUNG PEOPLE her age, who hold up their own hastily drawn sign: "No tourism, no jobs, no future!"

Penelope tuns away again, one of the young protestors grabs her elbow.

YOUNG PROTESTOR

Where are you going. You gotta help  
us. Which side are you on?

Penelope stares for a moment. The protestor stares back at her, he is clearly not sober...he frowns, thinking hard, then recognition forms on his face...

YOUNG PROTESTOR (CONT'D)

Hey, aren't you...?

Penelope tears her arm away and quickly turns around, pulling her hoody deep into her face. She quickens her pace.

Her eyes are set on the run down TOWN HALL building -- when something out of the corner of her eye catches her attention.

An energetic, agile WOMAN with long grey hair (DIANA) threatens to throw her wooden sign at the town hall window to smash it. A YOUNG MAN (SAM) in POLICE UNIFORM tries to hold her back, they struggle as she tries to shake him off.

Penelope hesitates only for a second, then moves to intervene--

PENELOPE  
Hey, leave her--

Diana SEES PENELOPE and lets go of the sign. Startled, Sam turns, Diana's sign firmly in his grasp now, it SWINGS around--

The WOODEN SIGN connects with Penelope's chin, a FLASH of an apologetic look on SAM'S FACE, Diana rushing towards her--

CUT TO BLACK.

INT. KITCHEN - DIANA'S HOUSE - DAY

A warm darkness. The SOUNDS of footsteps on creaky wooden floor planks - cutlery clappers as it's being set down, pots and pans clanking together.

An image emerges out of the dark, through a vertical slit. It's at a 90 degree angle. A pair of legs walks past close to our field of vision, only visible from ankle to knee. The SOUND of FOOTSTEPS is disproportionately loud.

The slit grows wider. Someone is chopping vegetables on a wooden table. Further in the distance, the wall is covered in signs and posters with hand written slogans. The old-fashioned, probably hand sewn curtains are drawn shut, creating a moody half light. Somewhere a door opens, the light in the room changes for a moment. Daylight.

REVEAL - Penelope is stretched out on the bench by the kitchen hearth, a scratchy woolen pillow stuffed under her head. She looks ashen, observing everything around her through half closed eyes.

Penelope's gaze searches the room, eye-balls darting around rapidly, taking it all in. So far nobody has noticed she is awake. She doesn't move a muscle.

We are in the kitchen of a traditional old farmhouse turned "activist headquarters", with buzzing activity all around.

None of the old furniture has been removed, but the place's new purpose simply overlays the old, co-exists with it.

Penelope's eyes find the door that is just about to close again, not before she catches a GLIMPSE OF GRASS from the outside. Her eyes open fully.

She takes a breath, gathers her strength and SITS UP, SWINGS her legs from the bench, ready to take a step towards the EXIT. Her vision immediately NARROWS again and she sinks back down. Her hand goes to the back of her throbbing head, as she winces in pain. We can now spot a nasty open cut on her chin.

Two hands grasp her shoulders as the room slowly comes back into focus. A pack of ice is set on Penelope's head. Penelope jolts, looks around herself.

The woman sitting beside her, DIANA, is unmistakably the woman from the protest. Mid-length gray hair, no make-up, steely eyes, skin weathered and darkened from a life spent outdoors. The woman smiles and there is an undeniable charm and grace inside her. An unwavering confidence in all her movements, as she puts the ice-pack back in place.

Diana now moves a glass to Penelope's lips. Penelope is still staring at the woman. Then Penelope moves her face aside and gets up.

PENELOPE

(voice uneven, mumbling)

I need to go..I'm...already late  
for work...

A moment later she is sat back down on the wooden bench, Diana's hand heavy on her shoulder.

DIANA

That's no good, now, drink  
something. You've been completely  
out, you're beside yourself.

Penelope takes the glass of water - as not to be force fed - moves to the side and drinks it by herself.

DIANA (CONT'D)

Good.

Two more WOMEN approach, both in their sixties, crowding around Penelope. One of them still wearing an apron.

DIANA (CONT'D)

Take it slow. You have a slight concussion, nothing too drastic, Silvia looked after you, she trained as a nurse. We'll take care of you here.

Penelope's eyes start darting around again, she feels trapped, looks at Diana's face - there is concern, but also something else...suspicion?

Penelope gets up, shakes away the arms reaching for her.

PENELOPE

I'm just going to...

She takes several steps towards the door. Diana has gotten up behind her.

PENELOPE (CONT'D)

I need...fresh air...

Diana is already reaching for her. Penelope turns with a look that makes her mother stop. Penelope has raised her hands in front of her chest, either a gesture of protection, or ready to push the next person approaching away from her with force.

PENELOPE (CONT'D)

Fuck off, mum!

Two steps and she is at the door, yanks it open, daylight fills the room, Penelope is outside, the door is thrown close with a bang. Everyone stares.

EXT. BEHIND THE HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Penelope leans against the wall at the back of the house, weakly dragging on a cigarette. Nobody has followed her outside.

From the shadows, she observes women working in VEGETABLE FIELDS, there is a CHICKEN COOP, further in the distance up the hill cows are grazing in a field. We are on an self-sufficient, off the grid homestead, just at the edge of a large forest.

Two women are in the process of rolling up the large hand-painted BANNER from the protest and storing it in a shed.

In the far distance, the GLACIER is visible on the horizon.

Penelope takes all this in with an inscrutable face. She stubs out her cigarette, turns back to the door.

INT. KITCHEN - DIANA'S HOUSE- MOMENTS LATER

Penelope closes the door behind her, looks around. The kitchen is empty. For a moment, she is taken aback.

Then she starts searching, on the bench, under the bench, pushing the pillows aside. Where are her things?

INT. CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER

Penelope slowly walks down the corridor. To her left, one of the doors is wide open, Penelope halts--

PENELOPE'S POV -- A MEDIUM SIZED BEDROOM, stuffed to the brim with personal knick-knacks, four single CAMP BEDS crammed inside. A large clothes-rack in the foreground, bedsheets and underwear hung to dry.

Penelope looks on with a blank face. Then resumes walking down the corridor, stops at another door.

The door has faded stickers on it, P.E.N.E.L.O.P.E is spelled out in wood-carved, painted letters for children. Below, a yellow metal sign from a construction site reading KEEP OUT.

This puts the faintest smile on her face. The door isn't properly closed. Penelope pushes it open, takes a peek, her face immediately falls--

INT. PENELOPE'S CHILDHOOD BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Teenage rock band posters on the wall, next to hand drawn activism posters and sketches of mountain ranges. Stuffed animals in a corner, stacks of school books on a desk, colorful pillows on the bed.

The only thing disturbing this perfectly maintained TIME CAPSULE is Diana sitting on the floor, Penelope's backpack beside her - the sensitive paperwork strewn all over the carpet.

Diana is reading in Penelope's notebook and has not realized her daughter's entrance.

With a loud BANG, Penelope throws the door shut. Diana looks up. There is not a trace of remorse or guilt. All friendliness quickly vanishes from Diana's face. The icy stare would give anyone a chill.

PENELOPE

(dry)

You haven't changed.

Penelope eyes the sensitive documents spread out on the floor with disbelief.

Diana gets to her feet and holds up a piece of paper to Penelope's face. She stands a few inches taller than her. Penelope takes a step back to try and read the letter.

DIANA

You are working for these people?

Penelope yanks the paper out of Diana's hands with one swift, controlled motion. Then she moves around the room, picking up her paperwork strewn over the floor.

PENELOPE

(crouching over paperwork)

I'm not working for them. I am part of an independent group of researchers, working on an unbiased socio-ecological impact assessment--

Diana tower over Penelope, watching her...

DIANA

Bullshit! Why would they hire you? You specifically?

This hit a nerve. Penelope turns to her.

PENELOPE

Because I am an expert in this field. *The* expert, actually--

DIANA

No. They hired you cause this is your home town--

DIANA (CONT'D)

--they think they can sway you. With their savior story of how desperately they need tourism--

PENELOPE

You seriously think they get to choose who does the assessment? You don't have the first idea of how...

The two women fall silent at the same time, and turn away from each other to stare into different corners of the room.

Penelope throws a glance at Diana. Diana stands straight and full of conviction and confidence. This annoys Penelope.

Penelope takes out a cigarette and lights it. Diana turns to her, stares at her with incredulity.



DIANA (CONT'D)

You know there's no smoking in this house!

Penelope shrugs and takes a drag.

PENELOPE

If you hadn't hit me over the head, maybe I wouldn't need narcotics now to numb the pain.

Diana is momentarily at a loss for words. Penelope savors her victory, taking a long drag from her cigarette and blowing smoke into the air.

DIANA

Are you aware that you are aiding the enemy in the destruction of our environment...

Penelope holds up the cigarette in mock surprise.

PENELOPE

What...with this?

DIANA

(ignores her remark)  
...you used to be a true activist but now you don't even see that you are just a tool in the mayor's plan, you've been brainwashed with theory, don't even realize--

PENELOPE

You know nothing about my work. I'm not listening to you, or them, or anyone - I just do my job and then I'm off!

Penelope has had enough. She stubs out her cigarette on the sole of her shoe, thinks for a moment, then carelessly drops the stub. Diana, fuming, hurries to pick it up.

Penelope stuffs the remaining paperwork in her backpack, slings it over her shoulder and yanks the door open.

Diana looks as if she would like to smack Penelope, but reconsiders and hurries after her.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Penelope quickly strides through the room, Diana behind her.

DIANA  
 (appeasing tone)  
 Look...I blame myself...I didn't  
 teach you enough...if you hadn't  
 left...but maybe this is a second  
 chance? If we work together...

Penelope completely ignores her and keeps walking.

Diana struggles for her composure - she isn't getting through. He stops walking, looks after her, thinking fast.

DIANA (CONT'D)  
 (calling after Penelope)  
 There are no cabs out here, no bus,  
 you can't walk back...

Penelope walks through the front door without a look back.

DIANA (CONT'D)  
 (edge of desperation)  
 We don't have a car! Slow down, you  
 have a concussion...

EXT. IN FRONT OF GARAGE - MOMENTS LATER

Penelope approaches the old garage.

PENELOPE  
 I'll take the old tractor if need  
 be...

Penelope notices several BIKES propped up against one side of the garage. She frowns at them in disbelief, steps towards the wooden door and pulls it open, the old iron screeches.

INT. GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Penelope steps into darkness. She leaves the door open, but the light from outside doesn't help much - only shadows.

Penelope stumble over something in the dark. The sound of a light switch being flipped, but nothing happens...

PENELOPE  
 (moans)  
 Seriously...

For a moment we hear her digging through her backpack, then a phone flashlight goes on.

The cone of light wanders around the room, revealing at first sight -- a lot of clutter. But nothing large enough to be a vehicle.

Penelope sifts through the objects for a moment - most of them for farming or activism-related, then gives up, turns back to the door.

She notices a tarp draped over a bulky object next to the door.

On Penelope: Is her mother hiding something?

Penelope swiftly pulls back the tarp, revealing -- a stack of GASOLINE CANISTERS (8).

Penelope is taken aback. She lifts one of the canisters. It is heavy - full. Odd. Penelope sets it back down on the floor, half-heartedly puts the tarp back.

With an impatient sigh, she steps out the door, not bothering to close it.

We stay behind in the half light, pushing closer towards the stack of gasoline canisters and then past them, revealing the WHEEL of something...too small for a motorcycle, too large for a bike.

CUT TO:

EXT. GARDEN PATH - MOMENTS LATER

Penelope walks past the house, slowly, her head high. Her mother stands in the doorframe and looks after her, several activists peek out of the windows. Nobody intervenes.

Penelope completely ignores them, but her face is rather pale and there is sweat forming on her brow. She focuses on walking steadily.

Penelope walks round a bend and steps onto --

EXT. FOREST PATH - CONTINUOUS

A quick glance over the shoulder that the house is out of sight, then Penelope sinks down. She wipes her brow.

Penelope takes a swig from her water bottle, her hand trembling slightly.

The forest around her is spinning. She puts her head between her knees, stays like this for a moment.

PENELOPE  
 (under her breath)  
 Fuck...

Without looking, she reaches for her backpack with one arm, digs through it, pulls out her phone, scrolls through her contacts.

Then Penelope lies backwards, against a tree, phone to her ear. She looks up into the treetops, exhales.

PENELOPE (CONT'D)  
 (into the phone)  
 Yes...  
 (someone talks very fast  
 and indistinguishably,  
 Penelope cuts her off)  
 Vivian, I'm in need of your shuttle  
 service.

QUICK CUT TO:

INT. VIVIAN'S CAR - SOMETIME LATER

Vivian is at the wheel, throwing a glance sideways at Penelope, who is slumped into the passenger seat.

VIVIAN  
 Are you sure you don't need a  
 doctor?

PENELOPE  
 I'm fine. Just get me to work, I  
 need to get this done as quickly as  
 possible.

Vivian throws her a curious glance.

PENELOPE (CONT'D)  
 (evasive)  
 Because...there is a lot of  
 paperwork waiting for me back at  
 the office.

Vivian nods semi-convinced. Eyes the cut on Penelope's chin again, the area around which has turned purple.

VIVIAN  
 (concerned)  
 Are you sure you...

PENELOPE  
(cutting her off)  
Why are there measuring poles in  
the ice?

VIVIAN  
What?

Penelope sits up.

PENELOPE  
On the glacier. We are not the  
first assessment that has been  
commissioned. Why was I not  
informed?

Vivian looks straight ahead in concentration.

PENELOPE (CONT'D)  
Hm?

Vivian still doesn't meet her gaze, fiddles with suppressed  
nervousness with the steering wheel.

VIVIAN  
Well...I think it was before my  
time. So...yeah...but its been a  
few years, I didn't think it of any  
consequence for your work now--

PENELOPE  
Where's the documentation?

VIVIAN  
Town Hall...should be there...

Penelope looks less exhausted all of a sudden.

PENELOPE  
Lets go.

Vivian slows, looks over her shoulder, turns around the car.

CUT TO:

INT. VIVIAN'S CAR - SOMETIME LATER

Penelope is flipping through the new paperwork, beside her a  
stack of rolled up maps.

Some time must have passed, we are driving much more steeply  
uphill now, the glacier can be glimpsed through the window.

Vivian is in the middle of a sermon--

VIVIAN

This is the only chance we've got.  
There is zero employment out here.  
It is not only a question of  
autonomy for the younger generation  
- having their own income, their  
own place to live, a *life* - but a  
question of survival. Our town's  
survival. Agriculture is already  
more of a loss than a gain...  
financially speaking...now if the  
assessment comes back with a green  
light, which we all hope for, if  
you see it from the perspective of  
*our* generation --

Without looking up, Penelope cuts her off--

PENELOPE

I don't do politics.

INT. CAR - LATER

Vivian parks the car at the base of the glacier, looks through the windshield and frowns.

VIVIAN

What the hell are they doing here?

Penelope looks up from the map, follows her gaze - and can't believe her eyes.

REVEAL - Diana and two of her activist colleagues are standing next to the fold-out table, chatting with Margaret and Jonathan. One of the activists is offering homemade cookies, which Jonathan gladly accepts.

