

OUT OF THE SHADOWS

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. HIGHWAY - EARLY MORNING

A few hours until dawn, and a semi-trailer truck's the only vehicle on the steep road, which cuts through a dense forest as it climbs the mountain.

No homes, businesses, or street lights. Just mile after mile of nothing but dark, dense woods.

As the road climbs higher, a fog creeps out of the forest, blanketing the road. The higher the truck goes, the thicker the fog becomes, making it difficult to see more than a few yards, forcing it to slow down.

NEWSCASTER (V.O.)

And bad news for everyone but the  
skiers. Doppler's calling for  
nearly three feet of snow and wind  
gusts over sixty miles per hour.

Up ahead, a sign, "Ski area 20 Miles", then the road curves to the right as it goes around the mountain.

INT. CAB OF SEMI - EARLY MORNING

COLE HUGHES, early 30s, Caucasian, rugged/hard looking, listens to the radio as he drives along.

NEWSCASTER (V.O.)

So, build a fire, find someone to  
snuggle, and stay safe, my friends.

Cole slows as he goes around the curve. A look of surprise. He quickly downshifts and jams on the brakes. The truck SCREECHES to a stop.

EXT. SEMI - EARLY MORNING

Cole hops out of his truck. Leaving his headlights on, he SLAMS the door shut, and, pissed off, strides to the front of his truck, and glares ahead.

A rockslide has brought down tons of rock, dirt, trees, and debris, which have formed a wall across the highway. Completely blocking it.

COLE

Dammit all to hell. Now I got to  
drive all the way around--

A loud BAM behind him. Startled, Cole spins around. Surprised, he gapes ahead.

One of his truck's tires exploded for no reason. Shredded pieces of rubber are strewn across the highway.

COLE  
What the hell? Tire ain't but three weeks old.

He walks over to the closest piece, and squats down to get a better look.

The black rubber has whitish stuff along the edges, and it looks faded, almost as if freezer burned.

COLE  
What the...?

He reaches down to pick it up, but, before his fingers touch the rubber, he yanks his hand away.

COLE  
Damn. That thing's colder than Deanna in bed after a fight.

He chuckles at his joke, then, feeling someone staring, he looks around.

Someone, or something, seems to be standing at the treeline. Hidden by shadows and thickening fog. Just a large, dark shape. A person, maybe a large animal, or only shadows.

Nervous, but trying not to show it, Cole, eyes locked on the figure, stands.

COLE  
Someone there?

The fog seeps out of the woods. A thick white wall sweeps across the road. Dark figures seem to be lurking within the impenetrable white mist. Dozens of them. Pitch black figures, obscured by the dense fog.

COLE  
Who's there?

The fog's creeping towards him. Crossing the highway. Covering one lane, and closing fast. The dark figures move with the fog. Inching their way toward Cole.

COLE  
Who are you!?

No answer. They just keep moving closer and closer.

Terrified, Cole reaches for his gun, which isn't on his hip.

COLE

Dammit.

The fog's closing in. It already covers the back half of his truck, and is rapidly moving toward the cab.

COLE

Shit.

Desperate to get his gun, Cole makes a mad dash for his truck's cab. Racing toward the driver's door as the thick fog inches closer and closer.

As Cole grabs the door's handle, the fog sweeps over him. Engulfing him. He SCREAMS in pain, then goes silent.

A gentle breeze blows the fog back across the highway. Leaving only the truck and its shredded tire behind. There's no trace of Cole anywhere.

INT. HUGHES RESIDENCE, LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN - MORNING

The small but warm and cozy home of a working class couple. Framed photographs line the walls.

DEANNA HUGHES, late 20s, Caucasian, petite, athletic, wearing her resort uniform and a necklace, an antique locket, comes into the kitchen, carrying her coffee mug.

She walks over to the pot, refills her mug, then walks over to the living room wall, and looks at the photographs as she sips her coffee. Smiling as she remembers.

The photographs show her and Cole, hiking, camping, fishing. They're smiling and laughing in all of them. In most they're touching. Arms around each other's waist. Holding hands. Touching the others' arm.

She lingers in front of a photograph from their wedding. Standing outside. Him in a tuxedo, her in her grandmother's wedding dress. Staring lovingly into each others eyes.

Her eyes drift to the last picture; a birthday party. A grinning Cole and Deanna sit beside the birthday boy, Caucasian, 1 or 2, who's smiling face is covered with frosting and cake.

The grin fades from Deanna's face. Upset. Fighting back tears, she stares at the boy as she absently clasps hold of her locket.

Her eyes drift to the clock; 7:40. She's late.

DEANNA

Shoot.

She hurries to the sink, dumps out her coffee, rinses her mug, then pulls a pad and paper out of the drawer.

She jots down a quick note, puts it on the refrigerator, then hurries to the front door, and puts on her heavy winter coat.

The note reads: "Cole, sorry I missed you. There's leftover casserole in the fridge. Call me. Love you, D".

In the living room there's a large window that overlooks the front yard and driveway. Outside, Deanna hurries over to her older SUV, and gets in.

EXT. HIGHWAY - MORNING

Deanna's SUV cruises along the two lane road, which is flanked by open, rolling fields that gradually give way to dense forest.

Centuries old trees crowd together, blocking out the sun, bathing the road in shadows.

On the right, the trees thin. A large wooden building, then the entrance to Mountain Ridge Resort appears.

EXT. MOUNTAIN RIDGE LODGE, PARKING LOT - MORNING

Deanna pulls in, waves at the small guardhouse as she drives past, then pulls into the parking lot of the Clubhouse/Check-in/Pool building, and parks.

The road continues up the mountain, disappearing into the dense woods where the cabins, maintenance, and housekeeping/laundry buildings are.

EXT. MOUNTAIN RIDGE LODGE, CLUBHOUSE - MORNING

Deanna waits outside the front door as the security guard, HECTOR, early 20s, Latino, a handsome, muscular, beefcake, hurries over from the guardhouse.

HECTOR  
Sorry, Deanna.

She gives him a teasing smile.

DEANNA  
Rough night, Hector?

He gives her a sheepish grin as he pulls out his keys.

HECTOR  
I fell asleep.

He unlocks the front door.

DEANNA  
Oh, a really rough night?

HECTOR  
Very funny. It was so slow I  
couldn't keep my eyes open. Even  
the bears were quiet.

DEANNA  
That's weird. I figured, with the  
storm coming in, we'd have a real  
mess to deal with this morning.

HECTOR  
Nope.  
(uncomfortable)  
Hey, you mind if I take off. I've  
got to be back here this afternoon.

DEANNA  
You want to crash in a unit?

HECTOR  
Nah, I'll probably have to stay  
tonight, so I should get home,  
spend some time with Pete.

DEANNA  
Tell him I said hi.

She opens the door as Hector jogs back to the guardhouse.

INT. MOUNTAIN RIDGE LODGE, LOBBY - MORNING

A large, open room designed with a rustic feel.

Deanna flips on the lobby lights, then walks over to the  
stairs that lead down to the Activities area.

There are two light switches on the wall. Deanna flips both on. The giant fireplace roars to life, and fluorescent bulbs in the Activities area come on, illuminating the large room.

Deanna stands at the top of the stairs, sadly staring down through the glass doors into the empty and unlit pool area, absently fiddling with her locket as she remembers.

Deanna is so lost in her thoughts that she doesn't hear SOONI, mid 30s, Native American, tall, strong, wearing her housekeeping uniform, carrying a large bag of pool towels, walk in the front door.

SOONI  
Everything OK?

Startled, Deanna jumps, and turns around as she walk over.

DEANNA  
Oh sure, I was just, ah--

SOONI  
Hey, no need to explain.

DEANNA  
Alone today?

SOONI  
Brenda's up in laundry.

She looks through the glass doors at the indoor pool.

SOONI  
I don't know how you do it. Work here after what happened.

DEANNA  
Where am I going to go? Mountain view? One of the roach motels? Or drive down the mountain everyday? Besides, you guys are family. I never would've gotten through it without you.

Sooni hugs Deanna.

SOONI  
You know, if you need anything, I'm always here for you.

DEANNA  
Thanks, Sooni, I appreciate it.

Sooni starts down the steps, but stops, and looks back.

SOONI  
(a concerned look)  
Sure you're OK?

DEANNA  
No, but I will be.

SOONI  
You know where I am if you need me.

Deanna gives her a smile of thanks, then watches Sooni head down to the pool area, before walking to the front desk.

LATER

Deanna stands behind the front desk doing the morning reports. She glances at the clock, a few minutes before nine.

A worried sigh, then she stares at the phone, as if trying to will it to ring.

MAYA, mid 50s, African American, plump, stylish, with a kind face and warm smile, walks in the front door.

DEANNA  
Morning, Maya.

Maya takes off her coat as she walks over.

MAYA  
Morning, hon. Cole make it home?

DEANNA  
Beats me. Wasn't home when I left,  
and the S.O.B. still hasn't called.

MAYA  
And usually he's so thoughtful.

DEANNA  
Maya, be nice.

MAYA  
Just teasing, hon. Heard on the  
radio there was a rockslide over on  
three twenty-one.

DEANNA  
So he'll have to take eighty  
around, great.



MAYA

Better call the check-ins, give them a heads up the road's closed.

DEANNA

The Davenports checked in last night and the Byrd's are staying over on the ridge for a few nights.

MAYA

Good. Well, I've got that resort manager's teleconference starting in a few.

DEANNA

Have fun.

MAYA

I hate you.

They both laugh. Maya walks into the back.

The smile disappears from Deanna's face. Worried, afraid, she stares at the phone, wishing it would ring.

EXT. MOUNTAIN RIDGE LODGE, HOUSEKEEPING/LAUNDRY - MORNING

An older, plain building. A paved lot in front, a gravel employee parking lot on the side. The lot is well lit by the rising sun, but the woods surrounding it remain dark, bathed in shadows.

Something, a large black shape, crouches in the bushes along the treeline. Darker than the shadows that surround it. Hiding from the light, it watches. Waiting.

Sooni drives her Jeep into the employee lot, and parks in front of the building.

She gets out, walks to back door, marked "Employees Only", unlocks it, pulls it open, then stops. Feeling someone watching her, she turns, and looks around.

Her eyes scan the well lit parking lot, then the treeline, which is bathed in shadows.

Seeing nothing, Sooni shrugs it off, and steps inside.

The shape's so still, and so dark, that it almost seems to be part of the shadows. It hides there, watching. Waiting.

As the sun slowly rises in the sky, the shadows grow longer, creeping across the parking lot. Inching toward the building.

INT. MOUNTAIN RIDGE LODGE, CLUBHOUSE LOBBY - MID MORNING

Maya stands behind the front desk trying to comfort Deanna.

MAYA

Just because they found his truck--

DEANNA

Seriously, Maya? What? It was such a lovely morning that he decided to leave his truck there, and walk the rest of the way home?

MAYA

His tire blew. One of his buddies probably came along, and, instead of calling, they went off to knock back a few. It wouldn't be the first time it happened. Oh heck, it wouldn't even be the third.

DEANNA

At six in the morning? Cole went for drinks at--

Maya gives her a "really" look.

DEANNA

OK, you're probably right, but--

MAYA

Until we know for sure, you're going to make yourself sick worrying over what's probably nothing.

DEANNA

Well, duh.

They both laugh, then glance out the front window.

ELLEN, mid 40s, Caucasian, a perpetually annoyed former beauty queen who's led a hard life, strides across the parking lot, approaching like she's coming for battle.

Behind her are AURORA, 14, Caucasian, irritated and bored, her long hair hangs over the side of her face, covering the scar on her cheek, and GAGE, 8, African American, adorable, well dressed, with a book clutched under his arm.

MAYA

Well, she looks pleasant.

DEANNA

Probably Mrs. Davenport, they  
checked in with security last  
night.

Ellen yanks open the door, and strides in. Aurora, surly and  
bored, and Gage, who desperately has to pee, follow.

Maya walks in back as Ellen approaches, the kids follow.

Gage glances down the steps, sees the pool, and gets excited.

GAGE

(to Ellen)

Look at the size of the pool. It's  
huge, and inside. Can we go  
swimming? Today? Please, please.

ELLEN

I thought you had to use the  
restroom.

GAGE

Oh yeah, I forgot.

Ellen turns to Deanna, who's smiling at Gage.

She faces Ellen, who gives her an annoyed look.

DEANNA

Welcome to Mountain Ridge Lodge,  
you must be--

Ellen holds up a hand to stop her.

ELLEN

My stepson needs to use the  
restroom, where is it?

Deanna nods to the other side of the room.

DEANNA

Just over there, past the racks of  
brochures, which showcase all of  
our area--

ELLEN

Fascinating.  
(to Aurora)  
Go with him.

GAGE

I can go by myself.

He looks across the lobby, past the wall of brochures, to the short hall that leads to the restroom.

There are no lights or windows in the hall. It's dark. Pitch black shadows seem to lurk in the corners, terrifying Gage.

Ellen gives him an annoyed look, then snatches the book out of his hand.

ELLEN

If the damn thing scares you so much, why do you insist on constantly reading it?

Gage gives her a timid look.

GAGE

Dad says forewarned is forearmed.

Aurora can see Ellen's about to lose it.

AURORA

(to Gage)

Come on, Squirt. I'll protect you.

Hating the nickname, Gage glares, but takes her hand, and walks with her toward the restroom.

