

SCRIPT TITLE

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**FADE IN:**

**EXT. JAPANESE VILLAGE - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT**

A Japanese village nestled in a snow-covered valley illuminated by lanterns.

A woman's SCREAMS and CRIES echo through the village.

**EXT. JAPANESE VILLAGE PATH - NIGHT**

A SAMURAI(30s) carries a crying INFANT, a JAPANESE WOMAN(20s) follows him. CRYING as she trails behind him.

She attempts to grab the infant out of the Samurai's arms, but he pushes her down to the ground.

SAMURAI  
(in Japanese, subtitled)  
You will compose yourself. Your  
husband is a traitor, and he is to  
blame. Our Lord demands it!

The Samurai walks off, armour clanking as he walks.

The Young Woman's cries stop; she glares in the Samurai's direction.

**INT. JAPANESE VILLAGE ROOM -NIGHT**

A JAPANESE MAN(20s) sits cross-legged on the floor.

A JAPANESE LORD(50s) sits cross-legged across from him.

JAPANESE LORD  
(in Japanese, subtitled)  
You betrayed me, you betrayed your  
clan. You went to our sworn enemy  
with our secrets.

The Japanese Man tries to speak.

The Japanese Lord raises his hand.

OLD JAPANESE LORD  
(in Japanese, subtitled)  
Do not dishonour yourself with  
lies; your letters to our enemy  
were intercepted.

The Old Japanese Lord picks up a small bamboo basket.

OLD JAPANESE LORD (CONT'D)  
 (in Japanese, subtitled)  
 Your deception has cost many lives.  
 Your letter carrier, for example.

The Old Japanese Lord lifts the lid off the bamboo basket, inside it is the head of a Japanese man.

OLD JAPANESE LORD (CONT'D)  
 The head of your messenger.

The Young Man reels in horror.

The lid is put back on, the Lord slides it to the side.

The paper door behind the two men slides open.

The Samurai steps in with the infant. He sets the infant down between the two men, the Samurai bows to the Lord.

The Japanese Woman slips into the doorway. Gently sobbing, trying to stay composed in front of her Master.

JAPANESE LORD  
 (in Japanese, subtitled)  
 Traitors breed more traitors. Your  
 bloodline ends tonight.

The Lord unsheathes a Tanto (knife). He slices the Infant's throat.

The Infant CRIES for a moment, then it stops.

The Young Woman SCREAMS, then drops to the floor.

The Young Man quickly unsheathes a Wakizashi (short-sword) and disembowels himself.

The Samurai draws his Katana and beheads the Young Man.

The Young Woman jumps up and runs toward the Lord, pulling out a Tanto (knife).

The Samurai sees this and quickly attacks the woman before she swings the blade at the Lord.

Falling to her knees, blood staining her white robes. As she speaks, blood starts pooling out of her mouth.

YOUNG JAPANESE WOMAN  
 (in Japanese, subtitled)  
 I will have my vengeance! I curse  
 this valley and all who live in it.  
 (MORE)

YOUNG JAPANESE WOMAN (CONT'D)  
I will come back from the grave and  
end the bloodlines of everyone here  
and whoever enters it.

The Young Woman's head flies across the room, landing with a  
THUD against a wall.

The Lord stands above her body, his Katana held over his  
head.

**SMASH CUT TO:**

**EXT. FROZEN LAKE - NIGHT**

Super: Hakuba, Japan

A JAPANESE MAN(20s) runs through deep snow.

His face was blood splattered.

He looks back while trudging through the deep snow.

His frozen laboured breath comes out of his mouth.

He trips in the waist-deep snow, he stands. Snow sticks to  
his sweaty face.

A female GUTTURAL SCREAM echoes across the lake in the snowy  
silence.

The man stops, frozen in fear, he slowly turns around.

Standing on the edge of the forest is a Japanese Woman\*(20s)  
in the snow.

His eyes grow wide, he then turns and starts running again.

A clawed demonic hand breaks through the ice and snow.

The hand grabs the man by the ankle, falling and turning  
himself onto his back, he tries to break free of the grasp.

He looks up at the stars, a calm overcomes him. More clawed  
hands reach up and pull him down into the icy water.

\*Same woman from the Village who swears revenge.

**EXT. UNDERWATER/FROZEN LAKE - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT**

The water is as black as the night sky.

The man looks up and sees the ice covering him. He spots the hole that his body made in the ice.

He attempts to swim towards it, but he can't move.

Looking down, he sees the demonic claws still holding him by the ankles. He tries to kick free, but it doesn't work.

He panics and begins to thrash around.

Out of the watery darkness, the YAMAMBA/YOUNG VERSION floats towards him.

She stares at him with dark, black, soulless eyes. Her skin was as white as porcelain.

The woman presses her body up against him, tracing his face with her fingertips.

He starts choking on the water that fills his lungs.

His eyes begin to freeze over.

Through his frozen eyes, he sees the woman's skin start rotting before him.

Her breasts start drooping down and begin to decompose. Her jet black hair floats eerily in the water, suddenly it turns white as the snow.

She smiles and reveals a mouthful of razor-sharp teeth.

Her once beautiful nails are now long, jagged claws.

Reaching back, she plunges her claws deep into his sides underneath his armpits.

Lurching her head back and opening her mouth wide.

She gives him a kiss of death, tearing the lower part of his face off, and his blood starts floating in the cold water.

The man's eyes are frozen in a look of horror. The lower part of his face and jaw are torn off his head.

His body floats off into the darkness.

**FADE OUT:**

Opening Credits

**TITLE CARD: YAMAMBA (in English and Japanese)**

**FADE IN:**

**INT. SKI MOVIE PRODUCTION OFFICE - DAY**

SUPER: CRESTED BUTTE, COLORADO

Darkness... The door opens, a light turns on.

A giant ski movie poster hangs on the wall.

SCOTT(40s), wearing a toque and a winter coat, stands by the door. He removes his toque; his hair stands on end from wearing it. He stuffs it in one of his coat pockets.

He takes the coat off and hangs it on a coat hook. The man is wearing faded blue jeans; and a black concert t-shirt.

He hits the power button on his computer. He walks over to a coffee machine, turning it on.

Logging on, he opens an internet browser. Clicking on a favourite tab, the website snow-forecast.com loads.

He pulls up weather forecasts, specifically snowfall amounts, from around the world. The man looks at the data intensely.

SCOTT  
(talking to himself)  
Japan...

Scott picks up his cell phone. He dials a number.

SCOTT (CONT'D)  
We need to assemble a crew, we need  
to head to Japan. They're getting a  
lot of heavy snow.

**INT. SKI MOVIE PRODUCTION OFFICE BOARD ROOM - DAY**

A group of people are sitting around a conference table. Each person has a binder in front of them.

SCOTT  
Alright, who can we get?

Scott points to a BIG BOOBED TIGHT SHIRT INTERN(20s).

BIG BOOBED TIGHT SHIRT INTERN  
The following are available off the  
top of my head are Sean, Richard  
and Mark.

SCOTT  
Mark and Richard are good to go,  
that I know.

A HIPPY CHICK INTERN(20s) raises her hand.

HIPPY CHICK INTERN  
Sean?

SCOTT  
This isn't school, you don't need  
to raise your hand, just speak...Is  
Sean out of rehab?

BIG BOOBED TIGHT SHIRT INTERN  
I think he is. Want me to make a  
call?

SCOTT  
Yeah, make a call, see where he is  
at mentally.

Hippy Chick Intern clears her throat.

SCOTT (CONT'D)  
What is it?

HIPPY CHICK INTERN  
I think we need some female  
representation. What about Ingrid?

SCOTT  
That's another wild card. She  
hasn't skied since Sarah died.

BIG BOOBED TIGHT SHIRT INTERN  
What about Richard? Can we have  
Richard around people with a  
vagina?

SCOTT  
Mark will keep Richard away from  
her. Okay, make the calls. I will  
get a film crew together.

**INT. YURT - DAY**

SUPER: SOMEWHERE IN THE CANADIAN ROCKIES

An empty yurt with clothes and camping gear everywhere.

A cell phone starts RINGING somewhere.

MARK (30s) walks into the yurt.

He walks up to the bed and starts throwing clothes madly to find the phone...He finally finds it.

MARK

Hello!... Okay... Yup... Sounds good... I'll start packing today.

Mark walks out of the yurt. The yurt is located on a mountain lake, people are getting ready to go paddleboarding/kayaking.

He looks around...he looks up at the sun while stroking the braid in his goatee.

He walks to the end of a dock, he grabs a paddleboard paddle and jumps onto a paddleboard...Gliding through the water, he starts paddling.

A Japanese Woman(30s) hikes along the lake's shore, watching Mark from the treeline.

**INT. RICHARDS' APARTMENT - DAY**

SUPER: PARIS, FRANCE

Richards' apartment is a mess.

In the kitchen are multiple liquor bottles, take-out containers, and dirty dishes in the sink.

The living room is in the same condition. The TV is still on, showing the main screen from the newest Call of Duty game.

The spare bedroom is more of a storage room.

There are skis, boots, snow outer gear. Posters from his ski movies hang on the wall, framed.

The main bedroom has an amazing view of Paris. In the middle of the room is a king-size bed.

There are three sleeping bodies: a CAUCASIAN FEMALE(20s) and a JAPANESE FEMALE(20s).

RICHARD(20s) sleeps between them.

They are all naked, covered with a white sheet. Above the bed is a large black-and-white photo of Richard in the Jim Morrison pose.

A cell phone rings on one of the side tables. It's buzzing and ringing. One of the bodies stirs in the bed.

...A muscular arm reaches for the phone.

RICHARD  
Bonjour. Oh, Hello, Scott.

Richard listens to Scott on the phone, his eyes still closed. His blond hair is everywhere.

RICHARD (CONT'D)  
Meh, Oui, I can be there for a  
production meeting...Japan?...  
Sounds good, Au Revoir.

Richard hangs up the phone. He drops it on the side table.

RICHARD (CONT'D)  
Fuck...

Richard rolls over, laying his hand on one of the girl's ass.

The Japanese Woman is awake, staring at Richard. She smiles.

#### **INT. JAMBA JUICE/HEALTH FOOD STORE - DAY**

SUPER: OTTAWA, ONTARIO

SEAN(30S) looks unhappy.

He sits in a Healthy Shake shop. Holding the half-drunk shake in one hand and a 60-day sober chip in the other.