The activists' presence doesn't seem to annoy the scientists, they happily chat with these friendly elderly townspeople.

Vivian opens the door and steps out. Penelope catches a few words...

DIANA

...and these samples you are  
sending to a lab abroad...

The door closes again. Penelope sits there for a beat, observing the scene.

Diana is operating on the top of her charm game. Penelope can see the scientists are taken with her, their body language speaks volumes. Vivian hurries towards them.

Penelope gets out of the car.

EXT. BASE OF GLACIER - CONTINUOUS

Penelope catches some of Vivian's words directed at the activists.

VIVIAN

...area is off limits, I'm gonna have to ask you to leave, you are keeping the scientists from their work...

Margaret and Jonathan don't seem to understand what all the fuss is about.

JONATHAN

I am not aware of any regulations regarding who can be on the glacier. It's still public land--

VIVIAN

They are just here because of their save-the-world activism crap...

Margaret looks at Vivian as if she lost her mind.

MARGARETH

What are you talking about?

Margaret takes a cookie and smiles at the activist - to her they look like sweet and harmless grandmas.

Penelope unloads the THEODOLITE from the trunk of the car.

Then she grits her teeth, grabs the equipment and walks past her mother stone-faced.

Diana smiles at her and gives a little wave, which Penelope ignores. Diana moves to follow her daughter, then changes her mind after a few steps.

Penelope's face is dark - *looks like her mother found someone else to wrap around her finger for information.*

The voices of Vivian and the others become more and more faint behind Penelope as she marches up the side of the glacier.

EXT. FURTHER UP THE GLACIER - SOMETIME LATER

Penelope crouches next to a pole, the map from the previous assessment spread out on her knees. The map features a topographical sketch of the glacier, with its outline marked and numbers next to the positions of the poles.

Penelope checks the pole's marking and compares it with the one on the map. She frowns.

Penelope walks to the next pole several feet away, and we follow her. She repeats the procedure. Penelope is chewing on her lower lip now, a nervousness inside her.

She writes two numbers next to each other in her notebook - there are already two long columns of numbers written down.

Penelope risks a glimpse downhill. In the distance, she can see her two colleagues packing up the folding table. Vivian is still with them.

CLOSE ON: Penelope's pen going past the row of numbers, ticking them off. We may notice that the numbers next to each other are always identical.

Penelope sits down on the ice and stares into the distance, not seeing anything. We have no idea what is going on, but something is clearly off. She lets go of the map, it blows away a few feet. Penelope does not notice. She presses her palms against the ice.

CLOSE ON PENELOPE'S FACE: Her eyes are swimming - hard to say if it is anger, fear or sadness. Her face is a mask. Then - with a quick movement - she slaps herself across one cheek.

She gets up to go after the map. Grabs it roughly, crinkling it by doing so, and not caring - in stark contrast to her previous care for the documents.

CUT TO:

EXT. BASE OF THE GLACIER - SEVERAL MOMENTS LATER

PENELOPE

Jonathan?

Jonathan is in the process of packing up his camera and sensor equipment. He looks up in surprise when he hears his name, then eyes the approaching Penelope coolly. Penelope holds up the map.



PENELOPE (CONT'D)  
 (edge in her voice)  
 Can I talk to you for a second?

Vivian steps around the nearby parked car, a curious expression on her face, ears pricked.

JONATHAN  
 Yeah, what's up?

Penelope's eyes go from Jonathan to the approaching Vivian and back to Jonathan.

PENELOPE  
 I...

Jonathan shoulders his backpack, looks at Penelope with raised eyebrows.

CLOSE ON - Vivian's face, all eyes and ears, clearly ready to report any new developments directly to the mayor.

Penelope takes a step back.

At that moment Margaret walks past to store the box with the samples in the car.

PENELOPE (CONT'D)  
 (deflecting)  
 I just wanted to check...about the samples...  
 (a confused look from Jonathan)  
 ...whether they are labelled correctly. Just to be sure.

Margaret and Jonathan exchange a glance.

MARGARETH  
 (full of cold sarcasm)  
 Yes they are, *boss*, anything else?  
 Do you want to go through them yourself?

Penelope is no longer looking at the two, she is staring back up the glacier, completely lost in thoughts.

The irony and tension is lost on Vivian, or she decides to ignore it.

VIVIAN  
 Well then...we are ready to go, unless you want to go through them here?

(MORE)

VIVIAN (CONT'D)

(a joke)

Boss?

(no reaction)

Hey...Penelope...

Penelope turns back to them a bit too fast.

PENELOPE

Go ahead, I need to double check something. I'll find my own way back to the hotel.

Vivian looks not amused.

VIVIAN

Are you sure? I was still hoping I could drive you past the doctor's office to get you checked out... walking all the way, I don't know..

Penelope has already started walking back up the hill, back to the first pole in the ice, to double check her numbers.

The sun has started to set behind the glacier and the air is getting cooler.

Vivian is torn for a moment. She looks to the car. The two other scientists are already in their seats and ready to go.

We stay on Penelope double checking the poles, something desperate in her movements, while we hear the SOUND of the motor starting and the car driving away off screen.

EXT. HOTEL - NIGHT

Penelope walks towards the hotel. Her yellow backpack is the brightest thing in the night.

A few steps later Penelope halts for a moment as she spots a POLICE CAR parked just outside the hotel.

Penelope resumes walking.

CUT TO:

Penelope at the car. She looks through the window and...rather surprisingly...smiles.

REVERSE ON -- a man in a police uniform sitting in the front seat, his eyes are closed - it's unclear whether he is asleep or just resting. It is the man from the protest, SAM (36), who accidentally knocked Penelope out.

Penelope knocks against the glass. Sam jumps, startled, looks out, sees Penelope - smiles.

Penelope gestures for him to let the window down - he does.

PENELOPE  
 (one hand against the car)  
 Tailing your victim, inspector? And  
 falling asleep while doing so?

Sam opens the door and gets out hurriedly. On his face is concern. A moment of hesitation - Penelope smiles again - then Sam hugs her, somewhat gingerly.

SAM  
 Oh my god, oh my god...

Penelope laughs. Sam takes her by the shoulders, pulls her away from him to study her face.

SAM (CONT'D)  
 I'm so sorry, I can't believe this  
 happened. I had no idea you were  
 here...is it--bad?

He carefully takes her chin between two fingers and tilts her head to one side, to study the cut closely. There is a certain intimacy in the gesture.

Penelope grimaces in mock pain. Sam's hand recoils quickly - a flash of worry and self loathing across his face - only to realize a moment later that Penelope was messing with him.

Penelope laughs, slaps his shoulder. He slaps her shoulder back, eager for an air of camaraderie - diffusing the gentle moment and pushing it into buddy-behavior-territory.

Penelope steps back to take a good look at Sam in uniform.

PENELOPE  
 Never in a million years would I  
 have thought that you'd become a  
 cop. My god, what is the world  
 coming to...

Sam stands up a bit more straight.

SAM  
 (unable to hide his pride)  
 Not just a cop, I'm chief of police  
 for this town.

He realizes Penelope is not at all impressed, but rather amused. He smiles self-depreciatingly, hastens to add--

SAM (CONT'D)

Well...I'm chief of two  
people...including myself.  
Proportional to the size of the  
town. A killer career.

Penelope grins back. They stand there, hesitating, tiptoeing  
around something...

PENELOPE

(suddenly feeling the  
exhaustion of the day)  
I need a drink, you?

Sam shrugs. Eyes the hotel suspiciously.

SAM

Sure. You think they have one? I  
had no idea this place was still in  
business...

Penelope opens the old heavy door.

PENELOPE

(over the shoulder)  
No promises...

PRELAP of laughter echoing across a large empty space-

INT. HOTEL RESTAURANT - SOMETIME LATER

The spacious hotel restaurant is empty except for Sam and  
Penelope sitting at a small table in the back. The chairs of  
the other tables are stored flipped upside down. The lights  
are only switched on in their corner, the rest of the  
ballroom-size restaurant is in semi-darkness. Not the coziest  
place, but they don't seem to notice or care.

It looks like they have been locked in an animated  
conversation, Penelope gestures wildly, Sam laughs.

CLOSER - Penelope throws back a small glass of Schnapps, then  
sets the glass down on the table with a loud "clonk". Both  
Sam and Penelope are more relaxed than before.

There are several empty Schnapps-glasses in front of  
Penelope. Sam is nursing a beer, eyeing the row of glasses in  
front of Penelope.

Penelope bangs her hand on the table several times.

SAM

Shhhh, you'll wake up the house!

Penelope loudly bangs on the table again, turning towards the entrance.

PENELOPE  
 Heyyy, lady...Mrs. Waitress, we  
 need more of this...

The door is pushed open and with a sour face the receptionist enters. Apparently, she is doubling as the waitress here. She looks at Sam disapprovingly.

RECEPTIONIST  
 Yes?

Penelope answers before Sam can. She lifts her empty Schnapps-glass.

PENELOPE  
 Two for me, two for the gentleman  
 in uniform.

Sam smiles apologetically at the young woman.

SAM  
 I'm not on duty tonight, Gretl.

Penelope smiles broadly.

PENELOPE  
 Perfect, why don't you bring the  
 whole bottle then?

The receptionist Gretl frowns and turns away.

Penelope turns back to Sam and pushes her index finger against his breastbone, eyeing him sternly.

PENELOPE (CONT'D)  
 You know the name of the mouse?

Sam is trying to read the subtext of her question.

Penelope leans back, throws her hands in the air.

PENELOPE (CONT'D)  
 Oh I forgot, everyone knows  
 everyone in a place like this. No  
 secrets. Just lovely.

Gretl returns with a bottle and two glasses. She puts them wordlessly in front of Penelope. Turns to leave...

PENELOPE (CONT'D)  
 Gretl, Gretl, Gretl...no manners...

Penelope fills the two glasses herself, spilling alcohol.

SAM

Easy...

At the door, Gretl turns towards them again.

GRETL

We close soon, 20 minutes or so...

PENELOPE

I thought you weren't open in the first place?

GRETL

I need to lock up.

The door closes. Penelope rolls her eyes at Sam, pushes one glass towards him.

SAM

I am off duty now, but I still need to go to work tomorrow.

Penelope ignores this. She lifts her glass.

PENELOPE

Your turn!

Sam takes his glass with a sigh, lifts it for a toast.

SAM

To...the good old times, before--

PENELOPE

No, no, no!

SAM

You can't expect me to just sit here and never ask. You just up and left without a word...

Penelope shakes her head.

PENELOPE

(to herself)

This fucking town.

(lifts her glass)

To this fucking town!

She throws back her drink and immediately refills her glass. Sam sips his Schnapps.

PENELOPE (CONT'D)  
Now, Inspector, what about you?

SAM  
What about me?

PENELOPE  
Married? Kids? House and Garden?

Sam shakes his head.

PENELOPE (CONT'D)  
Nothing?

SAM  
Divorced.

Penelope reaches for her second glass, taking this in.

PENELOPE  
That's very un-catholic of you, Mr  
policeman, inspector, sir.

Sam downs his glass in one go.

SAM  
Who in their right mind would want  
to stay here? Can't blame her...

LATER

Their sombre mood has made way for a more heated discussion--

SAM (CONT'D)  
No, I don't think Diana deserves  
how you never show up, never call--

PENELOPE  
(cuts him off)  
How do you know all this? You two  
are best buddies now?

Sam frowns, but is thrown a bit.

SAM  
You have no idea how often I had to  
arrest her just the past year.

Penelope's interest is peaked.

PENELOPE  
Oh yeah. I'm sure she felt very  
self-righteous and heroic and--

SAM  
 (talking over her)  
 ...you don't know her at all..

PENELOPE  
 --like she'll save the world this way. Did you have to put her in a cell and all?

Sam studies Penelope's face. Searches for a trace of concern--

SAM  
 No. She was arrested, but not charged. Occupying town hall. Threatening the mayor. Either way, she has a record now--

LATER

The bottle is almost empty. Sam and Penelope are both slumped backwards in their chairs.

Sam idly plays with his empty glass on the table. It topples over. He sets it back up.

SAM (CONT'D)  
 (quietly)  
 Why are you here, Penelope?  
 Seriously? I know it's not to look after your mum and make up.  
 (hopeful undertone)  
 What's left in a town like this for someone like you?

For a moment, Penelope doesn't react at all. Then, with a quick motion, she leans forward, and buries her head in her arms on the table. The façade is gone, the person she was enacting has vanished.

Sam is taken aback. He did not expect to elicit this reaction. Watches her, unsure. Is she crying? He slowly reaches out to touch her shoulder, but thinks better of it and pulls back before touching her.

Penelope sits up. Her eyes are dry, face strangely empty...

PENELOPE  
 The glacier is dead.

Again, not what Sam was expected to hear.

SAM  
 (gently)  
 What?



Penelope takes out a pack of cigarettes, starts smoking.

PENELOPE

I am certain. There is no other way...the ice has shrunken too much to have internal ice flow. There is no movement, nothing...the ice mass has not moved under its own weight since the last study they did.

Penelope glances at Sam for a moment. Sam has trouble following - maybe the alcohol. Penelope, by contrast, seems almost sober all of a sudden.

PENELOPE (CONT'D)

It means...that there is no way back. The glacier will disappear. It's an irreversible process that has started. It's...I'm...basically doing an autopsy.

Sam processes this, looking at his hands. When he looks up, his face is almost hopeful.

SAM

So does that mean they can't build the ski resort anymore? Because...

Penelope lets out a short, bitter laugh. Her hard voice echoes through the large empty place. She shakes her head slowly, doesn't meet Sam's gaze.

PENELOPE

That's not how it works I'm afraid. I'll have to reclassify the glacier as a semi-permanent snow field--

SAM

(cuts in, angrily)  
You think I know what that means?

Now Penelope looks at him directly, face full of exasperation and defiance.

PENELOPE

Just *listen* to me! It means the glacier is no longer protected as a natural entity. I'm paving the road for them. They can convert it into land for development...because its no longer a protected biosphere...

SAM

But...if there is no snow...

PENELOPE

They can make their own. Of course it doesn't make sense. But agriculture barely works anymore-- so of course they will build the resort. Cling to it. The only chance of survival...and I'm the one making it possible for them...this fucking town...

Sam plays with his glass again.

SAM

...it took her years to build that homestead...

Penelope roughly grabs Sam's arm and pulls him towards her. Sam is startled.

PENELOPE

You can't tell *anyone* about this, you hear me. I'm still processing the data...nobody knows this. This is really goddamn important, I can't screw this up. Fuck!

She pushes Sam away from her. The table shakes, some glasses topple over.

Penelope stubs out her cigarette in one of the glasses.

PENELOPE (CONT'D)

(more to herself)

I shouldn't have told you. Why...

The door opens with a creaking sound, and the receptionist steps inside, keys in hand.

Penelope and Sam stare at her - they completely forgot about her. Before the receptionist can say anything, Sam gets to his feet, not without bumping against the table.

SAM

I was meaning to go anyway. It's really late. Sorry, Gretl.

