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# K2

By Patrick Meyers

No, really. | I cant leave this time.

**She said:**

-Can I have a point? | -Right.

-Fine. | -Which one?

I want the blonde. | I really want the blonde.

-I want the dark one. | -You want the dark?

-Yeah, I want the dark one. | -Are we gonna do a swap?

-Let s dig out. Let s do it two way. | -Okay, okay.

-I get the kitchen, I get the kitchen. | -Kitchen, lll take the bedroom.

-My name again, what was it? | -Tracey.

Phoebe! Goddammit!

-Come on, H. | -Taylor...

Come on. Come on, H.

All right, all right.

-So, what do you guys do, anyway? | -Im an explorer!

Oh, no! | Ive seen you around!

-Youre an accountant, or a lawyer... | -An accountant? Please!

Feel this. Since when does | an accountant feel like that?

Now, anybody can do weights.

-H, go and sit next to Lisas friend. | -Tracey!

Tracey, go sit next to H! Hes kinda | shy, you know. That s right!

Come round then!

-Hi! | -Hi.

-Hello, sailor! | -So?

We got it! We got it!

Thank you, guys!

Oh, my God...

-OK, come on... | -We are fine!

Okay. Were gonna come in.

-I gotta go. | -No way! Come on! One drink!

Come on, H! Please. Please!

Okay, okay. | Im aware of this.

-Are you guys coming in or what? | -You go on in, well be right there.

It s number 58. Hurry up before | we change our minds...

-Let s go in for one drink. | -I cant go in there!

-One drink. | -I cant!

-Why? | -If I screw around, Im dead meat.

Oh, man, these girls | are wet, wild and willing!

That s why I cant go in.

Come on, H! Havent I always looked | after you on our adventures together?

This is one kinda adventure I dont | do anymore. You know that.

What the hell | is going on down there?

Were coming!

Youre coming. Im going home. |lll call you to run thru the inventory.  
H... H...  
H!  
Fuck the rules!  
-Cat burglar?|-Pussy thief.  
-Spiderman, what s the fucking idea?|-Im just visiting, pop.  
You wanna jump down like a good boy|or you want me to blow your head off?  
Tracey!  
Lisa!  
-Taylor, what youre doing up here?|-Wheres your magic wand now?  
-Is this guy a friend of yours?|-It s okay, Tony. We know him.  
Im okay, Tony. |Im okay.  
Crazy fucking girls.  
-He always do this kinda thing?|-Every Friday night.  
Hello, girls. Nice neighborhood. |Hey, slow down.  
Hello! Anyone home?  
The baby is wet, daddy.  
What s that, Cin?  
I dont understand how you can sit|there with your son sopping wet...  
and not even notice.  
-Im sorry.|-Dont apologize to me.  
Im sorry, Eric.  
I just had a flash about this paper, |Cin, I gotta get this done.  
Weve been waiting about a year for|you to have a flash about parenthood!  
Give me a break, honey.  
We get an hour a day of your valuable|time, professor, if were lucky.  
Im only asking you for one hour|a day to think about us.  
-Cin!|-Yes?  
I forgot to tell you that the Alaska|trip has been pushed forward a week.  
Harold, I want to make you a deal.  
You can be a foul-up as a father|for ten more days.  
When you get back from this trip, |youll promise to concentrate on us.  
The three of us, for six months.  
-Okay?|-I promise.  
You got your fingers crossed?  
Fine.  
Hold Eric for five more minutes, |'till Im ready for work.  
Im gonna take you|to a mountain with me.  
Yeah, a mountain.  
Give me a kiss, a kiss.  
Listen, Carl, all you have|to do is go back in there...  
and testify what you|saw those guys do.  
Just tell the Court the truth.  
lll drop accessory to second degree|murder to aggravated assault.