He watches people walk by through the window.

A Japanese Woman (30s) working behind the counter watches Sean.

His cell phone rings, the sound comes from his coat hung on the back of the chair.

Sean turns around and gets the phone out of the pocket in his coat...Looking at the display, his eyes light up.

SEAN  
Sup, Scotty too hotty.

Sean listens to Scott on the phone.

SEAN (CONT'D)  
Yeah, I think it would be good for  
me to get out of here for a bit.  
Fewer temptations, if you know what  
I mean.

Sean continues to listen.

SEAN (CONT'D)  
Cool bro. Talk soon.

He hangs up the phone.

He gets up and slides his coat on.

Walking out of the shake shop, he tosses the healthy shake  
cup in the trash with a THUD.

**EXT. JAMBA JUICE/HEALTH FOOD STORE - CONTINUOUS - DAY**

Sean walks out of the shop and down the sidewalk.

He puts the 60-day chip in his pocket. A smile starts  
breaking across his face.

An OLD LADY(60s) walks her small dog.

Sean grabs her shoulders and kisses her on the lips.

SEAN  
I'm back, baby!

OLD LADY WALKING DOG  
Oh!

She smiles as Sean runs off down the street.

**INT. INGRID'S APARTMENT -DAY**

SUPER: OLYMPIC VALLEY, CALIFORNIA

A small studio apartment overlooks a small village

...a BUZZING noise fills the apartment.

INGRID(20s) lies on her bed masturbating...

The phone beside her lights up and offsets the BUZZING of her sex toy...

INGRID

Oh Fuck...

Turning off her sex toy, she grabs the phone.

INGRID (CONT'D)

(out of breath)

Hello...no...no, I'm on the treadmill...yeah, I'm in ski shape but haven't been on skis since Sarah...I know she wouldn't...I will take the meeting and go from there...Bye.

Hanging up the phone, she puts it on her nightstand along with her sex toy.

...she gets out of bed, just wearing a t-shirt, and walks into her bathroom...

We hear the WHOOSH of a shower being turned on.

We see her phone's lock screen of Ingrid with SARAH(20s) in ski gear, smiling.

Her TV is on, but it's muted. A JAPANESE WEATHER REPORTER(30s) is standing in front of a weather map looking out through the screen.

Outside Ingrid's apartment, through a window, it is lightly snowing.

**INT. SKI MOVIE PRODUCTION OFFICE BOARD ROOM - DAY**

Scott sits in the boardroom, looking over paperwork piled in front of him.

QUENTIN(40s) and ROGER(30s) both walk in holding take-out coffee cups. They both sit down across from Scott.

SCOTT

Where is my coffee?

ROGER

It's at the coffee shop; tell them Roger sent you.

SCOTT  
(laughing)  
You guys good to go to Japan?

ROGER  
Yeah, I'm good.

QUENTIN  
I'm fucking psyched, man.

SCOTT  
(to Quentin)  
We have a Heli all set up for you,  
and Roger, you want to go down to  
the rental house to pick up the cam  
gear?

ROGER  
Where in Japan are we going?

SCOTT  
Hakuba...it's absolutely dumping  
there right now.

QUENTIN  
Who is coming?

SCOTT  
Richard, Mark, Sean, and possibly  
Ingrid.

QUENTIN  
Sean? Isn't he a bit of a  
liability?

SCOTT  
Got his 60-day chip the other day.  
What about you, Roger? Can you stay  
off the booze for a few weeks?

ROGER  
I can manage.

SCOTT  
Go get ready, then, amigos.

**INT. SKI MOVIE PRODUCTION OFFICE BOARD ROOM - DAY**

Sean, Mark, Richard and Ingrid are sitting in the boardroom.  
Scott walks in with the two interns.

Richard notices the Big Boobed Tight Shirt intern; she passes  
contracts out to the four skiers.

RICHARD  
 (to Big Boobed Tight Shirt  
 intern)  
 Hello.

BIG BOOBED TIGHT SHIRT INTERN  
 Hi Richard. Don't even bother.

RICHARD  
 I was just saying hello.

BIG BOOBED TIGHT SHIRT INTERN  
 Your erection says otherwise.

Richard looks down at the bulge in his pants.

RICHARD  
 Merde. (shit in French)

BIG BOOBED TIGHT SHIRT INTERN  
 Plus, last time you said hello, you  
 gave me the clap.

RICHARD  
 I'm good now.

SCOTT  
 I will give you the usual talk,  
 read over your contracts. If you  
 have any questions, I will get you  
 to talk to legal.

SEAN  
 Hey, just wondering, can this be a  
 dry shoot?  
 (looks around at everyone)  
 The fewer temptations, the better.

MARK  
 Not a bad idea, Sean.

SCOTT  
 I will let you work that out  
 between you guys. Probably not a  
 bad idea.

RICHARD  
 Not even a little wine at dinner?

SEAN  
 I would prefer not, but I can't  
 stop you.

Richard groans.

SCOTT  
Tickets to Tokyo will be in your  
emails. I will have logistics work  
everything out. I need to go.

They each take turns signing the contracts.

Scott gathers up all the signed contracts and leaves the  
room.

Ingrid chases after Scott.

**INT. SKI MOVIE PRODUCTION OFFICE HALLWAY. - CONTINUOUS - DAY**

INGRID  
Can I have a word with you, Scott?

SCOTT  
Yeah, sure. Can I ask you something  
first?  
(hesitates)  
Are you sure you're ready to go?

INGRID  
I think so. I thought of what you  
said on the phone. Sarah would want  
me to get back on the mountain.

SCOTT  
Okay, good to hear. As long as your  
head is in it.

INGRID  
I'm going to dedicate this trip to  
her. I even have a sticker made up  
for my helmet.

Ingrid takes a sticker out of her pocket, which says "What  
would Sarah do?"

SCOTT  
I'm sure the guys will wear it too;  
everyone loved her.

INGRID  
Speaking of the guys...

SCOTT  
Richard.

INGRID

He has a reputation. But I can handle him; been handling guys like him all my life.

SCOTT

This is why I think no alcohol would be smart. I will tell him to bring a flesh light and lots of lube.

(smiles and laughs)

Mark will keep him in line, too.

INGRID

Thanks.

Scott hugs Ingrid.

SCOTT

Good to have you back. I know you and Sarah were close; we all miss her smile around here.

INGRID

Thank you. I appreciate that.

SCOTT

If you need anything before you go, please call me. If I don't hear from you, safe travels.

# **INT. TOKYO INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY**

SUPER: TOKYO, JAPAN

Ingrid, Mark, Sean, Richard, Quentin, and Roger are walking through the Airport.

The airport is bustling with people.

INGRID

I'm going to grab something to drink.

Ingrid stops at a small coffee shop in the airport. She gets her coffee, and she turns around.

In the crowd of people, she sees Sarah(20s) standing on the far side of the terminal.

She is staring at Ingrid...Someone walks in front of Sarah.

Sarah reappears but now with half her skull caved in, blood trickling down her coat and onto the floor..

Ingrid tries to fight her way through the crowd...

By the time she gets to where Sarah was standing, she is gone.

Looking down, a puddle of blood on the floor.

Sean taps Ingrid on the shoulder, she jumps.

SEAN

Ingrid, let's go; we have to catch  
our shuttle to the hotel.

Ingrid turns and looks where the blood was, and it's a spilled cup of coffee.

INGRID

(muttering)  
I must be jet lagged, holy fuck.

#### **EXT. TOKYO STREETS - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT**

The group walk out of a hotel.

They are looking in shops, buying souvenirs.

They are taking pictures with their phones of the city and themselves.

MARK

We have to go if we are going to  
make our reservation.

#### **INT. TEPPANYAKI RESTAURANT - NIGHT**

The group of Skiers and Crew walk into the restaurant.

They are seated by a JAPANESE HOSTESS(30s) around a Teppan  
(flat iron grill).

INGRID

Hey guys! I have a small favour to  
ask...I was wondering if you would  
wear this sticker on your helmets  
or skis during the shoot.

Ingrid pulls a stack of "What Would Sarah Do?" stickers from her coat pocket and passes them around the U-shaped table.

MARK

Of course we will! We all miss the  
hell out of her.

Everyone stares at the sticker as they get it.

The Japanese Hostess carries a tray holding several glasses  
of ice water. She sets a glass in front of each person.

Picking up the glasses, they raise them for a toast.

MARK (CONT'D)

To Sarah...wherever she may be, let  
the sky be bluebird and the powder  
fresh and deep.

ALL

To Sarah!

They touch glasses.

INGRID

We miss you every day...

Roger sips the water and sets his glass down.

ROGER

(to Quentin)

I'm going for a dart, if the  
hostess comes by, order me steak  
medium rare with the fried rice  
upgrade.

**EXT. TEPPANYAKI RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT**

Roger stands on the street in Tokyo, looks up at the night  
sky. He pulls a flask from the inside of his coat, he takes  
a long haul of the liquid inside.

He lets out a long sigh of relief as the liquid goes down  
into his stomach.

Then he puts a cigarette into his mouth and lights it.  
Inhaling the smoke.

An ambulance SCREAMS by him on the street.

His eyes go wide.

**EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT - FLASHBACK**

Roger is sitting on an ambulance stretcher; he has bandages on his hand and forehead.

He is staring at the scene in front of him.

On the street are two cars smashed together. Inside the one car are three blood-stained white sheets. One in the front and two in the back.

PISSED OFF POLICEMAN  
Okay fucker. We're taking you in  
for a breathalyzer and are charging  
you with four counts of vehicular  
manslaughter.

Roger stares ahead; he doesn't hear the Pissed Off Policeman.

The Policeman slaps his hands together in front of Rogers' face.

This awakens Roger, and he attacks the Policeman. Two other POLICEMEN rush to them.

Roger, now prone with his hands handcuffed behind his back.

PISSED OFF POLICEMAN (CONT'D)  
You can add assaulting a police  
officer to the list, asshole.

The Pissed Off Policeman wipes blood from his nose.

**EXT. TEPPANYAKI RESTAURANT - NIGHT - PRESENT**

Roger snaps out of it, looks down, and the cigarette has burned down to the filter. There's a scar on his hand.

He throws the butt down and walks back into the restaurant.

**INT. TEPPANYAKI RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT**

Roger sits at the table.

QUENTIN  
We ordered for you.