GAGE

Stop calling me that.

AURORA

You got it, Squirt.

Ellen faces Deanna, and, with an annoyed sigh, sets the book on the counter.

ELLEN

This thing's a burr in my ass.

Deanna, suppressing a grin, glances at the book.

It's a collection of Native American Folklore. The cover has an illustration of a creature, a hulking silhouette, creeping through the night, approaching a Tipi.

ELLEN

He found it at a garage sale a year or so ago. Swears that--

Nods at the creature on the cover.

ELLEN

Is going to get him. He's been  
terrified of the dark since.

DEANNA

What is it?

Ellen shakes her head disgustedly.

ELLEN

I don't know. Some sort of shadow  
creature. There's this whole  
cockamamie legend. Gage goes on  
about it so much I've become numb  
to the details. All I know is even  
the slightest shadow can send him  
into a tizzy.

She sees the look on Deanna's face, and, almost as an  
apology, adds;

ELLEN

He lost his mother a few years ago.  
After a long illness.

DEANNA

I understand, believe me, I do.  
(thinks of something)  
Our head housekeeper's Native  
American. I'll ask her about them,  
maybe she, I don't know, can give  
him some advice or something.

Ellen, feeling a sense of relief, smiles.

ELLEN

If you could, I, well I'd truly  
appreciate it.

She returns to her truer, bitchier self.

ELLEN

Now, Davenport. We arrived last  
night and that security guard said  
we had to come check in with you  
this morning.

Deanna picks up a Welcome Packet.

DEANNA

It's just so we could welcome you  
to the resort, and answer any  
questions you might...

Ellen's staring at her with a bored/annoyed look.

Deanna sets the packet beside Ellen.

DEANNA  
You can read this another time.  
I'll go ahead and call Sooni about--  
(nods at the book)  
That.

ELLEN  
I appreciate it.

She picks up Gage's book, leaves the Welcome Packet, and walks over to Aurora, who's looking at the brochures.

INT. MOUNTAIN RIDGE LODGE, LAUNDRY - MID MORNING

An old, drab building. The walls are a faded industrial green. Fluorescent lights hang from the ceiling, illuminating the room. A long, dark hall leads to the exit.

Three industrial sized washing machines on one side, dryers the other. The washers are off, one of the dryers is still running. There's a long table in the center of the room.

Sooni stands at the table, folding towels.

The phone on the wall RINGS. She walks over, and picks it up.

SOONI  
Housekeeping.

DEANNA (V.O.)  
Hey, just me.

SOONI  
Hey, Deanna, what's up?

DEANNA (V.O.)  
This might sound strange, but do you know anything about shadow creatures?

Sooni laughs.

DEANNA (V.O.)  
What's so funny?

SOONI  
My pokni grew up on the Choctaw reservation.

She used to scare the crap out of me and my cousins with tales of those things. Why?

DEANNA (V.O.)

Davenport in 28A. Her stepson read about them, and now the poor thing's afraid of the dark, like terrified.

SOONI

Pokni said they only come for children who misbehave, so, to avoid their wrath, you better mind your elders, and do as you're told.

DEANNA (V.O.)

I'll tell him, thanks.

Soonie hangs up. The dryer BUZZES, then stops. The building is completely silent.

She walks over to the dryer, takes out the towels, carries them to the table, and starts folding them. She hears someone yank OPEN the back door, then it SLAMS shut.

SOONI

Brenda?... Brenda, that you?

She stares down the hall that leads past the storage closet, which is open but dark, then the employee bathroom, breakroom, office, and finally to the closed back door.

There're only two dim bulbs in the long, wide hall, so its dark, hard to see, but it appears empty.

Soonie stares a moment then, seeing nothing, goes back to folding towels.

A loud THUD as something falls to the floor. Starting to feel nervous, Soonie sets the towel on the table, and stares down the long, dark hall.

INT. MOUNTAIN RIDGE LODGE, CLUBHOUSE LOBBY - MID MORNING

An agitated Deanna stands behind the front desk, absently fiddling with her locket as she talks on the phone.

EWAN, mid 20s, Asian American, handsome in a cocky way, wearing his maintenance uniform, comes in the front door, and walks over.

DEANNA

I appreciate it, Debbie. So, I guess I'll just wait to hear from you then.

She hangs up.

EWAN

Still no sign of Cole?

Deanna shakes her head.

DEANNA

Debbie's calling all the garage's and tow services, see if Cole called anyone, and she's got a few deputies out looking.

EWAN

I just got to check the pool, then I'm done for the day. I could round up a few buddies, check out some of his hangouts and stuff.

DEANNA

I appreciate that, Ewan, but you get home before the storm hits. I'm sure Cole's fine. He's probably just pissed about something, and this's his way of getting attention.

Ewan gives her a teasing grin.

EWAN

Which is why you should dump him and run away with me.

DEANNA

Corporate's seminar on sexual harassment really rubbed off on you, didn't it?

EWAN

You do know how dirty that sounded?

Deanna thinks, then gives him an annoyed look.

DEANNA

Oh, shut up and go check the pool.

Ewan laughs. The phone RINGS. Deanna answers it as Ewan walks down to the pool area.



INT. MOUNTAIN RIDGE LODGE, LAUNDRY, HALL - MID MORNING

Sooni starts down the dimly lit hall, eyes and ears alert. She stops at the storage room door, and peers in.

Shelves, filled with linens and cleaning supplies, line the walls. Something's on the floor. A large shape. A person?

SOONI

Brenda!?

Worried, she flips a switch on the wall, and an overhead bulb flickers on.

The shape's just some plastic jugs of cleaner that've fallen off a shelf and onto the floor.

STORAGE ROOM

Sooni steps in, looks around, then reaches down, and grabs one of the bottles.

She shrieks in pain, drops the bottle, then looks at her hand; her fingertips are frostbitten.

Confused, Sooni stares at the two bottles, then squats down to get a better look.

The bottles are frozen solid. The plastic on the back has cracked open. The liquid inside turned to ice.

SOONI

What the hell?

Movement out of the corner of her eye. Something races past the door so fast its just a black blur.

Staring at the door, Sooni stands.

SOONI

Hello? Ewan?

No answer. The building's so quiet she can hear the WIND outside. Another sound. Faint. CRACKING and POPPING sounds, like from a frozen lake on a warm day.

The light from the overhead bulb is dim, but enough to illuminate the small room. The hall beyond is dark.

SOONI

Is someone there?

No answer. Just the strange CRACKING and POPPING sounds. She walks to the door.

SOONI

Ewan, if this is one of your dumb  
practical jokes.

She starts to step into the hall. The CRACKING and POPPING sounds gets louder, as if whatever it is was standing just outside the door.

Afraid, Sooni stops.

SOONI

Ewan? Ewan if that's you, I swear  
I'm going to kick your ass.

No answer. Just the strange SOUNDS.

SOONI

Ewan, this isn't funny.

The CRACKING and POPPING fades, as if the thing making them was moving away.

Afraid, Sooni hesitates, mustering her courage.

HALL

Sooni steps out, and stares down the hall.

Half way down, standing in the darkness, a large shape.  
Ewan's silhouette?

SOONI

Ewan, this is so not funny.

Annoyed, she starts down the hall, meaning to confront him.

The shape charges at her. Moving so fast its just a black blur barreling through the shadows. The CRACKING and POPPING sounds get louder as it gets closer, and closer.

Terrified, Sooni races back toward the storage room.

As she steps into the light, the thing grabs her wrist.

STORAGE ROOM

Sooni screams in pain, and yanks her arm into the light, which burns the creature's pitch black hand.

Its flesh SIZZLES. The creature SHRIEKS in agony, releases Sooni, then races back down the hall.

Terrified, bewildered, but safely in the light, Sooni stares into the hall a moment, then winces in pain, and looks down at her wrist, which has a frostbite burn where the creature touched her.

INT. MOUNTAIN RIDGE LODGE, POOL AREA - MID MORNING

Stairs lead down from the lobby. The men's locker-room and jacuzzi are one way, the ladies locker room the other.

Ewan steps in, and flips a few light switches.

Spotlights set up in and around all the large potted plants come on, illuminating the corners.

An incredibly loud, high pitched SHRIEK, like a wounded Howler monkey, then a blur as something shoots across the pool deck, and disappears into the dark ladies locker room.

The thing moved so fast Ewan isn't even sure he saw it. He stands there, staring a moment, then walks down the stairs, and, cautiously, approaches the ladies locker room.

LADIES LOCKER ROOM

Ewan flips on the lights as he walks in.

The fluorescent bulbs flicker on revealing an old, ugly room, designed in the late 1970's, and not updated since.

Ewan looks around, sees the utility closet door is ajar, so he cautiously walks over, listens a moment, then shoves the door open.

It's a long, narrow, dark room. A mop and bucket up front, a shelf with some cleaning supplies, then, way in back, the water heater. The light from the locker room only reaches the shelves, the back of the room is dark.

Ewan flips the light switch, but nothing happens.

He reaches into his shirt pocket, pulls out a penlight, turns it on, then shines the weak beam around.

The beam only reaches a few feet. The rest of the room is dark, but there seems to be something standing in back, by the water heater. A figure, darker than the shadows.

EWAN  
Someone there?

UTILITY CLOSET

Ewan steps in, shining his light ahead, but he can't tell who or what it is.

He slowly walks towards it. Studying it. Trying to figure out what it is. A person? Just a shadow?

As he approaches, the shape charges at him. Moving so fast it's just a black blur speeding through the darkness.

Ewan tries to shine the light on it, but it zips to the side, dodging the light, and darting around the other side of him.

Ewan turns, trying to catch it in the penlight's beam, but something comes out of the darkness. An arm coming down? Moving too fast for Ewan to see or move out of the way.

Whatever it is is moving so fast, and is so cold, that it slices through Ewan's fingers as if they were made of warm butter. The tips and the flashlight fall to the floor.

The flashlight's bulb breaks. It goes dark, then rolls away.

Ewan screams in pain, and grabs his wounded hand with the other. The tips have been severed and the stumps have third degree frostbite.

He looks ahead. His eyes go wide in terror as something charges towards him. A black blur speeding through the darkness. Barreling down on him.

He opens his mouth to scream, but the darkness descends upon him. Enveloping him.

LOBBY

Deanna's behind the front desk, staring out the window, lost in thought. The phone RINGS.

She looks down at the phone, grimaces, then forces a smile, and answers.

DEANNA  
Yes, Mrs. Davenport... I'm sorry,  
all the restaurants are closed  
this...

Yes, ma'am, this is a tourist area,  
but we're expecting three feet of  
snow, and wind gusts of... Hello?  
Mrs. Davenport?

She hangs up. Maya walks over.

MAYA  
She's a real sweetheart.

DEANNA  
She's a real "C" you next Tuesday.

Maya smiles.

MAYA  
Such a filthy mouth. Oh, I meant to  
ask, who's going to stay and plow?

DEANNA  
Santiago.

She can tell from the look on Maya's face something's wrong.

DEANNA  
What is it?

MAYA  
Hon, I talked to Debbie down at the  
Sheriff's station.

DEANNA  
Cole? Oh Lord, something's  
happened? He's hurt.

MAYA  
No, nothing like that. It's just,  
well, there's no sign of him,  
anywhere. No sightings, no activity  
on his credit card, no pings, or  
whatever, on his cell. It's like--

DEANNA  
He vanished?

MAYA  
Or ran away?

DEANNA  
No way. Cole has a lot of flaws,  
but we both know that's not  
something he'd do. There has to be  
another explanation.

MAYA

Well...

She fades off, not wanting to say.

DEANNA

Maya, tell me.

MAYA

Hon, Sheriff Mike said the  
rockslide opened a fissure in the  
mountain. A pretty deep one.

DEANNA

Oh Lord, he thinks Cole fell in? I  
knew something was wrong. I could  
just feel it.

She turns, and, clasping her locket, stares out the window.  
Past the guardhouse, down to the entrance below.

INT. MOUNTAIN RIDGE LODGE, STORAGE ROOM - LATE MORNING

Soonie sits on the floor, the open first aid kit beside her,  
she carefully wraps her wrist.

When done, she looks across the room, at the door, and the  
dark hallway beyond, trying to think of a way out. She  
realizes something.

SOONIE

The light hurt it.

She looks around. Her eyes scanning the shelves; linens,  
cleaning supplies, boxes of mints.

SOONIE

Shit.

She remembers something, and gets excited.

SOONIE

My cell--

Then remembers, and is pissed.

SOONIE

Is charging in the office. Shit.

She stares at the hall, desperately trying to think of  
something, but nothing comes.

INT. CABIN 5, GUEST BATHROOM - EARLY AFTERNOON

Aurora flips on the lights, and, without looking at herself in the mirror, steps in, sets her toiletry bag on the counter, and unpacks her shampoo, toothbrush, and make-up.

She finally forces herself to look at her reflection in the mirror. Really studies her face.

She tucks her hair behind her ear, and looks at the scar on her cheek. Stares at it. Remaining stoic as she remembers.

INT. TRAILER, MASTER BEDROOM - AFTERNOON (FLASHBACK)

A cheaply decorated bedroom in an old, rundown trailer. AURORA, 5, stands in front a full length mirror, admiring herself. She wears one of her mother's dresses, make-up, jewelry, and a big floppy hat.

