

SNOW SHARKS

Written by
Chris Shalom

Story by
Andrew Gust & Chris Shalom

FADE IN:

EXT. GREAT WHITE - BACKCOUNTRY - DUSK

Jagged peaks rise in the distance like...y'know. Teeth.

The trees stand tall, silent. This is real backcountry. Pure nature. Pure powder. Should be pure bliss, but poor ELI (33), sprinting through the trees holding a single broken ski, looks anything but happy.

ELI

Okay...oh fuck! Okay...

Silence still, except for the frantic Eli. He slows, leans against a tree. Catches his breath.

WHAM! In the distance, a tall, thin tree shudders. Snow falls in clumps from its branches.

ELI (CONT'D)

What...

WHAM! Closer, another tree. WHAM! Snow blankets the ground. There's no mistaking it -- whatever's going on, it's headed straight for Eli.

He turns and sprints sideways, cutting across the slope. Behind him -- WHAM! But suddenly, he's out of the trees, running in the clear dusk, and everything is silent and peaceful again.

Eli looks behind him, still sprinting. He looks ahead as he crests a small hill -- oh shit!

ELI (CONT'D)

Cornice!

Indeed it is. Before he's finished yelling the word, the sloped snow collapses, and he falls hard to the snow below.

The ski leaves his hand and slides, broken and pathetic, down the hill away from him.

Eli freezes. Nothing. Silence. In front of him, the space below the cornice is deep and dark. He stands, and now he can see...

...the fully grown FEMALE GRIZZLY standing at the remaining top of the cornice.

ELI (CONT'D)

Bear.

The Grizzly stares at him. Examines the edge of the cornice.

ELI (CONT'D)
(reciting)
Bear. Be big, make noise.

He gulps, then slowly raises trembling arms above his head.
The Grizzly watches him, unconcerned.

Eli draws a breath in and...

ELI (CONT'D)
YAHHHHHHHHHHH!!!

He should be proud. It's a hell of a scream. It echoes.

The Grizzly rears onto her hind legs and ROARS. It sounds like the earth is shattering.

Eli falls backwards and cowers. The Grizzly roars again...

Poof!

The roar disappears abruptly. The only sound is a soft puff, like a snowball landing lightly in powder.

Eli slowly takes his hands off his face. Little tears are frozen at the corners of his eyes. He looks up...and up...

The Grizzly still stands in roaring position, arms above its...neck. Its head is gone. Blood mats its fur.

ELI (CONT'D)
What...

The Grizzly's body falls over backwards with a massive THUMP.

Eli stands, incredulous. But from above, a trail is visible, little hillocks in the snow leading up to a massive hole on either side of the bear's body. Something tunneling under the snow, then jumping out, then continuing...

...something that's still moving. The hillock moves in a wide circle, up the hill, lazily around, back down towards the bear's body from above...back down directly towards Eli.

Eli looks around. A DULL ROAR starts to gather.

ELI (CONT'D)
What is this? No...no...

He stares into the darkness below the cornice. More of the cornice starts to crumble, bits of snow falling past the yawning opening. Eli is frozen in fear.

Whatever it is gains speed as it nears the bear's body...

...suddenly, a grey fin breaks the snow. A shark's fin.

ELI (CONT'D)
NO!!!

It seems like the whole hill is shaking. The cornice is falling apart. Eli screams as the DULL ROAR rises, and something explodes towards him out of the cornice...something all teeth and grey and angles and death...

...it's our title!

SNOW SHARKS

INT. MYA'S APARTMENT - DAY

Music softly playing.

Mya's on the bed, a thick book held open by her limp hand. Her reading glasses are smushed against her face. Her arm is wrapped around a teddy bear.

From outside, KNOCKING. Polite, then insistent, then downright angry. Mya slumbers through it. Silence...

CRASH!

Someone tumbles into the living room through the window, knocking over a potted plant and slamming hard into the ground. Mya continues to sleep. She's right out.

JOSEPHINE "Jo" JEFFERS (24), a giddy grin on her face, a goofy hat on her head, someone who clearly doesn't give a damn what people think, stands up.

JO
Mya.

Mya doesn't move a muscle.

JO (CONT'D)
Mya. Mya Mya pants on fyah!

Mya rolls over, away from Jo. Jo crosses to the door, unlocks it, and slams it open and shut repeatedly.

JO (CONT'D)
Bitch you sleep like the dead!

She crosses to the stereo system near Mya's bed and starts shuffling through CDs.

JO (CONT'D)
No...no...no...yes.

A BANGIN' CLUB BEAT explodes through the room. Jo sings along at the top of her lungs and begins to dance around Mya's bed. After a moment, she starts shaking her ass above Mya's head.

At the door, MATT "Fenner" FENNER (26) appears. No two ways about it -- he looks like a dirty hippie, scraggly beard, poncho, and all. He watches Jo shake her ass, then --

FENNER
Ah ha!

He joins Jo, shakin' it just as hard and just as feminine. Mya puts a pillow over her head. Jo and Fenner sing along.

After a few moments of the absolute cacophony, Mya takes the pillow down and glares sleepily at Jo and Fenner, who just keep dancing and singing.

FENNER (CONT'D)
It is...alive!

JO
Yo yiggidy yo, it's time to g-g-go!

Mya rubs her eyes and opens them wide, but doesn't move. Fenner drops the back of his pants down, exposing his bare ass, and continues to dance.

FENNER
Yup yiggidy yup, t-time to get up!

Jo drops her pants too, and the two shake their bare asses to the music. Despite herself, Mya laughs.

MYA
Okay! Okay, I'm up. Put those things away.

JO
Not until you dance with us.

MYA
I'm not dancing.

Fenner pulls his pants up, grabs Mya's hand, and tries to pull her up.

FENNER
Dance with us, Mya!

MYA
I'm not dancing.

JO
C'mon baby baby!

Mya pulls her hand away. Fiercer than she needs to be.

MYA
I'm not dancing!

Fenner stops. At the look on Mya's face, Jo does too. Jo clicks the music off, and there's a second of silence.

JO
Well c'mon sexy mama, let's get
this trip going.

MYA
Thanks for waking me up. I...shit
it's late.

JO
Our pleasure. Oh, I fucked your
plant.

Mya looks at the poor potted plant collapsed on the floor.

JO (CONT'D)
Happy birthday?

Mya sighs.

EXT. MYA'S APARTMENT - DAY

A quiet part of a big city. Not exactly high living, but the heavy snow makes the neighbourhood kind of pretty.

A 2010 SUV sits in the parking lot, packed up inside, skis and boards on a roof rack. Leaned against it is JEFF STANTON (24), handsome as hell in a stylish snow ensemble as perfect as his hair. He's drinking a beer.

QUENTIN BRICE (24), a classic loser with uncoordinated clothing and a nervous air, finishes re-arranging bags in the back of the SUV and joins Jeff, leaning next to him.

QUENTIN
I guess your girlfriend takes shotgun, huh?

JEFF

Uh huh.

QUENTIN

Awkward situation, huh. Like,
girlfriend, best friend,
girlfriend, best friend...

JEFF

She takes shotgun.

QUENTIN

Yup.

Mya emerges from her apartment, shooing Jo and Fenner out ahead of her, skis in hand. She blows a kiss to Jeff. He smiles and waves to her.

FENNER

Jeff!

JEFF

Yeah Fenner.

FENNER

I go into your girlfriend's
apartment normal, now look at me!

He turns around. His ass is still out. He wiggles it.

FENNER (CONT'D)

There's a full moon on the horizon!

QUENTIN

Damnit Fenner!

Quentin's shoved out of the way as the back door to the SUV opens and LIZ STAMP (19), tall and skinny with an unmistakeable country-girl hardness to her, steps out.

LIZ

It's 8 AM. That's the third time
everyone's seen your ass today.

Fenner pulls his pants up.

FENNER

Lucky everyone, eh babe?

Mya arrives at the SUV with Jo. She kisses Jeff. He kisses her back and grabs her ass hard. She pulls his hand off.

LIZ

Call me babe again. I dare you.

Fenner grins.

FENNER
What, is it time for the red tide?

LIZ
Say it.

Mya leans over to Jo.

MYA
Red tide?

JO
Period.

MYA
Fuck that's dumb.

Fenner grins like an idiot, eyes locked with Liz.

FENNER
The red tide...babe?

Without hesitation, Liz sprints towards him, leaps off the ground, and delivers a perfectly-executed Superman punch to his nose. He collapses.

QUENTIN
Holy shit!

MYA
Don't worry about it, Quentin. Hi,
by the way.

QUENTIN
Should we...

He looks back at Liz, who's circling around to stand over Fenner. He looks up, his nose bleeding.

FENNER
I'm sorry...I meant to say...HA!

He kicks upwards into Liz's groin. She doubles over, clutching herself, then falls, straddling him.

She's laughing.

LIZ
Fuckin' got me good.

Fenner gnashes his teeth at her. She leans over and kisses him. They start to make out voraciously. Fenner's blood gets on both their faces.

MYA
Well, I'm ready to go.

She starts to get in the back.

JEFF
Take shotgun, Mya.

MYA
It's fine, Quentin's shit is in there.

QUENTIN
I could move it. If you really want.

JEFF
Move it.

MYA
It's fine.

JEFF
(to Quentin)
Move it.
(to everyone)
Six people and five seats. Last one in's riding roof rack.

Quentin and Jo hop in the back seat.

JEFF (CONT'D)
Fenner. Five seconds.

He gets in and starts the SUV.

Liz stands, looks at Fenner, then sprints to the SUV and takes the last seat. Fenner sprints after her and dives directly into the back seat, lying across all three people.

JEFF (CONT'D)
You comfy?

FENNER
Hold on.

He produces a beer from somewhere, cracks it, and swigs.

FENNER (CONT'D)
Yup.

JEFF
If I get cited, y'all are paying.

FENNER
's all me, baby.

JEFF
Checklist. Gear?

EVERYONE
Check!

JEFF
Food?

EVERYONE
Check!

JEFF
Beer?

EVERYONE
Check!

JEFF
Attitude?

EVERYONE
Check!

Jeff smiles and hits the CD player. A ROCKIN' SONG blasts.

JEFF
Rock and roll!

Tunes blaring, the SUV accelerates out of the neighbourhood.

EXT. CITY - DAY

The city disappears behind the SUV.

INT. SUV - DAY

Everybody laughs and sings along to the music. Fenner pours beer into Quentin's mouth and all over his face.

Mya sits silent, watching the snow pass by outside.

Jeff looks over at her and smiles. A loving smile.

EXT. FORK IN THE ROAD - DAY

The SUV pulls up to the fork and stops. The music shuts off.

The sign outside reads "Mount Ursa Ski Resort" with an arrow pointing right.

INT. SUV - DAY

Everyone looks up in confusion.

QUENTIN

'Sup, Jeff?

JEFF

Mya has a bit of a surprise.

Everyone looks at Mya. She turns around.

MYA

So as you all know, tomorrow begins
the exclusive opening weekend of
Great White. And as you all know,
that's not for poor people like us,
it's for rich people like Jeff.

The back seat laughs.

JEFF

Yeah yeah, all right.

MYA

Love you...

(to everyone)

I know I'm not always the uh...fun
one. But I do love you guys. And
Liz, we just met, but I...y'know,
you punched Fenner in the face, so
that's good.

FENNER

I liked it.

MYA

I don't know if that makes it
better or worse.

FENNER

I always like it.

MYA

ANYway, I have a surprise for
y'all. We're not going to Ursa.

JO
We're not shredding?

MYA
Oh, we're shredding. But we're going to opening weekend at Great White. My treat.

A moment of stunned silence.

JO
Are you serious?

JEFF
She's serious.

FENNER
You're dead fuckin' serious.

MYA
I'm alive fuckin' serious.

JO
No way. We can't let you pay for that. You musta been...oh my god, Mya, all those double shifts. The double shift last night?

MYA
Never you mind about that. What I want for my birthday is Great White with all of you, and that's what I'm getting.

FENNER
Liz, I love you...I used to love you, but I think I'm in love with Mya now. Goddess, angel.

JEFF
She's taken, Fenner.

Fenner lunges into the front seat.

FENNER
Let me kiss your feet, goddess!

Liz starts to slap his ass.

MYA
And the kinkiness begins anew.

JEFF
You're amazing, babe.

MYA
Well.

Jeff grins and pumps the gas. The car lurches forward and Fenner's head slams hard against the front glove compartment.

FENNER
Ah, my fuckin' head!

The gang laughs...

EXT. FORK IN THE ROAD - DAY

The SUV turns left. Away from Mount Ursia. Towards Great White. The music BLARES again.

Jo sticks her head out the window as the SUV pulls ahead.

JO
WHOO!!! GREAT WHITE!!!

She continues to scream as they disappear up the road.

EXT. APEX LIFT - DAY

The chairlift is serene. A large sign reads "APEX LIFT" and, below, an arrow points "TO CABINS".

A SNOWMOBILE ENGINE breaks the silence. After a minute, it pulls up to the lift, two riders aboard, in resort uniform: TECHNICIAN 1 and 2. They disembark and start towards the side of the building at the lift's top.

TECHNICIAN 1
Dunno what the hell it is with this damn chair. Everything else squeaky clean, been up to Apex three times.

TECHNICIAN 2
Hey why they call it Apex, anyway?

TECHNICIAN 1
I dunno, it sounds nice?

Technician 2 stops for a moment, looking around.

TECHNICIAN 2
Well it means top, right? And we're nearly at the bottom of the mountain.

TECHNICIAN 1 (O.S.)

Listen, as soon as you own a ski resort, you can worry about your fuckin' vocabulary, or whatever-

Poof!

It's a very quiet sound, but when Technician 2 turns around, he's alone.

TECHNICIAN 2

Uhh...where you at, man?

He spies something in the snow. Steps forward. A red dot.

A growing red dot. It spreads, outwards, liquid, kissing the snow a dark red, bubbling and thick.

TECHNICIAN 2 (CONT'D)

Um...