Quentin looks at Roger strangely.

QUENTIN (CONT'D)  
(whispering)  
You have a little something on your  
breath, dude.

ROGER  
(snapping, whispering)  
I'm a fucking adult, I will have a  
drink if I want to.

Quentin puts his hands up.

The JAPANESE COOK (50s) walks to the table, pushing a cart  
with the ingredients.

The group watches with anticipation for the show.

The Japanese Chef squirts oil onto the hot flat top. The oil  
sizzles, the chef rubs the oil around with a spatula.

Throwing an egg into the air, the chef unsheathes a chef's  
knife from a leather holster on his hip.

Striking the egg, it splits in half, the yolk falls to the  
hot surface.

The eggshells land on Sean's plate in two even halves.

The group claps, the Chef smiles and bows.

The Hostess stands in the shadows watching them.

#### **INT. PRIVATE HELICOPTER HANGAR - DAY**

#### **OFFICE**

Quentin stands in front of a large wooden desk, while the  
OWNER(30s) of the rental company does paperwork.

OWNER  
Do you have your flight logbook?

Quentin hands him his flight logbook. The Owner continues  
doing paperwork.

In the corner of the office, an ELDERLY BEARDED JAPANESE  
MAN(70s) and an ELDERLY BALD JAPANESE MAN(70s) are playing  
mah-jong.

OWNER (CONT'D)  
Where are you going?

Quentin walks over to a large map on the wall, with his finger, he circles a valley.

QUENTIN

We have a cabin in this valley.

The Owner puts his head down and continues the paperwork.

OWNER

Thank you.

He places a set of keys on the counter in front of Quentin. Picking them up, Quentin drops them into his pocket.

ELDERLY BALD JAPANESE MAN

(in Japanese, subtitled)

Where are they going?

The Owner looks at them.

OWNER

(in Japanese, subtitled)

The Valley of the Lost Souls

The two elderly men stop playing.

ELDERLY BEARDED JAPANESE MAN

(in Japanese, subtitled)

They cannot go there! They will awaken an ancient evil that lives there!

OWNER

(in Japanese, subtitled)

What ancient evil?

ELDERLY BALD JAPANESE MAN

The Yamamba!

Quentin watches this exchange, even though he doesn't understand what is said.

QUENTIN

What are they saying?

OWNER

Nothing, just talking about a fairy tale to scare kids.

The Owner looks at the two elderly men.

OWNER (CONT'D)  
(in Japanese, subtitled)  
You hear me, you old superstitious  
fools!

## HANGAR

Quentin walks towards the helicopter they are using.

QUENTIN  
(to everyone)  
We're over here.

## HELICOPTER

The crew and skiers are loading their gear and supplies into the helicopter.

The Elderly Bald Japanese man approaches the crew, slowly making his way with a cane.

ELDERLY BALD JAPANESE MAN  
(in broken English)  
Be warned! An ancient evil lives in  
that valley. Unless your conscience  
is clear, the Yamamba will take  
your soul, and you will be lost to  
eternity.

The Owner comes running, takes the man by the hand, and directs him back towards the office.

OWNER  
I'm sorry, his mind isn't as sharp  
as it once was.  
(in Japanese, subtitled)  
Grandfather, you will scare away  
the customers. Let's get back  
inside. It's time for your nap.

The Elderly Bald Man looks back at the crew. He shakes his head.

ELDERLY BALD MAN  
(in Japanese, subtitled)  
They should be scared.

Richard is loading gear into the helicopter when he spots something out of the corner of his eye.

The Owner is greeting his WIFE (20s) and a TODDLER (4). The Owner scoops the Toddler up and hugs his Wife.

Richard watches this with a sad look in his eyes.

**EXT. VALLEY - ESTABLISHING - DAY**

SUPER: HAKUBA, JAPAN

A cabin lies situated in a snow-covered valley, the snow sparkles under the sun.

A Helicopter flies into the valley, breaking the silence.

It circles a few times around looking for a landing spot. Finally, it lands close to the cabin.

**YAMAMBA'S HUT - DAY**

A stone hut/house sits near the top of one of the mountains that encircle the valley.

Inside, an elderly Japanese woman sleeps.

The loud noise of the helicopter blades awakens her. Her eyes narrow in anger.

**EXT. CABIN - DAY**

The rotor blades slowly come to a stop.

Through the front windows of the helicopter, Quentin picks up a clipboard to write some numbers down.

The portside door opens, and Ingrid, Sean, Richard, and Mark exit the helicopter.

Mark opens the storage cage on the helicopter's legs. Each person removes some gear: skis, totes, and bags.

They start towards the cabin through the waist-deep snow.

Roger walks towards the tail and opens the aft compartment.

The tail rotor slightly moves in the wind. Roger removes two water-tight cases from the compartment.

He hikes towards the cabin, dragging the cases behind him in the deep snow.

**INT. CABIN - DAY**

The skiers set up their gear in the kitchen. An ironing board is their make-shift wax station.

Roger drops the cases in the living room to set up a mini video village.

Richard tries to turn on a light, he flicks a light switch up and down multiple times.

RICHARD

No power... That's why it's so cold in here.

MARK

I'll go downstairs and check the breakers.

Sean is walking around with his cellphone.

INGRID

What are you doing, Sean?

SEAN

Looking for a cell signal. I can't find any.

INGRID

Well, you should have known there would be no cell service. I think once Mark gets the power on, we can get the Starlink up and running.

Sean puts his cell in his pocket.

Ingrid throws a bag of gear at Sean.

INGRID (CONT'D)

In the meantime. Help set up.

**BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS**

Mark walks down the basement stairs, using a lighter as a light source.

MARK

Ouch... Fuck!

The lighter burns his thumb, he shakes it, and the lighter goes out.

A moment later, Mark flicks the lighter and the flame shoots up. Behind Mark, we see what looks like a ghostly white face.

Mark sees the fuse panel, he moves towards it, the face disappears.

The lighter illuminates the panel and Mark's face. He flips the main breaker, turning the power to the cabin on.

Mark walks by a white shopping bag where the face was.

#### **LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Richard and Sean are sitting on the couch, punching each other.

Roger is setting up his editing station, looking out a picture window overlooking the mountain.

Ingrid is on her hands and knees, looking through records in a 1970s-style record cabinet.

She is flipping record after record.

Richard taps Sean on the leg, then points to Ingrid's ass.

Sean gives Richard a "Fuck off look" and shakes his head.

The power suddenly turns on. The record player turns on and plays a 1960s/1970s dark rock and roll music, a la The Doors or Black Sabbath.

Everyone jumps at the sudden noise.

Quentin walks in from outside.

QUENTIN

You all look like you've seen a ghost.

Mark walks through the door from the basement.

MARK

Power is on.

Everyone looks at Mark.

MARK (CONT'D)

What?

Roger plugs in his camera gear and laptops to charge them up.

QUENTIN  
Let's get a fire going. It will  
warm this place up quicker.

**EXT. WOODSHED - DAY**

Firewood is neatly piled up in rows, a large stump/log sits to the side with a giant splitting axe embedded into it.

**Series of Shots of:**

Everyone takes turns bringing in an armload of wood.

**INT. CABIN - LIVING ROOM - DAY**

In the corner of the living room is a white, metallic free-standing fireplace.

Mark and Quentin are balling up paper. They throw the balls of paper into the fireplace.

QUENTIN  
Did anyone see any small kindling  
in the shed? Everyone brought in  
big pieces.

RICHARD  
I will go look.

Richard, on his way out, sees Ingrid in the kitchen waxing her skis. He smiles at her, she smiles back.

**EXT. WOODSHED - DAY**

Richard looks for small pieces of wood, but he sees none.

Grabbing the axe and pulling it from the stump, he lays a piece of firewood on its end on the stump.

Raising the heavy axe, he swings it. TING!

The piece of firewood goes flying across the woodshed, and the axe almost hits Richard in the leg.

RICHARD  
Mon Dieu...

Richard sets up the wood again and this time strikes the wood with the sharp edge of the axe straight on, splitting the wood.

**INT. CABIN - LIVING ROOM - DAY**

Richard passes the smaller pieces of wood to Mark.

MARK

Merci.

RICHARD

You're welcome.

INGRID

Boots! You're getting the carpets  
wet! I'm going to tell you fuckers  
one thing now, I'm not your Mother.

Richard walks to the front door and takes his boots off.

RICHARD

Sorry Ingrid. Relax mom.

Sean is sitting on the couch.

SEAN

Yeah, Ingrid, you've been uptight  
since we landed in Tokyo.

Ingrid picks up her other ski and places it on the ironing  
board.

INGRID

Just saying, clean up after  
yourselves.

MARK

We got it...We got it...  
(looking around at  
everyone)  
Right guys?

Roger finishes setting up his camera and editing gear.

ROGER

Can someone set up the Starlink?

Sean jumps off the couch.

SEAN

I'll do it! Where is it?

QUENTIN

It's in that black pelican case  
over there.

Sean walks over and grabs it. He leaves to set it up.

ROGER  
I'm hungry, we gonna draw straws  
for cooking order?

Roger looks around at everyone.

RICHARD  
Don't ask Ingrid, she may bite your  
head off.

Ingrid gives Richard the middle finger.

ROGER  
Fine, I'll cook the first meal.

Roger saunters into the kitchen, taking a large pot from the cupboard.

ROGER (CONT'D)  
Roger's famous spaghetti...coming  
on up!

Roger turns the water on, the pipes RUMBLE. No water comes out.

ROGER (CONT'D)  
Shit, Mark did the pump for the  
well kick on when you turned the  
power on?

MARK  
No man didn't notice.

Roger turns the stove on.

ROGER  
Well, at least we have propane.

**EXT. CABIN - DAY**

Roger walks outside and begins throwing snow into the large pot. Filling the pot almost to the top.

He sees dark grey clouds moving into the valley.

Roger sees a dark figure moving on the roof of the cabin.

ROGER  
Sean! You're some horny to set up  
the internet.

**ROOF OF THE CABIN - CONTINUOUS - DAY**

Sean is setting up the Starlink on the snowy roof.

SEAN  
Yeah bro! I have court-mandated  
check-ins with my sponsor for my  
rehab.  
(makes sure receiver is  
stable)  
There we go.

Sean jumps and slides down the roof through the snow on his back, landing in a snow pile by the cabin.