Penelope's face is sour. She grabs her pack of cigarettes. The receptionist Gretl eyes them.

GRETL

We have a non-smoking policy for guests in this hotel.

Sam looks caught, apologetic. Penelope couldn't care less. With a rather uncontrolled gesture she indicates the large empty space around them.

PENELOPE

I don't see anyone here who could stop me. There is nobody left in this godforsaken place...

Gretl throws a look at Sam, hoping for his support. This provokes a sarcastic smile from Penelope.

PENELOPE (CONT'D)

(with gusto)

Oh you think *Mr. Policeman* here is going to arrest me now?

Penelope links arms with Sam. All hesitance over physical closeness gone. She drags him with her.

PENELOPE (CONT'D)

There is more alcohol in my room. You won't believe it but this place has a mini fridge, let me show you.

They are almost at the door. Sam's protests are rather weak.

SAM

I really need to go, I've got work in the morning...

Penelope pushes past Gretl, dragging Sam along. Sam looks as if he is about to apologize to the overwhelmed receptionist.

But they are already through the door in--

EXT. CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER

Penelope stands rather close to Sam now. This has an effect on him, and she knows it.

PENELOPE

Stop being such a good boy all the time. Don't be boring.

Sam looks through the open door, where Gretl has started collecting the dirty glasses.

PENELOPE (CONT'D)

(whispers)

Let's go, before she comes back.

SAM  
(weakly)  
But...

Penelope looks at him with a very confident, winning smile. His protest crumbles...

SAM (CONT'D)  
Okay, maybe just one drink...

Penelope takes his hand and starts walking towards the staircase. Sam's eyes are on their linked hands. He follows, swaying gently.

INT. STAIRCASE - CONTINUOUS

Penelope walks up the stairs TOWARDS CAMERA, Sam behind her. While his face is adorned with an almost smug smile, all the playfulness has left Penelope's features. She is still struggling with the horror of her discovery, and she is desperate not to be alone right now.

INT. PENELOPE'S HOTEL ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

A handful of little glass bottles is thrown onto the bed. They bounce a bit. A drunken giggle form Penelope off screen.

Penelope jumps into frame, onto the bed, next to the bottles, which makes them bounce even harder on the mattress. She pats the bed next to her, looks at Sam.

Sam stands by the door. He eyes Penelope's confidence somewhat wearily.

SAM  
Penelope, why didn't you--

PENELOPE  
Stop talking.

Penelope opens her pack of cigarettes, lights herself one.

Sam's eyes move over the ceiling, looking for a smoke detector. There is none.

Penelope holds out the pack to him, offering one. Sam takes a step towards her. Penelope lets herself fall back onto the bed, blows the smoke towards the ceiling.

Sam watches the little bottles gently bounce up and down.

A loud RINGING noise cuts through the pregnant silence.

Penelope sits back up, startled, stares at her cigarette in a confused fashion. Did the smoke alarm go off?

It RINGS again. Unnaturally loud.

Sam turns to the jacket hung up next to the door, takes his buzzing mobile phone out of one of the pockets.

Penelope rolls her eyes, grabs a bottle and opens it.

PENELOPE (CONT'D)

I thought you are off duty?

Sam looks at the display with concern.

SAM

I need to take this.

Penelope grabs another little bottle, and - straining to resurrect the playful mood - throws it at Sam.

PENELOPE

Catch!

Sam has already turned aside to take the call, phone at his ear. The glass bottle smashes against the door and bursts.

Sam looks at her sternly, focusing on the voice on the other side. He seems completely sober all of a sudden, and serious.

SAM

(into the phone)

Yes, understood...I can be there  
in...maybe ten, fifteen max. Yes.

Sam hangs up. Penelope stares at him incredulously.

SAM (CONT'D)

It's work. An emergency. Gotta go.

Penelope gets up from the bed.

PENELOPE

What is it? What happened...

Sam grabs his jacket, opens the door - in a real hurry now.

SAM

(over his shoulder)

Get some rest, you need it. Take  
care. We can talk tomorrow...

PENELOPE

Don't patronize me, Mr Chief of  
Police--

The door is already shut. Penelope grabs another bottle and throws it against the door with full force. It bursts.

Silence.

Penelope sits back down onto the bed, alone in her room. The curtains are not drawn - a black night looms outside.

Penelope looks at her backpack. Walks over to it, slightly swaying. She takes out all the paperwork and starts laying it out all over the floor. She grabs her notebook and goes over the numbers again, then studies the various charts.

She determined to spend the night working through all of it again and again...desperately searching for a way out of her dilemma.

INT. PENELOPE'S HOTEL ROOM - NEXT MORNING

A ray of sun hits Penelope's sleeping face. She crinkles her nose, slowly opens her eyes. The sun is high up in the sky.

The SOUND of PAPER CRINKLING as Penelope turns her head to the other side, still half asleep.

Penelope sits up and peels a piece of paper off her cheek. She looks around the room, disoriented. She is sitting on the floor amid a mess of paperwork. The room is flooded with late-morning sunlight.

Penelope scrambles to her feet. Her neck hurts, her head even more. She takes a step towards the bathroom door, stumbles--

PENELOPE

(cries out)

Ouch...goddamnit!

INT. BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

CLOSE - a SHARD OF GLASS is pulled out of the sole of Penelope's foot, accompanied by indistinguishable swearing. A bandaids is slapped on.

Penelope opens the faucet and puts her head under the stream of cold water. She is wearing yesterday's clothes, which are now drenched - she takes off her shirt and tosses it in a corner.

Penelope takes a closer look at the cut on her chin in the mirror - its turned an ugly purple. She slaps a band-aid on her chin, hiding the cut.

INT. PENELOPE'S HOTEL ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The room is a mess. Penelope is in the process of sorting through her papers, a stack of them on the bed, half of the floor still covered. Penelope swears under her breath.

Penelope grabs a shirt from her suitcase in the corner.

INT. CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER

Penelope steps out of her room, backpack shouldered, hair still wet - but more or less ready for the day.

She stumbles - catches herself by holding onto the doorframe. There is something on the floor. She bends down to pick it up. It's a rolled up newspaper.

Penelope's phone starts buzzing in her backpack, she ignores it. She looks along the corridor - no other room has a newspaper in front of the door.

Penelope unrolls the paper and freezes--

PENELOPE

Bastards.

The front page of the local newspaper features a large PHOTO of her next to the mayor, from the "press conference" on the glacier. The mayor has ignored her request for anonymity.

The phone buzzes again. Penelope yanks it out of her backpack, switches it to silent. There are several missed calls from her mother, Vivian, and her colleagues.

The phone buzzes again - it's her mother. Something inside Penelope SNAPS. She turns back to --

INT. PENELOPE'S HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

--and stomps though the room to her suitcase. She hasn't really unpacked yet. She grabs a jacket from the a chair, her PJ from the bed, a steely determination in her movements--

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - RECEPTION AREA

Penelope rings the little brass bell repeatedly and without a break. Her suitcase is next to her, backpack on her back. The room key already sits on the desk next to the bell.

GRET  
(muffled voice, o.s.)  
Coming!

A door opens and the receptionist steps out, her face falls as she sees Penelope. She steps behind the reception desk.

Penelope throws the rolled up local paper onto the desk.

PENELOPE  
You lost something.  
(a beat)  
I'm checking out.

Gretl's face doesn't betray any emotion.

GRET  
As you wish.  
(she takes something from  
a drawer)  
Here is your passport. And if you'd  
sign here.

She pushes a large, old fashioned ledger over to Penelope. Penelope signs impatiently.

PENELOPE  
Can you call me a cab, please?

Gretl looks at her incredulously.

GRET  
There are no cabs here. If you  
haven't made any previous  
arrangements--

PENELOPE  
No, I haven't. There can't be  
*zero cabs* in the whole area.

Gretl takes a beat.

GRET  
Well, as you probably know, the  
next town is 40 minutes drive away,  
but they do have a taxi service--



PENELOPE

Call them, I'm happy to wait. And  
to pay extra for the drive here.

Gretl slowly reaches for the landline phone.

PENELOPE (CONT'D)

(holds out her hand)

Actually, give me the number, I'll  
talk to them.

EXT. DRIVEWAY OUTSIDE HOTEL - TWO HOURS LATER

Penelope waits outside the hotel with her baggage, alone.

A cab drives up, comes to a stop in front of Penelope.  
Penelope looks at her watch.

CLOSE ON Penelope's watch - it's past noon.

The CAB DRIVER (60s) gets out and looks around, shakes his  
head. He's clearly never been here before. He reaches for her  
suitcase, takes the backpack sitting on top of the suitcase  
to store it in the trunk.

PENELOPE

(grabs the backpack)

I'll take that.

INT. CAB - LATER

Penelope in the back, scrolling through her phone, checking  
flights.

CABDRIVER

Lost my way three times on my way  
here. Never been to this  
hotel...weird town this is.

Penelope isn't really listening to him, keeps typing on her  
phone.

PENELOPE

(non committal)

Hmm.

The cab driver looks at her through the rear view mirror. She  
seems like an exotic bird to him.

CABDRIVER

You from a big city, all business  
like? Just asking, is all...

Penelope ignores him. They keep driving.

Suddenly, the car slows down. Penelope frowns.

PENELOPE  
What's going' on?

EXT. ROAD OUT OF TOWN - CONTINUOUS

There is a police barricade blocking the road. Two people in uniform to the side. The cab slows to a halt. One figure steps to the car window, which is being rolled down.

INT. CAB - CONTINUOUS

Penelope looks up from her phone and past the seat in front of her - through the open window - straight into Sam's face.

They stare at each other in silence.

CABDRIVER  
Officer. What's goin on?

Sam is still looking at Penelope, disappointment washing across his face.

SAM  
(to Penelope)  
Running off again without  
explanation, as always?

The cabdriver is taken aback, thinks Sam is talking to him.

CABDRIVER  
Excuse me, Sir?

Penelope behind him snorts. He turns around to stare at Penelope over his shoulder - eyes her closely, probably wondering if she is a criminal on the run.

Penelope has had enough. She gets out of the car --

EXT. CAB/ROAD OUT OF TOWN - CONTINUOUS

Penelope and Sam stand face to face.

PENELOPE  
(cold)  
Yes, I'm out of here and this time  
for good. I don't think you're  
gonna keep me from it, *officer*.

Sam doesn't let himself get provoked by her sarcasm, he just looks at her with utter disappointment.

A young FEMALE POLICE OFFICER in uniform, CLARA(20s), eager but green, steps up next to Sam.

CLARA  
Any troubles here, chief?

Penelope looks her up and down.

PENELOPE  
Yes, I need to get to the airport.

Clara stands very straight, speaks very formally.

CLARA  
Apologies, but that won't be possible today if you've been staying in town or close vicinity last night. We need your full details, please.

Penelope snorts sarcastically. Clara notices she is not being taken seriously, her eyes narrow.

SAM  
(to Clara)  
Could you go check the walkie talkie?

Clara gives him an incredulous look.

SAM (CONT'D)  
Thank you, officer.

Clara turns, not without a last disapproving glance at them.

Penelope walks back to the cab, Sam follows.

PENELOPE  
(without looking at Sam)  
Is this your big emergency?  
Blocking the road? Let us through--

Penelope yanks the door of the cab open.

SAM  
A set of brand new snow machines has been torched on a test site last night. Nobody in or out of town before we've taken a statement.

Penelope turns back to him with an incredulous stare. The cab driver listening in with curiosity.

PENELOPE

What test site? There is no test site - I would know.

SAM

Apparently there is.

Penelope hides her concern behind anger.

PENELOPE

That's outrageous. They can't test before they have a green light - they are behaving as if they don't need approval, or just expect to get it either way--

Sam attempts a more official tone.

SAM

That is not the primary concern here at the moment. We need to follow every lead and take everyone's statement, especially if there are known relations to radical activist--

Penelope laughs.

PENELOPE

Oh you think I'm burning down the mayor's illegal equipment, snow machines I didn't know existed, colluding with a bunch of hippies I haven't talked to in a decade?

(a beat)

Last night? I'd think I have the best alibi anyone could have, don't you agree, *Sherlock*?

Sam's cheeks have gone pink.

SAM

You still need to make a statement, it's protocol.

PENELOPE

I thought I just did.

Sam taps his foot impatiently.

SAM

On record. Down at the station.

Penelope raises her eyebrows. Is he messing with her?

The other cab door opens and the cab driver gets out.

CABDRIVER

Meter is still running.

PENELOPE

Keep it running.

The cabdriver shrugs, then sits back down in his seat.

PENELOPE (CONT'D)

(to Sam)

Okay, and after that I can go?

Sam nods.

SAM

My colleague will drive you to the station and take your statement.

Penelope turns away from Sam, looks through the window of the cab to speak to the driver--

PENELOPE

Don't go anywhere, I--

CABDRIVER

Certainly not, you haven't paid yet.

(chuckles)

I'm not an Uber.

Penelope can't help but smile. She nods and turns towards the police car parked on the other side of the barricade.

As she approaches the car, she can hear the crackling of a walkie talkie. She slows her pace to listen. Clara sits in the drivers seat, all windows are open due to the heat.

CLARA

(off screen)

Copy. Search warrant granted.  
Requesting backup, you never know,  
with some radicals in a hippie  
commune...

Penelope quickly takes several steps back, out of the woman's line of sight.

CLOSE ON PENELOPE as this information sinks in. Penelope looks over to Sam, who is still chatting with the cab driver.

Penelope closes her eyes for a moment, makes a decision.

PENELOPE  
(to herself)  
Time to face the devil.

It looks like a weight has lifted from Penelope's shoulders. She walks back towards the cab. Sam gives her a puzzled look.

PENELOPE (CONT'D)  
The statement will have to wait.  
(to the driver)  
Back the way we came from.

INT. CAB - CONTINUOUS

Penelope falls into her seat, pulling the door shut. She looks at peace with her decision - she has stopped running.

The cabdriver looks at her, shakes his head and chuckles.

CABDRIVER  
You city folk got too much money to burn?

PENELOPE  
(ignores his remark)  
I'll tell you where to go, just start driving.

The cab driver turns the ignition key. Looks at the rather high meter.

CABDRIVER  
Just sayin', just sayin'. Not a problem for me.

The car starts moving. Penelope sits up straight, readying herself for battle.

EXT. ROAD OUT OF TOWN - SAME

Sam stands and watches the cab turn around and speed away.

He shakes his head in disbelief. Clara steps up next to him, walkie talkie in hands.

EXT. DIANA'S HOUSE - LATER

The cab drives up to Diana's house. It's high noon, the sun is seething, nobody is working outside at the moment. Even the cows are crowding in the shadow of the shed. All is dead still...the quiet before the storm.

Penelope jumps out of the cab and walks straight towards garage, backpack slung over her shoulder.

The cab driver gets out.

CABDRIVER

Wait...your luggage.

Penelope slows, quickly walks back. The cabdriver opens the trunk, starts unloading her suitcase onto the gravel road.

PENELOPE

(takes the handle)

Thank you.

The cab driver takes a crumpled business card out of his back pocket, gives it to Penelope.