Plus we forget all the other charges. |It s a hell of a deal, Carl.  
-A hell of a deal. | -Man, you is one fucking attorney!  
Aggravated assault? One year tops. |County time youre out in 8 months.  
Man, I rat and in |eight months Im dead!  
Popped the second |I hit the streets.  
l'll see personally |that you get protective custody.  
Yeah, for the rest of my life?  
Man, that s bullshit |and I aint ratting.  
Would you like another |cup of coffee?  
How about you, Dex? |l'll buy if you do the honors.  
Cream and sugar, right?  
What is this shit?  
Are you gonna leave me alone with |this guy? The fucking assistant D.A.?  
Were gonna go back in there. |Me and you.  
The youngest brother.  
-Most frightened, likely to crack. | -Oh, no. You aint cracking me, man.  
And your brothers will be looking |at you and will be wondering:  
What the hell are they |talking about in there?  
l'll approach the bench concerning |some new evidence Ive just received.  
And the whole time Im doing it, l'll |look at your brothers and at you.  
-Man, you is one sick fuck. | -Well, now youre catching on.  
Well, in a strange way it was girls.  
I used to hide from them in the |library in the fifth grade.  
That s when I came across my first |physics textbook explaining...  
Einsteins Unified Field Theory.  
At the time I thought Id found God. |Okay, Peter, try it now.  
-That s got it, Professor. | -Perfect.  
Okay.  
Anyway... high school, college, |I dove deeper into physics...  
and discovered Einstein had failed |in the face of Quantum Mechanics.  
I saw God die almost |before he was born.  
Quantum Physics smashed to pieces |the cornerstone of physical science.  
-Cause and effect. | -Precisely. There was no answer.  
Listen, why dont you clear it up |and l'll go get us some sandwiches?  
Professor, if theres no answer, |then why look for one?  
That s why I climb |mountains, Peter.  
There you go!  
H, youll get it in a second! |One more try, come on!  
H, come on! There you go! |Come on!  
Come on, H. Youve gotta |do better than that. Let s go!  
There you go!  
Beautiful.  
Beautiful.  
Nice, nice, nice. |Good job.

Look where we were.

-That was hairy scary, man.|-Good job.

-Nice play.|-Thank you.

Did I give you a good play?

Check that out.

-Im gonna free the whole pitch.|-Really?

You know what I love|about you, Taylor?

Youre too dumb to let reality|stand in the way of success.

Jesus, what s that?

Right there. |See they overhanging the roof?

-What are they doing?|-Dunno, let s pay a visit to find out.

Okay, you first.

Here we go.

-Hey, nice climb.|-Great arm!

-They let anybody on this mountain.|-Dallas, hows it hanging?

Everybody, this is Taylor Brooks, |the Spat twins...

Jacki Metcalf.

-You climbed Anapurna, didnt you?|-Yeah.

-Congratulations.|-Thanks.

-Takane Shimuzu.|-How do you do?

-Phillip Claiborne?|-The Phillip Claiborne?

Hello, Taylor. |Nice moves.

Nice to meet you. |Thank you.

Okay, H!

-Are you guys moving in?|-Well, this is just a test run.

-Test run for what?|-Well, we...

Wed rather not say until |weve got the permissions.

Permissions? |Himalayas, heh?

I never talk about |a deal until it s signed.

-You two are moving pretty fast.|-We got a little test run ourselves.

Were coming back in a month |to shoot for the record on McKinley.

-The summit speed record?|-You think you can beat 36 hours?

-Who else are you taking?|-Superman?

No, it s just Harold and me. Plus |a couple of our favorite hookers.

-Harold who?|-Harold Jamison.

Never heard of him.

Well, here he comes. Well |ask him if hes ever heard of you.

-How high are you going tonight?|-Just up to the snowline.

-Jesus Christ.|-Hello?

-What time you chopper in the sushi?|-Howre you doing? Everythings fine.

I got you! I got you now!

I got you!

Harold, huh?

-What d you think? Up those rocks?|-Yeah, looks good.

Phill?

-Youre not camping here, are you?|-What does it look like?

We need to test these|tents on some steep ice.

Yeah, of course, except|youre right in a col here.

It s almost June. Everything that s|gonna come down has already done it.  
See those choppy formations? It means|there was a slide a week or two ago.

Yeah, we know|what they mean, Dallas.

You should know we heard they had|some heavy snow falls here this year.  
Why dont you go to the ridge, camp|there? Well see you in the morning.

Fine, see you in the morning.

Wanna make a side bet on|some serious dumping...

on those fuckers tonight?

Pass, sounds karmically uncool.

So, who is Claiborne?

-Never heard of Phillip Claiborne?|-No. He seems like a nice guy.

Nice? How many billionaires|do you know, H?

Really?

What about Dallas? What s his name?|What his problem?

Dallas Woolf?|We went to law school together.

He was good in the classroom.|I was better in the courtroom.

And there was no contest|in the bedroom.

-Taylor, are you awake?|-No.

Gotta talk to you.

What?

Ive got a little problem|about this McKinley trip.

What?

Let me guess, five foot six,|straight black hair.

Ive been working too hard,|Im never home, I promised her...

-She made me promised her that...|-You promised me, it s only 10 days!

I know, I really dont think|I can make another trip this year.

Let me talk to her.

She doesnt like you. How many|times have I got to tell you that?

Whatever happened to|the Way of the Warrior?

The Way of the Warrior doesnt stand|a chance against the Way of the Wife!

Whatever.

-If you ask me, it costs too much.|-What?

Love. It s way overpriced.

-Dont you ever get lonely, Taylor?|-Yeah, so what? Everybody does.