In the living room, her parents, both drunk and furious, SCREAM at each other as a toddler (Payton) CRIES. Then Quiet, just the baby CRYING.

ELLEN (O.S.)

Go ahead, walk away. It's the only thing you're good at.

FATHER, mid 30s, Caucasian, angry, slovenly, staggers in.

FATHER

(yelling to other room)  
Shut your yap, you fat ugly cow.

ELLEN (O.S.)

And you're a drunk, impotent--  
(to herself)  
Shit. I dropped my cigarette.

Father sees Aurora's reflection in the mirror. Her frightened eyes staring at him.

FATHER

What the hell are you looking at,  
you little bitch?

Too scared to move, Aurora stands there, back to her father, her large, frightened eyes watching him in the mirror.

ELLEN (O.S.)

And if you're too goddamn lazy to  
look for a job--

FATHER  
I'm warning you.

ELLEN (O.S.)  
The least you could do is clean up  
around here. Place looks like a  
goddamn pigsty.

His rage slowly reaching a boiling point, Father stands there. Seething.

In the mirror, Aurora's accusing eyes are locked on him.

FATHER  
What the hell are you looking at!?

Ellen, a cigarette in one hand, a beer the other, appears in the doorway. She leans against the frame.

ELLEN  
You. Her loser father.

FATHER  
(to Aurora)  
Is that it!? You think I'm a loser?

Too scared to speak, Aurora just stares at him.

ELLEN  
Loser, loser, loser. Can't find a  
job, can't get an erection, can't--

Aurora's accusing eyes are locked on Father. Judging him. He loses it.

FATHER  
You bitch!

He grabs Aurora by the back of the head, and bashes her face into the mirror. The glass SHATTERS.

INT. CABIN 5, GUEST BATHROOM - PRESENT (EARLY AFTERNOON)

Aurora stands there, staring at her reflection. Hearing Father CRY and APOLOGIZE, ELLEN angrily SHRIEK at him, then SIRENS. Ellen appears in the mirror behind her.

Their eyes meet. Ellen sees Aurora's pain, and wants to say something, but doesn't know what.

ELLEN  
Lunch's almost ready.



Aurora just stares at Ellen.

ELLEN

Restaurants are closed tonight, so  
we'll have to cook. Loaded nachos  
and chili sound good?

Aurora nods, but says nothing.

ELLEN

I, ah, like your hair like that. It  
really shows off your pretty face.

A flash of anger, then tears fill Aurora's eyes as she  
quickly moves her hair, to cover her scar.

AURORA

Really, Mom? Really!?

She storms out of the room, across the hall, into the  
bedroom, and SLAMS the door behind her.

BENJAMIN, late 30s, African American, chubby, balding, with a  
beard, appears in the open bathroom door.

ELLEN

I tried.

BENJAMIN

I know. I'll talk to her.

ELLEN

No matter what I say, it's the  
wrong thing.

BENJAMIN

It's OK.

He kisses her forehead.

BENJAMIN

I got this. Go have some lunch.

Ellen gives him a weary smile.

ELLEN

I don't deserve you.

Benjamin kisses her again, then walks over to the bedroom,  
TAPS on the door, then cracks it open, and pokes his head in.

BENJAMIN

Mind if I come in?

He steps in, and closes the door behind him. The sound of muffled VOICES.

Hurt, a little jealous, Ellen stands there a moment, listening to them.

INT. MOUNTAIN RIDGE LODGE, LAUNDRY, STORAGE ROOM - AFTERNOON

A few towels have been set on the floor beside an open box of mints. Sooni sits on the towels, staring at the worn photograph in her hand as she absently eats mints, a pile of wrappers are on the floor beside her.

The photograph, taken a couple years ago, shows Sooni and her two sons. She has an arm around each, and they're all making goofy faces at the camera.

Sooni stares at her sons faces, then looks over at the dark hall. Thinking. The phone in the laundry room RINGS.

Excited, Sooni leaps to her feet, and starts for the hall, but stops in her tracks.

The thing in the hall zips past the door so fast its just a black blur.

Sooni slowly, cautiously approaches the hall. She stops a foot or so away. Safely in the light, she listens carefully.

She hears the CRACKING and POPPING sounds. The creature's standing in the hall. Between her and the RINGING phone.

Sooni stands there, trapped. Frustrated. The phone RINGS a few more times, then stops.

SOONI

No!

Angry, near tears, Sooni glares into the hall. The phone starts to RING again.

INT. MOUNTAIN RIDGE LODGE, CLUBHOUSE LOBBY - LATE AFTERNOON

Deanna stands behind the counter, checking in KELVIN BYRD, late 30s, African American, and his wife NAHLA, late 30s, Indian American. He's a large, slightly overweight former football player. She's petite and athletic.

As they talk, Hector comes in the front door, and walks up behind them.

DEANNA

I hope you guys enjoy your stay,  
and if you need anything---

KELVIN

Thanks, Deanna, we appreciate you.

NAHLA

But you're not getting rid of us  
that easy. We're just going to run  
up to the cabin, drop off our  
things, and we'll be right back for  
our swim.

HECTOR

Sorry, folks, the pool's closed.

Both Kelvin and Nahla look crushed.

KELVIN

What?

DEANNA

Oh, Hector, can't you wait an hour?

HECTOR

Sorry, Deanna, you know the rules.  
When a storm this bad is coming in,  
I have to lock it up.

KELVIN

What difference does that make?  
It's not like there's lightning.

HECTOR

But there will be eighty mile per  
hour winds, and it's a glass  
enclosed pool.

DEANNA

Hector, it's tradition the Byrd's  
swim their first night here.  
They've been doing it, well, longer  
than I've worked here.

HECTOR

It's really that important?

NAHLA

This place, well, it's been a big  
part of our lives. Kelvin and I  
honeymooned here. I found out I was  
pregnant while we were here.

KELVIN

And we were here when we learned  
Jayden's cancer had come back.

NAHLA

Through it all, the one constant  
was our first night's swim. It's  
something that, no matter what was  
going on, or how bad things got, we  
always looked forward to doing as a  
family. It's the only time I really  
feel close to him anymore.

HECTOR

I'm sorry, but my hands are tied.

Nahla looks crushed. As Hector speaks, he pulls the keycard  
out of his pocket.

HECTOR

State regulations say I have to  
lock up the pool, otherwise I could  
lose my job. Unfortunately, I'm one  
lazy S.O.B., and won't get around  
to it for say--

(offers her the keycard)

One hour?

Nahla gives him a grateful look as she takes the card.

NAHLA

Thank you.

HECTOR

I didn't do anything, got it?

He walks out.

KELVIN

(to Nahla)

I'll get our suits out of the car.

He hurries out, and towards their car, which already has a  
dusting of snow on it, and more's falling fast.

NAHLA

You OK? Today's the anniversary,  
isn't it?

Deanna nods.

NAHLA

Deanna, I was here that day.  
There's nothing you could've done.

DEANNA

Do you blame yourself for Jayden's death?

Nahla tries to think of an argument.

NAHLA

That's, well, that's different.

DEANNA

And why's that?

Nahla thinks, but comes up with nothing.

NAHLA

Because it's me?

They both smile.

Nahla steps around the counter.

NAHLA

We'll get through this, Deanna.

She hugs Deanna, who hugs her back.

DEANNA

We always do. It just never gets any easier.

NAHLA

No, it doesn't.

POOL AREA

Nahla, holding her bathing suit, walks towards the ladies locker room. Kelvin, also carrying his bathing suit, follows.

NAHLA

Where do you think you're going?

KELVIN

What? There's no one else here.

NAHLA

But we're not the only people on property.

KELVIN

But the pool is technically closed.

Nahla gives him a stern look.

KELVIN

Fine.

Disappointed, he mutters as he walks towards the men's room.

KELVIN

I don't see what the big deal is.  
Not like anyone's going to walk in  
and catch us.

Nahla grins and shakes her head.

LADIES LOCKER ROOM

Nahla, wearing a bathing suit, stands in front of one of the tall mirrors, checking out her reflection.

NAHLA

Not bad, for someone about to turn  
thirty blah blah.

A CLATTERING sound as something falls onto the cement floor.  
Nahla looks around the room.

NAHLA

Hello? Is someone there?

She doesn't see anything, then she notices the utility closet door is ajar. A SOUND. Something moving?

NAHLA

Who's there!?

Annoyed, she strides over, shoves open the door, and peers into the dark supply room. The mop's fallen out of the bucket, and lays on the floor.

NAHLA

Is someone there?

She flips the switch on the wall, but nothing happens. She tries two more times, but the light won't come on.

The light from the locker room only reaches the shelves, the back's dark. The water heater nothing more than a shape.

UTILITY CLOSET

Nahla steps in, and leans down to pick up the mop, when she notices a few things laying on the floor, about half way back. They look like, sausages or something.

Nahla walks over, and squats down, but it's too dark to see what they are, so she grabs one, and holds it up to get a better look.

It's Ewan's severed fingertip. The edges jagged and severely frostbitten.

Nahla gasps in disgust, drops the finger, and leaps to her feet. Behind her, someone SLAMS the door shut. Blocking out the light, plunging her into darkness.

Nahla spins around as something so black it's darker than the shadows, and moving so fast it's just a blur, charges at her.

Before she has time to move, it's in front of her. Nahla opens her mouth to scream, but something reaches out of the darkness and grabs her by the throat. It's so cold her flesh begins to freeze, turning dark blue, then black as it dies.

Her throat freezes shut. Unable to draw a breath, Nahla gasps for air. Her fingers claw at the pitch black thing that's strangling her, but her fingers slip beneath the surface as if it were made of liquid or gel.

The thing is so cold that her fingers freeze then snap off, sinking into the creature's black flesh. Leaving her with four nubs and a thumb on each hand.

The cold spreads up her neck and down through her chest. Icicles form as the moisture is leached from her trembling body. The flesh turning dark blue then black.

Nahla's mouth is frozen open in a silent scream. Her cheeks become so cold that frost forms, then the flesh begins to crack and blister. Tears leak from her eyes and immediately freeze to her cracked cheeks.

Her body gets so cold it begins to violently convulse and spasm, then goes still. Frozen stiff.

The liquid in her eyes freeze. They look like opaque marbles. They get colder and colder until they shatter like glass, sending tiny icicles flying from her empty eye sockets.

KELVIN (O.S.)  
Nahla, you almost ready?

The dark shape races to the back of the closet. Moving so fast it's a black blur in the darkness. It disappears behind the water heater, leaving no trace of Nahla.

## LADIES LOCKER ROOM

Kelvin, wearing his bathing suit and a t-shirt, steps in.

KELVIN

Babe, we promised the security  
guard we wouldn't be long?

Confused, he looks around.

KELVIN

Babe?

He notices the utility room door.

## UTILITY CLOSET

Kelvin pushes the door open, steps in, and looks around.

KELVIN

Nahla, you in here?

Satisfied the room's empty, Kelvin steps out, letting the door swing shut, only the floor's uneven, and it stops short. Leaving a crack wide enough for a swath of light to fall across the floor. Blocking the creature's exit.

## CLUBHOUSE LOBBY

Deanna and Maya are behind the counter talking to a distraught Kelvin.

MAYA

Hon, we've been here the entire  
time. She must've gone out the  
back.

DEANNA

Hector already locked the back  
doors. The only way in or out's  
past us.

KELVIN

Then where the hell's my wife?

MAYA

Kelvin, calm--

KELVIN

Calm down, seriously, Maya? Nahla's  
missing.



MAYA

She's not missing, hon. She  
must've, I don't know, gone back to  
the unit.

DEANNA

How? We've been right here.

KELVIN

Then where the hell is she?

Neither Maya nor Deanna have an answer.

#### LADIES LOCKER ROOM

Deanna steps out of the toilet area, and looks around.

There's a row of lockers along the side wall. All are several  
feet tall, and over a foot wide.

Afraid of what could be inside, Deanna slowly, cautiously,  
approaches the first locker, puts her hand on the latch,  
braces herself for what she might find, then yanks it open.

Nahla's neatly folded clothes and shoes.

Deanna opens the other lockers, all are empty.

She looks around the room, eyes scouring every inch, finally  
settling on the utility closet door, which is open a crack.

Deanna walks over, and shoves the door open.

As light floods the front of the room, something lets out a  
high pitched SHRIEK, and scurries back into the shadows.

Deanna shivers in disgust.

DEANNA

Darn it, Santiago. You swore the  
rats were gone.

(peeks around)

Darn thing's bigger than my  
neighbor's dog.

Satisfied the closet's empty, Deanna closes the door.

#### POOL AREA

Two sets of glass doors lead out to the back porch, which is  
barely visible through the intensifying storm.

Kelvin races across the pool deck, over to the first set of doors, and shoves on them. They're locked.

He tries the doors two more times, before, growing ever more frantic, he rushes over to the other set of doors, and tries them too. They're also locked.

Next, Kelvin hurries over to the windows around the jacuzzi, and tries each one. All are also locked.

Frustrated, worried, Kelvin looks around the pool deck. Eyes scouring every inch, searching for clues.

He sees Deanna walk out of the ladies locker room and sprints over to her.

DEANNA

She's definitely not in there.

KELVIN

I told you.

DEANNA

Maybe Hector forgot to lock one of the back doors.

Maya comes in from the Activities room, hurries down the steps, and over to them.

KELVIN

I checked them. She had to have gone through the lobby.