CABDRIVER

Recon you might need me again.

Penelope takes the card with a faint smile and nods. She turns and starts dragging her suitcase towards the garage --

INT. GARAGE - MOMENTS LATER

Pitch black.

A CREAKING as the door opens and Penelope stumbles in, framed in the square of light from the outside. She heads directly towards the tarp-covered GAS CANISTERS in the dark. The cone of her phone's flashlight dances over the uneven floor.

Penelope steps up and rips aside the tarp. There is nothing...seemingly...until the cone of light hits ONLY TWO gasoline canisters set against the wall.

Penelope kneels down to inspect them. A strange metallic sound rings out. She looks to her right. Her eyes widen.

In the cone of the light we can see a very rusty old MOPED, a VESPA, adorned with stickers and painted with flowers all over. A museum piece from a different decade. Penelope hesitantly touches the rusty surface.

Then her eyes fall back on the two gas canisters.

INT. KITCHEN - MOMENT LATER

The door flies open with a bang.

Two ACTIVISTS look up from their work - they are peeling carrots at the kitchen table.

Penelope holds one of the gas canisters in her arms, gestures towards them accusingly.

PENELOPE

What is this supposed to mean?

The two activists exchange a glance. They clearly have no idea *what it is supposed to mean*.

PENELOPE (CONT'D)

I thought you have all sworn some sort of binding oath of non-violence.

The activists have no clue what Penelope is trying to imply.

On Penelope - this registers in her eyes. She shifts her weight.

PENELOPE (CONT'D)

(friendly)

Where is my mother?

One of them gestures up the hill, focus back on the carrots.

ACTIVIST

Mending the fence.

EXT. MEADOW BEHIND HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Penelope struggles up the steep hill, the weight of the gasoline canister slowing her down.

Uphill, Diana is hammering away at a plank of wood. She watches her daughter approach without interrupting her work.

A few cows are grazing in the field behind her.

Penelope, out of breath, arrives and sets the gas canister right in front of Diana's feet. Diana ignores her and continues working.

PENELOPE

(loosing her temper)

They have no idea what's going on down there!

(MORE)



PENELOPE (CONT'D)

You've gone rogue, turned vigilante, and they don't even know?

(no reaction from Diana)

How is burning down the mayor's equipment going to solve anything?

Diana stops hammering for a moment.

DIANA

No idea what you are talking about.

Penelope lets out an involuntary, sarcastic little laugh.

PENELOPE

Stop pretending. I have proof. I've been to the garage.

Penelope nudges - it's more of a kick - the gas canister on the floor next to the wooden plank. Due to the surprising force, it bumps against the still wobbly plank and pushes it to the side, making it more crooked than before.

Diana's strike misses - the hammer swings through thin air.

One of the cows behind them lifts its head from grazing and looks at the two for a moment.

Penelope takes a step back. Diana finally looks at her directly.

DIANA

You're talking nonsense. Want to go to the police and report some non-existent gasoline tanks? Good luck.

(straightens the plank)

For all we know anyone could have done it. You could have done it. You weren't always such an annoying stickler for the rules. Now you're just blind...like the rest of them.

Anger has crept into Diana's voice, she tries to steady herself again by focusing on her work.

Penelope has observed her mother closely - a feeling comes over her, the situation starts to appear in a new light.

PENELOPE

(takes a deep breath)

Chapeau! I have to say, your timing is excellent...now I am trapped in this godforsaken town - just like you always wanted.

Diana doesn't look at her.

DIANA  
You always think everything is  
about you...

PENELOPE  
It's a few coincidences too many...

Diana ignores Penelope. Penelope demonstratively turns away.

Diana stops her work. After Penelope has taken a few steps --

DIANA  
Hey, wait!

Penelope looks back up at her, almost triumphantly.

PENELOPE  
So you are worried I'm gonna tell  
your sisters-in-arms?

Diana does not grace this with a direct answer.

DIANA  
I couldn't have done it. I was with  
a calving cow all night.

Diana abandons the crooked plank and walks over to one of the  
COWS sitting in the grass.

Penelope hesitates to follow.

As Diana approaches the heavy cow gets to her feet, as if to  
greet Diana, and starts licking the salt off Diana's hands.

With the mother cow having gotten up, the view is clear onto  
a tiny little fragile thing in the grass, a NEWBORN CALF.

The calf gets to its feet, hesitant, nervous - wobbly legs  
not yet fully at ease with gravity.

Penelope takes a few steps towards mother cow and calf.

The calf eyes Penelope skeptically. It takes a staggering  
step towards Diana.

Penelope can't help but smile. So does Diana. They exchange a  
glance.

For a moment all tension has lifted. Penelope crouches down  
and speaks quietly, inaudibly, to the calf.

Then SOMEONE YELLS from the house - and the spell is broken.

Penelope and Diana turn towards the noise.

One of the ACTIVISTS is rushing towards them, stained apron still on, a mobile phone in her hand.

ACTIVIST  
(out of breath)  
The police are on their way...they  
are almost here.

Diana STARES at Penelope in disbelief. *You told them already?*

Penelope, taken aback, shakes her head. She turns away, hurt.

Diana and her activist colleague rush down the hill towards the house.

Penelope throws a last glance at mother cow and calf. The calf is pressed against the mother's side.

Then Penelope makes her way downhill.

The gas canister is left sitting next to the crooked plank.

EXT. DIANA'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Penelope walks around the side of the house, past a row of gooseberry bushes. It's hot and she is sweating.

There are several indistinguishable voices, one stands out --

DIANA  
(o.s)  
Sam sent you kids?

Penelope quickly rounds the corner, curious --

She spots two POLICE CARS parked on the gravel road.

Three activists stand in front of the door, arms linked like at a protest, they don't look like they are going to move anytime soon - unless forced.

Two others stand behind Diana, apron still on - one of them is the activist who came to warn them.

Two young MALE POLICE OFFICERS (20s) stand near the door, unsure how to handle these elderly women who could be their grandmothers. They must be the backup Clara requested.

Clara, clearly in charge, takes a DOCUMENT out of a folder and hands it to Diana.

CLARA

I take it you are the owner?

DIANA

Talking to me like you don't know  
me won't make this situation seem  
any more professional.

Diana takes the document and reads it, staying exceptionally calm. Clara strains to ignore her remark, continues--

CLARA

This is a search warrant - for  
these premises. You have to let us  
through, or I'll have to arrest--

Diana continues to read unfazed. The activist who warned them steps up, interrupts Clara--

ACTIVIST

For what reason? Why would you want  
to search the house. We haven't  
done anything illegal.

Clara raises to her full height.

CLARA

Anonymous tip. Someone reported  
suspicious behavior.

The activist crosses her arms.

ACTIVIST

That's ridiculous. Someone calls  
without even giving their name, and  
you show up here in full force?

Penelope, who's been standing to the side, unnoticed, steps up.

PENELOPE

Why is Sam not handling this?

Everyone turns to her. Clara, surprised to see her, frowns. She looks back and forth between Diana and Penelope.

One of the activists at the door moves to speak--

ACTIVIST 2

For all we know, the mayor himself  
could have called it in. Make us  
look bad. Nothing easier than that.

The two MALE OFFICERS move uneasily. They are not used to meet with any resistance against their authority.

CLARA

We take leads very seriously,  
especially if they concern someone  
with already has a record--

ACTIVIST

(protests)  
That's--

Penelope studies Diana closely, who finishes reading and hands the papers back to Clara.

DIANA

(calm)  
Alright, let them through.

The activists look at Diana in surprise.

Clara looks taken aback, even disappointed - maybe she was already getting ready to make some arrests.

The activists at the door, arms linked, look at each other and don't move. Only when Diana steps towards them they hesitantly step aside.

Diana opens the door and gestures for the police to enter with a little mock bow.

DIANA (CONT'D)

We got nothing to hide. But isn't  
it inspiring to witness taxpayer's  
money being wasted like this?

The activists laugh and even Penelope has to smile. She eyes her mother closely - she is not a hundred percent sure whether Diana's confidence is genuine, or a charade.

Clara nods at one of her colleagues, barks orders--

CLARA

You go and start searching the  
house.  
(officer 1 enters past  
Diana)  
The two of us go and take a look at  
the grounds. Report anything  
suspicious to me.

Clara takes a step in the general direction of the garage, the young officer in tow.

Diana throws a very quick glance at her daughter. She narrows her eyes - *could the anonymous tip have come from Penelope?*

Penelope stares back at her mother, reading the mistrust in her face. Penelope simply turns to face another direction.

Two activists follow the departing police, while two others enter the house - probably to check on the first officer.

After a quick glance at the display of her phone, Diana enters the house after them.

Penelope walks a few steps, leans against a tree, contemplating her situation. *Should she leave? Confront her mother later?*

Penelope continues to observe the house from the shadows, the door still stands ajar. The activists have taken up work in the garden again - no time to waste here.

Penelope closes her eyes for a moment, she is exhausted, her head hurts - she tries to concentrate on her next move.

RAISED VOICES from inside the house startle her. There is unmistakably Diana's voice, ringing out angrily over the others.

Without skipping a beat, Penelope is at the door, steps inside the house--

INT. CORRIDOR/CHILDHOOD BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Penelope rushes down the corridor, following the raised voices only to arrive outside her childhood bedroom.

DIANA

(her calm gone)

Can't you be careful!? A warrant doesn't give you the right to willfully damage other people's personal property...

POLICE OFFICER 1

But...

PENELOPE'S POV -- the police officer stands in the room, a stack of her teenage school books in his arms.

Diana picks something up from the floor. As she stands up straight again, her face is red.

REVERSE on Penelope - who strains to see, but is hesitant to step inside the room.

CLOSE ON Diana's hand, setting a FRAMED PHOTOGRAPH back on a chest of drawers. It a childhood picture of Penelope -now with a cracked glass.

POLICE OFFICER 1 (CONT'D)

(uneasy)

My apologies, but--

Diana stares him down.

DIANA

Out.

The man sets down the school books, turns and stumbles past Penelope into the corridor. Doesn't look at her.

Diana takes the books from the bed and slowly, gently, puts them back into the shelves one by one, making sure they are in the "correct" order.

Penelope retreats further behind the doorframe, as to not be discovered. Her mother has no eyes for anything but her task.

Diana takes the stuffed animals from the floor and puts them back in their proper place at the end of the bed.

Then she looks at the photo again, adjusts its position ever so slightly. She looks around the room - the time capsule has been reset to its original state.

Penelope feels a chill. She has seen enough, turns around and retreats back into the corridor, accelerating her pace.

PRELAP

VOICE OF POLICE OFFICER 2

(o.s.)

I got something.

EXT. DIANA'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Penelope exits the house and looks around.

Clara and police officer 1 are standing by one of the police cars, looking up from an interrupted discussion.

Two activists have stopped working and look in the direction of the garage. Penelope follows their look, feeling uneasy.

VOICE OF POLICE OFFICER 2

(o.s.)

What is this?

The voice comes from behind the garage. Penelope goes pale.

Clara and her colleague rush past her towards the voice.

Police Officer 2 steps out from behind the garage, dragging something behind him. It's a SUITCASE.

Penelope's suitcase. Her eyebrows shoot upwards - she had completely forgotten about it.

Diana steps out of the house, closes the door behind her. Stares at the suitcase.

DIANA

That's not ours. I've never seen it before.

Clara looks triumphant.

CLARA

Planning to get out of town for a while? A little vacation maybe--

Penelope steps forward.

PENELOPE

This is my suitcase.

Now all eyes are on her. She meets her mother's gaze. Diana looks surprised, curious - and ever so slightly suspicious.

Penelope thinks fast. Looks on to Clara, who stares at her, arms crossed, waiting for more.

PENELOPE (CONT'D)

I...decided to stay here. It is closer to the glacier and my work.

Smiles on the faces of several activists - they look to Diana as if to say: *see, your daughter has come around.*

Deep lines have appeared on Diana's forehead. She doesn't believe Penelope's story one bit. But she is not gonna say so, or stop Penelope from staying here.

Penelope looks at her feet. Clara steps up to Penelope.

CLARA

I will question you.  
 (to her colleagues)  
 Divide them in two groups and take their statements  
 (to Penelope)  
 Follow me.



Diana moves to follow them. Clara lifts a hand, and with a determined gesture indicates Diana to stay with the others.

Penelope and Clara round the corner of the house. Clara comes to a standstill next to the chicken coop. She eyes Penelope with new curiosity.

Penelope crosses her arms, raises an eyebrow.

PENELOPE

If you take my statement now, do I  
still need to come to the station  
or can I leave after?

Clara takes out her notebook, looks at her with suspicion.

CLARA

Didn't you just publicly declare  
that you're planning to stay here.

Penelope bites her lip.

PENELOPE

Right. Sure.  
(thinks fast)  
Just wondering. It's always good to  
know whether one is free. Or not.

Clara eyes her. It's obvious she doesn't trust Penelope.

CLARA

What is your relationship to the  
owner of this house?

PENELOPE

Diana. She is my mother. Don't you  
know that by now?

CLARA

I'm asking the questions.

Clara writes in her notebook.

CLARA (CONT'D)

How would you describe your  
relationship to your mother?

PENELOPE

We don't have one.

Clara looks at her quizzically.

PENELOPE (CONT'D)

I haven't lived here for more than a decade. We didn't exactly stay in touch. My life is elsewhere.

(a beat, a decision)

Look, I can't imagine these ladies have anything to do with a crime like this. They are old hippies who still dream about '68. How would they acquire the resources ...?

Clara looks up from her notes.

CLARA

You really don't know your mother. She has a record.

Penelope rolls her eyes.

PENELOPE

She doesn't like the old mayor. Big surprise. She is probably not alone with that in this town.

Clara shifts her weight.

CLARA

Where were you last night between--

PENELOPE

I was drinking all night.

CLARA

(raises an eyebrow)  
Witnesses?

Penelope can barely hide her smile.

PENELOPE

The chief of police.

A beat. Clara's eyes are wide.

CLARA

Sam?

PENELOPE

And a very grumpy receptionist doubling as barmaid.

Clara straightens her back.

CLARA  
The chief of police...he was  
questioning you?

Penelope shakes her head.

CLARA (CONT'D)  
Where were you?

PENELOPE  
In my hotel. First at the bar, then  
in my room. Until late. Until he  
got an emergency call - I guess the  
crime had been committed by then.

Clara is pale. She strains not to show any emotions.

The dynamic has shifted. Clara hesitates to ask another  
question. She eyes Penelope coolly.

PENELOPE (CONT'D)  
If you don't have any further  
questions for me--

Before Clara can respond, police officer 1 steps around the  
corner, interrupting them. He looks at Clara.

CLARA  
(to Penelope)  
We're done...for now.

Clara stomps away, the policeman in tow. Penelope's face is a  
question-mark. She follows them after a moment of hesitation.

They are already out of sight when Clara's voice rings out.

CLARA (CONT'D)  
(o.s.)  
What are you doing? We haven't  
searched it yet.

Penelope walks faster, arriving only moments later at the  
FRONT OF THE HOUSE.