He turns and starts to run. Suddenly...poof!

He disappears, and everything is quiet again.

EXT. GREAT WHITE - HILL ROAD - DAY

Jeff's SUV cruises upwards. The hill road up is curvy and treacherous, despite being meticulously maintained. Signs for companies involved with the resort line the curves.

I/E. SUV - DAY

Quentin switches on an avalanche transceiver.

QUENTIN

Everyone's transceiver on?

JEFF

Fuck no. What?

QUENTIN

We're up the hill, they should be on.

FENNER

You live a life of fear, my man.

QUENTIN

Whatever.

Liz watches the signs go by outside..

LIZ
Talk about capitalism.

FENNER
Aw, let's not.

QUENTIN
Careful what you say. Y'know there
are mics in all these vehicles now.
The government's listening.

JEFF
Shut the fuck up, Quentin.

QUENTIN
I'm serious. Talking capitalism,
don't think it's time for another
Red Scare? Government's big, man.

JEFF
Christ.

JO
It is ugly. Like having to sit
through all those fuckin' car ads
or whatever before a movie.

JEFF
The car ads are subsidizing your
tickets. Don't like it, go pay 20
bucks at some arthouse place.

JO
No no, I'll take the ads any day.
It's just, like, all this beautiful
white snow, y'know?

JEFF
Goes with all our beautiful white
guilt.

Mya laughs.

MYA
Oh, shut up, Jeff.

JEFF
You're telling me someone's not
going to mention natural habitats
and the privatization of public
land in the next ten seconds?

LIZ

Well, we are getting ready to benefit from a lot of animals getting screw over, aren't we?

JEFF

Yeah yeah, and save the bears, and protect the owls, and how dare the Chinese eat shark fin soup.

LIZ

Damn right, fuck 'em. People that eat shark fin soup, that is, not "the Chinese."

JEFF

'Course, the shark'll eat you in a second.

QUENTIN

And forget the soup.

JEFF

And forget the soup, very true.

LIZ

Yeah yeah, you're one of these archaic "survival of the fittest" guys, right?

Fenner grabs Liz's hand.

FENNER

Babe.

JEFF

I'm not a "survival of the fittest" guy.

(grins)

But I am the fittest guy.

EXT. GREAT WHITE - DAY

The SUV crests the final hill, bringing the glory of the resort into view. A massive, modern complex sits in front of a base area where lifts stretch up the mountain in every direction. It's absolutely gorgeous.

INT. SUV - DAY

Everyone looks on in wonder.

JO

Mya, you are an angel. It's fucking AMAZING!

QUENTIN

Mya, thank you. Thank you thank you.

FENNER

Oh man, Julia would have-

The car goes deathly silent. Everyone looks at Mya.

FENNER (CONT'D)

-loved this. She would...loved this.

With an embarrassed look, Fenner goes quiet.

Jeff leans over and kisses Mya, then looks back at Liz.

EXT. GREAT WHITE - PARKING LOT - DAY

The SUV glides through the massive empty parking lots. Only the lot closest to the resort is full...and of very, very expensive vehicles.

Just as the SUV approaches an obvious spot, an expensive truck cuts the SUV off and zooms into the space.

INT. SUV - DAY

Jeff watches with disbelief as the truck's shotgun passenger, BRADY (25), oozing self-importance and rich white ennui, leaps out and starts to unpack the truck.

JEFF

Weird.

Jeff backs the SUV up and pulls into a space nearby.

EXT. GREAT WHITE - PARKING LOT - DAY

The gang gets out of the SUV, stretching their arms and legs and breathing in the mountain air. Fenner immediately stumbles to the edge of the parking lot to pee.

QUENTIN

That was a long-ass drive.

Mya leans over to Jeff with a smile.

MYA

I think you got the cheapest
vehicle in the lot.

JEFF

You're probably right, eh? Crazy.

MYA

Not in Kansas any more.

DARCY (O.S.)

Wassup?

Everyone turns to see DARCY (25), with Brady on his left and SONIA (22), pretty as a Next Top Model contestant and looking twice as mean, hanging off his right arm.

Darcy is Jeff, but better: the character feminists imagine when they write about white privilege.

DARCY (CONT'D)

Country peeps. Some country people.
My name's Darcy. Y'all up from the
country?

JEFF

Which country is that, friend?

DARCY

You know, like on some Deliverance
shit. Or maybe...are y'all, like,
the help? Are you the help?

MYA

We're here to ski.

DARCY

Your woman talk for you?

JEFF

My partner talks when she feels
like it.

Mya sneaks a glance at Jeff. A rare look of pure love.

BRADY

So wait. Y'all shred?

QUENTIN

I ski.

JEFF

Shut up, Quentin.

DARCY
So we'll see y'all out on the hill
tomorrow.

SONIA
Maybe in the bar.

DARCY
Maybe in the bar. Oh, but it's
expensive there. No worries. I'll
buy you a scotch.

JEFF
Yeah, that'd be great, buddy.

Sonia locks eyes with Mya.

SONIA
And I'll buy you a vodka. I'm
guessing you like it...with a
cherry, right?

MYA
I drink beer, bitch.

DARCY
Hey now. That's my girl.

JEFF
We'll see you, then.

DARCY
Oh. You'll see me.

After a stare-down, the three walk away.

JO
Was that...beef? Do we have like,
beef, now?

JEFF
Let's get our shit.

EXT. GREAT WHITE - SKI RACKS - DAY

The gang racks all the gear, then takes a moment to survey
the outside of the massive main building.

Mya watches a technician working on a massive snow groomer,
down below the main staging area for the main ski lifts. He
looks up at her and waves. She waves back.

JEFF
I feel like a drink.

JO
So we do. We have beef now.

MYA
Let's just get up to-

JEFF
-we're getting a drink. The cabin can wait.

FENNER
Cabin?

JO
You got us a cabin? One of the swanky fuckin'...on the hill?

MYA
It was supposed to be another surprise.

She shoots a look at Jeff.

JO
It's too much, Mya. It's too much.

LIZ
I don't even know you. I mean, thank you, but...

FENNER
Yeah, man. We'll split the cabin.

MYA
No.

JO
Mya...

MYA
No. I'm doing this for my friends. You all need to know how much you matter to me. Especially after...

JO
You can't keep blaming yourself.

Quentin looks at Jeff. What?

Jeff shakes his head. Not now.

JEFF

You all wanna thank Mya, buy her a drink.

MYA

Jeff, come on.

FENNER

I'll buy her a drink.

JO

Hell, twelve.

Mya scans the group, then sighs.

MYA

A beer would be nice.

EXT. APEX LIFT - DAY

The pool of blood from the poor technician has spread wide. It's getting pink with dilution.

Two SUITS, as vanilla security guard as it gets, work quietly next to the blood. One forces a long instrument downwards through the snow. The other is taking samples of blood.

Suit 1 hits a rough spot with his probe, then puts his full weight on it and pushes through. He starts to pelvic thrust against the probe.

SUIT 1

Hey. Hey check it out.

Suit 2 looks up and sighs.

SUIT 2

How the hell did you get this job?

SUIT 1

I'm fucking Mother Nature. I'm a motherfucker.

Suit 2 shakes his head and continues sampling. Suit 1 keeps thrusting.

SUIT 1 (CONT'D)

Out here, you can get off and still have blue balls, y'know? I mean, this Mother Nature bitch is so cold you can slap her thigh and get a Slushee. Y'know?

(MORE)

SUIT 1 (CONT'D)

I mean, this Mother Nature bitch is
so cold, she gives you head they
call it an "iced cap".

Suit 2 grits his teeth.

SUIT 1 (CONT'D)

But it's all right. She's just
kinda frigid, y'know. Just her time
of year, I guess.

Despite himself, Suit 2 laughs at this one. His sampler
BEEPS. Suit 1 joins him, peering over his shoulder.

SUIT 1 (CONT'D)

That's it for sure, huh?

Suit 2 looks around.

SUIT 2

Let's get the hell outta the snow.

INT. GREAT WHITE - BAR - DAY

Swanky as heck. The bar retains a ski-lodge bar feel, but
only ironically. The gang enters, and Jeff instantly spots
Darcy, Sonia, and Brady at the other end, drinks in hand.

Fenner, Liz, and Jo get a table.

JEFF

There they are.

MYA

Can we just get a drink?

DARCY

Bro!

JEFF

He's buying, remember?

Darcy approaches, the other two trailing.

MYA

You've got nothing to prove, Jeff.

Jeff ignores her as Darcy nears.

JEFF

Yeah, what's up, bro.

DARCY

Well we're on our way out, but why
don't I buy y'all a round before we
head up to our cabin.

He stresses the last word. Bragging.

JEFF

Yeah, we're just having one before
we head up to our cabin.

DARCY

My my. Spending someone's college
fund, or something?

BRADY

Yeah. Some country boy college
fund.

Darcy surveys the bar. The BARTENDER nods to him.

DARCY

Shut up, Brady.

(to Bartender)

Two Johnnie Walker Double Blacks,
neat, three fingers. And beer for
the table here. Whatever costs the
most.

(to Jeff re: Brady)

Pardon my dumb friend here. Nothing
wrong with being a country boy.

JEFF

Hey, we appreciate the drinks,
buddy.

Something on the wall catches Fenner's eye.

FENNER

Hey Jeff, check it out.

Jeff and Darcy both turn to stare up at a picture behind the bar. It's a ski jump...the biggest one imaginable. Right off a cliff, right over a valley.

DARCY

What, you thinking about riding the
Dragon?

JEFF

I thought they weren't allowed to
open that.

DARCY

Oh, it's not open. That would be dangerous for people like...you know.

(whispers)

But we're gonna hit it tomorrow.

Darcy indicates a map on the wall, which shows the layout of the hill. Four main areas, with one curving around far left, and one curving around far right.

DARCY (CONT'D)

Man, it's not even open and I own this bitch. I KNOW this bitch. Check it out. The whole far left side is called the Dragon. That's Apex Lift. And the whole right side is called Cobra. But Dragon...that's where the air is. That's Apex, the lift that's out. And that's where our fuckin' cabin is. But we're hiking, because we ain't pussies.

JEFF

That's our cabin too.

The Bartender passes the scotches out and starts pouring beer. Darcy passes one of the glasses to Jeff.

DARCY

Guessing you've never had Double Black before. Thought you'd want something nice and smoky. Y'know, then tomorrow we can head up the hill together and you can get...smoked.

Darcy knocks his glass against Jeff's.

JEFF

You got a problem with me?

DARCY

I don't have a problem in the world.

MYA

Jeff...

JEFF

Cheers.

DARCY
Cheers.

They raise their glasses, then drink.

Jeff punches Darcy in the mouth. Brady leaps forward and punches Jeff in the ear. Fenner hurls himself at Brady.

Sonia leans against the bar, watching as the four men struggle. She raises an eyebrow at Mya. Mya looks back, bemused, then leans next to her. The fight continues.

MYA
Y'know, it's my birthday.

SONIA
Happy birthday!

MYA
Thank you.

SONIA
...country girl.

Mya smirks.

MYA
Yeah. Well...

She turns and throws a wild punch at Sonia's face...

EXT. CABIN LANDING - DAY

Mya trudges up the hill, nursing an ice-wrapped wrist.

The cabin is perched at the top of a hill on a landing, with others nearby, spread out. The gang works their way slowly towards it, weighed down with all their packs and gear.

Fenner and Jeff are a little bruised and scraped.

QUENTIN
Aren't we supposed to ski down to
the fuckin' cabins, not hike up?

JEFF
They're not even open yet. It's
just this lift that's closed,
anyway. Apex Chair, or whatever.

QUENTIN
I came to ski, not to hike.

Jo casually pushes Quentin over. He falls and rolls down the hill a ways before struggling up.

QUENTIN (CONT'D)
Not funny!

FENNER
Kinda funny, man.

JEFF
Hey...the Dragon.

Everyone turns to look. It is visible, in the far distance. An absolutely massive jump that crosses a cliff.

LIZ
Count me out.

JEFF
Look at it.

MYA
That's nice, sweetie.

Everyone else starts to walk again. Jeff takes a long look at the Dragon before continuing.

Jo looks over at Mya.

JO
I guess we're not going back to the bar, huh.

Mya holds up her wrist.

MYA
Trust me, I've learned my lesson.

JEFF
Besides. Now we can get drunk in the cabin, like normal people.
(to Mya)
It's your birthday, after all.

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

MONTAGE: The gang does indeed get drunk in the cabin. The usual. Shots, yelling, peer pressure, and a whole lotta mess.

INT. CABIN - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Mya and Jeff stumble into the bedroom. Jeff pushes the door closed as Mya collapses on the bed, giggling. When she looks up and sees Jeff's stare, a sudden tension emerges.

MYA

Hi...

JEFF

Take off your shirt.

Mya looks away, silent. Jeff starts to pull his shirt off. From the main cabin, MUSIC and LAUGHTER are audible.

JEFF (CONT'D)

Take off your shirt.

Without making eye contact, Mya does. Jeff pulls off his socks, then starts undoing his pants.

JEFF (CONT'D)

Your pants, take off your pants.

MYA

I'm kinda tired, Jeff.

Jeff pulls his pants off. After a moment, Mya unbuttons her pants and pulls them off, finally making eye contact with Jeff as she does.

JEFF

You ready for your birthday present?

MYA

No.

JEFF

You don't even know what it is.

MYA

I'm sorry, Jeff. I'm not ready.

Jeff falls backwards a tiny bit, catches himself on the door, then steps forward, hulking over her.

JEFF

Something unnatural about a 23-year old virgin, don't you think?

MYA

Unnatural.

THUMP!

Something slams against the wall outside the cabin.

JEFF
What the fuck!

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

BANG BANG!

Liz, Fenner, Jo, and Quentin, drunk and riotous, freeze. Somebody is outside, and somebody really wants in. They look at each other, then Jo and Fenner approach the door.

VOICE (O.S.)
Let me in! Help! Hey!