MAYA

She never left the locker room.

KELVIN

What?

DEANNA

Maya, we've both been in there.

MAYA

Hector watched the tape. Nahla went into the ladies locker room.

KELVIN

And?

MAYA

I don't know what to tell you, hon.

KELVIN  
You can tell me where my goddamn  
wife is.

Maya doesn't know what to say.

KELVIN  
Maya?

MAYA  
Hector's going to go through every  
second of the tape, see if anyone  
else went in there.

KELVIN  
Maybe someone messed with the tape.

DEANNA  
Even if they did, the back doors  
are locked.

KELVIN  
Maybe someone swiped a keycard.

MAYA  
Keycard only works on the door from  
the lobby. Back doors have old  
school locks. One key, and Hector  
does have it.

KELVIN  
Then how'd Nahla leave? Through a  
drain?

MAYA  
I don't know, but there has to be  
an explanation. People don't--

DEANNA  
Just vanish? Seems I've heard that  
before. This morning in fact.

LOBBY

Kelvin, still wearing a t-shirt and bathing suit, stands at  
the window, staring out.

A thick layer of snow covers the ground with more rapidly  
falling. The winds are beginning to pick up. Blowing the snow  
around, making it difficult to see more than a few feet.

Deanna comes up from the Activities area, carrying two cups of coffee. She walks over, hands one to Kelvin, then stares out at the falling snow.

KELVIN

Deanna, what the hell's going on?

Deanna puts on a brave face, trying to be strong.

DEANNA

Kelvin, I'm sure everything's fine.

KELVIN

Don't you do that. Cole, Nahla--

Maya strides over.

MAYA

Ewan's missing too.

Deanna's both shocked and upset.

DEANNA

What? No.

MAYA

Hector checked the tape.

KELVIN

And?

MAYA

Ewan went into the ladies locker room, but he never came back out.

KELVIN

And no one noticed he was missing?

DEANNA

(upset, as an apology)

We're short staffed because of the storm. I just assumed he went home.

Maya shakes her head no.

DEANNA

I should've noticed.

MAYA

You do have other things on your mind. Besides, how often does Ewan tell you his comings and goings?

Fighting back tears, Deanna shakes her head.

DEANNA

That's no excuse. I should've been paying attention to what was happening around me, and not wallowing in my own self-pity.

MAYA

Hon, there'll be plenty of time to beat yourself up later, right now--

KELVIN

We have to figure out where the hell Nahla went. Maybe if we search down there again.

DEANNA

We've been over every inch of the locker room. They're not there.

KELVIN

Then where the hell'd they go?

The phone RINGS.

MAYA

I'll get it.

She hurries back to the front desk, and answers the phone. Kelvin gives Deanna a pained look.

KELVIN

I can't lose Nahla too. Losing Jayden. I never would've survived that without Nahla. She's the strong one, not me.

DEANNA

We will find her, Kelvin.

He sadly nods, then turns back to the window, and stares out at the worsening storm. Snow covers the ground, and more is pouring down.

KELVIN

There're no footprints out there. Back deck either. It's like she just disappeared.

Maya, a worried look on her face, hurries back.

DEANNA

Oh Lord, what now?

MAYA

Have you talked to Sooni recently?

Deanna thinks.

DEANNA

Not since this morning, why?

MAYA

That was her mother, she's been trying to reach Sooni for hours. The boys too. They're worried sick. So am I.

DEANNA

She was going to finish up in the laundry then head to her mother's. I tried to call, I just assumed. Oh, Maya, what if whatever happened to Ewan and Nahla got her too?

MAYA

Call Hector. Have him run up there and check on her.

Deanna nods.

MAYA

Call Santiago. The Davenport's too. Make sure they're alright, just, well tell them...

DEANNA

I'll make up a reason for calling.

She hurries to the desk.

KELVIN

Maya, what the hell's going on?

MAYA

We will figure this out, hon, I promise. Now, I'm going to call Sheriff Mike.

KELVIN

You do that. I'm going out there--

Motions outside at the intensifying storm.

KELVIN

And find out what the hell happened to my wife.

MAYA

Kelvin, don't, please. Legally, and morally, I'm responsible for you. I'll have Hector look around, we'll do everything we can to find Nahla, just please, for me.

Kelvin reluctantly nods.

KELVIN

For you, for now.

MAYA

Thank you.

She heads back to the desk.

Kelvin turns back to the window, and stares out at the rapidly intensifying storm.

INT. MOUNTAIN RIDGE LODGE, LAUNDRY, STORAGE ROOM - NIGHT

Everything's been pulled off the shelves, and parts of the wood has been broken off.

A bunch of paper towels have been balled up on the floor, and Sooni kneels over them, rubbing two pieces of plywood, from the shelves, together, trying to start a fire.

Frustrated and angry, she gives up, and throws the pieces across the room.

SOONI

Looks so frigging easy on TV.

She stands, and looks around.

Solid walls. No windows. The phone starts to RING.

SOONI

Would you get the damn hint!? I need help.

Frustrated, angry, she groans and stomps her foot.

SOONI

Shit!

She pulls out the photograph, stares at her sons' faces, then looks around the room. Eyes scouring every inch.

INT. CABIN 5, GUEST BEDROOM - NIGHT

A suitcase's open on the twin bed closest to the window. PAYTON, 12, Caucasian, gangly with glasses, is unpacking her clothes, and neatly putting them in the dresser drawers.

Gage lies on the other bed, reading his book.

Aurora walks in, sees Gage on her bed, and lets out an annoyed sigh.

AURORA

Ah, what're you doing on my bed?

Gage ignores her, and keeps reading.

AURORA

Hello?

Pissed off, she strides over, and snatches the book away from Gage, who leaps up, and tries to take it back, but Aurora holds it just out of his reach.

GAGE

Give that back.

AURORA

You shouldn't be reading this trash, it gives you nightmares.

Payton starts back to the bed to get more clothes, sees something outside, walks over to the window, and stares out into the raging storm.

GAGE

Yeah, well, your face gives me nightmares.

He sees the flash of pain in Aurora's eyes, and instantly regrets what he said.

GAGE

I didn't mean, you know, I just meant because you're so mean sometimes.

Payton sees something outside, and gasps.

PAYTON

Oh my God.

AURORA

What?



Payton's eyes scour the dark yard. Snow's falling hard. Shadows are long, and it's nearly impossible to see.

PAYTON  
I think I saw someone.

AURORA  
In a frigging blizzard? Oh yeah,  
I'm so sure.

PAYTON  
I swear I saw someone. It looked  
like a man.

Aurora sees Gage's frightened expression and gets an idea. She gives him a cruel, taunting grin, then turns to Payton, and flashes her a conspiratorial smile.

AURORA  
A man--  
(to Gage)  
Or a Shadow Monster?

Terrified, Gage backs away from her.

GAGE  
Aurora, you stop.

AURORA  
Or what, you little shit?

Shocked at her language, Gage gasps.

GAGE  
You swore. I'm telling.

Furious, Aurora steps to the wall. Her cruel, taunting gaze locked on Gage, she raises her hand, holding it over the light switches. Silently threatening to turn them off.

GAGE  
Aurora, you, you better not.

Delighted with his terror, Aurora's grin widens.

AURORA  
What's the matter, Gage?

PAYTON  
Yeah? Afraid the shadow monsters  
are going to get you?

Gage's petrified, but tries to look brave.

GAGE

No.

AURORA

They're coming to get you, Gage.

Payton glances out the window.

PAYTON

Oh my God, Gage, they are coming.  
They're almost here. There's one  
right outside the window.

AURORA

He's here for you.

PAYTON

To take you to the dark place.

GAGE

You two better stop. Right now.

AURORA

We're not doing anything.

Payton looks out the window, then back at Gage.

PAYTON

He's trying to get in, Gage.

AURORA

Trying to get you.

GAGE

Stop it. They're not even real.

AURORA

Then you don't mind if I turn--

She moves her hand, faking going to turn off the lights.

AURORA

These off.

GAGE

Aurora, you better not, or else,  
I'll tell Mom it was you who broke  
her glass bird.

Furious, Aurora turns off the lights. The room is pitch dark.  
Gage shrieks in terror. Aurora and Payton howl with laughter.

GAGE

Stop it. Turn them on.

Terrified of the dark, he desperately tries to pry Aurora's hand off the switch, but she's too strong.

PAYTON (O.S.)  
(Sounding afraid)  
Oh my God, something is coming.

Gage turns to Payton, who stands in front of her bed. Her wide, frightened eyes locked on a figure, a large, dark shape, that seems to be crawling right through the window. Sliding through the glass as if it were water.

GAGE  
Look out!  
(to Aurora)  
It's going to get Payton.

He desperately tries to pry Aurora's fingers off the switch, but they won't budge.

Payton stands in front of her bed, frozen in fear, gaping at the thing standing in front of the window. A dark shape. Darker than the shadows. It seems to be staring at her.

AURORA (O.S.)  
Oh no, the shadow's going to get  
Payton. You're such a dweeb.

The thing charges at Payton, moving so fast it's a blur.

GAGE (O.S.)  
Aurora, turn on the lights!

As it bears down on her, Payton snaps out of it. She opens her mouth to scream but a pitch black hand clamps down over it, stifling her screams as it knocks over the bed.

Her glasses fly off her face as she falls to the floor. Payton, her mouth blistered and frozen shut, lands on the floor with a loud THUD. She looks up in terror, unable to scream, as a fuzzy dark shape descends upon her.

Gage, his terror reaching a fever pitch, shrieks as he tries to claw Aurora's hand off the light switch.

GAGE  
Aurora!!

Aurora laughs, and flips on the lights.

Payton's suitcase's been knocked off the bed. The comforter's balled up as if there'd been a struggle, and Payton's glasses lay on the floor, but there's no sign of Payton.

AURORA

Uh oh. The shadow monster got her.

Gage screams in terror, shoves a laughing Aurora out of the way, yanks open the door, and races out.

Still laughing, Aurora turns to the bed, assuming Payton's beneath it.

AURORA

That was priceless. You should've seen his face. The little turd practically peed his pants.

She stares. Waiting.

AURORA

Payton, you can come out now.  
(an annoyed sigh)  
This is so not funny.

She strides over to the bed.

LIVING ROOM

The fireplace's on high, yet Benjamin's fiddling with the thermostat, while an annoyed Ellen watches disapprovingly.

ELLEN

For God's sake, Ben, it's a hundred and ten degrees in here. What're you doing?

BENJAMIN

The woman at the front desk said we should familiarize ourselves with the emergency heat, just in case--

ELLEN

You move the little arm from heat to emergency heat. You're a college professor, you really need to practice that?

A distraught Gage walks in, and over to his father.

BENJAMIN

Hey Champ, thought you were going to play with the girls.

Not wanting to tell, Gage shrugs.

BENJAMIN  
Aurora being mean again?

Eyes on the ground, Gage nods.

ELLEN  
Goddamnit, I warned her.

She stomps out of the room, and down the hall.  
Gage gives his father a frightened, timid look.

GUEST ROOM

Ellen strides into the room.

ELLEN  
Aurora, what the hell is your...

Aurora, her back to Ellen, stands there, staring at the bed.

ELLEN  
What're you doing?

Benjamin walks over. Gage stays by the door.  
Ellen realizes something, and looks around.

ELLEN  
Where's Payton?

GAGE  
The shadow monster got her.

Ellen glares at him.

ELLEN  
Gage, please, I'm in no mood for  
your ridiculous story.  
(to Aurora)  
Where's your sister?

Aurora, her frightened face as white as a ghost, finally  
faces Ellen.

ELLEN  
Well?

Aurora's terrified.

AURORA  
I don't know.

ELLEN

What'd you mean, you don't--

AURORA

(a hushed voice)

There's something under the bed.

ELLEN

I don't know what game you and your sister are playing, but I've really had enough.

AURORA

Mom, would you listen to me.  
There's something under--

ELLEN

(shouts)

Enough. I've had it with your shit.

AURORA

Then where is she? Do you see her,  
Mom? Do you? There is some thing  
under the bed, and it got Payton.

GAGE

It's a shadow monster. It crawled  
through the window.

ELLEN

Look, kids, I'm too tired, and way  
too sober, to play games. Now, get  
Payton, and let's have dinner.

AURORA

(screams)

Benjamin, don't!

They all turn to Benjamin, who kneels beside the bed. His  
hand reaching for the dust ruffle.

GAGE

Dad, get away from there. Please.

Seeing how terrified both kids are unnerves Ellen a bit.

ELLEN

Ben, maybe you should.

Benjamin gives her a surprised look.

BENJAMIN

Not you too, sweetheart.

ELLEN

I don't know what's going on, but something's wrong. I can feel it.

Benjamin stands.

BENJAMIN

Where else could Payton be hiding?

Ellen looks around the room. The closet's open, the entire room visible.

She turns back to Benjamin.

ELLEN

Just, be careful.

Benjamin faces the bed.

BENJAMIN

OK, Payton, last chance.

He waits a moment, then shoves the bed as hard as he can.

The bed rolls a few feet, stopping when it hits the wall, and, for one brief moment, the creature's visible. It looks like the silhouette of a large man, curled into a ball. Its skin so dark it shimmers, like the ocean on a clear night.

Shocked and frightened, Benjamin leaps away. Standing protectively beside Ellen, they both gape at the creature.