Except for sappy couples like you|who live in a fucking Hallmark card.

-What? My life is a Hallmark card?|-If the shoe fits, baby.

-Fuck you.|-Fuck you too.

-Now what?|-lll be right back.

Dont freeze your weenie off.

Taylor.

What the hell are you doing?

I was just tying up|your tent to the big one.

Dont bother, dad.|Well be fine.

-Look, Im just a little worried...|-Were tied in!

Just go to sleep.

Right.

Asshole.

Marsh 2-3,coming up to Block 1.

Avalanche.

Taylor, avalanche.

-Did you see them?|-That s it there!

Grab a shovel!

-Here.|-Come on, let s go!

Come on, Taylor!

Come on! Come on!

-Did you tie on both tents?|-No, just the big one.

They wouldnt let me. Geez.|I wonder what happened to them.

Here!

We got it. Hang on. Let s go.

-Dammit!|-Listen!

-Goddammit!|-Dallas, listen!

Down here!|Were down here!

Well reach you!

-Is everybody all right?|-They got us.

-They got us!|-Oh, God.

Dallas, are you okay?

So take your time.

Give me your hand. Anybody.|Ill grab you!

In sure and certain hope of|the resurrection to eternal life...  
through our Lord Jesus Christ...

we command|to Almighty God our brothers...

and we commit|their bodies to the ground.

Earth to earth,|ashes to ashes, dust to dust.

The Lord bless them and keep them.

The Lord make His face to shine|upon them and be gracious to them.

The Lord lift up His countenance upon|them and give them peace. Amen.

Amen.

Ive gotta go, excuse me.

-This leaves a hole in your team.|-Youre volunteering to fill it, huh?

-If youll go where I think you will.|-Could be just about anywhere.

It s one of the big ones. You would|not be in it otherwise. Everest?

-This is not the time for this.|-You need two good climbers.

-Do you know how many called me?|-Whot s a better climber than me?

Ive paid my dues|in the Death Zone.

-What about your friend?|-My friend saved your life.  
That s not a reason to take him.  
Ive climbed with him for 10 years.|Hed be on my rope ahead of anyone.  
How many times|has he been over 8,000 meters?  
Hes never been over|8,000 meters. Have you?  
How I function at 28,000 feet|is my problem.  
It s K2.  
Isnt it?|My God, were going to K2!  
-I dont like having my decisions...|-This is a decision making itself.  
-Harold!|-Not here.  
-Ill put it to the teams members.|-It s your team. You can answer now.  
The only answer youll get|right here is ano.  
Listen, Ive wanted|to climb K2 all my life.  
Youre the most persistent|son of a bitch Ive ever met.  
-Thank you.|-Im not sure I want you on my team.  
Hi, Peter.  
You too.  
Three, four...  
five.  
Sorry. I know it s lunchtime.|It s just those papers you wanted.  
Just put them on the desk.  
I wondered what that thing was.  
Tones up the tits a treat.|Wanna give it a try?  
-No, thanks.|-Miss Perkins, dinner tonight?  
-What about it?|-Have it with me.  
-No.|-Come on, why not?  
Look, Mr. Brooks,|I already have a date.  
Break it. Overtime.  
Thanks. But I never shit where I eat.  
I wasnt aware, Miss Perkins,|that you shat at all!  
-Mr. Brooks!|-Yes!  
I have a Mr. Phillip Claiborne|on line one.  
Hello?  
Excuse me. Do you know where|I can find Harold Jamison?  
-Yeah, 101, downstairs.|-Thank you very much.  
-Do you know where 101 is?|-First on the left.  
Thank you very much.  
Turn on the lights, Professor.|Your life is about to change.  
Jesus, you scared the shit outta me.|What youre doing here?  
-I got off the phone with Claiborne.|-Yeah? So?  
So you and I are gonna knock off|the toughest mountain in the world!  
-He wants us on his expedition to K2.|-Youre kidding!  
He wants to see us tonight.|We leave in two weeks.  
Wait, I cant go... Peter, take over.|What are you talking...?



Come here.

-I cant leave in two weeks.|-You can do anything you want, H.  
I have a grant review on the 23rd. |I have to be here for that.

-Get it pushed forward.|-It doesnt work like that.

-Make it work like that!|-You dont know what youre talking.

This is our shot, H.

Weve been talking about this|for 10 years and here it is.

-Youre gonna have to go without me.|-But I sold him on us!

Me and you!

Come on, H!|Dont do this to me. It s K2!

Youre not the only one in the world. |I got Eric and Cindy to think about.

-I just cant go.|-That s bullshit.

My wife and my kid and my job|are not bullshit!

And I dont intend|to blow any of them, okay?

Come on, guys!|Give me the ball.

Get outta way,|you little menaces!