BANG BANG!

JO
What do you think?

Fenner hefts a mostly-empty bottle of whiskey. A weapon.

FENNER
Just be ready.

Jo edges towards the door. Fenner raises the bottle...

Jo reaches out and touches the lock...

QUENTIN
Be careful!

They turn back to look at him, contemptuous. Then Jo unlocks the door, and in falls...

...Brady. Scared out of his wits and half-naked.

BRADY
Help me!

Fenner hits him with the bottle. He falls backwards.

BRADY (CONT'D)
Agh!

FENNER
Shit, sorry man. I was kinda all tensed up.

Everyone looks up as Jeff and Mya enter the room, still pulling clothes on.

MYA
What's going on?

JO
(to Brady)
What's wrong? Are you hurt?

BRADY
They're dead, what if they're all dead?!

JEFF
Who?

BRADY
Shark...shark!

QUENTIN
Shark?

BRADY
Shark!

Fenner smirks and looks back at Liz and Quentin.

FENNER
I think he's worried about a-

Suddenly, Brady's hands are on Fenner's shoulders and Brady's staring at Fenner, wild-eyed.

BRADY
Shark...in the snow!

Fenner holds his gaze for a second, then laughs.

FENNER
C'mon man, you-

SLAP! Brady slaps his head left, then backhands it right, then slaps it left again.

BRADY
I'm telling you. Snow sharks!

EXT. CABIN LANDING - NIGHT

Everyone trails Brady, still zipping up jackets and shivering against the cold. Further up the hill, the lights are still on in one other cabin.

JEFF

If you're pranking us, man, I'm
gonna beat your fucking ass. It's
cold out here.

BRADY

I'm...we just need to rescue them.
We need to help them. We-

WHAM!

The whole group spins. Snow falls in clumps from a tree about twenty feet off.

LIZ

What the fuck-

WHAM! Closer, another tree. WHAM! Everybody freezes.

BRADY

Oh shit...oh shit!

There are no closer trees. An eerie silence settles...

...then a shark's fin sticks out of the snow. If it continues straight, it's going to pass wide of the group by three feet.

MYA

(whispers)

Nobody move.

JEFF

(whispers)

We should-

MYA

(whispers)

-nobody move!

The fin gets closer...closer...

It passes. Everyone breathes a sigh of relief. But as they watch it, it starts a lazy turn, as if searching for them...heading back...aimed at...

MYA (CONT'D)

(whispers)

Oh fuck.

JO

(whispers)

Mya, move. Mya, move!

Everyone stands, frozen, uncertain what to do. The fin's aiming right at Mya...

...she pushes her toes into the snow, standing tip-toed, legs spread, reaching for the sky. Everyone looks on as the fin surges towards her...

...and passes right between her legs. She lets out a little squeak as the tip of the fin cuts her snowpants crotch open.

Then the fin circles once more, and speeds away, upwards, towards the cabin with the lights on.

The group lets out a collective sigh as the fin disappears.

BRADY

How did you know staying still would work?

MYA

Like Jurassic Park.

BRADY

But that was a shark!

JO

Sharks don't-

LIZ

-well what was it then?

JEFF

(to Mya)

Are you okay?

Mya touches the hole in her snowpants.

MYA

Yeah.

She looks at her finger, surreptitious. Blood. No-one sees.

JEFF

Okay. Everybody back to the cabin, nice and quiet.

BRADY

What? We gotta save my friends!

JEFF

They're inside. That's where we need to be.

BRADY

Oh god. Oh god, they're probably
dying right now!

INT. DARCY'S CABIN - NIGHT

Sonia arches her head backwards in unmistakable sexual ecstasy. She's straddling Darcy, both of them fully naked, firelit, on a bearskin rug. Darcy grunts.

DARCY

Come on...come on...

Abruptly, Sonia's done. Her interest is instantly gone. After a few seconds, she pushes Darcy down and climbs off him. She heads for the bathroom.

DARCY (CONT'D)

Aww... Baby, please? With your hand
or something?

Sonia pokes her head out the door, speaking through a yawn.

SONIA

What, sweetie?

DARCY

Well...just...

He waves a hand at his situation.

Sonia throws him a towel and closes the door behind her.

DARCY (CONT'D)

Fuck sakes.

He pulls boxers on, stands, and locks eyes with the moose head mounted above the door. He raises his eyebrows at it, then exits.

EXT. DARCY'S CABIN - NIGHT

WHOOSH! A fin, protruding from the snow, shoots by the cabin as Darcy exits, then submerges, disappearing in the snow.

Darcy, oblivious, walks out into the snow and kneels down. He takes a sharp breath and falls face-forward, pressing his body into the cold.

DARCY

Soothe it. Soothe my engorgement.

INT. DARCY'S CABIN - BATHROOM - NIGHT

The tap runs. Sonia wipes her thighs and between her legs -- she's made a mess. She tosses the wipes in the toilet and flushes.

SHLGUCK! The toilet goes, but the noise is strange. Sonia approaches the toilet and stares down. Nothing but calm water. Sonia stares...

Thump! A dull thud somewhere below. The water vibrates. Sonia, curious, leans closer to the toilet...

EXT. DARCY'S CABIN - NIGHT

Darcy rolls over onto his back, cooling his entire body.

DARCY
This is kinda nice, actually.

He stares up at the sky. It's beautiful.

DARCY (CONT'D)
Thank you, God.
(winces)
For everything except the blue
balls, fuck. Kill me now.

The snow is silent around him.

DARCY (CONT'D)
Kill me now!!

His yell reverberates off the trees...

INT. DARCY'S CABIN - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Bloop! Bloop! Bubbles in the toilet water.

Sonia leans close. Gets her face right in there. Raises an eyebrow. The water slowly calms...

Sonia shrugs, stands, and starts to adjust her hair in the mirror.

EXT. DARCY'S CABIN - NIGHT

WHAM! Darcy leaps up and spins. Snow is falling from a tree.

DARCY
What the hell?

He approaches...

...then puts his hands in the continued snowfall, gathering up a snowball. He tosses it to himself a couple times, then hurls it at the cabin.

The night is quiet around him. He shakes his head and heads inside.

INT. DARCY'S CABIN - NIGHT

Darcy's closes the door behind him, shivering now.

Sonia emerges from the bathroom, panties on, hairbrush in hand.

SONIA

'Sup, babe? Feeling better?

DARCY

Yeah, I-

BLARGH!!! The head of a FULL GROWN SHARK explodes out of the fireplace next to Sonia, sending flaming logs flying.

DARCY (CONT'D)

What...

Sonia screams at the top of her lungs as the shark lunges forward and grabs her left leg, ripping it off above the knee. Unbalanced, she teeters, then starts to jump on one leg, hopping away from the shark.

The shark, flat on its belly, manages to propel itself forward by slamming its pectoral fins against the floor. Hopping forwards after Sonia, it takes chomps out of the floor with each leap.

Darcy watches, struck dumb, as the hopping shark chases a bleeding, screaming, hopping Sonia around the room.

Sonia grabs the bearskin rug and throws it onto the shark. It lands like a hat, the bear arms draping around the shark. The shark almost looks like an angry bear chasing Sonia around. The rug catches the flaming logs and starts to burn.

Sonia makes it to the kitchen area, and scoops knives, plates, anything she can get off the counter as she hops past. She hurls everything at the shark with ferocious accuracy. Plates shatter. Knives stick into the shark.

SONIA

DARCY!!!

DARCY

Uhh...

Sonia angles towards him, hopping for the door. Behind her, the shark follows, covered in the now flaming bearskin rug.

Darcy spins around. Snow is falling from the trees...a fin emerges from the snow in the distance, heading straight for the cabin, moving fast. Darcy spins back. Sonia's near.

SONIA

Help!

The shark slams the ground hard. The mounted moosehead detaches from its base, falls, and lands square on Sonia's head like a mask. A hopping, one-legged, moose-headed Sonia.

DARCY

Uh...sorry.

EXT. DARCY'S CABIN - PORCH - NIGHT

He steps out of the cabin, away from the doorway, and flattens himself against the wall. Stock still.

The outside shark nears...

Sonia's almost at the door when the bearskin shark surges forward with a titanic hop and nips her other leg off. Her momentum carries her out the door, and she lands on the porch, legless, sitting on the meat of her upper thighs.

The outside shark launches itself out of the snow like a dolphin, flying towards her...

She turns her moosehead and locks eyes with Darcy.

SONIA

(muffled in moosehead)

You fucking shit.

GROWF! The outside shark slams into her like a torpedo, airborne, taking her moosehead and her real head off, leaving a blood-spurting neck, flying into the cabin...

...just as the flaming bearskin shark flies out, teeth-first, into the rest of her body, ripping her apart and slamming through the wooden railing to the snow.

Poof! It disappears into the snow. The bearskin extinguishes.

Darcy's eyes are shut tight. He whimpers softly as a silence descends, broken only by a rhythmic SCRATCHING.

He opens one eye, then the other. The SCRATCHING continues. He cautiously peeks around the corner...

...the second shark, covered in blood, has beached itself in the middle of the cabin's destroyed living room. It lolls awkwardly, unable to create traction. It's dying. But it's definitely hopping towards them.

Something catches Darcy's ear. He turns back...

...Brady, and the entire gang, are staring up at him from the bottom of the porch.

JEFF
(whispers)
You okay, man?

DARCY
Man, it's like it was even
impervious to fire.

JEFF
What?

DARCY
I think we should go to your cabin.

With a HOP and a THUD, the bloody head of the shark plunks down outside the door, just behind Darcy. Its eye stares soullessly at them. Blood drips from its mouth.

DARCY (CONT'D)
Now.

The shark hops again. It propels a little further onto the porch...out towards the snow.

DARCY (CONT'D)
Very quickly.

They turn...

EXT. CABIN LANDING - NIGHT

...and run. Beelining for the gang's cabin. Trees whip by them, left and right. Liz breaks slightly ahead.

SHMOOP! A shark hits her at waist height, its momentum knocking her body sideways and into the air. Her body folds over the shark as they slam into a large tree, the shark's teeth cutting into the wood.

The shark falls to the ground in a daze, then slips down into the snow. Liz's body is jammed awkwardly into the tree, doubled over and cut in half, only her head and shoulders sticking out above her knees and feet.

Quentin screams and falls over. Jo pulls him to his feet.

FENNER

No! Liz!

Fenner runs to her.

MYA

Fenner, no!

JEFF

Come on, we gotta go!

He pulls her ahead. Jeff, Darcy, and Mya sprint for the cabin, which is only about thirty feet away, while Quentin, Jo, and Brady stand, indecisive.

Fenner reaches Liz. Awkwardly, she looks up at him.

FENNER

I love you baby...

Liz appears about to speak when her head and shoulders, totally detached, fall to the ground with a gory thud. A moment later, her legs slip out and fall too.

FENNER (CONT'D)

Oh.

BRADY

Look out!

Fenner turns to see a fin zooming towards him. As the shark crests the snow, Brady leaps out of nowhere, knocking Fenner out of the way. Both men land hard on the ground as the shark flies past them.

FENNER

Shit!

He rolls over to look at Brady...who has no face. His brains leak out into the snow.

Fenner's up and running.

NEAR THE CABIN

Mya pulls back against Jeff.

MYA
We've got to help them!

JEFF
Come on. Come on!

IN THE TREES

Quentin and Jo are running now, yelling back to Fenner. Fenner looks back...

...there are three fins in the snow, gaining on them quick.

JO
The trees!

She pulls Quentin sideways, then leaps at a climbable tree and starts to scrabble her way up. Behind them, Fenner does the same.

JO (CONT'D)
Quentin, come on!

Quentin hesitates, then follows her. The fins are close...

Fenner scales the tree like a monkey. Behind him, a shark leaps up, making it barely halfway to him. He flips it the bird.

FENNER
I climb, motherfucker!

Jo is high too, but Quentin's having trouble. The fins near, and he's definitely not high enough.

JO
Climb! Climb!

QUENTIN
Fuck!

NEAR THE CABIN

MYA
HEY!

She breaks away from Jeff and starts to sprint towards the trees, taking exaggerated, heavy steps.

JEFF
Mya!

After a moment, he runs after her.

The nearest fin changes its approach, angling for Jeff and Mya. Darcy takes off, heading into the gang's cabin.

JEFF (CONT'D)
C'mere, you fucking shark!

And it is. Speeding towards them.

In the tree, Quentin climbs higher. The second fin approaches.

JEFF (CONT'D)
Mya! Time to go!

Mya stops, skidding forward in the snow. The shark fin is getting close. It dips beneath the snow, disappearing.

MYA
Come on, motherfucker!

She and Jeff turn, sprinting back towards the cabin. For a second, everything is quiet, except for their ragged breath.

BLAGH! The shark explodes out of the snow behind them, flying towards them. Jeff pushes Mya left and dives right. The shark plunges into the snow where they were just standing. The two leap to their feet and sprint to the cabin and safety.

IN THE TREES

Jo watches Quentin struggle up. At one branch, he has nowhere to go. The next branch hangs tantalizingly out of reach.

The shark fins are close below.

FENNER
Quentin, jump!

QUENTIN
What?!

JO
You can do it, Quentin.

Quentin eyes the tree.

Below him, the first fin dips, disappears...then the shark surges upwards out of the snow, straight towards him.

QUENTIN
Fuck!

He leaps, just as the shark smashes into the branch on which he was standing. He catches the outstretched branch and holds on for life as the shark falls back to the snow below...

JO

Yeah!

The second shark surges upwards towards Quentin. He tucks his feet...

...its jaws lock around his untied bootlace as the shark starts to fall back to the earth. The bootlace zips through the lace holes, uncrossing itself, and disappears with the shark. Quentin's boot falls to the ground below.

AT THE CABIN

Mya, Jeff and Darcy stand safely on the porch, cheering.

IN THE TREES

Quentin awkwardly pulls himself up to Jo. Below them two fins circle their tree. Another fin circles Fenner's tree.