When the light hits the silhouette, its skin burns. A thick steam rises, and it lets out an incredibly loud, high pitch SHRIEK, which's accompanied by the sound of ice CRACKING and POPPING. Like an ice shelf about to break off.

In the blink of the eye, it's gone. A blur, as it shoots under the bed. Disappearing into the safety of the shadows.

Benjamin and Ellen exchange confused, frightened looks.

ELLEN

What the hell was that?

BENJAMIN

We have to get out of here. Call someone. The police, FBI, or...

ELLEN

Payton?

AURORA

I told you. That thing got her.

BENJAMIN  
Aurora, take Gage--

Two of the three bulbs in the light fixture burn out, plunging the side of the room where the bed, Benjamin and Ellen are into darkness.

BENJAMIN  
Run!

He shoves Ellen as hard as he can, sending her stumbling across the room, toward the door, and into the light.

She hears Benjamin SCREAM in pain, and spins around.

ELLEN  
No!

Benjamin's on the floor, shrieking in pain and thrashing about as he's slowly dragged beneath the bed. He frantically claws at the carpet, desperately trying to pull himself to the light, but the thing under the bed's too strong.

Ellen races over, grabs hold of Benjamin's hands, and pulls as hard as she can. Leaning backward, practically sitting, but the thing's so strong she's pulled along with Benjamin.

Aurora races over, and grabs Ellen's waist. Gage grabs hers. They try to pull Benjamin to safety, but are dragged along with him.

Ellen's staring into Benjamin's face, which's scrunched into a mask of unbearable pain. His screams stop. His body goes still, and his dead eyes stare back at her.

Tears fill Ellen's eyes, but, before she can scream, a sound, like ice SHATTERING, then Benjamin's body breaks in two.

The bottom half slips under the bed. Disappearing into the darkness that hides in the shadows.

The top half, mid torso up, the edges jagged and frostbitten, breaks loose, sending Ellen, who's still holding on, stumbling backwards.

She lets go of Benjamin, then she, Aurora, and Gage fall to the floor, safely in the light from the last bulb, as well as the hall.

In shock, Ellen just sits there, stoically staring at Benjamin's torso. His face frozen mid-scream.

She can HEAR Gage and Aurora crying, but the sound is muted as if coming from the end of a long hall.



AURORA (O.S.)  
(sounds far away)  
We have to go. Mom. Mom!

Ellen finally looks up. Aurora and Gage, both crying, are staring down at her.

AURORA  
We have to go.

Ellen starts to cry.

AURORA  
Mom, we have--

ELLEN  
I can't. I don't, I don't think I  
can do this. I, I'm, ah--

AURORA  
Mom, Gage and I need you.

Ellen stares at their terrified faces a moment, then pulls herself together.

She stands, ushers the children out, then, as she's closing the door, she looks back at Ben's torso.

Stares at his tortured face a moment, then closes the door.

INT. MOUNTAIN RIDGE LODGE, LAUNDRY, STORAGE ROOM - NIGHT

Soonie, a towel wrapped around her face, covering her mouth and nose, has gathered a bunch of cleaning supplies. She opens a bottle of powdered drain cleaner, and empties it into a plastic bucket.

Next she opens a jug of bleach and a bottle of ammonia, and pours both in. Even with the towel over her face, she gags from the noxious fumes.

She very carefully picks up the bucket, and a box of chlorine toilet cleaning discs, and walks over to the door.

Soonie waits until she hears the CRACKING sound of the creature, then she drops the chlorine discs into the bucket; the chemical reaction causes smoke to rise.

She looks into the hall; the pitch black creature is only a few feet away, safely in the shadows. Its featureless face staring at her.

SOONI  
Choke on this, motherfucker.

She steps into the hall. The creature lunges at her.

Sooni tosses the contents of the bucket at it, then leaps back into the light.

The liquid douses the creature's head and chest. The heat causes its surface to SIZZLE. Steam rises, but it seems to have no effect on it.

The creature stands there. Still as a statue, staring at Sooni, as if studying her.

A CREAKING sound. The back door opening.

SOONI  
Don't come in here!

HECTOR (O.S.)  
Sooni?

The creature shoots past the door as it races down the hall.

SOONI  
Look out!

HECTOR (O.S.)  
What the...!

A loud SHRIEK then a BAM. Something slamming into the wall.

SOONI  
Hector?... Hector!?

A bewildered Hector, holding his flashlight, steps in.

HECTOR  
What the fuck was that?

SOONI  
I don't know, but it hates light.

He holds up his bright, heavy duty flashlight.

HECTOR  
I noticed.

He notices her bandaged hand.

HECTOR  
What happened?

SOONI  
Nothing. It's fine.

HECTOR  
That thing?

SOONI  
It's cold, Hector. Really cold.

Hector hands her his large flashlight.

SOONI  
I can't.

He pulls out his keychain, which has a small but bright flashlight on it.

SOONI  
Battery on that won't last long.

HECTOR  
Only has to get us to my SUV. Got another one--  
(nods at the flashlight)  
Of those out there. You ready?

SOONI  
Only since this morning.

HALL

Hector leads Sooni down the hall, his flashlight shining ahead, hers behind, as they make their way toward the exit.

As Hector passes the open bathroom door, something lunges out of the darkness.

Sooni shoves him, hard, sending Hector stumbling out of the way, then she shines her flashlight into the bathroom.

SHRIEKS of agony then loud BAM sounds as the silhouette rams into the back wall, again and again, frantically trying to escape the light.

Sooni reaches in, and SLAMS the door shut. Once locked in the dark room, the silhouette becomes quiet.

HECTOR  
These things really do hate light.

SOONI  
Things? This isn't the only one?

Hector shrugs.

HECTOR

Cole, Ewan, and Mrs. Byrd are all missing, and no one's seen Brenda since this morning.

SOONI

Shit. Is it just here? Are they down the mountain too? Is this, some kind of invasion?

HECTOR

I don't know, I'm sorry. You know as much as I do. You ready?

She nods, then follows Hector down the hall, his flashlight leading the way, hers shining behind them.

INT. MOUNTAIN RIDGE LODGE, CLUBHOUSE LOBBY - NIGHT

Deanna clutches her locket as she stares out the window at the worsening storm. Snow pours down, and strong winds SHRIEK across the parking lot.

DEANNA

Please be safe, Cole.

She hears Maya OPEN the door, and walk out of the back.

MAYA

Where's Kelvin?

Deanna nods at the restrooms.

DEANNA

Changing into something warmer.

MAYA

Good.

Deanna knows something's wrong.

DEANNA

What'd Debbie say?

MAYA

Hon, she's not answering. No one is, not even the emergency line.

Deanna isn't concerned.

DEANNA

Her Crohn's is acting up again.  
She's probably in the bathroom, and  
Jesse takes his supper about now.

MAYA

Sheriff Mike never came by like he  
said he would, and now I can't  
reach him.

Now Deanna's afraid.

DEANNA

Sheriff Mike always answers. No  
matter what.

MAYA

I tried Laurie over at Mountain  
View, and Jack down at The Lodge.  
No one's answering, anywhere.

DEANNA

What the heck's going on?

MAYA

I don't know, hon, but, whatever it  
is, we're on our own.

DEANNA

We have to get everyone down here.  
Whatever's happening, it'll be  
safer if we're all together.

MAYA

I'll call Hector, have him pick-up  
the Davenport's.

DEANNA

Santiago's out on property. I tried  
to reach him on the radio.

MAYA

I'll have Hector look for him.

DEANNA

Kelvin and I will get lanterns and  
blankets, in case we lose power.

MAYA

Be careful, hon.

Deanna nods, then walks over to meet Kelvin as he steps out  
of the restroom.

INT. CABIN 5, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The fireplace's on high, the overhead lights as well as all the lamps, their shades removed, are on, illuminating every inch of the large, nicely decorated room.

Gage sits on the hearth in front of the fireplace, a flashlight clutched in his hands, two more in his lap, a sad, lost look on his face.

Ellen, lost in her pain and sorrow, stands at the bar. She downs a glass of bourbon, then pours another as a frightened Aurora impatiently watches.

AURORA  
Mom, did you hear me?

ELLEN  
Aurora, could I have a goddamn minute, please.

Seeing the hurt/scared look on Aurora's face, Ellen sets her glass down, and lovingly brushes the hair away from Aurora's face, and tucks it behind her ear, revealing the scar. Aurora immediately puts it back.

AURORA  
We have to leave, now.

Terrified, Gage leaps off the hearth, and races over.

GAGE  
We can't go out there!

Aurora's suddenly furious with Gage.

AURORA  
You knew.

ELLEN  
Aurora,--

AURORA  
You knew, and you let it kill Payton.

ELLEN  
Aurora, stop it. Right now.

GAGE  
I tried to tell you, but no one believed me.  
(starts to cry)  
No one believed me.

AURORA  
I'm sorry, Gage. I'll never doubt  
you again, promise.

The doorbell RINGS, followed by someone frantically POUNDING  
on the door. Terrified, Aurora and Gage turn to Ellen, who  
puts on a brave face.

ELLEN  
Stay here.

Aurora stands protectively beside Gage as Ellen hurries over,  
peeks through the peep-hole, then, relieved, opens the door,  
and steps aside so Sooni and Hector can come in.

HECTOR  
Sorry to disturb you, but we have,  
well, an unusual situation.

Ellen's suddenly furious.

ELLEN  
Is that what you call it!?

SOONI  
Mrs. Davenport, I can see you're  
upset, but...

ELLEN  
Upset? Upset? My daughter's  
missing, and my husband, something  
ate him. Well, half of him anyway.

SOONI  
Mrs. Davenport--

Her eyes flick over to Aurora and Gage.

SOONI  
Why don't we discuss this later? We  
really should be going.

Ellen nods, then turns to Aurora and Gage.

GAGE  
We can't go out there.

ELLEN  
We don't have a choice.

He solemnly nods.

ELLEN  
Get your jackets, kids.

Aurora walks Gage to the hall closet.

SOONI  
(to Ellen)  
Is anyone else here?

Tears fill Ellen's eyes, then a flash of anger.

ELLEN  
You're about five minutes too late.

She strides over to the closet.

EXT. CABIN 5 - NIGHT

Soonie, Ellen, Gage, and Aurora, all holding flashlights, wait on the porch. Watching with bated breath as Hector, flashlight beam sweeping across the snow covered ground before him, goes to make sure the coast's clear.

The cabin's front lights are on, but their beams are muted by the raging storm. Snow covers Ellen's SUV, which is parked in front. Hector's SUV is parked behind hers, in the street.

Hector sweeps his flashlight beam around the front yard, then under Ellen's SUV.

Seeing nothing, he turns to the others, and motions for them to come.

Soonie, Ellen, and Aurora walk towards him, but Gage's too scared to move. He stands there, shaking, gripping his flashlight as hard as he can.

Ellen turns back.

ELLEN  
Gage.

Too scared to move, he shakes his head no.

ELLEN  
I know you're scared, but--

A strong gust of wind blasts through the trees, making a SHRIEKING sound that startles Ellen, and petrifies Gage.

He screams, rushes to the door, and tries to open it, but it's locked. He freaks out. Screaming as he frantically tries to open the door.



GAGE

It's going to get us. It's going to  
get us.

Ellen and Aurora look heartsick. Ellen starts for Gage, but Hector grabs her arm, and gives her a look, asking to go.

Ellen nods, then watches as Hector hurries over to Gage, who's growing more panicked by the moment.

Sensing Hector behind him, Gage stops, and faces him.

GAGE

You think I'm a baby.

HECTOR

Dude. You just saw your father and  
sister die. You're probably the  
only sane one of the group.

Hector has a calming effect. Gage relaxes, a little.

GAGE

But stop freaking out?

Hector smiles.

HECTOR

It'd be helpful.

GAGE

I'm sorry.

HECTOR

Never apologize for being yourself,  
or showing your feelings. It took  
me a long time to learn that.

Gage nods.

Hector picks him up.

HECTOR

I promise I won't let anything  
happen to you. No matter what.

Gage shines his flashlight on the ground before them,  
clearing the way as Hector carries him toward the others.

INT. MOUNTAIN RIDGE LODGE, ACTIVITIES CLOSET - NIGHT

A narrow room with wooden shelves and a window overlooking  
the property.

A few bare bulbs hanging from the ceiling provide the only light, which reaches the end of the shelves, the back area by the window remains unlit. Bathed in shadows.

Deanna and Kelvin kneel on the floor, gathering supplies, and loading them into cardboard boxes.

She sees a few small neon flashlights on a shelf, picks them up, and hands one out to Kelvin.

DEANNA

Just in case.

Kelvin's sad eyes meet hers as he takes the flashlight.

KELVIN

Nahla really appreciated everything you did when Jayden, well. It meant a lot to her. To both of us. She'd want you to know that.

DEANNA

You were there for me when Billy...

The memory too painful, she fades off.

KELVIN

You can't keep blaming yourself.

DEANNA

I let my nephew drown.

KELVIN

You didn't let him.

DEANNA

I was supposed to have been watching him, and, instead, I...

She fades off. This time, staring at something behind Kelvin.

KELVIN

Went to get his mother a drink. Where was she? Why wasn't she watching him?

Deanna has a strange look on her face.

KELVIN

Hey, Deanna, I didn't--

DEANNA

What's that?

Kelvin looks behind him.