Policeman 2 was apparently about to carry Penelope's suitcase  
into the house. He has set it down on the gravel road, his  
hand still on the handle, and looks at Clara quizzically.

Diana and several activists now turn to Clara as well.

Clara's cheeks are flushed, she marches over to the policeman  
and takes the suitcase from him.

CLARA (CONT'D)

We are to search all suspicious  
objects.

The two policemen share a glance. This whole search seems awkward and unjustified to them. Policeman 1 already stands next to the car, ready to go.

Clara demonstratively opens the suitcase in front of everyone and takes out Penelope's clothes - including shoes and underwear - dumps them onto the dusty gravel road.

The activists murmur to each other in hushed voices. The two policemen look at their shoes.

Penelope and Diana exchange a glance. Both being treated as outsiders has somehow created the faintest link between them.

Penelope shrugs at Diana, as if to say: *no idea what's wrong with this lady.*

Clara professionally taps down all the edges of the suitcase, looking for hidden compartments - and finds nothing.

Clara grabs the dusty clothes carelessly and stuffs them back into the suitcase with a sour face.

Penelope looks at Clara intently. Her animosity is somehow...*personal.*

CLARA (CONT'D)

(to her colleagues)

Let's go!

The policemen look relieve, hurry to their vehicles. The activists don't let them out of their sight.

Clara walks past Penelope, purposely close.

CLARA (CONT'D)

(hissing so quietly only  
Penelope can hear it)

*You think you can just show up and  
make a mess of things? You don't  
belong in this town! Get lost.*

She walks past without another glance. Penelope scratches her neck, looks after Clara - surprised by her open hostility. She shakes her head, unsure what to think or feel.

The two police vehicles drive off, leaving in their wake a cloud of dust.

One of the activists coughs demonstratively.

## ACTIVIST

I remember when they still had  
horses rather than these ugly gas  
guzzlers.

The dust settles. Everyone still stands around, a bit at a  
loss for words.

Penelope suddenly feels rather pissed. She spits to one side -  
her spittle lands in a vegetable field.

## DIANA

Hey...

(with humor)

Spit elsewhere. We were planning to  
have this for dinner.

Diana moves to close Penelope's suitcase, then lifts it and  
carries it to the door.

## DIANA (CONT'D)

(to Penelope)

I'll put this in your room.

The other activists take this as a cue to go back to their  
various interrupted activities.

Penelope looks uneasily after Diana and her suitcase  
disappearing through the front door. *Her room.*

## INT. KITCHEN - LATER

Penelope stands by the window, arms crossed, and observes the  
bustling activity in the kitchen from a distance. All  
activists are involved in the dinner preparations, everyone  
knows what to do - it's a well oiled machine.

## LATER

One of the activists comes into the room carrying a bowl of  
potatoes from the garden. A second activist washes the  
potatoes, then sets them down in front of a third, who just  
finished cutting herbs at the table. Swiss clockwork.

The third activist, MARIANNE (72), probably the eldest, looks  
up and waves at Penelope, then starts peeling the potatoes.  
Penelope is unsure for a second - but then Marianne repeats  
the gesture, this time clearly waving Penelope over to her.

Penelope sits down next to Marianne, gives a small smile.

MARIANNE  
 (while peeling)  
 I remember you from when you were  
 very little, just a toddler...

Penelope nods.

PENELOPE  
 I thought that was you. When did  
 you...move here?

Marianne slides a knife, cutting board and a few peeled  
 potatoes over to her.

MARIANNE  
 One inch slices.  
 (continues peeling)  
 After Hermann died. It wasn't easy.  
 She...you were already gone. She  
 really helped me, Diana.

Penelope looks at the potatoes, then gingerly starts slicing  
 them. She clearly doesn't have any routine with kitchen work.

A cutting board is set down next to hers. Penelope looks up.  
 Another activist, younger than Marianne, takes the seat next  
 to her, carrying a basket of tomatoes. This is FIONA (59).

FIONA  
 Hello, it's nice to finally meet  
 you. I moved here after you left.  
 Diana helped me with my divorce.  
 Nasty stuff. And I'm not from here,  
 so didn't have any friends. And no  
 place to stay. Well...I can tell  
 you, Diana is smarter than any of  
 those city lawyers.  
 (a beat)  
 Sorry...I'm Fiona.  
 (eyes Penelope curiously)  
 You are a ...PhD?

Penelope looks at Fiona with surprise, while processing the  
 unexpected information overload. Is she expected to answer  
 the Phd question or is it sarcastic? What has Diana told them  
 about her?

Fiona smiles at Penelope - it seems genuine. Penelope  
 hesitantly smiles back.

PENELOPE  
 The police search today, has that  
 happened before?

She looks over to Marianne sitting on her other side to include her in the question.

Fiona shakes her head.

MARIANNE

About four years ago, they rounded up some of us after a protest, but they just asked questions. They've never come to the house like this--

PENELOPE

Why? What happened four years ago?

FIONA

That was the last time they tried to build a resort here. Back then, it was more than just us who were against it though--

PENELOPE

So nothing violent has happened before...?

Someone walks past Penelope, a bit too close to her chair. Penelope turns - it's Diana, carrying cutlery to the table in the living room. She throws Penelope an unreadable look.

Marianne puts two hands full of peeled potatoes in front of Penelope. Penelope quickly picks up her knife again.

MARIANNE

Nothing like this has ever happened before. That's why everyone is freaking out. The last big police investigation was about a half dozen stolen chicken...

Penelope continues chopping--

PENELOPE

And you didn't know anything about the snow machines? The mayor just bought them? What about four years ago, was the situation--

A heavy hand is put on Penelope's shoulder. Penelope stops talking, looks up into Diana's face.

DIANA

(calm)

Can I talk to you for a moment?

Penelope continues cutting potatoes, ignoring the hand.

PENELOPE

Sure.

DIANA

Outside.

Marianne and Fiona divide up Penelope's potatoes and continue cutting them, before Penelope even gets out a word.

EXT. BEHIND THE HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Mother and daughter lean against the wall, look into the distance - it is easier not to look at each other.

DIANA

Please don't bring up the gas canisters. Or the snow machines. If they find out, everything will break apart. I can't let that happen....not now that everything is on the line.

PENELOPE

You're admitting it?

Diana only glances over for a second.

DIANA

You already knew.

Nevertheless - Penelope is caught off guard. She reaches for her pack of cigarettes, clumsily lights one. Diana does not protest.

Penelope shakes her head a few times.

PENELOPE

Knowing it and hearing it from you like this are two different things.

DIANA

Don't tell them. Please.

PENELOPE

Why shouldn't I tell them? They have no clue what you did, I can tell. Don't you think they deserve to know what their leader is up to--

DIANA

There is no leader, we are a non-hierarchical--



PENELOPE  
Bullshit. I'm not blind. Of course  
you're the boss.

Silence for a moment.

DIANA  
(quiet)  
They will leave. If you tell them.

Penelope waits for more, unmoved.

DIANA (CONT'D)  
I'll stay out of your business if  
you stay out of mine.

Penelope contemplates this.

PENELOPE  
You know you're asking me not to  
report a crime? I'm doing something  
illegal.  
(a beat)  
Who are you? I mean...I don't get  
it. You used to talk about non-  
violence and peaceful protest all  
day long. Now you betray all that?  
(a beat, mumbles)  
You gotta practice what you preach.

Diana rolls her eyes, then catches herself. She is fidgety.

DIANA  
It's not like I killed someone.  
These machines are not *alive*! But  
they are here, ready to kill off an  
entire living organism. You  
scientists gotta know more than me  
about these chemicals they put in  
the water, with our temperatures--

PENELOPE  
You're delusional if you think you  
didn't commit a crime--

DIANA  
(interjects)  
...if the system itself is  
criminal...

Penelope looks at Diana with a raised eyebrow.

DIANA (CONT'D)

It's true. You think yours is the first assessment the commissioned? Its a déjà vu. We thought we defeated them. A few years later, it's the same all over again. The same lame arguments - it's a loop, an endless nightmare.

(a beat, quiet)

*They just didn't listen.* Words were no longer enough now. The gloves are off.

Penelope exhales.

PENELOPE

So you decided to become a vigilante outlaw and completely abandon...all you stand for?

DIANA

Speak for yourself.

(beat)

I'm an activist. I take action. You're doing nothing...nothing but helping these criminals.

There is a hardness in Diana's body and voice.

Penelope stubs out her cigarette, turns to go back inside.

DIANA (CONT'D)

Please don't.

(beat)

I promise I won't mess with your science again. I'll stay out of it. Isn't that what you want? I can...

The back door is pushed open and Fiona sticks her head out.

FIONA

Ladies, soup is ready to be served.

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

Everyone sits around the table. It was already tight before Penelope arrived, now they are squeezed - a garden chair has been added. Everyone is about to finish the main course.

Diana eats at the head of the table, silently observing. Everyone else is locked in conversations, Penelope has Fiona to the left and Marianne to the right.

One of the activists starts collecting the empty plates.

ACTIVIST

I'll get desert for everyone.

Diana exchanges a glance with Fiona, who gives back a nod.

CLOSE ON - two rolls of paper being set on the table.

Fiona uses glasses to hold down the paper and stop it from rolling back together.

Penelope looks perplexed.

PENELOPE

Is that...desert?

A few activists laugh. Penelope looks over at Diana, who remains silent.

Penelope can't help herself and takes a closer look at what is revealed to be detailed BLUEPRINTS.

Fiona's finger traces an outline marked in red.

FIONA

This is where they will blow off a piece of the mountain to build a slope.

Penelope throws her a disbelieving glance.

FIONA (CONT'D)

None of this is a secret.  
 (points at another area)  
 Here they will build a restaurant with a large terrace. You can sit in heated chairs outside.  
 (takes the other blueprint)  
 And here are all the slopes they will build, all the snow artificially created of course...

Penelope takes in the construction plans. It is a massive undertaking. The area will be unrecognizable.

PENELOPE

But who...  
 (clears her throat)  
 ...how are they planning to pay for all this?

Two activists return with the desert from the kitchen - bowls with blueberries and home made cream are set down in front of everyone.

One of the two activists carrying the deserts looks at Penelope.

ACTIVIST  
You're talking money?

Penelope nods.

FIONA  
That's her specialty.

The activist sits down, eats a spoon full of blueberries.

ACTIVIST  
I used to work at the bank thats lending them the money. I still have some friends there. It's debt financing. The investor...a company within a company within a company...anyway, I have done the math how long it will take to pay back the money.

Everyone looks at her, listening attentively, even thought they must know the answer.

PENELOPE  
Well?

ACTIVIST  
95 years.

Penelope looks at her with disbelief.

PENELOPE  
What is your calculation based on?

ACTIVIST  
On their own numbers. Well...their *optimistic estimates*. It will take 95 years to pay back the money if a lot of tourists show up. If the project is a full success.

Penelope leans forward.

PENELOPE  
You mean...they know all of that?

The activist leans back.

ACTIVIST

Of course.

Penelope gives a husky laugh...

PENELOPE

But...in 95 years, I mean, there is  
nothing left in 95 years...way  
before then...the ice...

Penelope looks into the faces around the table. This is clearly an argument they have all had many times before. There is a certain defiance in everyone's gaze. Diana doesn't meet her daughter's eyes.

Penelope grabs the bowl and starts stuffing herself with blueberries and cream. She needs time to think.

Everyone starts eating desert now - there is a lingering silence only interrupted by the scraping of spoons on glass.

Penelope pushes the empty glass away from her.

PENELOPE (CONT'D)

I'll resign.

(everyone stares)

I'll tell them I'm biased. Both the  
mayor and my boss will have to  
understand...I'm from here.

Penelope looks around relieved - *isn't this the best solution for everyone?*

The activists look back at her, unmoved. They don't look happy. It's not the reaction Penelope expected.

Penelope impatiently pushes back her chair.

PENELOPE (CONT'D)

Come on...you can't expect me to  
just give up my profession and join  
your noble fight here.

(beat, to Diana)

Or not so noble...

Diana's stares her down, eyes burning.

FIONA

But...you're our last chance.

Penelope turns to her.

PENELOPE

What do you mean?

Diana throws Fiona a nervous glance. Fiona doesn't see it.

FIONA

If you quit, then the next person  
they hire will come up with the  
same result...

Penelope stares at Fiona - it is slowly dawning on her what  
Fiona is saying. What she must know. All of them must know.

Fiona realizes she said too much. She stares at the table,  
face burning.

PENELOPE

How do you--

Diana gets to her feet.

DIANA

Isn't it obvious, this whole  
tourism as savior story is a farce.  
It only works from one perspective,  
of the mayor, who sees himself as  
the hero saving us all...

PENELOPE

But...

DIANA

Let's clear the table, enough  
politics for one evening.

A flurry of movement as everyone pushes back their chair,  
grabs bowls and cutlery.

PUSH IN ON PENELOPE who has remained seated, stunned--

EXT. BEHIND THE HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Penelope walks back and forth, heated, head spinning,  
compulsively dragging on a cigarette. The night must be  
chilly, but Penelope does not notice.

Something gets through to her in her trance. She stops to  
listen. Faint melodic TUNES - is it music?

Penelope follows the music, walking back towards the house,  
stopping at a lit window. She stands, framed by the window's  
square of warm light, a stranger looking in from the cold.

PENELOPE'S POV - the activists are clearing the table in the  
living room, one of them strikes a few chords on a guitar.

The others smile encouragingly. One activists comes in balancing a tray with teacups and a large pot.

The scene has something seductive - joy, community, camaraderie...tinted in warm light. Penelope has started to shiver. Now that she stopped moving, she can feel the cold.

CLOSE ON Penelope, her eye's searching the room--

Diana is missing.

EXT. OTHER SIDE OF THE HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Penelope walks along the wall in darkness, looking in through various dark windows.

Suddenly, the window just in front of her lights up. Penelope steps closer with some trepidation - in anticipation of what she will find.

Penelope peeks through the window past old-fashioned curtains.

PENELOPE'S POV - Diana is in her childhood bedroom. She takes a set of PJs from Penelope's suitcase and carefully folds them before putting them on Penelope's pillowcase. The open SUITCASE sits on the floor, some LAUNDRY has been taken out and put in a BASKET sitting on the floor next to Diana.

REVERSE ON PENELOPE - she observes this with growing unease.

PENELOPE'S POV - Diana grabs Penelope's RED JACKET from the bedside table and goes to hang it up. Diana slows, seems to notice something about the jacket, checks the pockets and takes out an object. It's a PACK OF CIGARETTES. Diana grabs a pair of scissors from the little writing desk, shakes out the remaining cigarettes and CUTS them in half. Then she throws the pieces in the bin under Penelope's desk.

With a jolt, Penelope tears herself from the sight, hastily backs away and hurries off.

EXT. PATH OUISDE HOUSE/GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Penelope walks in grim silence, her breath in the cold unnaturally loud. She slows as she walks past the GARAGE, a new idea forming in her head.

INT. GARAGE - MOMENTS LATER

In the cone of the phone's FLASHLIGHT, Penelope's hands move over the VESPA'S rusty surface, her skilled, quick fingers expertly testing various FIXTURES.