FENNER

We got all night, motherfuckers!

In the distance, Mya yells.

MYA

Are you all okay?!

JO

Yeah!!

MYA

Okay, we're calling for help!

The three at the cabin turn inside.

From his nearby tree, Fenner stares over at Jo and Quentin.

FENNER

Well. Time to get some shuteye?

JO

Yeah, right.

FENNER

What, y'all ain't ever slept in a tree before?

Fenner unzips his ski jacket and pulls his toque out. He places the toque against a flat, up-angling branch, lays face down with it as a pillow, extends his jacket around the branch, and zips it up, securing him to the tree.

Actually, it looks kind of comfy.

JO
You're a weird fuckin' dude, dude.

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

Jeff pulls his cell out of his bag.

JEFF
No. Of course not.

Mya's looking at her cell.

MYA
Me neither.

DARCY
Fuck.

They both turn to look at him.

DARCY (CONT'D)
I have a satellite phone.

MYA
But it's in your-

DARCY
-in my cabin. Yeah.

The three of them look at each other hopelessly.

EXT. CABIN LANDING - TREES - NIGHT

Quentin stares at Jo, who's staring at the shark fins circling below them. He watches her hair fall as her head turns, takes in her moonlit profile.

MYA (O.S.)
Hey!

They both turn to see Mya on the porch, yelling to them over the thirty-foot distance.

MYA (CONT'D)
The phones...we have no phone.

JO

Okay...

MYA

So we were just gonna, y'know, wait until morning, when people will come up here.

JO

So we'll just wait here.

MYA

Is that okay?

JO

It seems better than the alternative.

MYA

Okay, uh...here, catch.

Mya hurls something at Jo. It rises and falls in a perfect arc and lands right in her lap. A protein bar.

QUENTIN

Holy shit!

JO

What the fuck was that?

MYA

Yeah I'm good at throwing! You want another one?

JO

Yeah!

Mya throws another. Again, perfect. Into Jo's lap.

JO (CONT'D)

That's kinda fuckin' crazy sexy!

MYA

Well okay. Yell if you need anything.

JO

Hey Mya!

Mya turns back.

JO (CONT'D)

You yell if you need any...if you need to talk.

Mya nods, then heads inside. Quentin and Jo unwrap the bars.

JO (CONT'D)
Hey Fenner, you want any-

Halfway through the sentence, she realizes that Fenner is fast asleep and snoring, face smushed into the branch.

QUENTIN
Is he actually-

JO
I think so.

QUENTIN
Fenner!

Nothing. Fenner snores.

QUENTIN (CONT'D)
Imagine if you woke up, and there'd be that moment of amnesia, and then you'd remember that your girlfriend is dead.

JO
I'd rather not.

QUENTIN
You believe in God?

JO
No.

She laughs humourlessly.

JO (CONT'D)
I don't believe in God, or snow sharks.

QUENTIN
I think when you're in love with someone, they get to keep a part of you. You're less of a person, in one way, except you have them, so you're way more. But if they disappear or if they...die, then you're just left as less. This big piece of you that's like, the part of you that's in love with a person...it doesn't have a point any more. It just...withered.

JO
You okay, Quentin?

QUENTIN
Yeah. Yeah, I'm just thinking.

They sit in silence for a moment.

QUENTIN (CONT'D)
What was that about with Mya?

JO
What's that?

QUENTIN
Something wrong with her? You
sounded protective.

Jo smiles.

JO
You gotta watch out for the quiet
ones. Always so observant.

QUENTIN
Well?

JO
I'm sure you've heard Jeff's side
of it. You're his best friend.

QUENTIN
Oh. The uh, no sex thing.

JO
He puts a lot of pressure on her. I
know you might not quite understand
that. It's hard on her.

QUENTIN
No, I understand. Gotta be the
right time or the right person or
just...right. But Jeff doesn't.
He'll just push harder until he
gets it or he doesn't, and either
way she'll hate him for it.

JO
You ever consider telling him that?

QUENTIN
No I don't talk sex, really.

JO
It sounds like you should.

QUENTIN
Speaking of Mya, what exactly happened with Julia?

JO
You know. She killed herself.

QUENTIN
But what does Mya-

JO
-no. Don't ask.

They go quiet.

QUENTIN
No I never had sex.

JO
What? Why not?

QUENTIN
I dunno. I work a lot on my website, y'know, the Eye On Government one.

JO
So it's the government's fault.

QUENTIN
I dunno.

Jo looks down at the sharks, then around the tree. Just above them, two thick branches curve into a wide V.

JO
Two 20-something virgins on the same ski trip. Who'da thought.

QUENTIN
God woulda, if you believed in him.

JO
You believe in God?

QUENTIN
Uh, I guess so. Some kinda god. Not Yahweh or whatever. Personal god.

Jo indicates the V in the branches.

JO
You wanna climb up there and fuck?

Quentin looks up at the branches.

JO (CONT'D)
Won't be easy. And we will
definitely dispense with the
foreplay.

Quentin looks back down to Jo. He raises an eyebrow.

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

Tinny music plays from an MP3 player dock. Relaxing stuff.

Darcy and Mya sit on the couch, staring blankly. Jeff finishes up at the counter, then approaches them with a tray of sandwiches. He sets the tray down, goes back to the counter, and brings back three lemonades.

Jeff sits between Darcy and Mya and the three of them dig into the sandwiches, still staring blankly. The fire crackles. There's nothing to say, really. They chew.

Jeff stands abruptly.

JEFF
May as well get some sleep.

He holds his hand out to Mya.

MYA
I might sleep out here.

JEFF
The bedroom's the safest place.
Come on.

Mya doesn't move.

JEFF (CONT'D)
Come on.

Mya stands. She follows Jeff to the doorway, then stops him. They talk in whispers, though Darcy appears oblivious.

MYA
I might sleep out here.

JEFF
Might be our last night alive, and
you don't want to spend it with me?

MYA
You just want to sleep?

JEFF
The bedroom's the safest place. I
want you in there.

Mya looks away.

JEFF (CONT'D)
It might be the last time we're
ever together.

MYA
I don't want to...
(trails off)
I want to sleep alone.

Jeff stares her down. She meets his eyes, resolute.

JEFF
Well you sleep in there. You need
to be safe.

MYA
Okay...

JEFF
Well go.

MYA
Okay.

Jeff turns away from her and sits back on the couch. He
doesn't look up at her.

After a moment, Mya closes the bedroom door behind her.

Darcy breaks his reverie and looks over at Jeff.

DARCY
Girlfriend troubles?

JEFF
No more than usual.

DARCY
I let mine get eaten by sharks.

JEFF
Like, you could have saved her?

DARCY

I dunno. She had lost a leg, and
she had a moose on her head.

Jeff sips lemonade.

DARCY (CONT'D)

Yeah. I could have saved her. Cared
more about myself, though.

JEFF

Don't we all?

DARCY

I guess so. I guess that's what
makes Jesus Christ like, such an
amazing dude, right? Selflessness.

JEFF

Not like that angry, jealous,
murdering God fellow.

DARCY

You love her, though?

JEFF

Yeah, I do.

DARCY

You woulda...if it were you and her
up there, instead of me, could you
have saved her? Like, put what she
needed first?

Jeff looks over at Darcy. Darcy's eyes are glistening in the firelight.

JEFF

I don't think you need to blame
yourself.

INT. CABIN - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Mya lies on her side in the big, empty bed. She hugs a pillow
to herself like a teddy bear.

Tears in her eyes.

EXT. CABIN LANDING - DAWN

Sun crests the horizon over the cabin.

Jeff steps out onto the porch, coffee in hand. Darcy follows him with another coffee. Suddenly, Jeff blinks.

JEFF

No way...

(yells)

Most important meal of the day, eh
buddy?!

In the distance, Fenner, Jo, and Quentin are visible in their trees. Jo is awkwardly laid backwards on a branch, holding herself up with her arms, while Quentin is on a branch below her, positioned with his face in her crotch.

JO

Fuck!

Quentin breaks off as Jo awkwardly pulls her pants and snowpants up.

JO (CONT'D)

I was almost there, you asshole! Do you have any idea how hard it is to come in a fucking tree?

Quentin works his jaw a bit and grimaces. Yup.

Darcy and Jeff are cracking up.

DARCY

That's fuckin' awesome.

IN THE TREES

Fenner blearily eyes them from his branch.

FENNER

Some of us are trying to sleep.

JO

(exaggerated Russian
accent)

Moi izvineniya, kapitan.

QUENTIN

Say, that's some good Russian.

JO

Why thank-

WHAM!

Jo and Quentin grab tight to branches, white-faced, as the whole tree shakes.

WHAM! Another shark hits. WHAM! Another.

QUENTIN
What the fuck!

JEFF
Jo! Hang on!

JO
We're hangin' on!

Jeff sprints inside. Darcy follows.

A shark leaps right out of the snow and slams against the tree's trunk.

QUENTIN
They're really pissed!

FENNER
What did you do?

CRACK! The tree shudders.

JO
Jesus!

The tree starts to sway ever so slightly.

QUENTIN
Well, at least I'm not a virgin.

JEFF (O.S.)
Hey!

They turn to see Jeff and Darcy on the porch.

AT THE CABIN

Jeff has a rope and he's wrapping it around a whiskey bottle.

JEFF (CONT'D)
I'm gonna throw this to you! You're
gonna secure it and shimmy over!

JO
Hurry please!

Jeff stands, triumphant, takes aim, then hurls the bottle. It goes wide of the tree, hitting the snow.

IN THE TREES

Jo watches as Jeff starts to pull the rope back.

JO (CONT'D)

Get Mya!

JEFF

What?

JO

She can throw, get her!

AT THE CABIN

Jeff hands the rope to Darcy, who keeps pulling it in, and runs back inside. Darcy pulls the rope, hand over hand...

In the distance, WHAM! The tree shudders and creaks. Jeff runs back onto the porch.

JEFF

She's gone!

DARCY

What?

JEFF

Mya's gone, she's fucking gone!

DARCY

I'll try throwing it then...

JEFF

She's GONE, fuckhead!

DARCY

One problem at a time, man, damn.

Jeff paces madly. Darcy pulls the rope in, hefts the bottle, and takes aim.

DARCY (CONT'D)

Here goes!

He hurls the bottle.

IN THE TREES

Jo and Quentin look up as the bottle lands and tangles in the branches above them. They look at each other.

QUENTIN AND JO

Climb.

They start to hurry up the tree, branch by branch. The bottle's high up. As they near it, the top starts to sway heavily back and forth under their weight.

QUENTIN
Oh, that's not good.

AT THE CABIN

Darcy looks around, then up at the roof. There's an overhang with a beam running under it.

DARCY
Hey, boost me up.

Jeff, pacing, ignores him.

DARCY (CONT'D)
Jeff! Boost me up.

Jeff refocuses, then cups his hands and boosts Darcy, who starts to tie their end of the rope around the roof beam.

IN THE TREES

Jo reaches the bottle near the top of the tree. The whole tree is whipping around. She reaches for the bottle...

WHAM! The tree shakes. The bottle drops down and Jo's hands close on thin air.

JO
Shit!

She looks down.

Below, the bottle is in Quentin's hand. He smiles.

JO (CONT'D)
Kinda want to fuck you again now.
Tie that shit off.

She climbs down to Quentin as he ties the rope around the trunk of the tree. He knows how to tie a knot. It's tight.

JO (CONT'D)
You're up.

QUENTIN
Ladies first.

WHAM!

JO
Fuck's sake.

She pulls herself onto the rope and shimmies expertly along it. She's moving fast. Fenner and Darcy cheer. In a few short moments, she's to the cabin.

AT THE CABIN

She swings her feet down and lands on the porch with a grin.

JO (CONT'D)

Gentlemen.

She turns back.

IN THE TREES

Quentin is slowly and awkwardly pulling himself down the rope. At this rate, it'll be about twenty minutes.

CREEEEEAK! The tree is almost done.

JEFF

Dude! Hurry!

WHAM! The tree shakes. Quentin speeds up a bit...

AT THE CABIN

...he's about halfway.

DARCY

He's not gonna make it.

JO

We gotta run out. Distract them.

JEFF

Okay. I'll go right, Jo goes left,
Darcy up the middle.

JO

Yeah.

JEFF

Three.

CRACK!

All heads turn.

IN THE TREES

Quentin looks back as the tree starts to split, slowly peeling down the center. The rope starts to go slack...

QUENTIN

Uhh...

He cranes his neck up, seizes the rope with his teeth, and desperately starts to gnaw on it. The tree dips. He's gnawing with all his might...

The tree is cracked almost halfway down now...

SNAP! Quentin, mouth bleeding, manages to bite through the rope. He grabs on with a whoop as the rope snaps in half, falling limply to the ground on the cabin end and turning the other half into a makeshift rope swing...

Quentin soars downwards in a graceful arc towards the cracking tree.

AT THE CABIN

Darcy, Jo, and Jeff watch in amazement as Quentin swings down towards the tree...

...a shark fin tracing his trajectory as he swings past the tree's trunk, about ten feet up...

...the shark leaping out of the snow, mouth gaping behind him as he continues past the tree and swings up and away...

CRACK!

And then the tree snaps, and Quentin lets go of the rope and goes flying into the distance, out of sight.

The three stand silent for a moment.

JEFF

Shit.

JO

Hey, there's Mya.

Everyone follows her look...

JEFF

MYA!

AT THE TREES

Mya freezes midway through a stealthy step. She's about ten feet from Fenner's tree and about thirty from the cabin. She puts a finger up to her lips -- shush. She holds something up for them to see.

AT THE CABIN

Darcy squints.

DARCY
She's got my phone.

JEFF
Christ, Mya.

JO
What a badass.

AT THE TREES

Mya takes a hesitant step forwards. One fin is back to lazily circling Fenner's tree. The rest are nowhere to be seen.

Nothing. She takes another step forward. All is quiet.