Starlink cable in hand, he feeds it through a window.

SEAN (CONT'D)  
Also, so I can FaceTime my  
daughter.

A dark figure moves in the distance.

**INT. KITCHEN - DAY**

Roger puts the pot on the blue propane flame.

ROGER  
Going to be a while. Mark, you're  
the off-grid, roughing-it guy. Can  
you figure the pump out?

MARK  
I guess so.

ROGER  
Looks like a storm is moving in,  
too.

**INT. BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS**

Mark goes back down in the basement, he finds the pump. He flicks the switch, and the pump roars to life.

DISEMBODIED VOICE  
(female voice)  
Mark...

Mark shakes his head. He looks around. He doesn't see anyone.

**INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS - DAY**

Mark walks through the door.

MARK  
Ingrid, did you call for me?

INGRID  
Nope, been busy here.

MARK  
Strange, okay. Sean! Buddy, it's  
way too quiet in here. Throw on  
some tunes.

Sean looks through the records and finds a 1980s new wave  
record. He puts it on the record player.

SEAN  
Sorry, no music from this century.

**EXT. MOUNTAINSIDE - DAY**

Looking down into the valley from the mountain, we can hear  
the 1980s new wave music echoing through the valley.

In the snow stands an ELDERLY JAPANESE WOMAN/YAMAMBA(70s).  
She looks down with anger.

The winds pick up the dark snow-filled clouds move in.

Her traditional Japanese clothes are flowing in the wind.

**INT. CABIN - NIGHT****Series of shots:**

- The ski movie crew are eating and having fun. Dancing,  
throwing spaghetti at each other.

- a shot of each one waxing their skis

We hear a tea kettle WHISTLE.

MARK  
Since this is a dry shoot, I made  
hot chocolate for everyone.

Everyone laughs.

RICHARD  
Are we going to play truth or dare  
next, or a board game?

Again, everyone laughs.

MARK  
A board game sounds fun.

ROGER  
We could hook a laptop up and  
stream a movie.

RICHARD  
(sarcastically)  
I'll make popcorn!

Sean is looking out the picture window.

Ingrid walks up to him, putting her arms around him.

INGRID  
You okay, bud?

SEAN  
I should have stayed home, so you  
guys could drink and have fun.

INGRID  
It's okay, I think we all needed  
this trip.

Outside the window, snow falls heavily.

SEAN  
It's totally dumping.

INGRID  
Totally...gonna be a good day  
tomorrow. Sarah would be stoked.

SEAN  
So stoked.

INGRID  
How is Ava?

SEAN  
Getting big, can't wait to start  
supervised visitations with her  
when we get back.

Sean takes his sixty-day sobriety chip out of his pocket.

SEAN (CONT'D)  
Had to earn this first...

Mark and Richard walk up to where Sean and Ingrid stand.

All four skiers look out at the large picture window, the snow so heavy you can't see the helicopter.

Roger takes a picture of the four Skiers.

ROGER  
All right! I cooked. You guys can clean.

**LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS - DUSK**

Mark and Ingrid sit on the couch. The fire is CRACKLING and POPPING in the corner. Ingrid is painting Mark's fingernails.

MARK  
Ingrid, can I ask you something?

INGRID  
Yeah, sure.

MARK  
You and Sarah... You were more than just friends. If I'm wrong...

Ingrid looks at Mark.

INGRID  
You're not wrong. It started as a drunken experiment, then turned into something serious.

Ingrid starts tearing up, she wipes them away.

Mark can only look at her.

Ingrid smiles.

**KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS - DUSK**

Sean and Richard are doing dishes.

Richard spins a dish towel and snaps him in the crotch.

SEAN  
Holy fuck, right on the knob of my dick!!

Sean drops to his knees, while Richard just laughs.

Catching his breath, Sean stands up and puts his hands into the dishwater.

SEAN (CONT'D)

Fuck!!

Quickly pulls his hand out of the water.

No sign of anything at first, then blood pours out of the side of his hand.

Sean SCREAMS when he sees the blood.

RICHARD

Holy shit!

Ingrid runs over to Sean from the Living Room.

INGRID

Come here, let me see!

Sean stands still while Ingrid looks at his hand.

INGRID (CONT'D)

You have a piece of glass in your hand. Someone get me the first aid kit.

Sweat starts beading on Sean's forehead.

SEAN

I think I'm going to pass out.

INGRID

Sit then!

Sean sits in one of the kitchen chairs. He puts his head between his legs.

Ingrid holds his arm up, Quentin brings the first aid kit. Blood trickles from his hand down his arm.

Quentin opens the first aid kit and presents it to Ingrid.

Ingrid grabs the tweezers, she slowly pulls a piece of glass out of Sean's hand. She wraps it in gauze.

INGRID (CONT'D)

(to Quentin)

Get him a glass of orange juice.

(to Sean)

(MORE)

INGRID (CONT'D)  
Sean, you would have made a lousy woman.

Sean lays his head down and starts laughing.

SEAN  
Jesus, haven't even skied yet and I'm getting bunged up.

INGRID  
It's late, I'm going to bed if I want to get some early runs in.

MARK  
Yeah, probably a good idea we all go. Before someone else gets hurt.

**SEAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Sean sits up in bed, his laptop open on his lap.

On the screen, AVA(4) shows him a drawing.

AVA  
I drew a picture of you skiing, Daddy.

SEAN  
I love it, baby-girl! I can't wait for you to give it to me.

A Woman appears on the screen, it's SEAN'S EX(20s).

SEAN'S EX  
I need to get her ready for day care.

SEAN  
Okay... Bye baby-girl!

AVA  
Bye, Daddy, I miss you!

Ava kisses the camera, Sean blows her a kiss.

SEAN'S EX  
Bye Sean.

The screen goes black. Sean wipes a tear from his face.

**INGRID'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Ingrid sits on the edge of her bed, scrolling through her photo reel. Pictures of her and Sarah.

**KITCHEN - NIGHT**

Quentin surfs the internet, he lands on a search engine. He types into the search bar "YAMAMBA and VALLEY OF LOST SOULS"

YouTube videos pop up talking about the story of the Yamamba. Scrolling down, he sees a recent article in Japanese. He taps the translate button to English, the article reloads.

"3 Hikers Vanish in the Valley of Lost Souls." In the picture, we see the same Japanese woman (30s) who was seen with the skiers in the background, amongst a crowd.

Then the pictures of the three missing hikers, the man from the teaser, stares out from the screen.

Quentin's cell phone vibrates. A text message bubble pops up on the screen.

"When you get home from Japan, you are moving out!!!!!! I'm tired of being your punching bag!!! We are through!!!"

Quentin looks at it, nudging his phone away.

QUENTIN  
(whispering)  
Fucking cunt, it's over when I say  
it's over.

**MARK'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Mark, with a sleeping mask over his eyes, snores soundly. On his bedside sits a package of THC edibles.

**RICHARD'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Richard lies in bed, sheets pulled over him. We can see his arms moving under the sheets.

Frustrated, he sighs, his hands come out holding a flesh light. Throwing it on the side table.

RICHARD  
It's not even close to the same,  
realistic feel, my ass.

**LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

Roger is logging into his editing software. He peeks over his shoulder to make sure nobody is watching him. Opening a case, he opens a false bottom.

In the false bottom is a bottle of whiskey; opening it up, he takes a quick drink.

The sound of a chair scraping against the floor in the kitchen startles him.

Returning the bottle to the false bottom, he quickly shuts the case.

Quentin passes through the living room.

QUENTIN

I'm going to go crash. See you in the morning.

ROGER

Should pilots really say that?

Quentin laughs as he leaves for bed.

**EXT. CABIN - DAY**

The helicopter motor starts WHIRRING to life. The blades start moving.

It takes off and flies to the top of a mountain.

**EXT. TOP OF MOUNTAIN - DAY**

The skiers exit the helicopter, removing their skis from the cage attached to the landing rails of the helicopter.

**EXT. BASE OF THE MOUNTAIN - DAY**

The helicopter lands at the base of the mountain.

Roger stands at the base of the mountain behind a camera. Quentin now stands beside him.

QUENTIN

(on radio)

Are you guys in position?

MARK (V.O.)

Yup, we're ready.

ROGER  
(on radio)  
Turn your action cams on.

MARK (V.O.)  
Copy..They're on.

ROGER  
(on radio)  
Rolling... drop in whenever you're ready.

**SERIES OF SHOTS (This sequence should be 3-5 minutes long) A fast-paced song plays over this sequence.**

- Each skier is going down the mountain
- Jumping off cliffs, then stomping the landings in waist-deep snow
- Skiing through trees/grinding on fallen trees
- Slaloming down the mountain
- Moguling large pillows of snow.

**EXT. BASE OF THE MOUNTAIN - DAY**

The four skiers are at the base camp, drinking water and having a snack.

ROGER  
One more run, then call it a day?

ALL  
Let's do this!

INGRID  
It's a bluebird day, and the pow is deep.

**EXT. TOP OF THE MOUNTAIN - DAY**

The skiers are standing around waiting for their turn to go.

MARK  
Who wants to drop in first?

SEAN  
I'll go; I've already picked my  
line.

MARK  
(on radio)  
Roger, Sean is going to drop first.

Sean positions himself on the edge of the mountain. He presses the record button on the action cam attached to his chest.

The tips of his skis hang over the edge of the run; this is a steep run.

MARK (CONT'D)  
(on radio)  
Are you rolling?

ROGER (V.O.)  
Rolling.

MARK  
It's go time.

Mark points to Sean, signalling him to go.

Sean drops into the mountain. Slaloming down the face of the mountain. He jumps over a cliff, stomping the landing into the deep snow. The snow flies in the air, Sean skis out of the flying snow.

Near the base of the mountain is a glade (forest) area. Sean skis into the glades, going around trees, grinding on the trunks of fallen or bent-over trees.

Out of nowhere, an Old Japanese Lady wearing feudal Japan style clothes walks out from behind a tree. Sean moves to avoid her. He slams into a tree, knocking himself unconscious.

Sean lies in the snow unconscious.

#### **INT. CABIN - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT**

The valley is quiet where the cabin is. Smoke is pouring out of the chimney. The lights are on in the cabin. The stars twinkle in the night sky over the mountains.

**LIVING ROOM**

Sean lies on the couch, ice pack on his head. A cloth covering his eyes.

**KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT**

ROGER

I don't know. I think Quentin should fly him out.

QUENTIN

I think you're right, he could have a brain bleed.

**LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT**

Sean listens to their conversation.

SEAN

No! I'm not leaving, I'm okay.

Sean attempts to stand, but he winces in pain and lies back down.

RICHARD

Dude, you crashed hard.

SEAN

No. I'm staying.

MARK

I don't know, I think they're right. You could have a bleed somewhere.

SEAN

I'm staying.

Sean stands this time, he winces in pain while struggling to walk.

MARK

Let me help you to your room.

SEAN

I'm good, bro. I need to move around. Fuck.

**SEAN'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT**

Sean enters his bedroom, tired and sore, he pulls back the sheets on his bed.

Lying under his sheets is a bottle of red wine.

He picks it up, he limps out of his room.

**RICHARD'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT**

Richard sits on the edge of his bed looking through a magazine, a bottle of red wine flies by his head, narrowly missing him.

The bottle smashed against the wall, the red wine dripping down the wall like blood.

RICHARD  
What the fuck, man!

SEAN  
Fuck you, cocksucker!

Richard turns and looks at the red wine dripping down the wall and glass on the floor.

ROGER  
Clean this shit up!

SEAN  
You clean it up, asshole!

Ingrid comes up to see what is going on.

INGRID  
What's going on?

RICHARD  
I don't know, Sean is freaking out!  
I think he fucked his brain up.

SEAN  
This asshole left a bottle of wine  
in my bed.

INGRID  
Not funny, Rich.

RICHARD  
I didn't do it!

INGRID

Whatever, everyone, calm the fuck down. Sean, leave now...Fuck you're a bunch of children!

Sean limps back across the hall to his bed.

**INGRID'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT**

Ingrid tosses and turns in her bed; she seems to be having a nightmare or can't get comfortable.

**RICHARD'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT**

Sleeping peacefully, he lies still.

His eyes suddenly open, they are black like a shark's.

He smiles, stands up and leaves the room.

**INGRID'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT**

The bedroom door slowly opens, Richard's silhouette stands in the doorway blocking light from the hallway.

Ingrid was still unsettled, tossing and turning.

Richard walks up to Ingrid's bed. He runs his hands up her leg under the sheet.

Ingrid stops tossing and turning. She smiles.

INGRID

Mmmm. Sarah.

Removing his hand, he licks his fingers.

INGRID (CONT'D)

More... More Sarah, Please... I miss how you feel...

Richard, with his black eyes, smiles a crooked, demonic smile.

INGRID (CONT'D)

Kiss me... Sarah...

Richard slinks up towards her head. He hovers over her.

He kisses her neck behind her ear.

INGRID (CONT'D)  
Yes... Sarah... Fuck.

Ingrid MOANS. Grabbing his head, holding it in place, she grabs his hand, placing it on her breast. She MOANS softly, her eyes open quickly.

Looking up, she sees Richard staring at her with a weird, crooked smile.

RICHARD  
(female voice)  
Ingrid, I miss the way YOU taste.

Richard inhales through his nose.

RICHARD (CONT'D)  
(female voice)  
...and the way you smell when you are excited.

INGRID  
S... Sarah?

Richard's laugh goes from a sweet, innocent laugh then distorts to a laugh that's demonic.

RICHARD  
(high-pitched voice)  
Sarah... Sarah's not here anymore...

Ingrid SCREAMS, then kicks Richard, which sends him off the bed.

Richard hits the floor, his eyes turn back to his normal blue eyes. The wind knocked out of him.

RICHARD (CONT'D)  
What the fuck!

Roger and Quentin burst into the room.

Ingrid covers up.

ROGER  
What's going on!

Ingrid is crying in bed.

Richard is lying on the floor.

**LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT**

Ingrid sits on the couch, staring straight ahead.

Richard on a chair, staring straight ahead.

RICHARD

I've never slept walked in my life.  
I wouldn't...

INGRID

(in shock)

It wasn't you. I heard Sarah's  
voice come out of your mouth. Then  
this ungodly voice.

QUENTIN

Are you sure, Ingrid? You just woke  
up. Also, not yourself.

INGRID

I know what I heard.

MARK

What's going on? Why is everyone up  
so early?

Richard has a thousand-yard stare.

ROGER

We should pack this up and go home.

QUENTIN

I agree, something doesn't feel  
right.

INGRID

NO. I'm finishing this for Sarah,  
then I'm done.

Ingrid stands.

INGRID (CONT'D)

Mark, can I sleep in your room?

MARK

Yep, I'll crash in yours.

INGRID

No. I want the company. I don't  
want to be alone right now.

**MARK'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT**

Ingrid and Mark are in bed back-to-back.

INGRID

I think I'm going crazy, Mark.  
Everywhere I go, I see Sarah.  
Tonight, I swore I heard her voice  
come out of Richard's mouth.

MARK

Grief is a funny thing. Have you  
gone to a grief counsellor?

INGRID

No. Maybe I should, I miss her so  
much.

MARK

The mountain gives and it takes in  
this sport; you never know when it  
will be your last run.

INGRID

Yeah...

MARK

Let's get through these few days,  
then get you home for help.

**LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

Roger is sitting at his computer. He is going through the  
footage of Sean's run that day.

Getting to the footage of the wipeout that hurt Sean from his  
GoPro, Roger sees a blur.

Rewinding and slowing down the accident frame by frame, he  
sees a black blur come out from the trees. Pausing it, he  
sees a demonic face of an old Japanese hag.

Roger looks into the deep black eyes and gets scared,  
slamming the laptop screen down.

DISEMBODIED VOICE

You are a murderer, Roger...You  
killed that family and got away  
with it.

ROGER

No...it was an accident.

DISEMBODIED VOICE  
You will pay for your sin,  
Roger...The bill is due.

ROGER  
I paid...oh god, I paid with guilt  
and prison time.

DISEMBODIED VOICE  
It's not enough...

Roger is looking around, trying to find the source of the voice.

QUENTIN  
Roger! Been calling for you, bud.  
There is an email from Scott you  
need to read.

ROGER  
Yeah, will read it and hit the hay.  
Over tired.

Roger leaves the room, and behind him is the face of the Yamamba peering through the window.

Her long, unkempt fingernails touch the glass and scratch down the glass; she grins. Then quickly leaves.

#### **INT. CABIN - DAY**

Everyone is quiet, eating breakfast. Their eyes tell a story that nobody got much sleep last night.

To break the tension, Quentin reaches over and pretends to milk the braids in Mark's goatee.

#### **EXT. TOP OF THE MOUNTAIN - DAY**

Ingrid stands alone on the top of the mountain. She looks tired.

ROGER  
(over mic)  
You ready to drop Ingrid?

Ingrid looks down the mountain, her eyes start to close.

Another female skier brushes past her.

SARAH  
Let's go, Banana pants!

Ingrid smiles and pulls her ski goggles down. She races after her friend.

The pair are racing down the mountain.

**Series of Shots:**

-grinding trees

-skiing in between the trees

-doing figure eights down the side of the mountain

Sarah hucks a giant cliff.

Ingrid skis and stops at the edge and looks down.

Looking down, she sees the splattered corpse of Sarah on the rocks below.

Behind her, the Yamamba is now standing.

Ingrid is crying, but nothing comes out. Just the sound of the wind.

Turning around, she is face-to-face with the Japanese witch.

YAMAMBA

Your next!

The Yamamba pushes Ingrid over the cliff.

Ingrid hurtles to the rocks below.

**INT. CABIN - MARK'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Ingrid wakes up screaming.

Mark is startled awake, falling off the bed.

MARK

What is going on!

INGRID

I'm done!! We need to leave now!

Ingrid furiously starts packing.

Quentin and Roger come into the cabin.

QUENTIN

What's happening?

MARK

We need to leave. There is something not right with this valley.

Quentin is looking at Ingrid.

QUENTIN

Yeahhhhh. I think you're right. I will get the helicopter fired up.

**EXT. HELICOPTER - DAY**

Quentin looks at his phone for the weather forecast. His phone shows sunny but cold conditions.

Looking at the horizon, he sees a storm moving in. The wind is starting to pick up, the rotor blades move in the wind.

**INT. CABIN - DAY**

Quentin comes back in.

QUENTIN

Not sure we are going anywhere, looks like a storm is moving into the valley.

INGRID

No. No. No. We've got to get out of this place.

Sean hobbles into the living room with Richard helping him.

RICHARD

What's going on?

Sean winces as he sits down.

Mark walks up to Richard.

MARK

(whispering)

Ingrid, I don't think she was ready; she is going shack-wacky.

Ingrid stares at Mark, Richard, and Sean.

INGRID

Don't do that! I'm not going shack-wacky or crazy.

The three men just stand and stare at her.

RICHARD

I do agree with her, though. Sean is in a lot of pain. He needs a hospital.

MARK

Unfortunately, with the storm rolling in, we're not going anywhere.

QUENTIN

I will watch the storm and will have a better idea when we can leave then.

MARK

Thanks, Q.

Quentin and Roger talk in private near his editing station.

QUENTIN

I know the weather service isn't perfect...but to be this wrong.

Quentin shows the forecast to Roger.

Roger sees the sunny forecast. Then he looks out the window.

The grey clouds are moving in, the wind is blowing through the fir and spruce trees in the valley.

MARK

Why is the weather app saying sun?

ROGER

Yeah, I don't like this.

**EXT. CABIN - ESTABLISHING - DAY**

The dark grey clouds move through the valley towards the lonesome cabin.

Light snow is beginning to fall.

**INT. CABIN - DAY**

The cabin is getting cold, the electric heat doesn't seem to be keeping up.

There is no wood left in the wood holder.

Richard stands up.

RICHARD  
I'm going to get wood; it's getting cold.

MARK  
Good idea.

**EXT. WOODSHED - DAY**

Richard walks into the woodshed, he brushes snow out of his hair.

He starts gathering wood in his arms to bring inside.

YOUNG YAMAMBA (O.C.)  
Hello there.

This startles him; he drops the logs. He spins around.

Standing in front of him is the YOUNG YAMAMBA (20s), who is wearing a silk kimono tied at her waist. She walks towards him barefoot in the snow.

RICHARD  
Where did you come from? Aren't you freezing?

YOUNG YAMAMBA  
Oh...the cold doesn't bother me.

The Young Yamamba unties the kimono and drops it in the snow.

