

WHERE’S MIKAELA GONE :60S

Cold open on the panoramic Alps,. We see mountain peaks. Our minds read an invisible “V”.
An undulating wind breathes in and out, swallowing us whole. Below it, stands a speck of a little girl consumed by the blank canvas of snow.
The epitome of isolation as we –

Cut tight on Mikaela Shiffin falling back into an empty chairlift. Crisp blue skies. Olympic bib. Team USA racing suit. Visa branding on her arm. Searching the peaks as she –lifts off – the ground left behind. *Into a deeper silence.*

VO: She didn’t see the top when she started. Most people don’t.

Cut to a top down frame of the chair lift sailing up the slope. *Falling into rhythm with a metronome of clicks and whirrs winds her back.*
Mikaela’s skis dangling. Another coded V.

Cut tight on her serene face. Recycling the air through her lungs. Her eyes close. Then open looking down on –

Mikaela’s POV: Mikaela as a toddler on a ski shop floor – a vision of the past. Stomping around in new ski boots.

Our camera sails over her, in sync with Mom at the counter, as an old Visa card gets steamrolled by an old zip zap machine.

VO: She just got on the lift. And it carried her.

Cut back to Mikaela on the chairlift looking down – blinks – as we ***flash cut to – 4:3 aspect ratio. A shutterstop POV of netting flying towards us*** –

Mikaela’s POV: The little girl replaced with a wisp of a young Mikaela skiing past in training.
The wind intensifying as we dive below, inside the memory –

VO: Through snow, medals, crashes...

Cut back to the chairlift solitude **except –**
– Mikaela is now sat next to her younger self. The little girl on the mountainside staring back at her present day self. An exhalation of cold breath that...

...swells into fog at the start of a a junior race.
Dollying across a line of boys as we finish on a teen Mikeala last.

VO: ...and some lukewarm fries.

Another flash cut of 6 frames – crossed skis, twisted clean off –

VO: Through her father’s gentle advice and her mother’s gifts.

Cut close on a basket of French Fries piled like skis. A Visa tap on a contactless terminal. Inside a warm lodge.
Her Dad carving two fries like skis as she nods.
Quiet reminders of her idol’s mantra as he mouths...

VO: In her hard “always be faster than the boys”.

Macro close on the heat of the fries –

– to the condensation of frost on a handlebar. Sun coursing across it into high noon. Two pairs of hands hold onto the handlebars. Mikaela and her teen self.
As we see a winning streak unfold between flashes of trophies –

VO: She tried.

– archive footage of Mikaela overshooting, and spinning out on a slalom.