Sit on this!

-Do you want me to go in with you?|-No, I can handle it.

-You sure?|-Yeah, get outta here.

Remember, H!|The chance of a lifetime!

Hi.

-What is it, H?|-Oh, I cant sleep.

-Why not?|-I dunno.

Yes, you do.

Im just gonna get a glass of water.

No, come back here first|and tell me what s the matter.

No, just go back to sleep. |Well talk tomorrow, okay?

Tell me.

Okay.

I made you a promise|and I wanna break it.

You promised six months. |You havent been back six days!

I know, I know, |but this is different.

-Taylor and I were asked to go to K2.|-So what?

Come on, Cin, |it s a chance of a lifetime!

-A chance to get yourself killed!|-Dont be ridiculous!

Oh, yeah? It s all here in these|goddamn books, Harold!

Savage Mountain, |Killer Mountain!

Half the people who go to K2|dont come back!

Cindy!

Youre gonna blow everything, |your career, your family...

just so guess who can use you|as his stooge again.

I am not his stooge! Cindy, |when I stand on top of a mountain...

and it s taken all my strength|and all my courage to get there...

just for one second, |one second...

I feel the truth of my life.  
I have to have that, okay?  
And not for Taylor, for me.  
Me, me, me!  
Cindy, Cindy!|I am not gonna die.  
I love you, I love Eric.  
Im gonna do this thing and|when I come back, I promise...  
We wont be here|when you get back.  
I see. You or the mountain,|is that it?  
Well, Im gonna have both.  
-No, youre not.|-Yes, I am.  
You cant.  
Yes, I can.  
Im sorry.  
Im sorry.  
-Promise me youll come back, H.|-I promise.  
Sign here.  
All right, next.  
-He says no problem.|-Ask him for his assurance...  
...that this deal is going to stick.|-That wont be necessary.  
Every expedition that s come through|here has had problems with porters.  
-There wont be any problems.|-Tell them thered better not be.  
Well use the 8 mm for fixed rope up|to Camp 4 and 6 mm on higher stages.  
Theyre heavy enough? The Poles|used 9 mm all the way to the top.  
Well, they had twice|as many climbers as we do.  
To me, the six mill just doesnt feel|like it s gonna take the weight.  
Theres no weight to take|if we do it without fix ropes.  
-Dont be ridiculous.|-Getting blown off the mountain...  
for 70 days laying ropes,|that s ridiculous.  
Weve got every angle figured. Weve|planned this trip for over a year.  
The Poles probably planned it all|their lives. Three of them got killed.  
And none of them|made the summit.  
Fast an loose|is not the way to climb K2.  
Taylor, listen to Dallas, will you?  
Hes the best expedition|organizer in the States.  
If I had known that Id have had him|come over and pack my bags for me.  
Thank you.  
It must be that time|of the month, huh, Dallas?  
Ill sleep tonight, Ill tell you that.  
Acclimatizing all right?  
Is it good news or bad news|when you bleed from your ears?  
Good news.  
Ready.  
Cheese.

Looks like somebody is hurt.

This guy looks like Helmut.

-Guten tag. Helmut Steiner.|-Phillip Claiborne. How do you do?

Were just from the Mustagh Tower. |The weather was very bad.

We had to leave|everything behind.

It s the ice season. |Ive never known such bad storms.

Im sorry, do you have|any food you could spare?

-Yes, of course!|-That mans dead.

Her brother too, |but she doesnt believe it.

They were climbing on Paryu.

We tried to bury him, |but she doesnt allow it.

It was very bad.

A Japanese team has arrived in Skardu |and theyre paying 6 dollars a day.

A deal is a deal. You dont |renegotiate when you feel like it.

You people have |a bad reputation for this.

Most of the cash you people earn |is from climbing parties.

Maybe you should think about |what happens if we stop coming.

Fucking asshole.

I hope you do stop coming.

US\$ 6,5 a day or no one goes.

Only my husband... |he hurt his foot.

He didnt treat it |and the result was this.

What the hell are you doing?

-Were talking. |-Talking my ass!

Shes still in shock, |she needs somebody to talk to.

Nothings changed, huh? You want |something you just take it, right?

She was telling me about her husband. |What s your problem, anyway?

-You know shes pregnant? |-So?

So pregnant widows, |is that your thing now?

My thing is to climb this mountain.

-Your way, my way, I dont give a shit! |-I think we got that part.

Are you gonna whip your ass |or do you want me to do it.

Alright! Knock it off! |What are you guys doing?

Taylor, come here, look at this!

Isnt it beautiful?

Course it s beautiful. Did you think |Id take you to an ugly mountain?

Get it! Yeah!

Mr. Claiborne! |Mr. Claiborne!