Mya resumes a slow, stealthy walk along the snow. The shark seems oblivious. It slowly circles Fenner's tree. Above, he watches Mya. She edges forward...

Shoop! Suddenly, the fin slides under the snow and disappears. Mya stops moving. She looks around.

AT THE CABIN

Jeff grits his teeth.

JEFF
She's gotta go. She's gotta run.

DARCY
Maybe it's gone.

Jo looks around for a minute, then enters the cabin, comes out with a chair, and hurls it into the snow. It rolls down the hill for a moment...

GROWF! A shark tears a chunk out of the chair and disappears into the snow again.

JO
Nope.

In the distance, Mya is still standing still.

IN THE TREES

Fenner looks down on Mya.

She slowly takes a step, then another.

FENNER

Uh...Mya...

She looks up. He points behind her.

FENNER (CONT'D)

Run.

She turns to look behind her...

Two fins, sticking out of the snow, bear down on Mya from behind. She looks at the phone in her hand.

MYA

Jeff!

She hurls the phone. It arcs perfectly...

AT THE CABIN

...and flies towards Jeff...

SHOOF! A shark explodes out of the snow, swallows the phone out of the air, and disappears again.

DARCY

My fucking phone!

JEFF

Mya!

In the distance, Mya starts to run for the trees.

AT THE TREES

Mya's sprinting, flat out, already breathing hard. Her feet sink into the fluffy snow as she struggles to maintain speed.

From above, Fenner watches the chase. It's easy to see that Mya's not going to make it to the cabin.

FENNER

Mya, the trees! The trees!

Without looking at him, she switches direction. But it's going to be too late. As she bears down on the tree, the fins are less than ten feet behind her...

AT THE CABIN

Jeff screams in desperation and starts to run towards her.

JEFF

MYA!!!

AT THE TREES

The fins are a couple seconds away from catching Mya.

MYA
Fuck!

Suddenly, she trips and goes flying...

WHAM WHAM! The snow just behind Mya shakes as the fins stop abruptly and then...sink out of sight into the snow.

Mya, face down, rolls over with a gasp. She pauses, then looks around. After a moment, she stands. Jeff arrives, grabbing her in a big hug.

JEFF
I love you. Let's get to the cabin.

Mya, distracted, walks past Jeff. He turns and follows her. She drops to her knees in the snow, right where she tripped, and starts to dig.

JEFF (CONT'D)
Mya, c'mon. We gotta go.

MYA
Just...yeah.

She leans back to let Jeff see.

A piece of a metal hatch sticks out of the snow. Slick. New.

JEFF
We need to get out of the snow.

MYA
Hold on.

JEFF
Mya...

MYA
Help me get this open.

Jeff looks around, then kneels next to her and starts to scrape snow off the hatch.

AT THE CABIN

Jo and Darcy watch Jeff and Mya dig.

DARCY
What're they doing?

Jo shakes her head. No idea.

AT THE HATCH

Jeff stops digging.

JEFF

Hey.

There's a hatch with a handle. It looks like it normally locks down, but it's open.

JEFF (CONT'D)

It's open.

MYA

Sounds like an invitation to me.

She and Jeff grab the handle together and heave the hatch door upwards, revealing a long, circular shaft with a ladder descending deep underground.

MYA (CONT'D)

What do you think?

Jeff slaps a hand against the hard concrete lining the inside of the shaft.

JEFF

I think being surrounded by concrete sounds better than standing in the snow.

Mya grabs the top rung of the ladder, tests her feet against it, and then climbs down a few rungs.

MYA

I love you too.

She starts to climb down.

IN THE TREES

Fenner watches Mya disappear. Jeff turns, waves his arms to Fenner, and beckons. "Come here."

Fenner starts down the tree as Jeff starts to beckon to Darcy and Jo.

INT. ACCESS SHAFT - DAY

Mya slowly descends the ladder into a bright, smooth-walled, circular enclosure. Directly across from each other are two doors of slick, new metal. A keypad sits beside each.

JEFF (O.S.)
Anything?

Mya looks up. The whole gang is on their way down the ladder. She types a random number into the keypad. It BUZZES. She tries another. It BUZZES. Nope.

MYA
Two locked doors.

JEFF
Should we go back up?

Mya crosses to the other door and examines it.

MYA
No, come down. Or, do we have, like
a...we need to break through a
door. Or maybe a control panel.

The gang look up and down at each other on the ladder.

JEFF
Whippets. I've got Whippets.

MYA
Steel door.

JEFF
It's what I've got.

MYA
If we smash the control panel, will
the door open?

JEFF
That only works in movies.

MYA
Well...

JO
The transceivers. The... Did
anybody switch a transceiver on?

Silence.

JEFF

Somebody's gotta go for them. The
Whippets and the transceivers.

He looks up at Fenner, who looks up at Jo, who looks up at Darcy, who's at the top of the ladder. He looks back down at all of them, then sighs.

DARCY

Here I go.

JO

Thanks, man. Good luck.

Darcy almost looks surprised.

DARCY

We look out for each other, right?
Back in a minute.

EXT. CABIN LANDING - DAY

Darcy's head pokes out of the hatch. He surveys the snow around him. Nothing but calm white. Satisfied, he climbs out.

He puts one foot down on the snow, careful, slow. Takes a tiny step forward, then another. He's making progress, it's just really slow. Then something catches his eye.

DARCY

Shit.

A fin in the snow, circling lazily. After a long moment, Darcy sucks his breath in and takes another step forward. The fin continues on its course.

Darcy starts progressing again, but the fin changes course. Moving in a wider circle, it gets close to him...he draws his breath in...

...it passes. He watches as it starts to circle around again, then looks up, gauging the distance to the cabin.

DARCY (CONT'D)

Fuck this.

With remarkable strength and flexibility, Darcy brings one leg up and starts to undo his boot. The fin draws closer. Darcy fiddles with the laces. It looks like the fin might actually be on a direct course for him...

...he pulls the boot off and hurls it, far away, into the snow. Instantly, the fin changes course, plunging under the snow, moving towards the boot.

Darcy takes off at a sprint. In seconds, he's at the cabin.

EXT. CABIN - DAY

Safely on the porch, Darcy turns and allows himself a victory grin.

DARCY

Ha!

He checks the snow. His boot is gone. He hurries inside.

INT. CABIN - DAY

Darcy upends backpacks and bags, rooting through everything until he finds the transceivers. He scans the room and finds a pair of poles with Whippets attached.

DARCY

Whippet good.

EXT. CABIN - DAY

Darcy exits and surveys the snow from the porch. Calm as ever. He looks down at his feet, then starts to unlace his other boot. Boot, transceivers, and poles in hand, he starts slowly out across the snow.

When he's about halfway to the open hatch, a fin appears, and this time it's aimed straight at him. He hurls the boot. It lands about ten feet to the left of the fin...

...the fin maintains course, straight at him.

DARCY

Fool you twice, huh.

He sprints for the hatch...

INT. ACCESS SHAFT - DAY

Mya stares up at the gang on the ladder.

MYA

What's he doing?

Jo hesitates, then climbs up a few rungs and gets ready to stick her head out.

JO
I'll just take a quick-

DARCY (O.S.)
BLAGH!

Jo screams and hugs the ladder as Darcy's upper torso, transceivers and poles in hand, flies into the open hatch and drops past her, covering her with blood.

The gory mess falls past everyone on the ladder, hitting Jeff hard on the way and splattering him liberally, before landing with a hideous THUD on the concrete in front of Mya.

Mya screams. The somehow-still-alive Darcy looks up at her, gasping for breath, as Jeff and the others quickly descend the ladder.

DARCY (CONT'D)
I'm not sad I...died for you.

Jeff grabs Mya from behind in a comforting hold as Darcy chokes out his last words.

DARCY (CONT'D)
I wish I had been brave enough
to...die...for her...

His eyes go dull.

Everyone stands, quiet, in a circle around the half-corpses.

FENNER
Rest in peace. Let's get one of
these doors open, eh?

Jeff gingerly picks up a blood-soaked Whippet, then examines the door.

MYA
If we can get behind that control
panel, maybe we can figure
something out.

JEFF
Quentin's the electronics wizard.

MYA
Probably dead.

JEFF

We don't know that.

FENNER

Probably dead. C'mon, let's get the panel out.

JEFF

Yeah.

He awkwardly pushes the Whippet against the edge of the control panel, then turns to Fenner.

JEFF (CONT'D)

You mind?

Fenner kicks the pole hard on the handle, just below the Whippet blade. The blade plunges into the metal, pushing the side of the control panel out. Jeff drops the Whippet and carefully starts to extricate the panel.

JO

Holy shit. Nice work, guys.

Jeff examines the mess of wires behind the panel. Fenner looks down at his feet to find that he's standing in blood, which is slowly oozing out of Darcy.

FENNER

No pressure at all, but it's getting to me a little bit standing next to the half-corpses.

Everyone looks down at Darcy.

MYA

Okay, so....what do we do with the wires?

JEFF

Fucked if I know. Cut the blue one?

MYA

Is there a blue one?

Jeff holds it up. Yep.

MYA (CONT'D)

Works 50 percent-ish of the time in movies...

Everyone looks at each other. Any better ideas?

JO
Don't look at me. I dunno how a
fuckin' doorknob works.

Fenner's eyes are locked on Darcy's body.

FENNER
Whatever gets us out of here.

Jeff shrugs and rips the blue wire out of the wall.

SHOO! The door opens to reveal a smooth, well-lit hallway.

MYA
Well fuck me.

EXT. GREAT WHITE - RESORT

The riders are out and the lifts are full. It's the first day of Great White's opening weekend and it is wild. Skiers and boarders zoom back and forth between lifts past promoters, photographers, vendors, and unnecessary bikini babes.

Cutting a path through the chaos in a full suit so expensive that it makes his squat, pudgy form look halfway decent, is ROB JANKEY (46).

Two AIDES trail him anxiously as he clumps along in ungainly and decidedly incongruous snow boots, ducking away from a massive ornamental snow fan that blows a geyser of snow into the air for no reason.

AIDE 1
Actually that's finished with, Mr.
Jankey. She's dead.

ROB
Excellent. Now, the following things in the following order: One, Stebertson is still on us for the promo contract, so fire a warning shot, see if he folds, cut him loose if we have to. Two, undercut him on foreign either way.

AIDE 2
If he sticks with us?

ROB
If he sticks with us we apologize and fuck him. If he doesn't we just fuck him.

AIDE 2
Got it. Mendio?

AIDE 1
Mendio follows Stebertson.

ROB
Lapdog. Forget him, fuck
Stebertson. The rest will fall in
line. Nothing's shutting this
weekend down. Four.

AIDE 1
Three.

ROB
No, you're doing four before three.
Four, light a fire under Mike. We
need them giddy fuckin' foxhole
drunk when media hits the lounge.
We're sneaking a look at the red-
cheeked rich and we want the 9-to-
5ers to feel it. Without pissing
off the wallets, of course.

AIDE 2
Three.

Aide 1 shoots a look at Aide 2.

ROB
Three. Swing by Hantham and indulge
her for a little while on your way
to four. That's you.

He hikes a thumb at Aide 2, who's caught off guard. Aide 1
hides a triumphant smile.

AIDE 1
Hantham's acting up again?

ROB
She never acted back down. Do us
all a favour and just ball her if
you have to.

AIDE 2
I'd rather not.

ROB
It's a hard life.

AIDE 2
Yessir, Mr. Jankey.

ROB
Five. You.

He hikes a thumb at Aide 1.

ROB (CONT'D)
The Cruisers. They're about to
shift off, and the new batch needs
a talking to.

AIDE 1
I know which talk.

ROB
You know. The same talk.

He spins around to face them.

ROB (CONT'D)
Avalanche, flying mutant bears, a
skull crushing serial killer
racking up a thousand points a head
and aiming for a cool mil...nothing
is shutting this weekend down.

SUIT 3 (O.S.)
Sir?

Rob spins.

Standing beside him is another Suit, more or less
indiscernible from the first two. Next to him is Quentin.
Bruised, bleeding, but very much alive.

INT. GREAT WHITE - JANKEY'S OFFICE - DAY

A massive 3D TV plays ads for Great White (in 2D, of course).
A large window oversees the resort, with one of the bustling
main lifts visible.

Quentin, a bag of ice pressed against his bleeding head, sits
watching it. He looks up as the door opens and Rob enters.

ROB
So you've got a-

He spins. Suit 3 is at the door.

ROB (CONT'D)
No, you, outside.

Suit 3 holds Rob's gaze for a moment, then begins to turn.
Rob slams the door.

ROB (CONT'D)
So you've got a bit of a horror
story.

QUENTIN
Yes sir. There's some serious shit
going on at the cabins. You gotta
get the army up here now, and you
gotta get these people out of here.

Rob stares down at Quentin, face impassive.

ROB
Go on.

QUENTIN
We stayed the night in the cabins,
the ones off the Apex Lift. And in
the middle of the night, the
attacks started.

ROB
Go on.

QUENTIN
My friends...they're dead. We were
attacked by snow...

He trails off.

ROB
You were attacked by snow?

Quentin looks around. A thought occurs to him.

QUENTIN
No. Out of the snow. We were
attacked by guys. A bunch of them.
They had guns. They were killing
everyone.

ROB
They came out of the snow.

QUENTIN
Yeah. They were...hiding, I guess.
But there are killers loose, sir.
There are dangerous killers up
here. Everyone...you need to get
them out of here.

Rob stares at Quentin for an uncomfortably long time.

ROB

You're not fucking with me.

QUENTIN

Sir, I swear on my brother's grave.
I swear it to you that there are
dangerous killers above your
resort.

ROB

Shit.

He sits silent for a moment, then grabs a large paperweight and hurls it at the television. It smashes into the screen and sticks inside. The ads continue to play.

ROB (CONT'D)

That's really fucking terrible news
for me economically.

QUENTIN

I know, man.

ROB

But my mother raised me right and
I'm gonna do what's right.

He stands.