Just inside the window, pressed into the corner, mostly hidden by the shadows, the shape of a large man. A silhouette so dark its surface looks shiny, like the ocean on a moonlight lit night. A mist seems to rise from its flesh.

Both Kelvin and Deanna gape at the thing, which just stands there. Still as a statue. It has a human shaped head, but no facial features, ears, or eyes, yet it appears to be staring at them. Studying them.

Deanna turns on one of the small flashlights, and aims its powerful LED beam at the silhouette.

For one brief moment, it's visible. Tall, over seven feet, and built like a linebacker. Its skin so dark it almost looks wet, slick. Shiny.

Burned by the light, the silhouette lets out an inhuman SHRIEK, leaps through the window, without breaking the glass, and disappears into the raging storm.

Kelvin and Deanna, her flashlight leading the way, walk over to the window, and stare out into the raging storm.

DEANNA

Do you notice anything?

KELVIN

You mean that it went through the window without breaking it, or that it didn't leave any footprints in the snow?

They stare out into the storm. Snow falls, strong winds whip it about. It's dark, but there's enough light to see there are no tracks in the snow.

DEANNA

What the heck are they? Shadows?

KELVIN

Of what? Maybe they're punishment.

DEANNA

Because we failed Billy and Jayden?

KELVIN

Didn't you say that Davenport kid's mother died of cancer?

DEANNA

Sooni's dad died last year, Ewan's too. So, this is, what? Devine retribution? I don't buy it. No one's to blame for cancer or Parkinson's.

KELVIN

You got a better explanation?

DEANNA

Sheriff Mike said the rockslide opened a fissure. Maybe it released something.

They both stare out the window, into the raging storm.

KELVIN

Yeah, but what?

INT. SECURITY'S SUV - NIGHT

Hector drives, Sooni sits beside him, keeping an eye on the road ahead. Ellen and the kids are in back. Everyone's quiet, lost in their own thoughts and pain.

Outside, snow is pouring down, and strong winds whip it about, making it nearly impossible to see.

Up ahead, a pick-up truck, a snowplow attached to the front, is stopped on the side of the road. Headlights on, engine running, driver's door ajar, but no sign of the driver.

SOONI

That's Santiago's truck.

Hector slowly creeps forward, so they can stare inside the truck's empty cab.

ELLEN

Any sign of your friend?

Sooni shakes her head no. Hector slowly drives off.

ELLEN

Kids, keep your eyes peeled for the maintenance man.

Aurora stares out her window, sees something, and screams.

AURORA

Look out!

A silhouette comes barreling out of the darkness, and SLAMS into the SUV with the force of a train, or an iceberg.

EXT. SECURITY'S SUV - NIGHT

The SUV spins in circles a few times, then slides backwards, skids off the snow covered road, and crashes into a tree.

INT. SECURITY'S SUV - NIGHT

Everyone's dazed. It takes a moment to recover.

HECTOR  
Everyone OK?

Ellen looks at Aurora then Gage, both of whom nod yes.

ELLEN  
We're fine.

Hector turns to Sooni.

SOONI  
I'm OK.

Hector turns to Ellen and the kids.

HECTOR  
Sorry about this, but looks like  
we're walking the rest of the way.

Gage groans.

HECTOR  
Everyone have a flashlight?

ELLEN  
Gage has enough for all of us.

Hector winks at Gage.

HECTOR  
It pays to be prepared. OK, we move  
as a group.

SOONI  
And bundle up. It's freezing out  
there, and the storm's only going  
to get worse.

As if on cue, strong winds begin to SCREAM through the trees. Aurora stares out the window.

Snow pours down, and strong winds whip it about, making it impossible to see more than a few inches. A silhouette lunges out of the darkness.

Aurora screams in fear, and tries to move, but her seatbelt holds her in place.

As she frantically fiddles with the seatbelt lock, desperately trying to free herself, two pitch black hands slide through the glass.

Its fingertips about to brush her cheek. A blinding light. A flashlight beam hits the silhouette in the face. Burning it. Steam rises, it SHRIEKS in pain, then disappears back into the raging storm.

Aurora looks over, sees Gage holding his flashlight, and gives him a grateful smile.

AURORA  
Thanks, Squirt.

INT. MOUNTAIN RIDGE LODGE, CLUBHOUSE LOBBY - NIGHT

Kelvin stands at the window, staring out. The spotlights are on, illuminating the area in front of the building, but making it impossible to see anything but the falling snow.

Deanna stands in front of the fireplace, staring at the flames, clutching her locket as she silently says a prayer.

When done, she makes the sign of the cross, puts on her brave face, then walks over to Kelvin.

DEANNA  
Can I get you anything? Coffee,  
Maya might have some Baileys in her  
desk.

Kelvin stares out a moment longer, then faces Deanna.

KELVIN  
You think that thing got them?  
Nahla, Cole, the others?

DEANNA  
Don't do this, Kelvin.

KELVIN  
Do what, Deanna? Face reality?

DEANNA  
Kelvin--

KELVIN  
Truth is, they're dead.

DEANNA  
We don't know what happened to  
them, and I can't give up hope.

KELVIN  
You're kidding yourself. They're  
dead. So are we, we just don't know  
it yet.

DEANNA  
You can't--

KELVIN  
I don't care. Nahla's gone, there  
ain't no reason anymore. Nothing  
matters now, you know?

Maya comes out of the restroom, and walks over.

MAYA  
Anyone want to use the facilities?  
We lose power, we lose water.

She sees the way Deanna and Kelvin are looking at each other.

MAYA  
Something wrong?

DEANNA  
Everything's fine.

KELVIN  
Yeah, we're good.

MAYA  
Glad to hear it.  
(nods out window)  
Because it looks like the rest of  
the party's arrived.

They look out the window.

Across the parking lot, blurred by the raging storm, a group  
of people are slowly making their way toward them. Too far to  
see, just dark figures, flashlight beams leading the way,  
trudging through the raging storm.

EXT. MOUNTAIN RIDGE LODGE, CLUBHOUSE PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Sooni, her flashlight sweeping the ground ahead, leads the group. Ellen and Aurora, their flashlight beams protect them on the sides, follow. Hector, carrying Gage, brings up the rear. Gage holds two flashlights, both pointed behind them.

Their flashlight beams are muted by the storm. Only shining a few feet. Beyond that, hiding within the near blinding storm, slowly moving with the group, pitch black silhouettes, standing just out of sight. Nothing but dark shapes.

Up ahead, spotlights from the clubhouse illuminate the parking lot. Sooni leads them through the dark storm and into the light, where everyone visibly relaxes.

Hector sets Gage down.

HECTOR

OK, kid. That's twice. Next time,  
you carry me.

GAGE

Ha ha.

AURORA

Hey, Squirt. Fair is fair.

GAGE

Fair? This from the person who  
cheats at Monopoly.

Ellen laughs. Aurora shoots her an annoyed look. A loud electrical POPPING sound, then the power goes out, plunging them into darkness.

SOONI

Inside, now. Run!

Hector scoops up Gage, and they all make a mad dash for the clubhouse, their flashlights sweeping the area around them, holding the creatures at bay.

Kelvin, Deanna, and Maya, each holding a lantern, hurry to meet them.

INT. MOUNTAIN RIDGE LODGE, CLUBHOUSE LOBBY - NIGHT

Outside, the storm rages. Over a foot of snow covers the ground, and more's falling hard. Strong winds HOWL. Whipping the snow around, creating squalls.



Battery operated lanterns have been placed around the lobby and Activities area, illuminating both.

The fireplace is on, but the building's still cold. Everyone wears jackets, gloves, and have blankets wrapped around them.

Ellen sits on the hearth of the fireplace, Gage on one side, Aurora the other. Deanna, Maya, Kelvin, and Sooni, her wrist properly bandaged, sit on the floor around them. Hector stands by the window, keeping guard, but listening.

MAYA  
(to Sooni)  
So, was it a Nalisa Fala?

SOONI  
Nalusa Falaya, and how would I know? Up until a few hours ago, I thought this was all BS my pokni used to scare us into being good.

MAYA  
But did it look like one?

SOONI  
I don't know, Maya. I'm sorry, I have no idea what the hell these things are.

AURORA  
Gage does.

They all turn to Gage.

DEANNA  
Your book?

Gage solemnly nods.

HECTOR  
What are these things, buddy?

GAGE  
They don't have a name. See, in the beginning, the Gods created a whole bunch of races besides humans, and they all got along, except for one. They were greedy and mean, wanted everything for themselves. They'd attack and kill the others, wiping out entire races. One day the Gods finally had enough, and banished them to another realm.

A cold, dark place where there were  
no riches to steal or other races  
to kill.

HECTOR

Then why, or how, are they here?

DEANNA

A portal of some kind?

MAYA

The rockslide?

Gage nods.

GAGE

It happened once before. An  
earthquake uncovered a portal, let  
them back into our world. They  
attacked the first tribe they came  
upon. They'd sneak into their camp  
at night, and take people. Kids  
first, then teenagers, then even  
adults started to disappear. The  
tribe tried moving, but the shadows  
followed them. No matter how far  
away they went, the shadows always  
found them.

KELVIN

How'd they get rid of them?

GAGE

One of the Gods took pity on them.  
She lured the shadows back to the  
portal, then dropped a mountain on  
them. Sealing them in.

SOONI

Until now.

HECTOR

So, all we have to do is drop  
another mountain on them, right?

DEANNA

They've been doing some blasting on  
Highway 321.

HECTOR

Hey, I was kidding.

DEANNA

I wasn't.

KELVIN

Deanna, think about what you're suggesting.

DEANNA

It's a big project, Kelvin. There must be enough dynamite to bring down the entire mountain. We can seal that darn portal forever. Stop anymore of these things from ever crossing over again.

HECTOR

What about the ones already here?

DEANNA

Conspiracy theorists have been going on about these for, well, for as long as I can remember.

SOONI

And we've never heard about them attacking or killing anyone. I mean, something like that'd make news, wouldn't it?

DEANNA

They didn't attack until the rockslide opened the portal. So, if we close it back up, it should render them powerless again, right?

KELVIN

What if they weren't rendered powerless, but were lying in wait? Studying us, preparing for this.

DEANNA

Even more reason to close the portal. Maybe there's still time to stop the invasion.

KELVIN

Or blow ourselves up trying.

DEANNA

Then what do you suggest we do?

KELVIN

It'll be dawn in a few hours. When the sun comes up, I say we get the hell out of here.

DEANNA

How? They'll be three feet of snow by morning. If the plows aren't running, we're not going anywhere.

KELVIN

I thought the resort had a plow.

MAYA

It's not a commercial plow, hon. It wasn't built for this.

HECTOR

We've got snowmobiles.

DEANNA

Only one's working.

HECTOR

Figures.

KELVIN

Great. So our choices are what? Blow ourselves up trying to seal the portal we think is there,--

HECTOR

Or sit around and wait for those things to kill us.

MAYA

We're not going to solve anything tonight. I suggest we get some sleep, see what the morning brings.

DEANNA

Good idea.

HECTOR

I'll take first watch.

Sooni stands.

SOONI

I'll take it. Too much on my mind to sleep.

KELVIN

Kids?

Sooni nods.

SOONI

With their Dad this weekend.

DEANNA

And I'm sure they're fine.

SOONI

You don't know that.

Not wanting the others to see her upset, she walks away. Over to the window, and stares out at the storm.

Using picnic blankets and pool towels, the others put together make-shift beds.

Ellen, exhausted and trying to be strong, sits between Gage and Aurora, who lie on the floor, using pool towels for pillows and blankets. She softly talks to them, trying to calm them down enough to sleep.

Maya, Kelvin, and Deanna make their beds, and lie down. Deanna looks over at Hector, who sits in his "bed", staring out at the raging storm.

She crawls over, and sits beside him.

DEANNA

Worried about Pete?

Hector, trying to look tough and nonchalant, shrugs.

DEANNA

Hey, it's me.

Hector glances around, making sure the others aren't watching, then lets his guard down. He looks frightened.

HECTOR

He got called into work. I mean, the hospital has generators and stuff, but...

(tears up)

If anything happens to him, I, well, he's all I've got.

Deanna gives him a warm smile, then lays her hand on his.

DEANNA

First, Pete's not all you've got.

She squeezes his hand.

DEANNA

And second, we're getting out of here. All of us. OK?

Hector gives her a weak, but grateful, smile.

HECTOR  
Thanks. You doing OK?

DEANNA  
Oh sure.

Hector gives her a serious look.

HECTOR  
Hey, it's me.

Deanna gives him a weak smile, then tears fill her eyes as her fear shows through.

Hector slips an arm around her, and pulls Deanna into a hug. She sinks into his embrace.

DEANNA  
I know Cole can be a real jackass sometimes.

HECTOR  
He's a great guy.

DEANNA  
I'm trying to hold out hope.

HECTOR  
Cole's the toughest guy I ever met.  
If anyone can survive these things,  
it's him.

DEANNA  
If anything did happen to him...

Unable to say it, she fades off.

HECTOR  
I know. Believe me, I know.

Both afraid, they hold each other, and stare out at the raging storm.

EARLY MORNING

Kelvin stands near the window, staring out at the storm, behind him, the others are asleep around the fireplace.

Outside, a few hours until dawn, and the storm still rages. Over three feet of snow has fallen, and more's pouring down.