A smile of relief from Penelope - looks like everything is still in working order.

The cone of light finds the oval FUEL GAUGE - unsurprisingly, there is no fuel in the tank.

After a moment's hesitation, Penelope turns to grab the sole leftover GAS CANISTER - the "evidence" - fills up the tank.

EXT. GARAGE - MOMENTS LATER

The sound of an engine REVVING UP, then the garage door is TROWN OPEN and Penelope gets the hell out of here - zooming off into the night on the rusty moped.

EXT. FOREST ROAD - NIGHT

Penelope is riding as fast as she can on the uneven forest road, staying the course through potholes, rocks and thick surface roots of old trees.

She is shivering and her teeth are chattering, her fingers frozen stiff in the cold wind. She isn't wearing her jacket - but going back for it is an unimaginable prospect.

Now the TREES CLEAR and Penelope's surroundings become visible in the moonlight. A GLIMPSE of something bright - Penelope looks over, slows, then CUTS the engine.

A surreal SILENCE falls over the scene once the INCESSANT NOISE of the engine is gone. As if the forest is "holding its breath".

PENELOPE'S POV - the GLACIER lies like a luminous dirty-white rock face in the distance, reflecting bluish-grey in the milky moonlight.

From this distance and vantage point, the glacier's SHRUNKEN SIZE is even more evident. Penelope can't tear her eyes from the glacier - there is something incredibly still and otherworldly about the sight.

We can't read Penelope's thoughts, but can imagine that she sees the construction plans for the ski resort in front of her inner eye. Imagining the massive construction in its full physical consequence.



PUSH IN ON Penelope - feeling the weight of responsibility on her shoulders. She shudders.

Penelope gets back on her vespa and kick-starts the engine.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT

The LITTLE BELL on the welcome desk in the lobby is rung several times - the sound echoing through the large space.

No reaction.

Penelope eyes the DARK OLD CLOCK hung over the reception area - it's nearing midnight. She stops ringing and leans against the desk, too exhausted to stand upright much longer.

She looks at the dusty RED VELVET COUCH in the corner of the lobby. It doesn't look very inviting, nevertheless Penelope takes a few hesitant steps towards it.

Then she stops as a new thought strikes. She hurries back to the welcome desk, opens the swing door to the side to access the receptionist's area, and comes to a halt looking up at a large board.

Room numbers on little white labels. Keys on hooks.

Only two keys are missing - which must be the ones to her colleagues' rooms. Penelope grabs the key to her old room.

She sprints towards the large decorative staircase and up the stairs. Her steps echo in the cold emptiness.

INT. CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER

Penelope walks up to her room, takes out the key - and stops in her tracks.

The door stands several inches open. Something feels strange. Penelope glances down the corridor left and right - nobody here.

She quietly, gingerly pushes the door open--

INT. PENELOPE'S HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The ceiling lamp is switched on. Penelope stands in the doorway and stares.

REVEAL - the room has clearly been searched. The door to the empty WARDROBE is wide open, all drawers are pulled out, pillows on the floor, bedding in one corner, hotel stationary disheveled. The remnants of a hurried, desperate search.

*The fruitless search of a room recently vacated.*

Penelope turns --

INT. CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Penelope hurries back towards the lobby.

A SOUND makes her stop. A muffled sound - is someone MOANING?

Penelope tiptoes a few steps back and listens at a door. She hesitates - uncomfortable, worried.

Inside, someone swears under their breath. Penelope recognizes the voice and PUSHES the door open.

Light falls onto her and into the corridor.

PENELOPE'S POV - Jonathan sits on the floor, holding a bloody nose. His room is absolute CHAOS, it has been thoroughly and recklessly searched - the way Penelope's room would look if she hadn't vacated it this morning.

Penelope steps inside --

INT. JONATHAN'S HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jonathan looks around himself with a fearful face. His GLASSES lie a few feet away from him on the floor - one hand wearily moves over the carpet, searching for them in vain.

PENELOPE

It's me. What happened here?

Jonathan's body relaxes when he hears Penelope's voice. He looks relieved.

Penelope hurries towards him, picks up the glasses, puts them in his hand.

PENELOPE (CONT'D)

Here--

Jonathan puts on his glasses and looks at Penelope. One glass is cracked.

PENELOPE (CONT'D)  
Careful with the broken glass--

JONATHAN  
It's just a crack...as long as I  
can see something...

Jonathan attempts to get to his feet, wearily. Penelope grabs his arm and helps him walk over to the bed. Jonathan sits down at the foot of the bed, takes in the chaos perplexedly.

PENELOPE  
What happened?!

Jonathan still holds his nose with his hand, blood dripping onto his shirt.

PENELOPE (CONT'D)  
Wait, let me get you a tissue.

Jonathan is still taking in the chaos, wide eyed. With a delay--

JONATHAN  
Oh, Yes. Thanks.

Penelope steps into the bathroom. We STAY ON Jonathan as he takes in the chaos in the room.

Then we follow Jonathan's GAZE over the objects on the floor towards the bathroom door.

The door opens and Penelope steps out, a glass of water in one hand, a roll of toilet paper in the other.

PENELOPE  
What happened here? Should I call  
an ambulance?

She walks over to him, sits down next to him on the bed and hands him a piece of toilet paper.

Jonathan takes it, presses it against his nose, winces.

Penelope takes out her phone - of course, no reception.

PENELOPE (CONT'D)  
I'm gonna have to go down to the  
lobby to use the landline.

Jonathan is still shaking his head. Penelope looks at him quizzically.

PENELOPE (CONT'D)

No ambulance? Are you sure...?

Jonathan continues shaking his head, he looks overwhelmed.

JONATHAN

I'm too old for this kind of stuff.  
What kind of place is this here?  
These...people? I've been doing  
assessments for decades, this never  
happened before...I'm too old for  
adventures like this...

Penelope tries to hand Jonathan the glass of water, but he ignores it, or doesn't register it at all.

PENELOPE

Please tell me what happened.

Jonathan stops shaking his head. He points towards the bathroom door.

JONATHAN

I came back after working with  
Margaret on the assessment. We were  
going over the paperwork together  
in her room. I thought it was weird  
that the light was on, then again,  
I was so tired, maybe I had  
forgotten to switch it off. The  
door was unlocked as well. I should  
have known. I went inside and  
before I could really see anything  
the door to the bathroom right here  
on the left swung open and went -  
smash - into my face...

PENELOPE

(interrupts)

Did you see the person? Could they  
still be in the hotel somewhere?

Jonathan shakes his head.

JONATHAN

I only saw a hooded figure, a  
shadow really. No idea who that  
was. I had lost my glasses. But I  
think the burglar went to the  
balcony...I heard something...

Penelope walks over to the other side of the room.

She checks the glass door to the balcony - it isn't properly closed. She opens the door, steps outside--

EXT. JONATHAN'S BALCONY - CONTINUOUS

Penelope leans over the parapet and stares into darkness. Only black night stares back, she can't see anything.

INT. JONATHAN'S HOTEL ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Penelope closes the balcony door again.

PENELOPE

I'm not sure. But it's very possible.

Jonathan doesn't seem to be listening...

JONATHAN

Nobody heard me. I was calling for help, but this place is too damn big. Why are our hotel rooms miles apart? And I couldn't find my glasses...

Penelope takes in the mess again.

JONATHAN (CONT'D)

Do you want to check if anything is missing?

Jonathan shrugs. He is occupied with a different thought.

JONATHAN (CONT'D)

We should check on Margaret. Maybe she is in the same situation. And someone needs to call the police.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT

Hushed voices echo through the hotel lobby. A PAIR OF HANDS reaches under the desk and takes out a sealed FIRST AID KIT.

REVEAL - it's the receptionist Gretl, concern in her face, a coat hastily thrown over a flowery nightdress.

Gretl quickly walks over to the red velvet couch, where Margaret sits with Jonathan, who is still trying to stem his nosebleed with toilet paper. His shirt is a bloody mess.

Penelope, who has been standing next to them, now walks over towards the welcome desk with the landline phone.

Penelope's and Gretl's paths cross, they exchange a glance, and for a moment it looks like Gretl is going to ask a question. Penelope points to the landline phone, raises an eyebrow. Gretl just nods, then hurries on towards the couch.

Gretl arrives at the couch, sits down next to the others and RIPS open the first aid kit.

Penelope picks up the receiver and dials.

She closes her eyes for a moment, receiver to her ear.

Ringin tone...then someone picks up on the other end.

SAM'S VOICE

Police, this is Sam, how can I  
help?

Penelope sighs. *Of course.*

INT. HOTEL DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Penelope sits staring at the table, deep in thoughts. All the lights are on, giving the place a hint of old-fashioned glamour.

Margaret and a patched-up Jonathan sit across from her, talking with each other quietly and indistinguishably.

The door opens with a creaking sound, and Gretl scurries in, balancing a tray of tea. Gretl has ditched the PJs and changed into a new set of clothes.

As Gretl sets the tray down on their table, she takes in Jonathan's patched up nose.

GRETL

Something like this has never  
happened before, really, never...

Her cheeks are flushed, she looks beside herself with worry.

A UNIFORMED SAM steps through the door behind her.

Penelope shoots him a questioning glance, he shakes his head.

Margaret and Jonathan - busy with the tea - only notice sam with a delay. He has entered quietly through the door behind Gretl.

MARGARETH

Did you find anything...or anyone?

Sam sits down at the table, next to Penelope. Eyes her --

SAM

(in whispers to Penelope)

I didn't expect to find you here...

Penelope shrugs.

SAM (CONT'D)

(addressing the room)

There is nobody else in the hotel.  
I taped off the rooms, you will  
need to take a closer look to tell  
me if anything is missing--

MARGARETH

I was in my room the whole time, I  
think the burglar fled after  
colliding with Jonathan and didn't  
make it to my room--

SAM

Yes, there are no signs of a break  
in there. But Jonathan and Penelope--

PENELOPE

There is nothing missing, because  
there was nothing there to steal.  
The burglar must have been someone  
who didn't know that I'd vacated  
the room this morning.

Jonathan and Margaret throw Penelope a surprised glance.

SAM

Still, you both need to stay in  
different rooms tonight, so we can  
do a proper search tomorrow, secure  
any potential evidence.

A moment of silence as everyone takes this in.

Then Sam gets to his feet--

SAM (CONT'D)

No tea for me, thank you, I better  
get going.

Jonathan looks taken aback.

JONATHAN

What? I thought you'd stay?

Sam raises his eyebrows.

JONATHAN (CONT'D)

This place isn't safe. I'm not staying here without some kind of...protection. We'll go complain to the mayor tomorrow--

(Margaret nods her head vigorously)

--but for this night...officer, can't you stand watch and make sure nothing else happens to us?

Sam looks surprised. He has probably never been asked to act as an overnight bodyguard before.

Gretl also throws him a hopeful glance - she doesn't feel safe either. Sam searches Penelope's gaze, but she just stares into her tea. He sits back down.

SAM

I guess...I could stay for this night. There are enough rooms so...

Gretl get's up, smiles.

GRETL

I'll get the keys.

Gretl is off through the door.

Jonathan nods at Sam.

JONATHAN

Thank you, officer.

MARGARETH

And then we can also do the search right away tomorrow morning, to see if anything is missing...

She looks around encouragingly. Everyone nods without much enthusiasm.

Gretl returns and sets three ROOM KEYS on the table. Penelope quickly grabs one and gets up, mumbles --

PENELOPE

'Night everyone.

She hurries away. The others look after her.



INT. PENELOPE'S NEW HOTEL ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Penelope locks the door from the inside.

Without even switching on the light, she walks over to the bed and throws herself into it in her dirty clothes.

LATER

A knock at the door. No reaction from Penelope - she might be staring at the ceiling, or she might be fast asleep.

SAM'S VOICE

(off screen whispers)

Penelope, hey, are you still awake?

(a beat)

Can we talk?

(no reaction)

Penelope?

Penelope lies completely still.

After a few moments, we can hear Sam's retreating footsteps.

Once all is quiet again, Penelope turns over to the side. Her eyes are wide open.

INT. DINING ROOM - LATE NEXT MORNING

Penelope enters the empty dining-room turned breakfast-room, backpack already shouldered. Pale, bags under her eyes - looks like she didn't get much sleep.

The room is filled with late morning light falling in through the large windows. A completely different atmosphere than last night.

Penelope heads over to a small basket with rolls, jam and a coffee pot set on the first table to the right - a mini buffet. She pours herself a cup of coffee, turns to sit down at the nearest table.

REVEAL - Sam sits at a table on the other side of the room, next to one of the large windows. He looks over, but Penelope doesn't notice him.

Penelope hears footsteps echoing through the room and looks up from her coffee. Sam arrives at her table, takes the seat across from her. Penelope only glances at him, then looks back down at her coffee, wordlessly adding large quantities of sugar.

They sit in silence for a few moments.

SAM

Your colleagues are already off.  
Went into town. First to the  
doctor, then to complain to the  
mayor. Vivian's driving them.

(beat)

We completed the search of the  
rooms too. Nothing so far.

Penelope gives a quick nod without really looking up. Sam  
takes a sip from his coffee.

SAM (CONT'D)

I wonder if they'll quit. Your  
colleague, who got beat up, looks  
like his about ready to...

Penelope is not in the mood for chit chat. She rises to her  
feet.

PENELOPE

I'm off then.

She strides to the door. Sam quickly gulps down his coffee.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Penelope crosses the large hall. Sam hurries after her and  
catches up with her at the door.

PENELOPE

I don't need a chauffeur.

Penelope opens the door. Sam follows.

SAM

How are you gonna get to the  
glacier then?

EXT. HOTEL - MOMENTS LATER

The answer to Sam's question is parked outside the hotel.  
Penelope walks over and get's ready to mount her VESPA.

Sam stares at the museum-piece of a bike with amusement and  
disbelief.

SAM

Oh my, is this what I think it is?  
You were so obsessed with this  
machine! Where did you keep it?

(MORE)

SAM (CONT'D)

How did it survive the last decade?  
Incredible...

Penelope doesn't look at him.

PENELOPE

(coolly)  
Don't get sentimental now.

Penelope is ready to go, but Sam blocks her path. Penelope meets his eye.

PENELOPE (CONT'D)

Could you move aside please, I'm  
already running late--

SAM

What about your equipment?

Penelope gets impatient.

PENELOPE

Vivian always brings it in her  
Jeep. But thats none of your  
concern really--

SAM

All the equipment is stored at the  
front desk.

He points towards the hotel - superfluously. Penelope frowns.

SAM (CONT'D)

Looks like your colleagues don't  
need it anymore. After all, they're  
on their way to the mayor and not  
to work.

PENELOPE

And how do you know all that?

SAM

I've been up much longer than you.

Penelope keeps seated for a moment, then dismounts her bike.

PENELOPE

Goddamn her. All of them.

Sam smiles.

SAM

I offered to take you.

PENELOPE  
 To whom? Vivian? 'You guys best  
 friends now?

Sam laughs.

SAM  
 Far from it. Why? Jealous?