ROB (CONT'D)

I want you to know I'm very sorry
for what you've gone through.
You're safe now, and we'll make
sure your friends are too.

He leaves the office, closing the door behind him.

Quentin sits, quiet, watching the ads again. When Rob doesn't return, he starts to look over the objects on the desk.

He looks up as the door opens and Suit 3 enters.

SUIT 3

All right, let's get you cleaned
up. Do you have any contact with
your friends?

QUENTIN

No. I think they're just in the
cabin. We need to get up there
right away.

SUIT 3
Absolutely. And they have no way of
contacting us?

Quentin looks at Suit 3 as if seeing him for the first time.

QUENTIN
You from the government?

Suit 3 ignores him.

QUENTIN (CONT'D)
Where's the owner dude?

SUIT 3
He's got a lot to deal with, as I'm
sure you can imagine.

QUENTIN
And who are you?

SUIT 3
You can call me Tim.

QUENTIN
Is your name Tim?

Suit 3 stares him down.

QUENTIN (CONT'D)
Yeah. Yeah, no I don't think they
have any way of contacting us.

SUIT 3
Who else have you talked to?

QUENTIN
Uh...no one.

Suit 3 softly pushes the door closed.

QUENTIN (CONT'D)
Uh...except my mom, of course. I've
got her on the phone now.

He waves his cellphone at Suit 3.

SUIT 3
That's not really on.

QUENTIN
You killed the owner dude.

The two stare at each other for a second.

Suit 3 starts to walk forward. Quentin hurls his cellphone at the man's face, jumps up, pulls his hood up, sprints towards the window, throws himself at it back-first, and smashes through the glass, dropping out of sight.

Suit 3 strides to the window and looks down. Nothing. Quentin has disappeared. Suit 3 wipes blood off his nose, then stamps over to the door, pulls it open, and drags a body inside.

It's Rob's, and he is very, very dead. His neck is purple.

Suit 3 pulls out a walkie talkie and speaks into it.

SUIT 3

Serious containment issue at the
lodge. I need a squad here and a
squad to the Apex Lift cabins.
Witnesses at the Apex Lift cabins.

EXT. CABIN LANDING - DAY

The cabins are serene, quiet.

Below the gang's cabin, past the footsteps and blood and poor Darcy's legs, the hatch sits, open.

INT. UNDERGROUND LAB - HALLWAY - DAY

The gang tentatively walk down the hallway away from Darcy's bloody corpse. Jeff leads, the other Whippet pole in hand.

JO

It's like, stereotypical secret
government shit.

JEFF

Quentin would eat it up.

INT. ACCESS SHAFT - DAY

The gang is visible, continuing down the hallway, behind Darcy's legless body...

Darcy's eyes pop open!

MYA

I'm sorry about Quentin, babe.

JEFF

Thanks.

Darcy's mouth moves, but no sound comes out. Some blood trickles. He waves his arms a bit, weakly.

JO
Hey, let's switch on those transceivers.

FENNER
Yeah.

Fenner pulls out the transceivers as Darcy frantically gesticulates. The gang is almost to the corner.

FENNER (CONT'D)
Like anyone's gonna find us.

He switches a transceiver on as the gang disappears around the corner. Darcy lets his arms fall to the ground.

INT. UNDERGROUND LAB - CAGE ROOM - DAY

The door shoots open to reveal the gang.

JEFF
What the fucking shit.

JO
Quentin would definitely eat this up.

The room is lined with rows of large, transparent cases, like a pet store. They're about two square feet in size, filled with liquid, and some with something else...

...horrible, small, twisted, failed mutations. Not all recognizable, but there's no mistaking a couple: snow sharks.

FENNER
Here's a switch.

Before anyone has even turned, he flicks it.

JO
Fenner you dumb-

FWOOSH! In the center of the room, a large flag unfurls. It's the white, blue, and red bars of the Russian flag. Around it, the lights dim. A spotlight hits it.

MYA
Huh?

WHAM! One of the mutations throws itself against the front of its cage. WHAM! Another, on the other side of the room. They slam the sides and fronts of their cages, voracious.

Fenner flicks the switch off. The Russian flag coils itself back up as the lights return to normal.

Slowly, the mutations calm, then still.

FENNER

Sorry to be a fuckhead, but what flag is that?

JEFF

Russian.

FENNER

We're in a monster-making Russian laboratory under our new ski resort?

MYA

Maybe.

JO

Let's get out of here.

MYA

Yeah.

The gang moves, quick and wary, through the room.

INT. UNDERGROUND LAB - T HALLWAY

The hallway ends at a T junction, the intersecting hallway curving, uniform, out of sight in either direction.

JEFF

Left.

JO

Right.

MYA

Left.

FENNER

Left.

JEFF

Democracy.

The gang heads left.

INT. UNDERGROUND LAB - TUBE ROOM

A huge, circular room, lined with irregularly-placed, huge, circular, floor-to-ceiling tanks filled with pale blue liquid. That, and snow sharks. The real ones. The big suckers. And they're very much alive, circling their tanks.

And there are a lot of tanks. More water in here than air.

The gang cautiously enters the room. It's filled with control panels, lab tables, reams of notes...you know, science.

JEFF

Well, that makes sense.

Wordless, the gang approaches the nearest shark tank.

FENNER

Think they can break those things?

JO

That, or somebody let them out.

Mya walks right up to the tank and places her hand on the glass. The snow shark inside watches her. They stare each other down.

MYA

"We knew the world would not be the same. A few people laughed, a few people cried. Most people were silent."

Jeff steps up beside her.

JEFF

"Now I am become—"

MYA

-Shhh!

Jeff looks over, questioning.

MYA (CONT'D)

If you say that part everyone will know what we're talking about.

DR. FAPPENTEIMER (O.S.)

Death...

Everyone spins to the far corner of the room. On the floor in a pool of blood is DR. FAPPENTEIMER (52), handsome, elegant, but doubled over in pain.

DR. FAPPENTEIMER (CONT'D)
...the Destroyer of Worlds.

The gang approaches him slowly.

DR. FAPPENTEIMER (CONT'D)
Yes...indeed, this is my doing. I
was pushed, yes, and I was
threatened, even beaten...but
history will rest the depth of the
coming carnage on my shoulders.

JO
Where are you hurt?

Fappenteimer looks around, confused.

DR. FAPPENTEIMER
Oh...the blood. This is not my
blood, child. No, indeed, I have
killed. But it is not this blood
that they will remember. Blood in
the snow...

MYA
The sharks are yours.

DR. FAPPENTEIMER
Sharks...would that they were just
sharks.

FENNER
They pretty much are. Except they
swim in s-

DR. FAPPENTEIMER
SNOW sharks. What have I done? What
have I done?

FENNER
Yeah, I'm not really sure why that
sounded like a good idea in the
first place.

JEFF
So listen, can we kill them all
somehow?

DR. FAPPENTEIMER
Even now the long arm of the
government is descending upon us to
wipe its hands of this mistake.

JEFF

Yeah, but is there like...can we
press a button to kill them all, or
something?

DR. FAPPENTEIMER

The Dragon's Tail. You must reach
the Dragon's Tail.

MYA

Figuratively speaking?

JEFF

Over the cliff. That jump...

DR. FAPPENTEIMER

Yes. There's only one way...the
Dragon.

JO

Or a helicopter.

FENNER

Or hike up.

JEFF

We don't have time!

DR. FAPPENTEIMER

The majority of the snow sharks are
gathered in the Dragon's Stomach
below us, awaiting orders.

FENNER

Orders?

JEFF

There are more?

DR. FAPPENTEIMER

The few you've seen were a small
mistake. There are...many more. You
can begin the detonation sequence
within the Dragon's Tail. I wired
it...even they don't know that. I
kept that from them. And that
detonation...will destroy their
entire facility. This facility.

JEFF

The government?

DR. FAPPENTEIMER

Yes...the-

SHOOF!

A door opens. Dr. Fappenteimer draws a pistol.

FENNER
Whoa...hey, man...

Fappenteimer aims past the gang and opens fire. The gang spins around to see SUITS filling the room, weapons drawn.

SUIT 4
Doctor!

DR. FAPPENTEIMER
Run!

He grabs Mya by the hand and pulls her down to him.

DR. FAPPENTEIMER (CONT'D)
9-25-87. My daughter's birthday.

Then he pulls her closer and whispers something in her ear.

SUIT 4
Kill them all!

DR. FAPPENTEIMER
No! Not the tanks!

The suits open fire. Bullets explode through the room.

The gang hits the ground.

The shark tanks start to bleed water.

Fappenteimer is torn apart by bullets.

SUIT 4
Hold!

Everything is silent. The Suits survey the damage. Then...

WHAM! WHAM! WHAM! The sharks start to slam, rhythmic, against the sides of the tanks.

SUIT 5
I think he was saying, "Not the tanks."

SUIT 4
Shut your mouth.

Jeff, Fenner, and Jo are hunched behind one of the tanks. Mya is back, behind another tank, further from the door they entered from.

Jeff looks up. The shark in the tank stares down at him...then lunges forward. WHAM! Cracks start to show, spidering out from the bullet holes in the tanks. Slowly, Jeff passes the Whippet pole to Fenner.

The Suits spread out and start towards the gang's location.

WHAM! WHAM! Cracks are spreading on all of the tanks that are hit. The snow sharks are ready.

Jeff looks back at Mya. If they make a run for it, she's not going to make it.

Suit 4 pauses next to a shark tank.

SUIT 4 (CONT'D)
Come out, please. Before one of
these tanks breaks.

Silence.

WHAM! The shark in the nearest tank slams its nose against a bullet hole. It actually pokes right out through the glass.

Suit 4 calmly raises his gun and fires two bullets through the shark's snout into its brain. The shark goes limp and the tank goes red.

SUIT 4 (CONT'D)
Looks like shark fin soup tonight.

WHAM SMASH! At the far end of the room, one of the tanks finally shatters. Water floods out, the shark lunging forward. The Suits open fire, dropping the shark.

SUIT 6
We should get out of here.

SUIT 4
(to the gang)
You! Behind the tank! You have four
seconds before we open fire.

Mya watches the water from the tank wash past her feet. She looks over at Jeff. He looks back.

As one, they raise their hands and begin to stand up...

SUIT 4 (CONT'D)
Ahh...

The shark from the second tank flips over...not quite dead...and with its final moments, slams its tail against the side of another tank...

SMASH! And this shark leaps directly for another tank. SMASH!

And then the gunfire. And the room floods. And it's on.

Sharks pour out of their tanks all over the room as the water level rises. The Suits begin to fire in every direction, bullets hitting more tanks and freeing as many sharks as they kill. It's utter chaos.

Sharks and Suits die left and right, staining the water red.

MYA

Run!

The gang begins to sprint for the door that they entered through, but a tank ahead of them shatters, a shark aiming straight for them as it lunges. The water is above knee-level, now.

JEFF

Other door!

They turn and sprint through the water. Suit 4 traces them, firing madly, his shots flying wide.

SUIT 4

Kill them!

SUIT 5

Sir, we've got to- AGHH!

He looks down. A shark-mouth-sized hole has appeared around his crotch area. No more genitals for this gentleman.

Suit 4 fires two shots into the shark's head as Suit 5 falls into the water in shock, then heads after the gang, yelling at others to follow him.

The gang reaches the door and sprints out as the Suit/shark showdown continues.

INT. UNDERGROUND LAB - SECOND HALLWAY - DAY

The gang sprints out the door in a wash of pink water and charges down the gently curving hallway.

Suit 4 and two other Suits follow, just out of range to open fire. One of them spins and kills an attacking shark.

INT. UNDERGROUND LAB - T HALLWAY - DAY

The gang reaches the same T junction. They stop momentarily.

JEFF

They both went the same way.

MYA

Democracy.

They turn left and sprint down the hallway.

BANG! They duck as the Suits behind them open fire. The door SHOOF open and they charge through.

INT. UNDERGROUND LAB - CAGE ROOM - DAY

The gang sprints through the cage room. On his way, Fenner swings the Whippet, shattering open several cages.

They disappear through the other door as the Suits arrive at the first door, firing several shots. Suit 4 sprints ahead, then hears SCREAMS behind him. He turns. The two other Suits are grappling with the snow shark mutations...

...and the mutations are winning. One rips out the Suit's eyeballs as he clutches helplessly at its back.

Behind them, a rush of water surges down the hallway...

...and oh yes, there are sharks in it.

INT. ACCESS SHAFT - DAY

Jeff reaches the shaft, leaping over Darcy's half-body directly onto the ladder. He climbs two rungs, then looks up and leaps off the ladder. He spins as the others enter.

JEFF

The hatch is closed! We're locked in. Fuck!

Without missing a beat, Fenner jams the other Whippet into the side of the control panel and spins back.

FENNER

Jo! Hit it!

Jo doesn't even slow down, sprinting full force into a flying kick against the back of the pole. The control panel springs out. Jeff grabs it and finds the blue wire.

JEFF
Please!

He rips the wire. The door shoots open.

They looks back. Suit 4 dashes around the corner, mere moments ahead of the rushing water. As he sees them, he opens fire. The whole gang leaps through the doors as bullets whiz past and bury themselves in the wall.

INT. UNDERGROUND LAB - EXIT CHAMBER - DAY

The gang looks around wildly.

FENNER
Close the door!

JO
Well I think we-

MYA
Ha!

She slams a red button on the wall: SEAL

Suit 4 sprints towards them through the access shaft. He's going to get them...water laps at his heels...

DARCY
Fuck you!

The remarkably resilient half-Darcy grabs Suit 4 by the legs as he sprints past. Suit 4 slams into the ground, then spins around in horror.

SUIT 4
Noooooo!!!

The water and the sharks wash over them, just as...

SHOOF!

The door slams shut, sealing the gang inside.

For a second, everyone is quiet, staring at the closed door. THUMPS and SCREAMS are audible for a moment. Water starts to leak through.

JO
Well, it's not my gear, but it'll have to do.

Everyone turns.