-They want to rest. |-For how long?

-For the rest of the day. |-Are you serious?

-What the hell is going on? |-They wanna make camp here.

-That s bullshit! |-Weve only been going two hours.

They say it s too dangerous because |the fresh snow hides the crevasses.

-What will camping here prove? |-They get an extra days pay.

Were going to Base Camp tonight. | Otherwise no one gets paid.  
-They wont move, Mr. Claiborne. | -Well see about that.  
I hold you personally responsible | for this, do you understand?  
It s not my responsibility, | it s between you and the porters.  
Here! Look at this!  
Hey, what are you doing?  
-Stop! | -Here! Here!  
If they dont want the money | we agreed upon, lll burn it all.  
You tell them that!  
-You must not do this. | -Hes right, Taylor.  
Do you think it s right they make | a deal and pull this shit everyday?  
You cannot negotiate with them by | destroying what they do not have.  
-Watch me! | -Listen!  
This money will feed one of the | families for a month, at least.  
Mr. Claiborne, stop him! | This is against the law!  
Taylor, that s enough.  
Malik, listen. Tell them that every | man who finishes the trip with us...  
will get an extra 50 rupees per day | for this part of the glacier.  
-This section only, is that clear? | -It s not the money, Mr. Claiborne.  
They will do it.  
They will do it. Bastards!  
Congratulations.  
I think lll nominate you as | Ambassador to Pakistan.  
-Im really sorry about this morning. | -Never mind, Harold.  
I really thought they | were innocent, you know?  
You know, they made a fool of me, | the bastards.  
-I think Taylor overreacted a bit. | -I appreciate that.  
Hold on!  
Get the rope!  
Hang on it!  
Clean it.  
-Are you all right? | -Yes, thanks.  
Good work, guys.  
-Are you okay? | -Yeah, you?  
-Thank you, Harold. | -That was nothing, forget it.  
lll never forget it.  
So how does it feel | to be the team hero?  
Better than being | the team asshole, I guess.  
-What s that supposed to mean? | -You know what it means.  
No, I dont.  
This whole deal with the porters.  
You know you burned their money? | I just dont understand.  
I didnt make the world | the way it is, Harold.  
Im just trying to get through it | as fast and as clean as possible.

We all make the world the way it is.  
Yeah, well, we know who made this.  
-Do up the tent.|-You do it.  
Do you do this every day?  
Yes. Every day.  
Taylor! Taylor!  
-What s going on?|-The men are leaving, going home.  
-Why?|-Theyre scared.  
-Tell them were 4 h from Base Camp.|-Im trying to do that!  
Stay, stay!  
Stay!  
Were almost there. |Look! Look!  
Come on, goddammit! |Are we climbing or what?  
What? Answer me, you |son of a bitch! Answer me!  
Goddammit! |Dont stop me, dammit!  
Leave it!  
-What the hell is going on?|-We just lost the porters.  
What are we going to do now?  
Fuck them. We dont need them. |Well take it up ourselves.  
Seven tons? When do you want to do |it, before or after you get dressed?  
What s the matter with you? I thought |you had a plan for everything.  
Im talking about time! It ll take |weeks to take this up the mountains!  
Hes right. Well be cutting it short |with the weather this late in season.  
Exactly. That s why we take what |we need and leave all this other shit.  
Then guys, why dont we just fuck |and quit? Why dont we just give up?  
Come on, theyre doing us a favor, |we dont need all this stuff!  
All we needs each other. Ourselves! |As a team, Claiborne, like you said!  
These men will stay, |Mr. Claiborne.  
Im with Taylor.  
Hold it! Hold it here!  
I got it.  
I got it!  
Got it too!  
I got it!  
-Bring me the other end! |-Taylor!  
I cant see it!  
-I cant see it! |-There must be right there.  
I got it!  
This is such a great book. |Listen to this.  
You will survive if you fight |quickly and perish if you do not.  
This is called the Dying Ground.  
Upon 'Dying Ground or as it |were sitting in a leaking boat...  
lying in a burning house.  
Have you got your |strategy down yet?