RICHARD  
I see that...oh my god.

The witch tiptoes in the snow towards him.

YOUNG YAMAMBA  
You like?

She grabs him by his crotch.

RICHARD  
Yes...very much so.

She jumps into his arms, wrapping her legs around him. She starts kissing him.

**INT. HOUSE - DAY - FLASHBACK**

Richard (8) is sitting in front of the TV watching cartoons dubbed in French.

His Mother and Father, both in their 30s, are finely dressed. Richard sees this and runs over.

RICHARD 8  
(French, subtitled in  
English)  
Mama...Dad? Where are you going?

RICHARDS DAD  
(French, subtitled in  
English)  
We are going out for the night.  
Make sure you get yourself to bed.

Richard looks disappointed.

RICHARD 8  
(French, subtitled in  
English)  
I thought we were going to decorate  
the Christmas tree tonight and  
watch a movie?

Richards' Mother looks at him strangely.

RICHARDS MOTHER  
(French, subtitled in  
English)  
Go ahead, we are going out.

RICHARD  
(French, subtitled in  
English)  
Well, can I have a hug then?

RICHARDS MOTHER  
(French, subtitled in  
English)  
No, you will mess up my hair and  
makeup.

Richards' Mother walks out the front door.

Richards' Dad pats him on the back.

RICHARDS DAD  
(French, subtitled in  
English)  
See you in the morning.

Richards' Dad walks out. The front door slams shut.

Richard stares at the door for a moment, then goes back to the living room.

He looks at the undecorated tree, a tear running down his cheek.

**INT. WOODSHED - DAY**

Behind Richard, the Old Hag Yamamba appears, holding the large splitting axe.

YAMAMBA

Have you ever been pegged, Richard?

Before Richard can answer. The Yamamba forcefully sticks the ash axe handle into his ass and comes out of his mouth.

Richards' eyes move side to side.

The Young Yamamba, now splattered with blood, laughs in a cute way. Picking up her kimono as she walks out of the woodshed.

YOUNG YAMAMBA (O.S.)

Have fun, you two!

The Young Yamamba peeks her head back in the doorway.

YOUNG YAMAMBA (CONT'D)

Oh? Are you into GILFs?

The Yamamba forcefully rips the axe handle out, then swings it, severing his head off.

Richards' head flies across the woodshed. Landing in the corner.

**INT. CABIN - LIVING ROOM - DAY**

Sean is sitting in a chair; the pain has become harder to manage.

SEAN

I need to go to my room, I need to lie down. The pain is becoming too intolerable.

QUENTIN

We're going to fly out as soon as this storm passes.

Sean nods, standing, he winces.

**SEAN'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS - DAY**

Walking in, Sean sits down on his bed, then slowly lies down.

Roger walks in.

ROGER

Dude, I know you're in a lot of pain.

Tosses a bottle of morphine tablets at him.

Sean catches them and hears the pills RATTLE in the bottle.

ROGER (CONT'D)

Take them, don't take them. I just don't want to see you in pain. I get the sobriety thing. I've been sober since the accident.

Roger leaves the room. Sean stares at the pills. Out of his pocket, he pulls the chip, setting it down on his bedside table.

He cracks open the pill bottle, he pops two in his mouth and washes them down with water from his bedside table.

He goes to sleep.

**INT. SEAN'S APARTMENT - FLASHBACK**

Sean sits in a large recliner chair. His eyes are glazed over, and drool is hanging from his mouth.

His arm has a syringe hanging out of it.

Baby Ava (2) with a full diaper is just old enough to walk, walks up to Sean and pulls the syringe out.

Sean's Ex walks in and sees Baby Ava holding the syringe. She SCREAMS. Sean slightly reacts to the scream, barely looking up.

Sean's Ex picks Ava up and walks out of the apartment.

**SKI MOVIE PRODUCTION OFFICE BOARD ROOM - DREAM SEQUENCE**

Sean sits behind the large boardroom table.

People walk into the room, but we can't see their faces, just the back of their heads.

Sean sits in a chair in a spotlight.

UNKNOWN MALE

Sean, in order to keep filming with us, you will need to go to rehab.

UNKNOWN FEMALE

Your drug use is out of control. You are going to hurt yourself or someone else, we won't be able to get insurance.

Sean lays his head down on the large table.

UNKNOWN MALE

If you don't agree, we will have to break our contract with you.

UNKNOWN FEMALE

We, of course, will pay for the rehab.

#### **INT. SEAN'S APARTMENT - FLASHBACK**

Sean packs for his stay in rehab. He flops down in a large recliner.

A ZIPPO lighter CLICKS, and a large blue flame comes out.

A spoon with heroin on it appears in the flame and starts boiling. A syringe needle enters the liquid and is drawn into the tube of the syringe.

Sean wraps a bungee cord around his thigh.

Searching for a vein in his foot, he finds one between his toes. He injects the heroin into the small vein.

Lying back in the recliner, we can see the necrotic needle marks in both arms.

The warmth of the heroin covers him like a blanket, and a small smile crosses his face.

In the corner, standing is the Japanese lady he ran into at the healthy shake store.

YAMAMBA

Hello handsome.

Sean looks her way with hazy, drug-addled eyes.

SEAN

Hey, how did you get in here?

YAMAMBA

(singing)

One toke over the line, dear Jesus,  
one toke over the line..

The Yamamba starts creeping towards him, her eyes jet black.

Sean tries to move, but he can only manage small movements.

Sean SCREAMS.

**INT. SEAN'S BEDROOM - DAY**

Waking up in his bedroom in the cabin, Sean looks up and sees a dark figure sitting on him.

The figure pulls back its hood, and it's the same Japanese woman with jet black eyes.

YAMAMBA

Hello handsome.

Between her fingers are syringes full of heroin.

Sean's eyes go wide before he can scream, the Yamamba plunges the syringes into his chest. Pushing the plungers, injecting the drug into his body.

Sean immediately begins to have a seizure, white foam begins to come out of his mouth.

Sean stops seizing. The white foam starts turning red, and blood starts dripping out of his nose and the corners of his eyes.

YAMAMBA (CONT'D)

Best high ever.

The Yamamba disappears.

Outside Sean's window, the snowstorm is growing in intensity. Sean's body lies still with the wind howling outside his window.

**KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS - DAY**

The storm is picking up outside the kitchen window, the wind howling.

Quentin and Roger sit at the kitchen table drinking coffee.

ROGER

It's getting colder in here...Where's Richard with the wood?

QUENTIN

Probably taking matters into his own hands.

Quentin makes a fist, moves it up and down.

ROGER

I think it's too cold out there even for him.

QUENTIN

I think I should go look for him, make sure he is good. He could have slipped on some ice or something.

ROGER

I hope you don't see anything you can't unsee.

Quentin stands up, he turns his back to Roger to dump his coffee down the sink.

Looking down as the coffee goes down the sink.

QUENTIN'S VOICE/YAMAMBA

I know you killed them; you were drinking that night.

ROGER

What did you say?

Quentin turns.

QUENTIN

I'm going outside to see if Richard is okay.

ROGER

No after that.

QUENTIN

I didn't say anything.

Quentin leaves to go outside.

**LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS - DAY**

Ingrid walks in, rubbing her eyes.

INGRID  
What's going on?

ROGER  
Quentin just went outside to see  
what Richard is doing.

INGRID  
What? What do you mean?

ROGER  
Rich went to get firewood but never  
came back.

INGRID  
Oh...Where are Sean and Mark?

ROGER  
I think they're both sleeping.

INGRID  
That's good. I don't think Sean has  
gotten much sleep.

ROGER  
Well...I may have given him some  
morphine to help him sleep.

INGRID  
What the fuck, dude?! You gave an  
addict morphine?

ROGER  
He needed something until we get  
out of here! Couldn't stand  
listening to him wince every thirty  
seconds!

INGRID  
Didn't know you were a Doctor! Fuck  
man!

Ingrid storms off towards Sean's room, Roger follows.

**SEAN'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS - DAY**

Sean's dead body, blood dried to his face, and the red foam is drying up. His eyes are still open.

ROGER (O.C.)  
Don't wake him, Ingrid!

INGRID (O.C.)  
I need to check on him!

We hear the door to Sean's room creak open.

Ingrid lets out a blood-curdling scream.

**EXT. CABIN - DAY - SNOWSTORM**

Quentin works his way through the blinding snow and wind towards the woodshed.

His head down forcing himself through the weather.

**WOODSHED - DAY - SNOWSTORM**

The woodshed is empty. The door opens, and in steps Quentin.

Looking around, he sees nothing but a few pieces of firewood lying on the frozen dirt floor.

He walks out.

**EXT. CABIN - DAY - SNOWSTORM**

Making his way back to the cabin, Quentin spots a strange shape near the helicopter.

He walks towards the shape. The closer he gets, the more he sees that it is a snowman.

He gets close enough that, through the blinding snow and wind, he sees that it is Richard's head on top of the snowman.

QUENTIN  
What the fuck!

The eyes on Richard's head spring open.

RICHARD  
Help me, Quentin!

Falling backwards, Quentin crab walks backwards to get away from the snowman.

Two hands burst out of the ground, holding Quentin to the ground. The snowstorm is slowly burying him.

We hear Ingrid's scream come from inside the cabin.

This causes the snow to avalanche off the roof, burying Quentin.

**INT. QUENTIN'S HOUSE - NIGHT - FLASHBACK**

Quentin, sweaty with scratch marks on his face, stands over an UNKNOWN FEMALE (30s).

UNKNOWN FEMALE

Why are you hitting me when it's  
you who cheated! You're mad you got  
caught!! Fuck you!

QUENTIN

Fuck me? Fuck you!

Quentin kicks the Unknown Female in the ribs.

Out of the shadows, the Yamamba (40s) appears; Quentin doesn't see her.

She walks up behind him, kicking him in the back.

YAMAMBA

So...You like to hit women, eh?

The Yamamba straddles Quentin; she punches him in the face.

YAMAMBA (CONT'D)

How about me, huh!

The Yamamba hits Quentin over and over again until his face is unrecognizable. It looks like hamburger.

The Unknown Female is crying on the floor.

The Yamamba stands, her face splattered with blood.

YAMAMBA (CONT'D)

If you ever allow a man to strike  
you again. I will come for you!

**EXT. CABIN -DAY - SNOWSTORM**

Quentin's muffled screams come from the pile of snow; he can get a hand free.