Deanna wakes, stretches, then walks over to Kelvin.

KELVIN

You can sleep a few more hours, if you want.

DEANNA

Want, but can't.  
(nods out the window)  
Anything?

KELVIN

They've been out there all night.

Deanna stares out into the storm. Snow falls. Strong winds whip it about, but nothing moves.

DEANNA

I don't see...

As her eyes adjust, she sort of sees them. Standing in the storm, barely visible, large black shapes. Silhouettes so dark they stand out in the near blinding white storm.

DEANNA

OK, they're out there.

KELVIN

Question is--

DEANNA

Will blowing up the portal stop them? Will we even be able to blow it up?

KELVIN

Not to mention, we don't know for sure that's how they got here. That rockslide could be a coincidence.

DEANNA

You have a better idea?

Kelvin shakes his head no.

DEANNA

Besides, we have to go through town to get there. Give us a chance to look for other survivors.

KELVIN

We're going to need supplies.

Deanna nods.

DEANNA

Both Maya's ex and her son work in demolition. First light, why don't you, Maya, and Hector head out. The rest of us can gather supplies.

Kelvin thinks a moment, then nods in agreement.

EXT. MOUNTAIN RIDGE LODGE, CLUBHOUSE, PARKING LOT - MORNING

Over four feet of snow has fallen, blanketing the land, reflecting the bright sun, which shines down from a clear blue sky. But, hiding along the treeline, safely in the shadows, silhouettes gather. Watching. Waiting.

Deanna, Sooni, Ellen, Gage, and Aurora watch as Kelvin, Maya, and Hector ride off on the snowmobile.

Kelvin drives down the parking lot, turns right out of the entrance, then heads down the road.

EXT. HIGHWAY - MORNING

Kelvin, the others holding on tight, cruises down the snow covered road. Tall trees line both sides of the street, blocking out the sun, bathing the highway in shadows.

As Kelvin goes around a sharp curve, a creature leaps in front of them. The light from the headlight burns. The creature SHRIEKS in agony, but refuses to move.

KELVIN

Hold on.

He yanks the snowmobile to the left, trying to avoid the silhouette, only he loses control. The snowmobile spins in circles, throwing Kelvin off.

He flies through the air, and lands facedown in the snow. His flashlight flies off his belt, and lands several feet away.

Afraid, Kelvin sits up, and nervously looks around.

Maya landed about ten feet from him. Hector another twelve. She's in the middle of the road, Hector near the shoulder, several yards from the treeline, both are in the shadows.

KELVIN

You guys alright?

He sees something and screams out.



KELVIN  
Hector, look out!

Hector looks around, then sees them. Two silhouettes standing off in the trees, watching them.

HECTOR  
Shit.

He leaps to his feet, shrieks in pain, then collapses onto snow, which is covered with his blood.

Hector's leg's suffered a compound fracture. It's bent at an unnatural angle, and the bone's torn through his snowsuit.

HECTOR  
Motherfucker.

MAYA  
I'm coming, hon, hold on.

Trying to run, Maya trudges through the waist-deep snow.

KELVIN  
Your flashlight?

Maya looks around, but doesn't see it.

MAYA  
What about the flare?

Her eyes scour the snow, frantically searching.

HECTOR  
They're coming. Guys!

The silhouettes are rapidly approaching.

Kelvin dives for his flashlight.

He lands beside it, scoops it up, then, holding it as if it were a football, he throws it as hard as he can.

The flashlight sails through the air and lands in the snow a few feet from Hector.

MAYA (O.S.)  
Hurry, Hector!

The silhouettes stand at the edge of the treeline, watching Hector. Sizing him up.

Hector reaches for the flashlight. He cries out as he falls on his side, his arm stretching through the snow, trying to grasp the flashlight, which is just out of reach.

His fingers brush against something buried in the snow. It's red. Thin. The flare! Hector excitedly, and frantically, digs it out, then quickly brushes the snow off.

Maya watches in terror as the silhouettes make their move. Charging toward Hector. Speeding across the snow so fast they're just black blurs.

MAYA

Hector!!

The smaller one gets to Hector first. It grabs his jacket. Hector screams out as the cold freezes the fabric, creating a hole, the flesh beneath turning black.

As the silhouette spins him around, Hector strikes the flint, igniting the flare, then he lunges up, and rams the lit flare deep into the creature's chest.

HECTOR

Vete a la mierda, puta!

He drops back to the ground as the silhouette SHRIEKS in agony. It stumbles around, it's body violently convulsing. Fissure tear open all over it's body, releasing a bright light that seemed to be trapped beneath it's dark flesh.

It's SHRIEKS get louder, then it EXPLODES in a blinding light, sending frozen chunks of its shattered body flying.

Hector laughs. Kelvin cheers. Maya screams.

MAYA

Look out!

Before Hector can react a pitch black fist punches him in the back with so much force it tears through his body and rips out his chest.

Hector, his body convulsing from the cold, looks down and sees the silhouette's pitch black fist sticking out of his chest, the flesh around the wound is frozen and black.

Maya's found her flashlight. She charges over. Trudging through the snow. Waving the beam at the silhouette.

The flashlight beam's getting close. The silhouette pulls its fist out of Hector's back, then races off. Disappearing into the trees.

Maya kneels behind Hector, and lowers him into her lap. He's so cold his body trembles. The wound in his chest is black and the frostbite is spreading.

HECTOR  
(weakly)  
Maya,--

Maya fights back tears as she tries to comfort Hector.

MAYA  
Sh. It's going to be alright.

Hector gives her a weak, teasing grin.

HECTOR  
Liar.

She takes hold of his hand and squeezes it.

MAYA  
I love you, Hector.

Hector smiles. The life fades from his eyes.

MAYA  
No!!

She holds Hector's body as she sobs.

Kelvin comes over and kneels beside her.

He reaches down and closes Hector's eyes.

KELVIN  
He was a good man.

Maya composes herself. She lays Hector on the snow, then leans over, and kisses his forehead.

Kelvin's found the emergency pack. He takes out the silver thermal blanket, and covers Hector with it.

KELVIN  
He deserves better but...

Maya nods. Kelvin helps her to her feet.

KELVIN  
Ready?

She looks down at Hector's body, then back at Kelvin.

MAYA  
Let's go blow these motherfucker's  
back to Hell.

INT. CABIN 5, LIVING ROOM - MID MORNING

Ellen, Gage, and Aurora, each carrying a lantern, walk in the front door.

Ellen motions for them to stay, as, lantern illuminating the way, she hurries across the room, and peers down the hall.

ELLEN  
Coast's clear. Let's go.

She and Aurora walk towards the kitchen, Gage the hall.

ELLEN  
Where do you think you're going?

GAGE  
I have to pee.

ELLEN  
Outside.

Gage gives her an exasperated look and holds up his lantern.

ELLEN  
Outside, in the sun.

GAGE  
Fine, but, if anyone sees me, it's  
on you.

AURORA  
Like anyone wants to see that.

Gage heads for the door.

ELLEN  
(to Aurora)  
Go with him.

GAGE  
I can pee by myself.

ELLEN  
Fine, but leave the door open, and  
scream if you see anything.

Gage walks out without answering.

EXT. CABIN 5 - MID MORNING

Gage walks to the middle of the parking lot, which is buried under several feet of snow.

He stands in the center, away from the shadows of the cabin and the trees, sets the lantern behind him, then faces the sun, unzips his pants, and begins to urinate.

The snow's uneven. The lantern tips over, and rolls away. As it gets shaken about, the bulb gets jostled, and goes dark.

Gage turns, and watches the lantern roll across the sunlit parking lot, then come to rest in the expanding shadow of the cabin. As the sun moves across the sky, the shadows grow longer. Creeping toward Gage.

A silhouette lurks safely within the cabin's shadow, just out of reach of the sun's rays. Moving with it. Inching its way closer and closer.

Gage watches with terror a moment, then, done urinating, he zips his pants, and races toward the far side of the parking lot, away from the approaching shadows.

As soon as his boot hits the yellow snow, it falls through. His weight pushing his foot to the ground, where it gets lodged under the snow.

Gage, his leg stuck almost to his hip, frantically struggles to get free as his wide, terrified eyes watch the shadow, and the silhouette lurking within, inch closer and closer.

Trapped, afraid, he screams.

GAGE

Mom!

EXT. RESORT GROUNDS - MID MORNING

Deanna and Sooni, each wearing snowshoes and pulling a sled loaded down with supplies; food, sleeping bags, propane tanks, an emergency kit; make their way towards Cabin 5.

SOONI

This looks so much easier on TV.

DEANNA

I told you.

GAGE (O.S.)

Mom!

They see him. Desperately struggling to get free as the silhouette slowly approaches.

DEANNA

Gage!

She drops her sled, and races across the snow, desperate to save Gage.

DEANNA

Hang on. I'm coming.

As she races across the snow, she rummages around in her pocket, trying to pull out the neon flashlight, but its tangled in the fabric of her jacket.

Gage frantically struggles to free his leg, but it's no use. His foot's wedged in tight, and the silhouette's only a foot away. Inching closer and closer.

GAGE

Deanna, hurry!

Deanna manages to pull the flashlight out of her pocket just as the worn-out strap on her snowshoe snaps.

She steps right out of the shoe, and falls, face first, into the snow. She hears Gage scream.

GAGE (O.S.)

Deanna!

Deanna looks up as the shadow falls across Gage.

DEANNA

No!

The silhouette's icy fingers reach for Gage. Deanna starts to get up, but stops when she hears a WHISTLING sound.

A bright red light zips through the air, flying right over Deanna, and slamming into the silhouette's face.

A loud sound, like a glacier CRACKING. Steam pours from the wound, and the silhouette SHRIEKS in agony.

Confused, wounded, its arms flailing about, it staggers backwards, right into the bright sunlight.

The CRACKING sound gets louder. Steam pours off every inch of the creature as it WAILS in unbearable agony. Fissures rip open all across its body, and bright light streams out.

Its SCREAMING gets louder, then, in a blinding burst of light, it EXPLODES. Sending frozen chunks of its body flying.

Deanna looks over at Gage, sees he's OK, then turns to Sooni.

She stands there, flare gun in one hand, flashlight the other, smiling at Deanna, unaware that she's now in shadows.

Deanna gives her a relieved/grateful smile, then she sees something behind Sooni.

DEANNA

Look out!

Sooni spins around, sees the hulking silhouette that has crept up behind her, and screams.

DEANNA

Sooni!

The flashlight gripped in her hand, she leaps to her feet, kicks off her other snowshoe, and rushes to save Sooni, but the snow's deep. She trudges through as fast as she can.

Sooni tries to raise her flashlight, but the silhouette grabs her wrist, its icy cold fingers freezing her flesh.

She shrieks in pain, and drops the flashlight as the skin under and around the silhouette's fingers turns ghostly white. Blisters form. Her fingers turn deep purple.

The silhouette yanks her closer. Sooni instinctively puts her hand on its chest, to stop herself.

The moment her warm fingers touch its bitter cold body, they freeze to its surface.

The pain's excruciating. Sooni shrieks in agony and tries to pull her hand away, but, it's not only stuck, it's slowly being sucked beneath the bitter cold surface.

The silhouette holds Sooni by one wrist as her other hand slowly sinks into its body. She tries to pull away, but the silhouette's pulling her closer, and closer.

As her shoulder grazes its chest, a beam of light slashes through the air. Slicing off the silhouette's arms.

Steam pours from the wound. It SHRIEKS in pain. Both Sooni and its arm drop to the ground.

Deanna swings her small neon flashlight again.

Like the blade of a sword, the LED beam slices through the silhouette. Back and forth. Again and again.

Steam and bright light stream from the wounds as the silhouette SCREECHES in pain, and tries to retreat, but Deanna's relentless.

She follows the silhouette. Slicing it with the beam of her flashlight. Again and again, until, in a blindingly bright light, the silhouette EXPLODES.

Deanna watches the pieces of its body fly through the air, then, satisfied its dead, she walks back to Sooni, who lies, whimpering, in the snow. One hand's just a frozen, gnarled nub, while the other's severely frostbitten.

Gage has worked himself free, and hurries over to meet them.

AURORA (O.S.)  
(terrified)  
Mom, don't!

GAGE  
Mom!

Deanna scoops up Sooni's flashlight, and tosses it to Gage.

DEANNA  
Watch her.

Flashlight beam leading the way, Deanna races through the deep snow, across the front yard toward the open front door.

INT. CABIN 5, KITCHEN - MID MORNING

Ellen and Aurora stand at the island, putting food into grocery bags. The lantern beside them lights up the room. Two flashlights are on the counter behind them.

Aurora, on the verge of tears, stops, and faces Ellen.

AURORA  
Do you think Gage hates me?

ELLEN  
What? No, why would you think that?

AURORA  
Because it's my fault Payton and Benjamin are dead.

ELLEN  
It's no one's fault, Aurora.



AURORA

It is. I was teasing Gage, Payton just went along with it. I'm so sorry, Mom. It should've been me, not her.

ELLEN

Don't say that. This wasn't your fault, and no one blames you. Gage adores his big sister. He looks up to you so much, and me,--

She pushes the hair away from Aurora's face, and tucks it behind her ear. This time Aurora leaves it.

ELLEN

I couldn't get through this without you. I love you.

Aurora starts to cry.

AURORA

I love you too, Mom.