-I dunno. What do you mean?|-Just what I said.  
Well, what s your strategy?  
Mine is mine.|It s not gonna work for you.  
-Nobody can climb a mountain for you.|-I know that.  
What are you saying? It s every man|for himself from here on, then?  
Well, if it comes down to that...  
youve got to be able|to deal with it, sure.  
Oh, okay...  
I get it.  
Do you?  
Anything can happen up here.|Anything.  
Dont rely on anybody but yourself.|That s all Im trying to say.  
Claibornes really|sucking the Os, eh?  
-Well make this Camp 1. OK by you?|-It s fine by us.  
Claiborne seems to be struggling.  
He always takes a couple of days|to acclimatize. Hell be okay.  
Yeah. Drink some. Dehydrations|a killer at about 20,000 feet.  
-Were at 20,000 feet already?|-Welcome to the Death Zone.  
If we get to Base Camp by noon...  
we should be able to get the|equipment up to Camp Two by tonight.  
-We can come back down here.|-No need for that.  
-Go to Camp 2. Ill meet you there.|-Well see you later.  
-Good luck.|-Okay, thanks.  
-What s up?|-You ready?  
You wanna lead today?  
-Yes, sounds good to me.|-Okay.  
Be ready to leave in half hour.  
Camp 2 to Base,|do you read me? Over.  
Hey, Dallas. Base Camp|reading you. Over.  
Were ready for you here.|Is everything okay? Over.  
Everythings fine. Well be starting|out in about 30 minutes. Over.  
Were gonna push on,|lay rope to three. Over.  
Repeat,you're breaking up.|Repeat.  
Were pushing on. Lay rope to three.|Well see you here tonight. Over.  
Sounds good. Over.  
Hey, guys!|Were gonna push on to three.  
-Right now?|-What s the matter?  
I feel like I just fucking died,|that s what s the matter.  
Me too.  
I tell you what. Stay here and rest.|Ill go to three lay ropes myself.  
Im coming with you!  
-Be ready in about half an hour?|-Half an hour is fine.  
-Feel good?|-I feel great.  
-Can you have them ready in 30 min?|-That should be an hour, maybe.

-What you think when you climb?|-Sex.  
Sex youve had|or sex youre gonna have?  
Sex I didnt have, I think about|the ones that got away.  
Really?|You mean there were some?  
-Cindy. I never had Cindy.|-What?  
I could have, I think. The first|time I saw her I said to myself...  
Taylor, shut up, all right?|That s enough. Jesus.  
You asked.  
Youre kidding, right?  
-Phillip... Phillip is sick.|-What s wrong with him?  
Im not sure, edema, maybe.|Weve gotta get him down now.  
-OK, well be right there.|-What does she mean we?  
Hows he feeling?  
I dont feel too good.|Im sorry.  
-Well get you to Base Camp tonight.|-Ill be alright till morning.  
Weve got to get you down to a lower|altitude as soon as possible.  
-My legs still move. Im alright.|-Your lips are blue.  
All we need is 5 days, the four|of us can crack the summit for you.  
-It ll always be your mountain.|-Listen.  
I want to reach the summit|as much as all of you.  
But Phillip is going to die|if we dont get him down tonight.  
I will go with you and Nazzir.|The mountain will wait for me.  
-Ill go too.|-No, you wont, H.  
Dallas?  
I just dont see the point in all of|us going back down to Base Camp.  
I agree.  
Okay. That s settled.  
The rest of us will remain|here until morning.  
-If he gets worse, well come down.|-Fine.  
Go wake up Nazzir.  
-Bring him down easy.|-Easy.  
I got you!  
It s okay, Phillip.|Were almost down.  
Phillip to Camp 4.|This is Phillip.  
-Phillip, it s Dallas. Go ahead.|-Camp 4, what's the situation?  
-We go for it now, definitely.|-You've been going solid for days.  
You sure you're strong enough to get|to the summit and back in 24 hours?  
It s now or never, Phillip.  
Then two go and two|of you stay behind.  
What? Let me talk to him.  
Phillip, this is Taylor!|Why cant we all go?  
Two must stay back in reserve.|That s an order!  
All right, I guess|the big question is which two?  
I'll leave that decision to Dallas.

-What s going on?|-Well leave in half an hour.  
-Wait, whos going with you?|-Takane.  
If it s only two to the top, youve|gotta take the best two climbers.  
Yes. So?  
-It s me and you.|-Now you wait a second...  
Listen, Im sorry, guys, but Dallas|and I have the best shot at this.  
-Fuck you, Taylor! What is this?|-Sorry, my friend...  
but Takane and I are the summit|team and that s that.  
That s bullshit. We had a deal. |A deal based on fitness.  
Im the fittest climber up here. |Youve gotta take me.  
Im not taking you.  
Wind direction will be north, with  
It doesnt sound very good.  
They wont make it tonight.  
The pressures still falling.  
Dallas, this is Taylor, come in.  
Dallas, Takane, this is Taylor, |do you read me?  
They must ve switched off. |What do you think?  
Come on, H. Dont do this to me. |Talk to me, man.  
I just cant believe |you wouldve gone without me.  
If Dallas had chosen you instead |of Takane youd go without me.  
No way.  
Well, that s the difference |between me and you, H.  
The difference between |you and me, Taylor...  
is that youre only my friend as |long as it doesnt cost you anything.  
Well get our crack at it.  
How do you figure that?  
As soon as they come down, |were gonna get off this mountain...  
if we live through |this fucking storm.  
Taylor, wake up. What s that?  
Oh, God. Oh, God.  
It s Takane!  
Get him in. God, |hes taken a real bad fall.  
Easy, Takane. Easy.  
Jesus Christ!  
First aid, Taylor. |First aid.  
Hes hurt real bad.  
Okay, Takane. |Take it easy.  
What? What?  
Where is Dallas?  
He couldnt... come down.  
No tent... lost...  
-Very bad...|-It s all right, Takane, take it easy.  
-Very cold.|-I know, I know.