Penelope throws him a disbelieving stare, but can't fully suppress a smile. Sam walks over to the vespa and pats it like you would a horse.

SAM (CONT'D)  
 Looks like you'll have to come with  
 me--

PENELOPE  
 Are you talking to me or the bike?

SAM  
 --look at this old lady, belongs in  
 a museum and not on the road.

He looks at Penelope.

PENELOPE  
 You could take the equipment, and  
 I'll take the bike? Since you so  
 gallantly offered to be the shuttle  
 service for today?

Sam makes a overly shocked face and presses his hands to his heart, as if an arrow - or a bullet - just hit him there with full force.

Penelope rolls her eyes, but she has to laugh.

PENELOPE (CONT'D)  
 Okay, okay, I'll come with you.

Sam takes a mock bow.

SAM  
 I'll get your luggage, milady.

Sam turns and heads to the door. Penelope calls after him--

PENELOPE  
 I thought you had some serious  
 investigating to do...

...but Sam is already through the door and doesn't hear her remark.

INT. SAM'S CAR - LATER

Sam at the wheel, Penelope in the passenger seat--

PENELOPE  
So am I still a suspect?

Sam throws her a surprised look - *what are you talking about?*

PENELOPE (CONT'D)  
What about the activists? Your lovely colleague didn't find anything during the search...

SAM  
I can't talk to you about an ongoing investigation.

A beat.

PENELOPE  
I bet this "anonymous hint" came from the mayor himself, right? I--

SAM  
(interrupts)  
Look, nobody seriously believes the activists did it. They are hippies. This was a professional gang. No fingerprints, no traces...

Sam realizes he is talking too much. They both stare ahead onto the road in silence for a while.

PENELOPE  
Which side are you on?

SAM  
What do you mean?

PENELOPE  
Regarding the ski resort? According to Vivian, everyone our age is pro-tourism here?

Sam hesitates, then shrugs.

PENELOPE (CONT'D)  
Come on, everyone is entitled to an opinion. After all, it's your home. You can't be Switzerland--

SAM  
Isn't it your home too?

Penelope frowns.

PENELOPE

You're just deflecting from my question. So...where do you stand?

SAM

Well...

Penelope looks at Sam with curiosity, Sam takes his time...

SAM (CONT'D)

I mean, I'm pretty sure this tourism-as-savior-for-all tale only works with the mayor cast in the role of the hero.

Penelope is taken aback. *This statement is almost verbatim what Diana said to her last night.*

For a moment, Penelope stopped listening to Sam, thinking intently. Now Sam's voice fades back in...

SAM (CONT'D)

(not noticing Penelope's change of behavior)

...I certainly wouldn't put it past them, staging a break-in so the scientists quit before finishing their assignment, that's definitely a way to get back at the mayor, and it's bad press for sure...

Sam looks over at Penelope, who has grown more and more quiet and reflective and doesn't meet his gaze. Sam notices something is off and falls silent as well.

They continue driving while Penelope stares out of the passenger window. Sam keeps glancing at her.

PENELOPE

How did Diana know about the warrant?

Penelope turns to Sam and fixes him with a direct gaze. Sam is caught unawares.

SAM

Hm, what?

Penelope continues staring at him, Sam moves uncomfortably under her gaze.

SAM (CONT'D)  
I...she couldn't have known.  
(a bit too forcefully)  
I mean, that's not possible!

Penelope raises an eyebrow.

PENELOPE  
She knew about the glacier's death  
as well.

They continue to drive in silence for a little while, Sam now clearly regretting he ever opened his mouth. He stares ahead in exaggerated concentration.

They reach a fork in the road --

PENELOPE (CONT'D)  
Turn left here, please.

Sam throws a quick glance.

SAM  
Not to the glacier?

PENELOPE  
(firm)  
I need some fresh clothes first.

EXT. DIANA'S HOUSE - SOMETIME LATER

The police car drives up the gravel road and comes to a halt outside the house. It's high noon, so nobody is working outside. The house looks almost deserted in the blazing sun.

Penelope opens the passenger door and gets out.

INT. DIANA'S HOUSE - ENTRYWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Penelope hastily searches through the pockets of various jackets hung up next to the door.

A phone BEEPS somewhere and startles Penelope, she turns around.

EXT. DIANA'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Sam has stepped out of the car, phone to his ear. Nobody answers and he hangs up.

INT. DIANA'S HOUSE - ENTRYWAY - CONTINUOUS

Penelope rushes over as she spots a jacket carelessly thrown onto a chair. It's the jacket Diana wore yesterday.

Penelope pulls Diana's phone out of her pocket, just as it stops ringing.

CLOSE ON - the phone screen. The missed call is from an unknown number, no name. Penelope navigates to the call history and scrolls down.

The "unknown number" is listed over and over...

ON PENELOPE - she hesitates, then selects "call back" and puts the phone to her ear.

EXT. DIANA'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Sam puts away his phone. He looks up as someone calls his name, and sees --

DIANA, pitchfork in hands, dirty gloves and boots, waving at him and walking over. She smiles.

DIANA

What are you doing here?

She comes to a stand next to Sam, indicates the car...

DIANA (CONT'D)

Wanna shock my sisters a bit?

Sam shakes his head and smiles, uncertain...

SAM

I wanted to...

His phone RINGING interrupts him. He pulls it out of his pocket, looks at the display, and his eyes go wide.

DIANA

What's up?

Sam wordlessly shows the phone to Diana --

The display reads "DIANA CALLING".

They exchange a puzzled stare. Then Sam hesitantly picks up and puts the phone to his ear.



INT. DIANA'S HOUSE - ENTRYWAY - CONTINUOUS

Penelope with Diana's phone to her ear --

SAM'S VOICE  
(over phone)  
Yeah..who is this?

Penelope's face darkens. She reaches for the door--

EXT. DIANA'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The front door is thrown open. Sam and Penelope look over, startled. Sam still has the phone at his ear.

Penelope slowly emerges from the house. She hangs up the phone. Stares first at Sam, then at Diana.

Sam quickly puts away the phone with a guilty look on his face. Diana has gone pale.

Penelope doesn't need more by way of an admission of guilt.

Penelope's eyes shoot daggers at both of them - she looks as if she's trying to decide who to throw herself at first.

DIANA  
(weakly)  
It's not what...

Penelope throws the phone at Diana's feet.

PENELOPE  
Fuck you. Both of you.

She points at Sam, but her piercing stare is directed at her mother.

PENELOPE (CONT'D)  
You got all your information...from  
him. Wrapped him around your finger  
like everyone else. I didn't tell  
anyone else about the glacier's  
death!  
(a beat)  
It was all about making me do your  
bidding. All along, all those...  
(she searches for the  
right word)  
(MORE)

## PENELOPE (CONT'D)

...*niceties*...last night, it was nothing but a blatant performance to guilt-trip me into falsifying my report. And I almost got swayed!  
*Almost!*

Penelope takes a breath to calm herself, then eyes her mother coolly.

Her GAZE speaks volumes - Penelope's age-old distrust against her mother's manipulative means has been fully restored.

Diana stares back at her daughter, she can feel the unbridgeable divide that has opened up. Her face is twisted in pain.

## DIANA

(begging, for the first time ever)

Please...

Penelope turns around, there is a resolved finality in her movements. She disappears through the front door.

Sam and Diana look at each other. Neither of them dares to follow Penelope. Sam looks dazed. Diana is close to tears.

A SOUND from the door jolts them out of their trance, they look back over to the house.

Penelope emerges through the door with her SUITCASE. It's an unwieldy, clunky object to maneuver through the door and onto the gravel path.

Penelope walks past Diana and Sam without looking at them, dragging the suitcase behind her. Then she stops for a moment, look over her shoulder--

## PENELOPE

(icy cynicism)

There is nothing left to do but to hold a funeral for the glacier.

Penelope marches on towards the forest.

Diana stares after her - the image of her daughter turning her back and leaving with her suitcase down the forest road clearly an echo hitting her with full force.

EXT. GLACIER - LATER

Penelope arrives at the edge of the ice.

Her face is hard, closed. She lets go of the worse-for-wear suitcase, which topples over, smudging in the brown bedrock.

Penelope stares at the glacier for a long time.

LATER

Penelope lies down on the cold surface, pressing her hands against the ice.

The moment feels like the last visit to a family member in a coma - and its up to Penelope to decide whether the machines will be turned off.

LATER

Penelope still lies there, staring into the sky. The light has started to fade.

Her lips are blue. Her breath is turning into mist.

All is quiet. Then a bird's call echoes though the air, it sound like a screeching scream.

Penelope closes her eyes. Mourning.

EXT. BASE OF THE GLACIER - NIGHT

The glacier lies in darkness, the moon - hidden behind clouds - is only a blurry speck of light in the sky.

The SOUND of thin wheels on bedrock. The flickering light of a bicycle - impossible to make out the person riding it.

Then the bike light disappears. Someone dismounts. Footsteps.

A flashlight is switched on, the cone wanders over the surface of the ice.

The indistinguishable FIGURE hovers hesitantly at the edge of the glacier for a moment, then steps onto the ice.

The cone of light continues to move over the ice, it looks small and insignificant, about to be swallowed up by the all-consuming darkness of the night.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT

Gretl stands behind the welcome desk, looking through a set of papers. The sound of the heavy FRONT DOOR opening causes her look up.

Her eyes go wide as she spots--

PENELOPE -- pale as a ghost, bedraggled, jeans ripped, dragging a suitcase behind her that is caked in mud, the wheels leaving two lines of brown dirt on the carpet.

Penelope is on her way to the staircase, apparently unaware of the receptionist's presence.

GRETL

Hey, wait...

Penelope stops and looks at her, it takes her a beat to arrive in the present. She looks down at her muddy boots.

PENELOPE

Sorry...

Gretl grabs the papers on her desk and heads over to Penelope.

GRETL

This is for you.

She hands her the papers. Penelope takes them and reads the headline - "SOCIO-ECOLOGICAL IMPACT ASSESSMENT"...

GRETL (CONT'D)

Your colleagues checked out a few hours ago. They asked me to give you this, it is complete except for your section...

INTERCUT:

EXT. GLACIER - NIGHT

The figure with the flashlight walks up the glacier. The surface must be slippery, the figure stumbles and almost falls but catches herself.

We still don't know who this is, but when a call echoes through the night, there is no mistaking the voice --

DIANA

(concern)

Penelope?

(listens, nothing)

*Penelope!*

INTERCUT:

INT. PENELOPE'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Penelope is filling out and signing the paperwork. We can't see what she has written. Her face is immobile.

EXT. GLACIER - NIGHT

Diana is near the peak of the glacier. The cone dances across the ice and through the night - frantically fast.

We are close to Diana now, we can hear her teeth chatter.

DIANA  
(desperation)  
P-E-N-E-L-O-P-EEE!

No answer but a faint echo of her own scream.

INT. PENELOPE'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT TO DAY

Penelope has opened her laptop, typing away at the keyboard as if in trance. The completed report sits next to her.

BEGIN TIME LAPSE

Penelope sits and types, like in a trance, while the sky through the window behind her slowly changes it's color, until the room is filled with the pale light of dawn.

END TIME LAPSE

CLOSE ON Penelope's laptop screen. Penelope scrolls through a long piece of writing until she arrives at the top of the document.

The title just reads "Article Draft". The curser moves to delete the title, where it is replaced by the following slowly typed letters--

R E Q U I E M F O R A G L A C I E R

WIDE - Penelope steps away from the laptop, pacing up and down in her room. Through the window, we can see the sun rising behind the glacier, giving it an orange hue.

Penelope steps back to her laptop, scrolls to the end of her article and adds under her name "GLACIOLOGIST AND ACTIVIST".

Then she drags the file into an open email draft titled "article for immediate publication". She clicks the little icon of a paper plane, and with a SWOOOOSH sound the email is sent off.

Penelope steps back to the window and takes in the sight of the early morning sun. She closes her eyes and takes several deep breaths, in and out, in and out.

The sun bathes her skin in its warm orange light.

EXT. HOTEL - SOME MOMENTS LATER

As Penelope heads out the door, she stuffs the assessment-paperwork into her backpack and swings it over her shoulder.

She mounts the vespa, kick-starts the engine, and drives off.

EXT. ROAD INTO TOWN - SOMETIME LATER

Three activists are riding next to each other on their bicycles at a leisurely pace. Suddenly, the INCESSANT NOISE of a motor can be heard approaching in the distance.

One of the activists frowns and looks over her shoulder.

A moped appears behind them on the road. It's Penelope.

Penelope floors the gas, zooms past the activists, effortlessly overtaking them.

All three of them have stopped their bikes to look after the vespa disappearing in the distance ahead of them.

They exchange concerned glances.

EXT. VILLAGE MAIN STREET / TOWN HALL - LATER

Penelope arrives outside town hall - the motor of the vespa disturbingly loud in the otherwise peaceful village. Penelope cuts the engine, and the peace and quiet is restored.

Almost...Penelope spots Sam's police car parked outside town hall. An unnerving, yet all too familiar sight.

She throws the vehicle a suspicious glance, then shrugs and moves to enter the building.

INT. TOWN HALL - OUTSIDE MAYOR'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Penelope approaches the door to the mayor's office. Several heated voices can be heard from the other side of the door.

Penelope takes the paperwork out of her backpack--and hesitates. She is not at all in the mood to meet anyone.

She grits her teeth, and loudly knocks at the door. The voices inside immediately fall silent.

A moment later the door is opened by a UNIFORMED SAM.

INT. MAYOR'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

A quick glance, then Penelope pushes past Sam into the office without a word of greeting.

Vivian stands behind the mayor, arms crossed, face flushed. The mayor is seated at his desk.

The tension in the room is palpable.

Penelope slaps the report onto the desk in front of the mayor, wordlessly turns around and exits the room.

Sam looks on as the door slams shut.

Vivian stares at the report, she has a hard time holding herself back from snatching the papers out of the mayor's hands.

EXT. TOWN HALL - MOMENTS LATER

As Penelope exits the building, a SECOND POLICE CAR drives up and park's behind Sam's. Two officers in uniform get out and enter town hall.

Penelope opens her mouth to ask a question - then changes her mind, turns away.

PENELOPE  
(mumbles to self)  
None of my business anymore.

INT. PENELOPE'S HOTEL ROOM - LATER

CLOSE ON a laptop screen, the curser navigates through a website offering last-minute plane tickets. A flight departing tomorrow morning is selected. "Buy now" is clicked.

WIDE - Penelope steps back from the laptop, takes in the room. There is nothing left to pack.

She catches a glimpse of herself in the mirror - baggy eyes, unkempt hair, clothes dirty.

Penelope opens her suitcase on the bed. A little cloud of dust rises from the tangle of clothes as she sorts through them. She coughs. Thanks to Clara, they look worse than what she's wearing. Resigned, Penelope closes the suitcase again.

Penelope pulls out the crumpled card the cab driver gave her, then grabs her phone. She rolls her eye's -- of course, no reception, how could she forget?

Penelope opens the door and steps into the hallway.

INT. CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Footsteps. Penelope looks up, hand still on the door-handle. A moment later, Sam turns the corner at the end of the corridor and hurries towards her.