Jo stands, looking just a little bit pleased, in front of rack after rack of insanely premium ski and snowboard gear. Beyond, a huge tunnel stretches out into the distance, with a large exit hatch at the distant end.

FENNER

Well. How else would they get down from here, I guess?

EXT. GREAT WHITE - TO THE DRAGON - DAY

Silent and white as always. Then the snow begins to shift...

A large hatch opens, revealing Mya, Jeff, Fenner, and Jo in full gear. Mya and Jeff on skis, Fenner and Jo on boards.

FENNER

Hey...I can see it.

And down below, way below, it is visible...the Dragon. It looks small from here.

MYA

Just...straight down, huh.

JEFF

Time to ride the Dragon.

They push off...

...and holy smokes are they good. They're just bombing it, but they're good. Trees whip by them, faster and faster. Fenner looks over at Jo.

FENNER

At least we got to shred!

Jo looks back, her face tensed against the wind.

JO

What?

There's a shark fin in Fenner's path, but he's looking at Jo.

FENNER

I said, at least w-

JO

FENNER!

WHUMP! Fenner's board hits the fin and he goes flying, then tumbling. A huge splash of white surrounds him...

...he emerges from it on his board, still aimed downhill, moving fast. Pretty much seamless. He looks back to see the fin submerging, then at Jo.

FENNER
Biffed it!

Jo smiles.

INT. GREAT WHITE - GEAR SHOP - DAY

A fire alarm. IN CASE OF EMERGENCY, BREAK GLASS.

Quentin peers at it from the entrance of the shop. He's about 75 feet away. He ducks as two Suits emerge from the back.

QUENTIN
Two minutes, fuckin' government's everywhere. I told them.

He turns to leave, then falls back into his corner. A Suit is walking through the lobby towards the gear shop...and his hiding place.

QUENTIN (CONT'D)
Fuck. Uh...

He sucks in a breath, then stands and walks calmly into the gear shop.

One of the Suits inside the shop, glancing around, passes over him, then double takes...

...Quentin's gone. The Suit raises an eyebrow, then starts towards the front of the store.

A hand reaches out and pulls some goggles from a rack.

The Suit reaches the front of the store, and nods to another walking by outside. Quentin's nowhere to be seen.

A hand reaches up and takes own a pair of kid's ski poles.

The Suit slowly walks back to his partner in the back of the shop.

A hand grasps a small, hard, circular bottle of protein shot. Quentin places the bottle in the band from the goggles. He stands, drawing back...

...a makeshift slingshot, the goggle band slung between the V of the two poles. The Suits are turned away from him. He aims at the fire alarm...tenses...

He holds the shot. Too long. His arm starts to tremble. One of the Suits starts to turn...

Quentin drops back down. Takes a deep breath.

He stands. Aims. Quick and confident. The Suit is looking right at him. He fires. The projectile zips through the air.

SMASH! BEEP BEEP BEEP! Good ol' 1000hz Temporal Code. Fire alarms blare throughout the building. Quentin takes off running, the Suits right behind him. He dashes around a corner, ducks under a Suit with arms outstretched, sprints.

EXT. GREAT WHITE - SIDE ENTRANCE - DAY

A tucked-away side entrance with a small window next to it.

BEEP BEEP BEEP! Alarms are sounding everywhere.

SMASH! Quentin flies, back first, out the window, rolls along the snow, and stands up.

QUENTIN

Yes!

CLICK CLICK! Behind him, the handle to the door jiggles up and down. He watches it for a second, then runs.

EXT. GREAT WHITE - DAY

Quentin rounds the corner to the main staging area for the lifts, his face triumphant. He stops. His smile falls.

BEEP BEEP BEEP! The fire alarms sound furiously as...skiers ski, boarders board, photographers shoot, and promoters promote. There isn't a single person who even seems to be aware the alarms are on.

QUENTIN

THERE'S A FUCKING FIRE!

A couple people glance at him. Nobody reacts.

QUENTIN (CONT'D)

There's a...WE HAVE TO LEAVE!

A BOARDER in the distance raises a beer to him.

BOARDER

Party on, bro!

QUENTIN
Fuck I hate people.

SUIT 3 (O.S.)
Yes.

Quentin turns to find Suit 3 towering over him.

QUENTIN
Oh.

EXT. THE DRAGON - DAY

SWISH! The Gang pulls up at the takeoff for the Dragon. It's not maintained, but it's clear that people have been here before. Who knows if they made it.

The jump is ludicrous, now that they're finally close to it. Probably maybe possible, but ludicrous. Gotta be a world record or something. Fenner looks down at his bindings.

FENNER
I'm out.

JEFF
What?

FENNER
My binding's fucked. I'm going up this tree. I'll see you at the lodge, I guess.

No-one says anything. Fenner pulls his boots out.

FENNER (CONT'D)
That shark's probably near. C'mon, get going. I'll see you soon.

JO
Landing's flat as hell. Gonna stack hard.

Fenner starts to climb up a nearby tree.

FENNER
Hey, could you throw my board up?

Mya does. Fenner catches it. Mya turns back to find Jeff standing right in front of her. He grabs her, kisses her passionately. She kisses him back warmly.

JEFF
Love you, Mya.

MYA
I know.

Jeff smiles.

JEFF
Y'all right behind me, yeah?

JO
I'm gonna fucking die right now.

JEFF
Take that as a yes.

Jeff turns around and kicks off.

JO
Love ya friends. Uhm. See you
there, Mya.

MYA
Yeah.

Jo kicks off.

FENNER
Hey Mya. You were gonna turn
yourself over to them, back there.
To save Jeff and us. Weren't you?

MYA
I couldn't be without you guys.

FENNER
You could. I hope you don't ever
have to. But you could.

He smiles. Mya thinks over his words for a second.

MYA
See you soon, Fenner.

Mya kicks off.

SWWWWWWOOSH! The three tear down the incline towards the massive jump, about ten seconds apart. Jeff hunches in, hits the lip...and flies. Going and going and...gone. He hits the ground hard, his skis shooting off in two directions.

But he's alive.

JEFF
Yeah! Come on, baby!

He turns back as Jo hits the lip and soars into the air...

...and a massive snow shark explodes out of the jump behind her, jaws wide open, flying through the air.

Mya peers ahead. Past the destroyed lip of the jump, Jo soars through the air, but the shark's gaining...

MYA

Shit.

JEFF

No!

Jo screams as the shark's mouth closes around her in midair. The shark drops, too fast. It slams mouth-first into the very edge of the cliff, its teeth sinking in, holding it up. Desperate, it hangs above the abyss...

JEFF (CONT'D)

Mya!

The shark digs its teeth hard into the side of the cliff, but it's slipping. From a small gap of shattered teeth, though, something emerges...

...Jo's hand. Grasping for air, for help. She's alive, and not even swallowed, yet.

Mya nears the ruined lip of the jump. It's smaller, and she has to nail exactly the right spot.

JEFF (CONT'D)

Mya, stop!

MYA

Fuck it.

Mya tucks and aims for the remaining bit of lip...

...and nails it. She flies into the air...

...Jo forces her face up to the gap in the shark's mouth, her eye peering out...

JO

Help!!

Mya arcs through the air...descends...

She's dropping directly towards the shark.

JEFF

MYA!!

He starts to run to her. Not that there's anything he can do.

Mya drops...

WHAM! She hits the very tip of the shark's nose, landing with a cry of pain on the flat ground and tumbling away.

She lands on her back, makes eye contact with Jo in the shark's mouth. They stare at each other helplessly as the shark, in pain, dislodges, falls backwards...

...out into open air. Inside its mouth, Jo screams for help as the shark disappears into the abyss below.

Jeff runs to Mya, grabbing her in a hug.

JEFF (CONT'D)
Are you okay? Mya, baby!

Mya's face comes up, tear-stricken.

MYA
I killed her. I did it again. I
killed her.

JEFF
Mya, you didn't do anything. You're
alive. That's what matters.

MYA
Do you know what really happened? I
killed Julia.

JEFF
No.

MYA
I didn't just not go over to her
house. You know what I said? I
said, "Yes, I've gotta focus on my
priorities, and friends don't
always come first." And that's it.
Those are the last words she heard
anyone say before she-

JEFF
She killed herself. Not you. She
killed herself.

MYA
I brought them all up here to die.

JEFF

You brought them because you love them. You're a good friend, Mya. You can't blame yourself. Look at me.

She does.

JEFF (CONT'D)

You can't blame yourself.

BRAAGGHHH! They look up as a massive shark explodes out of the snow on the other side of the cliff...soars...

...this one's gonna make it.

JEFF (CONT'D)

Time to go!

He pulls Mya to her feet.

The shark smashes into the ground, disappearing into the snow about twenty feet away from them.

Mya and Jeff push off, gaining speed quickly. They're zipping down the hill...

BRAWWGHH! The shark explodes out of the snow right behind them, mouth wide, flying towards them...

They push each other apart. The shark flies right between them, narrowly missing them.

MYA

There!

Jeff follows her. Barely visible, but it's there...a doorway hidden in a wall of snow, a hundred feet below them.

EXT. GREAT WHITE - TO THE DRAGON - DAY

SHK! SHK! Fenner sits in the tree, a knife and a long, tough piece of wood in his hand.

He's thinning it into a tapered stake.

FENNER

...and then all of a sudden, you're in a tree, sharpening stakes and talking to yourself.

A squirrel sleepily sticks its head out of a hole in the tree next to Fenner.

FENNER (CONT'D)
I could be talking to you, I guess,
eh little guy?

The squirrel looks at him reproachfully, yawns, and pulls its head back into its den.

FENNER (CONT'D)
I lost my girlfriend, you know. I loved her.

The squirrel doesn't reappear.

FENNER (CONT'D)
Yeah. I bet you feel bad now, don't you, for acting all aloof.

Silence. Then, a nut flies out of the hole and lands in Fenner's lap. He picks it up, then glances at the den.

FENNER (CONT'D)
Thanks, dude!

He looks down. There's a fin circling the tree.

FENNER (CONT'D)
Finally! I'll be with you in a minute.

INT. GREAT WHITE - JANKEY'S OFFICE - DAY

Suit 3 and Quentin sit facing each other. Quentin is not looking happy.

SUIT 3
Once more, for good measure. Does anyone else know?

QUENTIN
I haven't had time to tell anyone, man.

SUIT 3
Your cellphone.

QUENTIN
I don't have any minutes.

The Suit raises an eyebrow. Quentin sighs and hands his cellphone over. The Suit dials and listens for a moment.

SUIT 3
You can still call 911.

QUENTIN
Not with my provider.

SUIT 3
Bullshit.

QUENTIN
Capitalism.

SUIT 3
We're going to kill them all, you
know. Your friends. The sharks.

QUENTIN
And me.

SUIT 3
As we speak, my men are filling the
shark tanks with gasoline
throughout the Dragon base. A
makeshift poison, but it will work.

QUENTIN
I said, and me. You're going to
kill me.

SUIT 3
No, I like you. I'm going to offer
you a job.

QUENTIN
Seriously?

SUIT 3
You'd start at the bottom.

Quentin turns away and whispers to himself gleefully.

QUENTIN
Yessssss...

EXT. DRAGON'S TAIL - DAY

Jeff skis up to the door, knocks his skis off, and tries the door. Locked. Control panel. Mya approaches.

JEFF
Need another Whippet.

MYA
Fuck that. Oh, if this doesn't
work, the scientist guy said 9-25-
87, in the Yeti's eye.

JEFF

What?

She sets her skis aside, positions her body in front of the door, and starts to do jumping jacks on the snow.

MYA

Get outta the way.

In the distance, a fin surfaces, aimed right at her, moving fast, then submerges.

JEFF

Okay. It's coming right...

MYA

Jeff, don't.

Jeff stands by helplessly as Mya stares the snow down. Everything goes utter quiet. Mya peers at the ground...

BLAGH! The shark flies out of the snow, its whole body spearing through the air towards Mya...

...or where Mya used to be. She's diving sideways. The shark just misses her...

WHAM! The shark slams headfirst into the door to the Dragon's Tail, knocking it down and leaving the shark wriggling, its body jammed painfully through the door.

MYA (CONT'D)

After you.

JEFF

Okee dokee.

Jeff gathers himself, then leaps onto the shark, runs along its back, and jumps off its head past its mouth, into the base. Mya grins, then does the same.

INT. DRAGON'S TAIL - DAY

The two look back at the shark, which wriggles silently, mouth opening and closing, in the doorway.

Then they look forward, into the lobby of the Dragon's Tail. It's like a museum. Several military costumes are on display, and pictures of scientists, military officers, and politicians line the walls.

JEFF

Well...

Mya follows his gaze. There's a seven-foot Yeti statue in the corner of the room.

MYA
That was easy.

They walk to the Yeti, which stares down at them impassively. Mya reaches up and touches its eye. Nothing happens. Jeff reaches up, his hand next to hers, and touches the other eye.

The Yeti's chest pops open. A keypad.

JEFF
So we're about to destroy
everything, huh?

MYA
9-25-87.

They stare the keypad down in silence.

JEFF
What if we die?

MYA
I assume there's a timer
or...something.

JEFF
I mean...you really don't want to
sleep with me?

MYA
Holy cow.

JEFF
I know it's not the same for you,
but it's a way that I feel I need
to express my love for you. I don't
want to die without showing you
that.

Mya stares at him for a long second, then shrugs.

MYA
Sorry, man. I love you too.

She punches the numbers into the keypad. 9-25-87.

A timer starts. 30 seconds. Counting down.

MYA (CONT'D)

For what it's worth, I used to only be with you because I couldn't stand being alone. But you're a kickass guy, even if you're a little too focused on your dick. I mean, "I love you"! Y'know? That's how you express love. I'm sure sex is fun as shit, but I just don't feel like it yet, all right?

Before Jeff can answer, she jumps over the shark and runs outside. Jeff looks back at the timer. 20 seconds.

JEFF

Well that didn't go very well.

He runs and leaps over the shark.