Easy, easy.

Hes not breathing, H.

I cant find a pulse.|I cant find a pulse.

Are you ready?

Yeah, okay.

One and two and three|and four and five...

One and two and three|and four and five...

-Come on!|-One and two and three and four...

-One and two and three and four...|-Feel his pulse.

Shit!

One and two and three|and four and five.

One and two and three|and four and five. Go.

-Please.|-Come on, Takane! Come on!

One and two and three|and four and five.

One and two and three and four|and five. Check his pulse.

Jacki? Phillip?|Anyone awake down there?

Jacki? Phillip?|Anyone awake down there? Over.

Yeah, Harold.|Im reading you. Over.

Jacki...

listen...

Takanes dead.

God.

-Is Dallas there?|-No.

Takane said something about|he wouldnt come down.

Im not sure but I think|they lost their tent.

What do we do?

Nothing.|Nothing we can do.

Well look for Dallas in the morning.

Well wait and go look|for Dallas first light.

Jacki?

Phillip is getting worse. I have|to get him out as soon as possible.

Malik's trying to get a military|chopper up to us.

Where does that leave us?

A long way from home if you|dont get down here real quick.

Camp 4 to Base. Jacki, this|is Taylor,do you copy?

I copy that. Hi!

Listen, we're all finished up here.

Jacki, is this weather gonna hold?

It should hold today,|but after that I dont like it.

Hang on!

I still wanna climb this mountain.

Jacki...

if Dallas is on this mountain,|well find him.

We're going forthe summit.|Wish us luck.

Were all with you, Taylor. | Good luck!  
All right. We travel light. | We leave everything behind.  
Tent, oxygen, everything.  
It s all we need: 75 feet of rope. | Were back here by tonight.  
We did it!  
We did it!  
The top of the world!  
You hold it!  
Hold it.  
Summit party to Base Camp!  
Jacki, are you still with us?  
Taylor, Harold, where are you?  
Were on top of the fucking world!  
It was the idea, wasn't it?  
That s great!  
Congratulations! | You guys are beautiful!  
Yeah, Phillip, it s the top spot!  
Hows the view up there?  
It's probably not as good | as the one from your office...  
but it will do. | How are you feeling?  
I feel like shit. I got to...  
I gotta get off this mountain.  
We heard about the chopper. | Youll be all right.  
-Can you be down by tomorrow night? | -Count on it.  
Taylor, I have to tell you. | Im dying.  
If youre not here, well have | to leave without you.  
Well be there!  
Phillip... it s Harold!  
Wish you were here, Phillip!  
If I was ten years younger, | I would be.  
It could happen to anyone.  
Harold, any sign of Dallas?  
Sorry, Phillip...  
we haven't seen him.  
We're gonna keep looking.  
-That s it? | -That s it.  
It s all right. | I lost 20 pounds one trip.  
Ive gotta tell you, Taylor. | Im a little worried.  
Is this the worst jam | youve ever been in?  
You call this a jam? | Nothings even happened yet, H.  
Two guys are dead...  
and were circling at 10 thousand | feet over Base Camp...  
in a white-out with one packet of | chicken soup and no landing gear.  
What are you talking about? | Nothings happened yet?

Just relax, H. Everythings cool.  
Were gonna make it.  
Youre just as scared as I am.  
If I was, I wouldnt tell you.  
You dont have to tell me.|It s written all over your face.  
Fear is bullshit, H.  
This storm is gonna pass|in a day or two.  
Were gonna be all right.  
It s blowing like hell up there.  
Can you see them?  
No, theres too many clouds.  
-How is he?|-Hes resting.  
Blowing like hell up there.  
-Grab this.|-Got it!  
-H, are you all right?|-Okay!  
Were still on ice.|Right underneath you.  
Stay right.  
-Taylor!|-Listen! Take the rope off...  
and rope yourself in.  
H! Hang on.|lll be right down.  
H...  
Oh, God.  
My leg... my leg...  
It s broken, H.  
Cindy...  
Cindy!  
-Cindy!|-It s okay, H.  
H...  
It s me. Im right here.  
Taylor.  
I wanna die.  
Who said anything about that?|Youre gonna be all right, H.  
You can still make it.|You can make it, if you go now.  
-What are you talking about?|-Im gonna die up here.  
Youre not gonna die, H.  
I cant walk.  
lll carry you.  
You cant carry me.  
Besides, we dont have any rope|to work anything with.  
lll just have to go down|and get all the others.  
Come on, Taylor.  
Even if you made it, Id be dead|by the time you got back.  
What are you doing, H?  
I want you...