Quentin's free hand twitches over and over again.

Quentin's hand goes limp as the screams stop.

**INT. SEAN'S BEDROOM - DAY - SNOWSTORM**

Mark stands over Sean, feeling for a pulse.

MARK

He has no pulse, and he is cold.  
He has been dead for a while.

Pulling a sheet over Sean's face, Mark stands.

Ingrid is standing in the corner crying.

**LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS - DAY - SNOWSTORM**

Roger sits on the couch with his face buried in his hands.

ROGER

What have I done?

DISEMBODIED VOICES

(collection of voices)

What you always do, Roger, you kill  
the people you love.

Roger stands up.

ROGER

Who said that?

DISEMBODIED VOICES

(collection of voices)

We did.

Roger starts panicking, looking around. The snow is falling hard outside the living room window, we can't see out of it.

WOMAN'S VOICE

It's me.

ROGER

Helen?

WOMAN'S VOICE  
Yes...The kids are here too.

CHILDREN'S VOICE  
Daddy!... We miss you.

Roger is crying now.

ROGER  
Oh god! I miss you too...

DISEMBODIED VOICES  
(collection of voices)  
Why did you kill us then?

ROGER  
It was an accident.

DISEMBODIED VOICES  
(collection of voices)  
It's always an accident with you,  
but you make choices. You chose to  
drink and drive that night.

SEAN'S VOICE  
You chose to give me those pills.

ROGER  
Sean?

DISEMBODIED VOICES  
(collection of voices)  
We're all here, Roger.

ROGER  
Where?

DISEMBODIED VOICES  
(collection of voices)  
We are in the basement.

Roger stares at the basement door.

Roger starts walking towards the door.

CHILDREN'S VOICE  
Come, Daddy, we can be together  
again.

Roger opens the basement door with a slow CREAK.

**SEAN'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS - DAY - SNOWSTORM**

Mark is hugging Ingrid.

MARK

He was a drug addict Ingrid, he was  
on the edge of relapse.

INGRID

I don't believe that. He was happy.

They hear the CREAK of the basement door.

INGRID (CONT'D)

What was that?

MARK

The basement door. Roger must be  
going downstairs.

**BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS**

Roger slowly walks down the stairs.

ROGER

Hello?

We hear a child's giggle.

ROGER (CONT'D)

Kid's are you down here?

DISEMBODIED VOICES

(collection of voices)

Over here.

A light turns on in the back of the basement. We see a noose  
hanging from the rafters of the basement.

ROGER

What? No..No..No..

CHILDREN'S VOICE

Do you not love us and want to see  
us?

WOMAN'S VOICE

This is the only way; free yourself  
of your grief.

The young Yamamba is now standing behind Roger.

YAMAMBA  
Have some dignity..., honour.

Roger turns and looks into her black eyes.

**INT. CAR - NIGHT - FLASHBACK**

Roger is driving his car.

He drives through a red light, his car is t-boned by another car.

The sound of SCREECHING metal and glass flying through the air.

**INT. CABIN - BASEMENT**

ROGER  
I don't want to die.

Roger starts crying.

YAMAMBA  
Nobody wants to die, but that night, you told the paramedics you would trade yourself for them. Now is the time to make good on that promise.

The young Yamamba points to the noose.

Roger turns, staring at the noose.

The Yamamba unsheathes a short sword.

ROGER  
No...I can't do it...

YAMAMBA  
Coward...you have no honour.

The blade of the Yamamba's sword appears through the front of Roger's chest, blood drips from his mouth.

In the corner of the basement stand three figures with blood stained-sheets over them.

.

YAMAMBA (CONT'D)  
Do you think they wanted to die?  
You killed them, COWARD!

The blade disappears, the Yamamba slices Roger's throat.  
Blood pours from his neck.

Falling to the cement floor, blood begins pouring out of his  
neck, pooling around him.

They slowly walk towards Roger as he bleeds out on the  
basement floor. They look down at him, then slowly fade away.

YAMAMBA (CONT'D)  
You will die alone down here.

The door CREAKS open.

INGRID  
Roger? Are you down there?

Ingrid is standing at the top of the stairs.

INGRID (CONT'D)  
Roger?

MARK  
Is he answering?

Roger raises his hands.

Sean appears beside Roger and covers his mouth, he shakes his  
head "No".

INGRID  
No.

MARK  
He must have come back up.

The basement door closes again with a CREAK.

Sean stands and walks into the shadows and disappears.

YAMAMBA  
Don't worry, they are next. Then I  
can rest again.

Roger slowly dies on the floor.

**LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS -DAY -SNOWSTORM**

Mark and Ingrid sit on a couch, staring out the window. The snow is falling so hard that you can't see out. The wind is howling.

They sit in their ski gear to stay warm.

INGRID

Where the fuck is everyone? I don't understand it.

MARK

I don't know. I hope they didn't get lost in this storm.

Ingrid looks at Mark like he is crazy.

MARK (CONT'D)

It can happen, I know in the Arctic they have ropes tied building to building so you don't get lost during storms. They could be freezing to death beside us right now, and they wouldn't know it.

INGRID

Well, Sean's already fucking dead, Quentin and Richard could be wandering out in the snow. Fuck knows where Roger went.

Mark looks at Ingrid.

INGRID (CONT'D)

Don't...

MARK

Don't what?

INGRID

Don't look at me like I'm going insane. I knew I shouldn't have come. I had a bad feeling since we landed in Tokyo.

Mark sighs and rubs the braids in his goatee.

MARK

Let me think for a minute. We need to figure out where everyone went. How much rope do we have?

INGRID  
Not sure why?

MARK  
I'm going to tether myself to a  
rope and walk out to the woodshed.  
See if Richard or Quentin is there.

**KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS - DAY -SNOWSTORM**

Mark coils the rope on the floor. Finding the end, he ties a carabiner to the end and clips it to his snow pants.

Ingrid nervously watches. He hands the other end to Ingrid.

MARK  
There is nothing to tie off on. I  
need you to hold this rope like my  
life depends on it.

INGRID  
Well, it kind of does. I don't know  
about this. What if something  
happens? Then it's just me.

MARK  
Well, Roger should show up soon. He  
is probably distraught about Sean.  
Anyway, the sooner I go. The sooner  
I get back. Hold tight.

Ingrid hugs Mark.

INGRID  
Stay safe. Soon going to be dark.

Mark goes to grab the door handle.

INGRID (CONT'D)  
Wait! The walkie's.

Ingrid runs and grabs two small walkie-talkie's handing one to Mark.

MARK  
Smart. Thanks.

Mark opens the door, the wind and snow blasting them both in the face.

**EXT. CABIN - DAY - SNOWSTORM**

The walk is hard going through the now waist-deep snow. Mark looks around but can't see a thing.

The wind was blowing snow into his eyes and face.

MARK  
(on radio)  
I can't see a damned thing! I think  
the woodshed is this way...

**KITCHEN - DAY - SNOWSTORM**

Ingrid stands by the door holding the rope.

Static comes over the radio.

INGRID  
(on radio)  
Mark, did you say something?

**EXT. CABIN - DAY - SNOWSTORM**

Mark can't hear Ingrid over the wind, he keeps walking.

Mark spots a shape in the storm, he starts walking towards it.

**KITCHEN - DAY - SNOWSTORM**

Ingrid stands staring as the rope slowly uncoils one loop at a time.

More static on the radio. Then it stops.

SARAH'S VOICE  
(on radio)  
Ingrid, can you hear me?

Ingrid's eyes go wide, she looks down at the radio.

INGRID  
(on radio)  
Sarah...you're dead.

Static.

SARAH'S VOICE  
(on radio)  
Yes. So is everyone around you.

**Montage of dead bodies:**

- Roger's body lies on the basement floor in a puddle of blood.
- Quentin outside, all we see is his gloved hand.
- Richard's headless body out in the snow, his head on top of a snowman.
- Sean on his bed.

INGRID  
(on radio)  
How is this possible...

SARAH'S VOICE  
(on radio)  
You made it possible, banana pants.

Ingrid is crying.

INGRID  
(on radio)  
I miss you so much, I'm so sorry.

Static.

SARAH'S VOICE  
(on radio)  
Don't be sorry, just come out.

Ingrid looks down at the rope.

INGRID  
(on radio)  
No...You're not real. I'm tired and cold. I'm hallucinating this.

Static.

SARAH'S VOICE  
(on radio)  
You're not hallucinating, I'm real.  
Just as real as she is.

The Yamamba is now standing behind Ingrid.

INGRID  
(on radio)  
Who? Who is real?

Static.

SARAH'S VOICE  
(on radio)  
Her, behind you.

Ingrid looks up, even through all her snow gear, she feels a chill.

Slowly turning around, Ingrid is face-to-face with the Yamamba. Her deep black eyes look at her.

Ingrid looks into the blackness.

The Yamamba tilts her head like a curious dog. Then grabs Ingrid's head.

CUT TO:

**INT. SKI RESORT ROOM - NIGHT - FLASHBACK**

Sarah walks through a ski resort/hotel room. Out through the garden doors she walks.

On the other side of the garden doors is a hot tub. In the hot tub is Ingrid and a RED-HAIRED WOMAN (20s). They are both in bikinis, drinking Tequila straight from the bottle.

SARAH  
Ingrid! You cheating whore!

The two women in the hot tub start laughing.

INGRID  
(takes a shot)  
Come, come join us, Sarah.

The Red-Haired woman swims to the edge of the hot tub closest to Sarah.

RED HAIRED WOMAN  
Yeah, Sarah. Come join us. You can find out if the carpet matches the drapes on this fire crotch.

SARAH  
Fuck you cunt.

Sarah leans back and punches the red-haired woman in the nose. Blood starts pouring out of her nose.

SARAH (CONT'D)  
We are over Ingrid.

INGRID

You made sure of that yesterday! I  
saw the texts to some guy.

Sarah turns, holding her hand from the punch.

SARAH

That was my brother, you dumb-ass.

Sarah storms out of the room.

Ingrid sits in the hot tub, stunned.

**INT. KITCHEN - DAY - SNOWSTORM**

Ingrid is back in the cabin. The Yamamba's mouth starts  
curling into a sinister smile.

**WOODSHED - DAY - SNOWSTORM**

Mark opens the door and falls exhausted in the woodshed. His  
breathing is laboured.