Ellen, not used to showing affection, pulls Aurora into an awkward hug. Aurora pulls her close. They hear Gage scream.

GAGE (O.S.)

Deanna!

ELLEN

Oh my God, Gage.

Aurora races out of the kitchen, and across the living room.

ELLEN

Aurora, no.

LIVING ROOM

Ellen races into the room after Aurora, who's halfway to the open front door, neither remembered a flashlight.

ELLEN

Aurora, look out!

Aurora sees it too. She stops dead in her tracks, and, paralyzed with fear, stands there, staring ahead.

A silhouette stands in the hall, about ten feet from Aurora. Blocking her path to the open front door.

ELLEN  
(calmly)  
Aurora, come to me.

Aurora's too scared to move.

ELLEN  
Aurora, please, come here.

The silhouette moves toward Aurora, and, instinctively, Ellen charges across the room to protect her.

As she passes the end table, she grabs the brass lamp, yanks its cord out of the wall, and, holding it over her head like a club, races straight at the silhouette, which seems to be watching her approach.

She grabs Aurora by the shoulder, and shoves her backwards, snapping her out of her trance-like state.

AURORA  
(terrified)  
Mom, don't!

Ellen swings the lamp as hard as she can, bashing the silhouette in the head.

When the lamp hits, it's like hitting a glacier. Ellen screams in pain, lets go of the lamp, and staggers backward.

AURORA  
Mom.

She grabs Ellen, and, their eyes fixed on the silhouette, they slowly back away.

The lamp's embedded in the silhouette's skull. It's slowly sucked in. Inch by inch, until the last slips beneath the shimmering surface. Which ripples, then becomes still.

Both are transfixed. They just gape at the silhouette, which appears to be both solid and nothing but dark, slick shadows. So dark it shimmers. Like stars shining down on a moonlit lake, complete with a gentle mist rising from its surface.

Then, moving so fast it's only a blur, it lunges at them.

Both Aurora and Ellen scream in fear but, before they have time to move, the silhouette stops.

Its body goes rigid, it lets out an ear-piercing SHRIEK of pain, then a bright beam of light punches through its chest.

DEANNA (O.S.)

Get down!

Ellen grabs Aurora, throws her to the floor, then dives on top of her as the silhouette begins to convulse.

Steam rises, cracks begin to appear throughout its body. It lets out a high pitched, banshee-like SHRIEK, then, in a blast of blinding light, it EXPLODES, sending chunks of its frozen body flying.

Ellen and Aurora look over to see Deanna, holding her flashlight, standing across the room.

EXT. HIGHWAY - AFTERNOON

Maya and Kelvin, holding a high-powered flashlight, stand at edge of the fissure, staring into it, but it's so dark they can only see part way down.

MAYA

Ready to find out?

KELVIN

I'm not sure, but here goes.

He flips on the flashlight, then drops it into the fissure.

As it falls, the flashlight's bright LED beam illuminates the fissure's rock wall. It keeps falling, revealing nothing but rock and dirt, but then, way down, shapes become visible.

Thousands of dark creatures, featureless silhouettes, are scurrying up the walls. The light burns them. They SHRIEK in agony, and flee back down. Disappearing into the darkness.

The flashlight falls farther and farther. The bottom looks like a body of dark water. So black it shimmers, but, when the flashlight hits the "water", it slowly sinks, as if it were a thick gel rather than liquid.

MOMENTS LATER

Maya pulls a sled, loaded with cases of dynamite, over to the edge of the fissure.

A trail of wires, attached to the dynamite, leads back to the road, where Kelvin waits by the detonator, the running snowmobile right behind him.

KELVIN

Sure you don't want me to do that?

MAYA  
Just be ready.

KELVIN  
Not going to have to tell me twice.

Maya closes her eyes as she says a quick prayer, then she shoves the sled over the edge, and makes a mad dash back toward Kelvin. Racing across the rocks.

MAYA  
Now!

Kelvin shoves the plunger on the detonator down, then leaps onto the snowmobile.

Maya hops on right behind him, and Kelvin takes off. Speeding down the highway.

A split second later a muffled EXPLOSION followed by a bright flash of light. Inhuman SHRIEKS of agony, a deep RUMBLING, then the earth begins to fall away.

Large chunks of rock break off, and slide down the mountain, taking the highway with it.

As Kelvin races along, Maya peers back, and, with horror, watches as the road behind them gives way. Falling down a cliff that seems to be chasing them.

Finally, the rumbling stops. The earth becomes still. Kelvin drives a moment longer, then stops, and they both look back.

A thick cloud of dirt and debris obscures their view, but the rockslide seems to have stopped.

MOMENTS LATER

Maya and Kelvin stand at the edge of the newly formed cliff, staring down at the destroyed mountainside.

The area where the portal was is gone. Buried under tons of dirt, rock, trees, chunks of asphalt, and other debris.

MAYA  
Think we stopped them?

KELVIN  
At least stopped any more of them  
from coming through. I've got a  
more pressing question?

She gives him a quizzical look.

He nods at where the road used to be, which is now just rubble. Chunks of twisted asphalt, uprooted trees.

KELVIN

How do we get back to the resort?

INT. MOUNTAIN RIDGE LODGE, CLUBHOUSE LOBBY - AFTERNOON

Bright sunlight streams in through the large windows illuminating the lobby.

Soonie's asleep on the floor, buried under a mound of blankets. Deanna kneels beside her. Watching over her.

Ellen sits on the hearth, in front of the fire, vacantly staring off. Lost in thoughts and memories.

Gage stands by the window, gripping a flashlight, staring out, down at the entrance, anxiously waiting.

Aurora leans against the wall, flipping through a travel magazine. She looks up, and sees Gage.

She thinks a moment, then smiles, sets the magazine down, and walks over to him.

AURORA

Come on, Squirt. Let's build a snowman.

GAGE

I thought you hated making snowmen.  
It's childish and stupid.

AURORA

It is and I do.

Gage looks hurt.

AURORA

But I love you, Squirt.

Ellen, tears in her eyes, smiles.

EXT. MOUNTAIN RIDGE LODGE, CLUBHOUSE - AFTERNOON

As the sun moves across the afternoon sky, shadows from the trees along the edge of the parking lot grow long, slowly inching closer to where Aurora, Gage, and Ellen are rolling balls of snow to build a snowman.

Along the treeline, safely in the shadows, serval silhouettes crouch down, hiding, watching them.

Aurora scoops up a handful of snow, forms it into a ball, then hurls it at Gage, hitting him in the back.

The silhouettes watch, fascinated as Ellen, Aurora, and Gage have a snowball fight. Laughing as they scoop up mounds of snow, crush them into balls, then hurl them at each others.

INT. MOUNTAIN RIDGE LODGE, CLUBHOUSE LOBBY - DUSK

Outside, the purple sky is turning black as night begins to fall, bathing the land in darkness.

Inside, the activities area is dark and only three lanterns are on in the lobby. One on the fireplace mantle and two on the floor, one on either side, creating a safe space where Sooni lies, asleep under several blankets.

Ellen sits on the hearth, playing a game of cards with Aurora and Gage, who sit on the floor. The fire's going but it's still freezing. They're bundled up in jackets.

Deanna stands at a window, flashlight pointed out, sweeping back and forth to keep the shadows at bay as she stares down at the entrance, waiting. Worrying.

As Gage shuffles the cards, Ellen gets up and walks over to Deanna, who tries to look stronger than she feels.

DEANNA

I'm sure they won't be long.

ELLEN

They should've been back--

A loud BAM as something hits the window. It's so hard and going so fast that it SMASHES right through the glass, and HITS the back wall with such force it dents the wood before falling to the hardwood floor with a loud THUD.

Deanna, Ellen, Gage, and Aurora watch, stunned, as what appears to be a frozen snowball rolls across the floor.

AURORA

Ah, what the heck's--

BAM. BAM. BAM. Frozen snowballs hitting the windows. The large panes of glass SHATTER. A barrage of frozen snowballs and shards of glass fly through the room.

Aurora throws Gage to the floor, and covers him with her body, trying to protect him as a hail of frozen snowballs fly over them and hit the fireplace, extinguishing the flames.

A frozen snowball strikes Ellen in the head, knocking her out. She falls to the floor.

AURORA

Mom!

She and Gage crawl to Ellen, and cover her with their bodies as more ice balls fly into the lobby.

Deanna, her face and arms cut by shards of glass, stands by the shattered window, pointing her flashlight out, waving the beam back and forth, but it's no use.

A few silhouette stand in the parking lot, just out of reach of her flashlight's beam. They scoop snow off the ground, form it into snowballs with their bitter cold hands, freezing them into rock solid ice balls, which they hurl at the lobby.

One hits Deanna's hand. She screams in pain and drops her flashlight. The bulb and glass SHATTER.

More ice balls fly in. One HITS the lantern on the mantle, knocking it to the floor, where it SHATTERS.

Ice balls rain down on the other two lanterns, destroying both, plunging the room into darkness.

Deanna, holding her injured hand in her good hand, stares out into the parking lot, where there's just enough light for her to see the silhouettes moving toward her.

They move slow at first. Hesitant, then, realizing there's no light, they race across the parking lot. Black blurs in the darkness, charging toward her.

Deanna frantically looks around, desperate to find a weapon, but there's none. Her flashlight and the three lanterns are all shattered on the floor.

She looks out the broken window. The silhouettes are so close she can almost make them out.

She scoops up the broken flashlight, holds it like a club, and stands ready to fight.

Suddenly, bright lights fill the parking lot. Several military Humvees coming towards them. Their LED headlights illuminate the parking lot and clubhouse.

Caught in the incredibly bright lights, the silhouettes SHRIEK in pain. They spasm violently. Fissures rip open all over their bodies and they EXPLODE in a brilliant burst of light, sending chunks of their bodies flying.

The Humvees drive over the pieces of their shattered bodies, and come to a stop just outside the lobby.

Aurora and Gage have helped Ellen to her feet. Deanna leads them outside.

EXT. MOUNTAIN RIDGE LODGE, CLUBHOUSE - NIGHT

Deanna, Ellen, Gage, and Aurora stand in front of the entrance, apprehensively, staring at the Humvees, but the headlights blind them. All they see are several shapes, hulking silhouettes, climb out.

As the figures approach, Deanna and the others brace themselves, but they relax when they see it's Kelvin, Maya, and a few soldiers.

KELVIN

We ran into some friends.

Maya walks over to Deanna.

MAYA

You OK, hon? Looks like you battled a porcupine and lost.

DEANNA

I'm--

She realizes something, and looks around.

DEANNA

Hector?

Tears fill Maya's eyes. She shakes her head no.

Deanna starts to cry.

DEANNA

Damn it!

Maya holds her.

LIEUTENANT

Not to seem insensitive, folks, but we've got to head out.



DEANNA  
Sooni's inside. She, well, she  
needs a doctor.

Lieutenant nods at two soldiers, both medics, who hurry  
inside to check on Sooni.

Maya slips her arm around Deanna and walks her to one of the  
Humvees. Kelvin, Ellen, Aurora, and Gage follow.

INT. HOSPITAL, SOONI'S ROOM - AFTERNOON

Sooni, her hands bandaged, wakes in bed. Confused, agitated,  
she sits up and looks around.

SOONI  
What the hell!?

Deanna's standing at the window, staring out. She hears  
Sooni, and hurries over.

DEANNA  
Hey, it's OK.

Sooni realizes where she is, and what happened.

SOONI  
It was real? I was hoping it was  
just a bad dream.

As her head becomes clearer, she becomes frantic.

SOONI  
The boys!?

DEANNA  
Are fine. I spoke to Kai and your  
Mom last night.

SOONI  
So it was just here?

DEANNA  
There have been sightings, a few  
attacks, but, for the most part,  
they seem contained to the  
mountain.

SOONI  
So we stopped them?

Deanna nods yes.

DEANNA  
It looks like it.

SOONI  
What about the ones already here?

DEANNA  
They'll try to hunt them down, I  
guess. Blast the area with bright  
light or something.

Sooni, feeling groggy, yawns.

DEANNA  
I'm going to meet Pete. Why don't  
you get some sleep? I'll check on  
you later.

She walks toward the door.

Sooni realizes something and is very worried.

SOONI  
Deanna.

Deanna turns back.

DEANNA  
Sooni, what's--

SOONI  
Those things. They came through a  
portal, right?

DEANNA  
Which Kelvin and Maya blew up.

SOONI  
But, how do we know that was the  
only one?

This gives Deanna pause. Worried and unsure, she stares at  
Sooni, not sure how to respond.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD PARK, FIELD - DUSK

As the sun begins to set, the street lights come on, and the  
teenagers playing basketball, or just hanging around, head  
home. Walking across the field toward the lights of their  
subdivision. Hundreds of homes, packed close together.

The couples walking and the families at the playground head  
for their cars.

Within moments, the park's deserted. Still. As darkness spreads across the land, the ground begins to tremble, and a massive sinkhole opens up.

Nearly twenty feet across, and deep. Seemingly bottomless, but, miles down, the bottom seems to be made of a liquid or gel that's so dark it simmers.

Ripples across the liquid. A pitch black head, then broad, muscular shoulders emerge as the first silhouette forces its way through.

As it scales the steep, rock and dirt wall, more ripples in the liquid below. Hundreds of them as more silhouettes start to come through.

FADE OUT.

**THE END**