I want you to give this to Cindy.  
And tell her... God, I dont know...  
Tell her I loved her.|Tell her Im sorry.  
-Tell her yourself, H.|-Come on, Taylor. I cant walk.  
Just take it, okay?|Just get outta here.  
What are you gonna do? Are you|gonna sit here and die with me?  
Bullshit.  
Do you have any idea what|youre asking me to do?  
Youre my only real friend. Im not|leaving you, do you understand that?  
-I cant live with that.|-You dont have a choice, Taylor.  
Fuck you!  
You never had problems being selfish.|It s practically been your religion.  
What have you gotta make such|a big deal outta it now for?  
It s not gonna work, H.  
Youve got your wife and your kid|and your research.  
That s great for you.  
My whole life has been about me.  
My works about|lies and compromises...  
dealing with the scum of the earth.  
So I come to places like this with|you to find a little grace, you know?  
I dont wanna be selfish all my life,|I want some nobility, goddammit!  
You want grace?  
You want nobility?  
Go back.  
I cant spend the rest of my life...  
knowing I let my best buddie die|on some fucking mountain!  
If youre really my friend, Taylor,|that s exactly what you gotta do.  
I want you to look after my son.  
Tell him what|a big fucking hero I was.  
And tell him I loved him very much.  
Please, you have to go back.  
Please.  
Youre a prince, H.|A real winner.  
Fuck winner.  
You know what I always|admired about you, Taylor?  
Youre a born survivor.  
I got everything I wanted...  
but I had to give up|everything to get it.  
Is that winning?  
I love you, H.  
Take this.  
All right.  
Im sorry.  
If the chopper comes,|were not waiting.

They shouldn't have gone. | It's their risk.

Taylor.

I don't care if I ever go back

You poor son of a bitch.

I don't suppose you'd mind | if I borrowed your rope.

Promise me you'll come back, H. | I love you so much.

Remember, H! | It's a chance of a lifetime!

A chance of a lifetime | to get yourself killed!

Don't be ridiculous.

It's all here in these | goddamn books, Harold!

"Savage Mountain". | "Killer Mountain".

Half the people who | go to K2 don't come back.

I'm gonna take you | to a mountain with me.

A mountain.

-If you ask me, it costs too much. | -What?

Love, it's way overpriced.

It's me, H, it's Taylor!

Harold!

Hey, tough H! I've got a present | for you, from Dallas.

Do you feel anything?

-What? | -Do you feel anything?

Warm.

That's good, H, get warm.

Now come on, H! | I need you conscious!

Come on, H. Look at me.

-Taylor? | -That's right, buddie.

I'm gonna get us off | this fucking mountain.

Taylor.

Come on, H. That a boy.

Love costs too much, huh?

Yeah, tell me about it.

Great job, H.

Steady, H!

-Are you okay, H? | -Okay! Okay!

-Are you ready for the next move? | -I'm ready!

-Taylor, I'm freezing! | -Me too.

I can't feel anything.

That's good, H. That's a good sign.

All right, next move.

Around the crevasse. | Short pitches.

You wanna lead?

Come on, H! | We're gonna make it, right?

-The chopper is on its way up. | -We'll give them two more hours.

Two hours. Understood?

Easy, easy.

H?

H, can you hear me?

Hey, tough H!

Got a little oxygen for you.

Way to go. Hold on!

That a boy.

A shot of adrenalin.

Wouldnt mind one of these myself.

Were nearly there, H.

I dont know exactly|where the hell we are but...

weve gotta be close.

Looking good, H.

Come on.

-What about the fuel?|-The fuel is enough.

-We have no instructions for that.|-Come on, were going!

I just asked him how much fuel|we have to look for them.

Were not communicating!

This helicopter is at 17,000 feet,|it cant fly any higher.

-We must make just one pass.|-Do you want him to die?

-No, they might still be alive!|-Not where we can get to them.

We must just have a look.|I owe that man my life.

If they were within reach|we could see them from here.

If theyre alive. If!

The pilot is good.|He says hell make the attempt.

They climbed the mountain|for you, Mr. Claiborne.

You cannot leave them to die.

Malik, please, face it,|theyre dead!

Theyre not!

H... H...

H...

H! H! Listen, H!

Listen, H!

We did it, H!|Were going home!