MARK

(on radio)

I made it to the woodshed.

Mark looks around. He sees a wallet on the ground in the  
corner of the dirt floor.

Opening the wallet, he sees Richard's big smile staring at  
him.

MARK (CONT'D)

Where the fuck are you?

He takes a few more minutes to catch his breath and recoup  
some energy.

MARK (CONT'D)

(on radio)

Ingrid, can you hear me?

Static.

**KITCHEN - DAY - SNOWSTORM**

Ingrid manages to break the gaze of the Yamamba.

Dropping the rope and turning, she runs outside.

Crying and screaming, she is running through the waist-deep snow.

Not able to see where she is going. The wind is blinding her, and the snow sticking to her warm face.

**WOODSHED - DAY - SNOWSTORM**

Mark stands up, holding onto the rope.

He opens the door to the blizzard once again and starts walking.

He follows the rope for several feet; something feels off.

He pulls on the rope, and there is no resistance.

Panicking, he starts pulling and pulling and pulling on the rope. He holds up the end of the rope in front of his ski goggles.

MARK  
Fuck Ingrid!!  
(on radio)  
Ingrid! Can you hear me?

**KITCHEN - DAY - SNOWSTORM**

The walkie-talkie is on the kitchen floor, Mark's voice emitting from it.

The door to the cabin wide open, the snow starts to drift into the opening.

The walkie-talkie is slowly being covered in snow.

**EXT. CABIN - DUSK - SNOWSTORM**

Mark is now lost in the blizzard, the sun is starting to set.

He is wandering around blind and wind-pounding his face.

**INGRID - DUSK - SNOWSTORM**

Trudging through the snow, the snow is freezing to her clothes and hair.

Looking left and right, she starts walking forward.

SARAH'S VOICE (O.S.)  
Ingrid, this way! I'm here!

Ingrid takes a few more steps.

Ingrid disappears downwards.

**MARK - DUSK - SNOWSTORM**

Wanders around in the snowstorm, his clothes covered in snow.

The rope attached to him winds around his leg and trips him.  
Disappearing into the snow.

**INGRID - DUSK - SNOWSTORM**

We follow the face of a cliff, down, down, down. We find  
Ingrid clinging to a cliff face. Below her is a large fir  
tree.

The Yamamba appears over the edge of the cliff.

INGRID  
(crying)  
Help me...please...I'm slipping!

Ingrid loses her grip and she falls, impaling herself on the  
fir tree. Her body slowly sliding down the trunk of the tree.

She takes slow, gasping breaths like a fish out of water; her  
breaths get slower and slower.

Until she stops.

The Yamamba leaves.

**MARK - DUSK - SNOWSTORM**

Mark's head pops up out of the snow, he keeps going. He tries  
to look, but the snow and wind blind him.

He walks some more distance until he finally collapses from  
exhaustion.

**EXT. JAPANESE VILLAGE - NIGHT**

Mark sits in the middle of the village from the beginning, he  
is sitting under a cherry tree.

The petals fall to the ground, and some land on his shoulder and in his hair.

He hears a Baby crying somewhere in the village.

Standing up, he tries to follow the sound. Walking through the village, the sound grows louder. The village is empty except for the sound of the baby.

He finds the source of the crying, he walks up to the paper door. He slides it open.

**INT. JAPANESE VILLAGE ROOM - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT**

Mark walks into the room. In the middle of the room is a crib on the floor.

Approaching the crib, the baby's cries get louder and louder. He gets closer and closer until he is able to peer into the crib.

Looking into the crib, the crying suddenly stops; there is no baby in the crib.

Suddenly. Mark hears the COOING of a baby, it's coming from above him.

Looking up, he sees a baby crawling along the ceiling.

The baby has eyes that are pitch black and has an old gash across its throat.

The baby SCREAMS and drops onto Mark.

Mark SCREAMS.

SMASH CUT TO:

**INT. YAMAMBA'S HUT - NIGHT**

The Yamamba's hut is made of stones, the roof is made of clay pottery shingles. It is windowless. We can still hear the wind howling outside.

The Yamamba is making tea on a fire. On the floor is Mark, who is bundled with heavy blankets.

Mark suddenly sits up, SCREAMING. He stops.

A kettle WHISTLES.

The sound of the kettle makes Mark look around.

He looks around through blurry eyes, seeing the ancient Japanese woman.

She pours the hot water into two tiny green tea cups.

MARK

Where am I?

YAMAMBA

You are in my home, I found you  
half frozen in this terrible  
blizzard.

MARK

Who are you?

The Yamamba shuffles towards Mark, holding the two tea cups.  
She passes one to him, he takes the cup.

She lowers herself down on her knees beside Mark.

YAMAMBA

My name was once Hisa-Man, but now  
I am known as Yamamba. In Japanese,  
my name means mountain witch.

MARK

I dreamt I was in an ancient  
village...

Mark pulls a cherry blossom petal out of his hair.

YAMAMBA

You saw my old village, before I  
cursed it. What else did you see?

MARK

There was this baby...

Mark looks at the Elderly Witch.

MARK (CONT'D)

It was your baby...

YAMAMBA

That's right. Hundreds of years  
ago, my baby and my husband were  
murdered. He was set up by a  
jealous General who served our  
Lord.

Mark takes a sip of the tea.

YAMAMBA (CONT'D)

Our Lord wouldn't listen to my husband. This caused him to murder our baby to end the bloodline...But I ended all of their bloodline with a curse.

MARK

Where are my friends?

YAMAMBA

Your friends were all judged and deemed unworthy. So I killed them.

MARK

Why am I still alive?

YAMAMBA

I looked into your soul. You were pure and had honour. You tried to help all your friends.

MARK

They were all good people who did bad things. They didn't deserve to die.

Mark starts shivering.

YAMAMBA

You are cold. I will go get more firewood.

The Yamamba stands up smoothly.

MARK

Why are you helping me?

YAMAMBA

You are a good person. You have honour.

Mark looks down, then back up.

The old woman who was there is now gone, and standing in front of him is a young woman.

YAMAMBA (CONT'D)

I will be back with more firewood. Whatever you do, do not leave this room.

Mark looks around. He looks back at the door where the witch was standing, and she is gone.

Taking another sip of green tea, Mark lies back shivering.

DISEMBODIED VOICE (O.C.)  
(Ingrid)  
Mark! Mark!

Mark sits up.

DISEMBODIED VOICE (O.C.) (CONT'D)  
(Shaun)  
Help us, Mark!

Mark turns and looks towards a door on the far side of the cabin.

DISEMBODIED VOICES (O.C.)  
(all mixed)  
Mark! Save us! She has us trapped  
in here...

Mark flips the blanket off him, slowly standing. He cautiously makes his way to the door, looking over his shoulder, watching for the witch occasionally.

When he gets to the door, he slowly places his hand on the doorknob.

The voices have stopped, the room is now quiet except for the CRACKLE of the fire.

He puts his ear up to the door.

DISEMBODIED VOICE (O.C.)  
(All)  
MARK! We are in here! Save us!

Mark's hand tightens around the doorknob. He twists it and slams open the door, nearly ripping the door off the hinges.

The room is dark. Turning, he quickly grabs a piece of wood out of the fire. Back in the dark room, he lights it up with the fire.

The room is empty. He starts walking into the room, trying to look into the darkness.

A dry, dirty, clawed hand appears over Mark's shoulder, holding a Tanto (short knife/sword).

The sword sliced Mark's throat in one quick movement. His eyes grow wide.

The blood pours out of the gash down his neck.

In his dying eyes, he sees the bodies of all his friends in the room. Along with other bodies.

YAMAMBA

Enjoy eternity in purgatory. Your  
honour actually killed you.

The Yamamba quickly slams the door. We see each body in the room.

Mark's eyes look upon his friends, each face lifeless.

Outside the door, the Yamamba picks up the blanket off the floor.

She shuffles towards a makeshift bed in the corner. She lies down, pulling the blanket over her body.

The Yamamba closes her eyes.

OVER BLACK:

SUPER: 1 MONTH LATER

**EXT. CABIN - ESTABLISHING - DAY**

A beautiful sunny winter day. The storm has passed, all is quiet.

A helicopter breaks the silence.

It flies around the valley, taking a few passes around the cabin. Landing near the helicopter already there beside the cabin.

Scott gets out along with THREE UNKNOWN PEOPLE. He walks up to the cabin.

The front door open, with snow drifting through it.

**INT. CABIN - DAY**

Walking through the snow drift that is blocking the front door. Scott starts walking around the cabin.

**LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

The producer sees Roger's editing station setup. The computer has a light coating of snow.

The wind has blown a light coating of snow all through the cabin from the door being left open.

Scott walks by the record cabinet, he looks at the record on the turntable. He rubs his finger through the snow on it.

He walks to the large picture window, looking out at the valley.

Scott turns to look at the three unknown people.

SCOTT

We need to contact local  
authorities, we need to find our  
people.

One of the unknown people steps forward, he is an older Japanese man. He speaks in broken English.

JAPANESE MAN

Something you need to know about  
this valley. It is cursed. I told  
your people that before they flew  
out here.

Scott looks at the Japanese Man.

JAPANESE MAN (CONT'D)

Hundreds of years ago, a man  
dishonoured his family, which  
required his death and the death of  
his infant son. Stricken with  
grief, the mother took her own  
life, but not before cursing the  
valley and those who enter it. Your  
people are lost and will never be  
found. They are now prisoners of  
what we call the Yamamba.

#### **INT. SKI MOVIE PRODUCTION OFFICE - DAY**

Scott is sitting at his computer, looking through the footage from Rogers' hard drive.

He has the clip of Sean's crash. Something catches his eye, pausing the video right before the crash.

Behind a tree is an elderly Japanese woman wearing feudal-style clothing. Scott looks into her black eyes.

He shivers and closes the program. On the wallpaper of his computer, the photo that Roger took of the skiers looking out the picture window in the cabin.

Scott turns the lights off, the computer screen glows in the dark as he leaves the office.

**INT. HELICOPTER RENTAL OFFICE - DAY**

The owner unrolls a local paper, it's in Japanese. But on the front page are pictures of the skiers and crew.

The two old men see the pictures and are saddened.

ELDERLY BALD MAN  
(whispering)  
Yamamba...

**INT. YAMAMBA'S HUT - DAY**

The sleeping Yamamba opens her eyes.