Without thinking twice, Penelope steps back inside and locks the door.

INT. PENELOPE'S HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A moment later, Sam is hammering at her door.

Penelope lies on the bed, face down, a pillow over her ears - hiding from the world.

The knocking at the door stops and Penelope removes the pillow for a moment to glance at the door.

SAM'S VOICE  
(through the door)  
...been arrested...need your help..

Penelope puts the pillow back over her head and moans.

The hammering at the door not only continues, but intensifies. Penelope sits herself upright, throws the pillow aside--

PENELOPE  
(shouting)  
I don't give a fuck if my mother was arrested, I'm not gonna bail her out. It's non of my business anymore--

She immediately regrets having responded at all.



SAM'S VOICE

(muffled through the door)  
 ...no, no...Vivian...not your  
 mother...no doubt...she'll only  
 talk to you, do you hear me...?

Penelope is at the door. She opens it only by an inch to peek outside, face full of suspicion.

PENELOPE

Is this some sort of trick?

Sam exhales, relieved he can stop shouting.

SAM

No, listen. We had to arrest Vivian. She's the one who broke into your rooms. We have conclusive evidence.

(disbelief from Penelope)  
 Must have been spying for the mayor, steal the assessment... Listen, if she implicates the mayor, he'll have to resign. This means...this might bury the ski resort plans! You gotta talk to her-

PENELOPE

Why me? *The die is cast*. I'm done with all this--

SAM

(interrupts, flustered)  
 She won't talk to anyone except you. That's all she's said so far.

Penelope tries to close the door in Sam's face, but he quickly puts his foot in the gap - resulting in a howl of pain.

PENELOPE

(building anger)  
 Do you seriously think I'm gonna ever let myself be dragged into this mess again? Now that I've finally untangled myself? You must think me seriously demented--

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION ROOM - LATER

Penelope lets herself fall into a chair with a resigned sigh.

REVEAL - Vivian sits across from her. Vivian's face lights up with a smile.

VIVIAN

Thank you.

(confused stare from  
Penelope)

Thank you for saving our town and  
our future.

Penelope is not pleased by this interpretation of her work.

PENELOPE

(trying for diplomacy)

I did my job, gathered and  
evaluated the data, nothing else--

VIVIAN

You saved both our home town and  
its people from financial ruin. I  
knew you'd come around...

Penelope crosses her arms, cuts her off--

PENELOPE

The mayor talked you into this  
bullshit, right?

Vivian is thrown by the sea change.

PENELOPE (CONT'D)

Come on, I've known you since you  
were in kindergarten, you were  
always a decent person. You would  
never do such a thing.

Vivian laughs quietly, her face hard, a steely determination  
we haven't seen before.

VIVIAN

(cold)

You think you know me? You think  
I'm still a child that does as it's  
told? You think - after all we  
achieved - I'm gonna blame it on  
the mayor to save my own skin?

Vivian laughs, it sounds a bit husky.

PENELOPE

Who else would you go stealing for?  
Come on...

Vivian sits up straight.

VIVIAN

You really think I don't have my own brain, can't make my own decisions? Just do what others ask?

(beat)

You may have given up on our home, I haven't! At least I have something worth fighting for.

Penelope makes a sweeping gesture with her arm, indicating their surroundings.

PENELOPE

And look how far it got you.

Vivian eyes Penelope coldly.

VIVIAN

You call yourself an incorruptible, apolitical expert?

(silence from Penelope)

You're the one following other people's instructions.

(beat)

Your half-hearted attempt to talk me into giving up the mayor is as laughable as it is transparent--

Penelope has found her voice again, interjects--

PENELOPE

So much loyalty, you're sure he deserves...?

VIVIAN

(cuts her off)

All of this was my plan! My initiative! The mayor is just a necessary marionette really, luckily he wanted to write himself an epitaph before retirement, wants to see his name on a fancy ski lift. *I'm the one who cares about the future of the people! I am the architect of this rescue mission!*

Penelope stares at Vivian, it takes her a moment to process all these revelations.

VIVIAN (CONT'D)

The mayor and you, you're not too different, you know? Only looking out for your own skin. I'm surprised you don't get along...

Penelope has gathered herself again--

PENELOPE

The role of the martyr doesn't suit you.

(beat, last attempt)

Do you really want to throw away your future for a place like this - a place that clearly doesn't recognize your potential...

Vivian eyes her calmly.

VIVIAN

Just up and leave? Like you?

(shakes her head)

*All progress needs sacrifice.*

Vivian's mind is made up. Penelope can see it. There is absolute conviction to be doing the right thing in her eyes.

Penelope gets to her feet and turns away. At the door, she glances back at Vivian, who sits proudly in her chair.

PENELOPE

You know, you could have become a great politician in a place bigger than this.

(she takes a step, then turns again)

And that's *not* a compliment. *I despise politics.*

Penelope knocks at the glass door, and Sam opens up for her.

INT. POLICE STATION - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Penelope wordlessly walks past Sam out of the room.

The SOUND of the church bells can be heard through the walls. It gives the scene a strange, almost ironic "doomsday" feeling.

Penelope hurries outside, suddenly feeling she might go weak in the knees.

EXT. POLICE STATION - MOMENTS LATER

Penelope exits the police station and quickly sinks down onto a little boulder near the door. She crosses her arms to try and stop her hands from shaking. The conversation with Vivian got to her somehow.

The church bells continue tolling, and the VILLAGERS stream towards the little CHURCH across the street from the station, dressed in their Sunday best.

*Time to get out of here.* Penelope looks over to her Vespa, and freezes. HER MOTHER leans against her bike, observing her. She's clearly been waiting for her. There is no way to reach her bike without entering into the confrontation Diana is provoking.

Penelope takes a few hesitant steps towards Diana, who gives off an incredibly tense vibe, which she tries to hide. She is a woman at the end of her rope.

DIANA  
(unintentionally loud)  
I need to talk to you before--

PENELOPE  
(quiet, exhausted)  
I already handed in the assessment.  
With the correct data.

Diana's eyes widen with panic.

DIANA  
(even louder)  
You better find a way to undo the  
damage you have done --

Some of the CHURCHGOERS have stopped to look at the scene with unbridled curiosity. Diana doesn't seem to notice.

DIANA (CONT'D)  
I can't believe you are doing this  
to me--

PENELOPE  
(calm)  
It is of paramount importance the  
world learns about the glacier's  
death. It is a warning sign.

Penelope's eyes start to swim, but she doesn't hide it, doesn't feel ashamed. She is grieving.

Diana grabs Penelope by the shoulders and shakes her.

Penelope pulls away, takes a step back.

PENELOPE (CONT'D)  
You are in denial about two things.  
The glacier is dead, the process is  
irreversible.  
(MORE)

## PENELOPE (CONT'D)

It will be gone within the next years, and none of us has the power to stop that.

(beat)

And you can no longer control me like you used to.

Diana stares at Penelope, unable to process this.

Even though church must have already started, the villagers stand whispering to each other, observing the scene.

The door of the police station opens and Sam steps out to check on the commotion. Diana rushes towards him, face pale, she grabs his elbow--

## DIANA

(staccato)

Tell me you are gonna do something. Do you know that...my daughter just informed me she...

The moment Diana has stepped aside, Penelope seizes the opportunity to JUMP on her bike and DRIVE OFF, zooming past the gaping people. She doesn't look back.

## EXT. DIANA'S HOUSE

Diana arrives, flushed, edgy, dismounts and throws her bike carelessly into the grass.

Two activists are working in the nearby vegetable garden, but all the others hover outside the house, expecting Diana with an anxious face.

Diana walks past them to the nearby SHED, yanks the doors open and takes out several wooden signs.

The activists share a worried glance.

Without much ado, Diana breaks the first wooden sign over her knee. CRACKKK. The activists stare. Diana takes another sign - CRACKKK.

The activists look frozen - unable to step in and stop her.

Diana takes a BUNDLE of cloth - the handpainted banner - and flicks on a lighter. One of the activists sprints towards her, rips away the BANNER.

## ACTIVIST

Are you *insane*? You know how dry the grass is.

(MORE)

## ACTIVIST (CONT'D)

Do you want to set the house on  
fire? Burn the feed, the  
animals...and us too?

Diana lets go of the banner and kicks against the shed.

## DIANA

(yelling at all and none  
of them)

Get out of here! I want you all to  
move out, right now. It's all over.  
It was all for nothing. We lost the  
fight, we lost our freedom--

Now several activists have stepped closer.

## ACTIVIST 1

You're giving up?

Diana has her back to them, breathing heavily.

## ACTIVIST 2

You expect us all to give up, just  
like this?

Disappointment in all the activists faces.

## ACTIVIST 1

Even if we lost this battle, isn't  
the worldwide struggle far from  
decided?

Several activists nod vigorously.

## DIANA

(still turned away)

Just...fuck off. All of you, you  
don't understand. The glacier's  
meltwater will now go to the snow  
machines, not our cattle. The  
future we envisioned is now...

(her voice breaks)

...unattainable.

The activists turn away disappointed and walk back towards  
the house, talking to each other in hushed voices.

## ACTIVIST 2

...she has thrown in the towel...

## ACTIVIST 3

...she's really not who I thought  
she was, maybe I was blind...

Diana turns around with an angry outcry - like a wounded animal. Fists clenched, she stomps past the activists into the house.

The activists freeze, wide-eyed.

INT. DIANA'S HOUSE - VARIOUS - CONTINUOUS

Penelope marches through the KITCHEN, then the LIVING ROOM -- slamming doors and ripping activism posters off the wall whenever they are within reach.

Walking down the CORRIDOR, she kicks a delicate side table, which topples over and breaks.

INT. PENELOPE'S CHILDHOOD BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Diana takes down all the POSTERS and PAINTINGS from the wall.

She reaches for boxes out from under the bed, starts stuffing the colorful pillows and stuffed animals inside them.

While her movements start out frantically, she slows down more and more as she dismantles the time capsule.

LATER

Diana lies on the bare mattress, rolled up in a fetal position. The flowery duvet is stuffed in a black garbage bag on the floor, along with many other items.

The walls are bare. The desk and bedside table wiped clean. The floor is covered in paper boxes and black garbage bags, all stuffed to the brim.

She closes her eyes and breathes slowly - working through something.

Diana opens her eyes and stares straight ahead across the room.

Penelope's RED JACKET is the only item still hung up on a hook by the door.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The activists sit around the large table, intently studying several large sheets of paper they are bending over.

The mess Diana left behind has been scantily pushed aside.



Diana appears in the doorframe, hesitant to step inside.

Diana sees that her usual place at the head of the table has been reserved for her, with an untouched cup of tea in front of it.

It takes the activists a moment to notice her presence. Diana meets their gazes, still hovering at the door.

Then she steps into the living room to rejoin her sisters.

INT. BATHROOM - PENELOPE'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Penelope pulls open a bathroom drawer, then another one. She looks well-kempt and put together.

There is a knock at the front door. It is so discreet Penelope doesn't hear it at first. Another knock.

PENELOPE  
 (calling over her  
 shoulder)  
 It's open, luggage is just to the  
 right, you can go ahead and take it  
 downstairs - thank you!

She pulls open another drawer, and another, finds what she is looking for, grabs the band-aid, puts it in her back pocket.

There is no answer, but Penelope can hear the front door being pushed open.

Penelope opens the bathroom door - and freezes.

INT. PENELOPE'S HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Diana is leaning in the doorframe, holding Penelope's RED JACKET. She looks at ease somehow, her shoulders and overall demeanor more relaxed.

Penelope reaches for all the strength remaining in her, ready to defend herself --

PENELOPE  
 The world needs to know what  
 happened! I am not going to bury  
 that data just so you can keep  
 living your outlaw wilderness life!  
 Did you ever even see the bigger  
 picture - or do you only care about  
 your own backyard and not the world  
 at large?!

Diana listens calmly to Penelope's outburst, just standing there, waiting for Penelope to finish.

A moment of silence.

DIANA

(quiet)

I'm not here to change your mind,  
but to thank you for trying to  
change Vivian's mind.

Penelope - who has already opened her mouth to shoot back - quickly closes it again. She looks like she doesn't know what hit her.

Diana slowly takes a step into the room. She puts the red jacket on Penelope's packed suitcase.

Penelope does not move.

DIANA (CONT'D)

We have decided...to hold a funeral  
for the glacier. A visually-  
iconographic silent protest...to  
send the message that we are not  
giving up. We are already in touch  
with several journalists  
internationally, to make it known  
that our glacier has died.

Diana waits for a reaction from Penelope - there is none.

DIANA (CONT'D)

(more quietly)

I was hoping you would join the  
ceremony. To...bid farewell to the  
glacier together.

(a small smile)

After all, you kind of gave us the  
idea for the funeral in the first  
place.

Diana looks at Penelope with an undeniably hopeful expression.

Penelope takes a breath.

PENELOPE

(equally soft spoken)

Thank you. Thank you for the  
invitation. But my plane leaves  
first thing tomorrow morning - and  
my work can't wait.

Penelope looks at Diana, waiting for her counter argument.

Diana nods.

DIANA

Yes. I can understand that.

Penelope takes a step back, gazes at her mother - stunned.

DIANA (CONT'D)

Well...

(unsure how to leave)

I put your jacket over there...

Diana superfluously points at the jacket on Penelope's suitcase. Penelope nods mechanically.

DIANA (CONT'D)

Well then...

Diana nods a few times, unable to say "good bye". She smiles, steps out the door - and is gone.

Penelope sinks down onto her bed, overwhelmed.

She lets herself fall backwards, closes her eyes - just lies there for a few long moments.

A HARD KNOCK at the door startles her back up.

GRETL'S VOICE

(from outside, impatient)

Taxi is waiting!

EXT. GLACIER - DAY

The shrunken glacier lies peacefully in the morning light.

A silent procession of people dressed in BLACK walks along the narrow path towards the base of the glacier, then steps onto the ice and slowly moves towards the top.

LATER

Arriving at the glacier's peak, they start to form a circle.

Two YOUNG GIRLS play a melancholic melody on flutes, a kind of funeral march that is almost drowned out by the whistling autumn wind.

There is a FILM CREW, and several REPORTERS have been invited. They take photographs from a respectful distance.

As we move closer, we can see that the palms of the activists hands are dipped in BLOOD - or RED PAINT, it's hard to say.

Sam stands by the activists in civilian clothes, villagers of different ages have come to show their support and bid farewell to the glacier. Many have tears in their eyes, some carry flowers.

At the very end of the procession walks Diana. She moves to stand with her fellow activists, and they close the circle.

When the flute music comes to an end, a strange stillness falls over the mourners. All eyes are cast down.

Only Diana keeps glancing around with a hopeful expression. At long last, she spots a small red dot in the distance, a LONE FIGURE approaching on the horizon, surrounded by the stunning mountain range bathed in the warm autumn light.

As the figure moves closer, we recognize the red jacket. It is PENELOPE.

She comes to a standstill a little bit apart from the circle of mourners. Diana searches her gaze.

Mother and daughter looking at each other for a long moment.

FADE OUT.