It rears its head and rips his right foot off.

EXT. DRAGON'S TAIL - DAY

Mya's stamping her skis on when Jeff lands hard on the ground, his foot spraying blood.

MYA

That's gonna be a problem.

INT. UNDERGROUND LAB - DRAGON'S STOMACH - DAY

The main holding chamber for the sharks. Holding tanks stretch backwards into the hundreds. Squads of suits roam the catwalks that divide the room, pouring gas, chemicals, anything poisonous into the tanks.

Two Suits stand by the wall, watching.

SUIT 7

Gas and chemicals. Jesus. All this and we didn't even have a plan to get rid of them.

SUIT 8

Uh...maybe somebody did.

Suit 7 looks over to see Suit 8 holding a panel open. There's a timer counting down. 15 seconds.

SUIT 7

That's gonna be a problem.

EXT. DRAGON'S TAIL - DAY

Jeff jams his bloody stump against the ski, but there's no way. He looks up at Mya.

JEFF

Okay. Go.

MYA

I can hold you up.

JEFF

You ever see me on one ski? I'm fucking spectacular.

MYA

I'm sorry that I told you off.

JEFF

I wish you had told me sooner.

MYA

Poles.

She hands them to him. Jeff kicks off. He wobbles, but he's moving down the hill.

MYA (CONT'D)

He's good.

Mya kicks off, pole-less.

They ski...

Cha-WHOOM! A massive explosion shudders deep underground, spraying snow and metal straight upwards from the buried silo that is the Dragon's Tail. Jeff wobbles and falls.

Cha-WHOOM! Another explosion, underground, further away from them. Cha-WHOOM! Another.

A trail of underground explosions, crumbling the ground, sending geysers of snow high into the air, continues away from the Dragon's Tail as Jeff gets to his feet.

JEFF

Let's ski now.

They watch for a second, then take off.

EXT. GREAT WHITE - TO THE DRAGON - DAY

Fenner has whittled five thick wooden stakes, heavily tapered, and is pounding them point-down through his board. He talks to the shark circling below him as he does.

FENNER

After we blow up all your buddies,
there's gonna be some cleanup to
do. You know what I mean? Starting
with you. In fact-

Cha-WHOOM! Fenner looks up. In the distance, the chain of explosions continues, slowly forming the shape of the underground base as it goes. Cha-WHOOM! The next explosion is past Fenner's position, up the hill.

FENNER (CONT'D)

Oooh, it might be time to go.

He awkwardly positions the board below him, stakes downwards, and clicks his bindings as tight as possible. Below, the fin circles.

FENNER (CONT'D)

I know you're not a fan of
Russian...

The fin below him circles steadily.

FENNER (CONT'D)

So c'mere, you piz'da, and sosi hui
like your blyadischa of a mother!

He taps the wood next to the squirrel.

FENNER (CONT'D)

Thanks for the nut, dude.

For a moment, everything is silent. Then the shark explodes out of the snow, leaping towards the tree.

Fenner kicks off and drops towards it, his staked snowboard aimed right at its back.

WHAM! SKRICH! Just as the shark hits the tree, Fenner's board lands full on top of it, the stakes pushing through the shark and nailing Fenner to its back.

Fenner fights for balance as the shark tries to submerge itself in snow. The board is long and the stakes are right through the shark. It's stuck. It swims in angry circles, Fenner on top, looking almost like he's just out boarding.

FENNER (CONT'D)
Giddy-up?

The shark takes off like a shot down the hill, dragging Fenner along with it.

FENNER (CONT'D)
Whoa!

He almost loses it, but somehow stays standing.

FENNER (CONT'D)
I'm riding you, motherfucker!

EXT. CABIN LANDING - DAY

The cabins explode. Cha-WHOOM!

Up above them, up the mountain, the explosions continue...

INT. UNDERGROUND LAB - DRAGON'S STOMACH - DAY

Suits 7 and 8 watch the timer count down its last few second.

SUIT 7
At least we're taking those ugly bastards with us.

SUIT 8
It's not true that they're flame-resistant, right?

They look at each other for a moment.

SUIT 7
Anyway. It's been nice knowing you, my friend.

Cha-WHOOM!

EXT. GREAT WHITE - TO THE LODGE - DAY

Mya keeps pace with Jeff, who's moving slow on one ski.

The ground starts to shake. They pull up.

JEFF
I need you to go ahead now, as fast as you can.

MYA
Is that an avalanche?

JEFF
I've got my transceiver, okay?

MYA
Okay.

JEFF
You're not gonna wait for me.

MYA
Okay.

They kiss...

RUMBLE RUMBLE. They take one look back and take off. Mya quickly zooms ahead of Jeff.

He watches her as she disappears into the distance.

EXT. GREAT WHITE - DAY

Mya approaches the main staging area at full blast. Without slowing a bit, she whips past the lifts and down to the maintenance shack.

EXT. GREAT WHITE - MAINTENANCE SHACK - DAY

Parked outside is the massive snow groomer. Mya kicks off her skis and leaps into the driver's seat. No key. She jumps out as the shack's door begins to open and runs inside, pushing TECHNICIAN 3, nervous and skinny, out of the way.

INT. MAINTENANCE SHACK - DAY

Technician 3 spins around as Mya begins to search the shack.

TECHNICIAN 3
You can't come in here!

MYA
I did.

She spots the keys next to a label that reads "SNOW GROOMER". She grabs them and turns.

TECHNICIAN 3
You can't take those!

MYA
I am.

She strides towards the door. He gets in front of her.

TECHNICIAN 3
You can't get past me.

Mya stops right in front of him.

MYA
I can. How I do that is up to you.

She stares the Technician down, merciless. He gulps and steps aside. She rushes past.

EXT. GREAT WHITE - DAY

RUMBLE! The sounds are close to Jeff, now. He pulls up, takes his transceiver out, and checks that it's transmitting.

JEFF
Fuck. It's set to receive, you idiot.

The transceiver BEEPS.

JEFF (CONT'D)
Huh?

It's faint, but he's getting a signal.

In the distance, a voice sounds faintly.

FENNER (O.S.)
Move move move!

He turns and looks up the hill. And...hoo boy.

A mass of shark fins streams down the hill after Fenner...

...and behind them, a massive avalanche...

...and in the avalanche, hundreds of sharks...

...and most of the avalanche sharks are on fire.

JEFF
But why are they on fire?

Fenner screams become more audible.

FENNER

Move move move move move!

He's speeding towards Jeff. Jeff kicks off and gains speed. Fenner draws parallel as they whip down the mountain.

FENNER (CONT'D)

Hey man!

JEFF

Hey!

FENNER

Why are you on one ski?

JEFF

Why are you on a shark?

FENNER

Yeah! I think it's dead now, but
this thing fuckin' BOOKS!

They speed further. The avalanche -- and the sharks -- are catching up quick, though. And Jeff's falling behind.

FENNER (CONT'D)

C'mon!

JEFF

Just go, man! I'm behind you!

Fenner sneaks a look back, then looks forward at the lodge. The avalanche might not get Jeff, but the sharks sure will.

JEFF (CONT'D)

GO! And check your transceiver!

FENNER

What?

JEFF

Your transceiver! Go!

FENNER

Fuck!

He speeds ahead...

FENNER (CONT'D)

Whoa.

Powering up the hill as fast as it can possibly go is the snow groomer. Its mouth is angled up and the blades are spinning like demons. Mya's at the wheel.

MYA
Bring 'em to me!

Fenner angles towards the groomer, putting them on a collision course. Behind him, Jeff does the same. The massive wave of fins slowly starts to form into a tapered point behind Jeff...

MYA (CONT'D)
Come on!

She mashes the pedal against the floor. The groomer is sputtering and wheezing, but it chugs up the mild incline.

INT. GREAT WHITE - JANKEY'S OFFICE - DAY

Suit 3 and Quentin peer out the window at the oncoming skiers.

QUENTIN
I thought Apex Lift wasn't open.

SUIT 3
No...

QUENTIN
What's that behind- Oh.

SUIT 3
That's an avalanche.

Quentin grabs a pair of classic binoculars off the shelf and peers through them.

QUENTIN
It's filled with sharks, and
they're on fire.

The Suit grabs the binoculars from him and looks out.

SUIT 3
Something tells me that poisoning
those sharks didn't work quite as
planned.

QUENTIN
Is it the sharks?

SUIT 3
We're going to the basement.

QUENTIN
Why?

SUIT 3
Always an escape plan, son. Always.

EXT. GREAT WHITE - DAY

SWISH! A board shreds the hill, down towards the packed lifts. It's bombing, straight down, no carving whatsoever.

The boarder's legs don't even tense as it nails a jump, takes air, and zips down to the main lift. The board slows as the hill flattens.

Heads begin to turn as the snowboard pulls into the middle of the main lift area. A pair of legs sit on the board...but no torso. A bloody bite-shape is all that's left above the waist. The board slows...slows...stops in front of a SKIER.

Blood squirts out of the torso and onto the speechless Skier's face.

SKIER
AHHHHHHHHH-

A shark jumps out of the snow and tears his face off.

SKIER (CONT'D)
-AHHHHHHHH...

Another shark leaps out of the snow, tearing through two people before it submerges again.

Suddenly, the massive ornamental snow fan starts blowing blood-red powder out...and chunks of people.

Then the screams start. Then someone sees the avalanche. Then people are moving in all directions.

Then it's chaos. Loud, screaming, human chaos.

EXT. GREAT WHITE - TO THE LODGE - DAY

Mya pushes the groomer up the hill as Fenner, and behind him Jeff, speed toward her.

MYA
Come on Jeff!

Fenner reaches the groomer, carves around it, grabs onto the back, kicks his bindings loose, and hops on behind Mya, precarious, holding tight onto the groomer.

MYA (CONT'D)
Come ON, Jeff!

Jeff's barely ahead of the sharks, now. The fins have funneled right into a V, with the front runners starting to jump out of the snow and plunge back in like salmon. The last shark lands about ten feet back from Jeff...

...but he's nearly at the groomer...

...as the avalanche closes in...

Mya can see his face now. They lock eyes.

MYA (CONT'D)
I'm coming, baby!

GRAWF! A massive shark leaps out of the snow from the left, tearing Jeff's body in half.

FENNER
No!

Mya goes numb. She doesn't move. She doesn't react.

FENNER (CONT'D)
Mya!

It's like she can't hear. Her foot slowly eases off the gas.

FENNER (CONT'D)
Mya, turn it around!

Mya clenches her teeth.

MYA
Fenner...

FENNER
Oh fuck.

Fenner grabs the groomer even tighter.

MYA
NOW it's time for the red tide.

Mya stamps the pedal to the medal.

The wave of sharks hits them.

BRUBRUBRUBRUSPLAT! And gore starts to fly everywhere. Shark blood, guts, and meat fly in every direction, splattering Mya and Fenner, staining the snow. The groomers engine chugs and its gears scream as it tears up shark after shark.

Mya screams rage as blood turns the whole machine slick red. The windshield goes straight, thick, chunky red. Mya can't see anything.

FENNER

Turn! Turn!

MYA

Fuck that!

FENNER

They're flying now!

MYA

What?

A flaming shark shoots by her left side window, ten feet off the ground. She looks to the right as another flaming shark flies past, then-

WHAM! A flaming shark smashes right through the windshield, its nose stopping inches from Mya's face. It works its jaw furiously. Mya screams, shifting the wheel sideways. More blood screams as the groomer cuts a circle through sharks.

Fenner pulls the knife from his pocket and leaps halfway into the cockpit, stabbing at the shark's nose. Mya's hand reaches back, her whole body shying away from the shark, looking for anything in the back seat.

Her hand comes up with a screwdriver as the fiery shark slams its right fin against the groomer, angling its body to get it further inside. Mya stabs at its eyes with the screwdriver, desperate. Fenner starts to stab the side of its head.

Blood fills the vehicle's cockpit as they stab the shark, over and over. Slowly, it goes dead.

FENNER

They're right behind us! Floor it!

MYA

It's floored!

FENNER

Shit, I was better off sharking my way down!

The groomer speeds down the hill towards the lodge, the sharks seconds behind it and the flaming shark avalanche only a little ways off. Flaming sharks fly out of it at every angle, submerging in the snow.

Sharks, on fire and not, are leaping towards the groomer from all sides, now. Fenner is inside, pressed against Mya, clutching the pathetic-looking knife.

FENNER (CONT'D)
Go go go...

MYA
Go go go...

They're almost at the lodge.

WHAM! A shark body slams against the side of the groomer, get sucked under the tire, splatters. Then blood starts to spray out from under the vehicle in every direction, geysering into the air in all directions like a red sprinkler.

MYA (CONT'D)
They're under us!

FENNER
Drive right in!

MYA
What?

FENNER
Right in!

Mya thinks for a second, then pulls the wheel to the right, aiming somewhere towards the front doors.

MYA
Get into the back and hold onto me.

FENNER
Why?

MYA
There's no seatbelt.

Fenner forces himself into the back and wraps his arms around Mya's upper body.

MYA (CONT'D)
You wedged in?

FENNER
Sorry if I crush your windpipe when we hit.

MYA
At least I'm saving you.

The groomer plows forward, spraying blood and gore everywhere. The SCREAMS from the lodge are becoming audible.

The lodge approaches...

INT. GREAT WHITE - BASEMENT HALLWAY - DAY

Quentin follows Suit 3 to a dead-end hallway and watches in wonder as the government man presses his hand against nothing in particular...and the wall slides into two sections, revealing a bunker area.

Quentin drops something behind him as he follows Suit 3 into the room.

It's his avalanche transceiver.

INT. GREAT WHITE - LOBBY - DAY

People run left and right through the lobby. No-one knows where to go, but they don't want to be where they are. People are knocked to the floor and stepped on. It's full panic...

Splat splat SPLAT! Waves of blood start to hit the front window. Everybody screams...

SMASH! With an ear-rending CRUNCH, the blood-soaked snow groomer careens through the elegant front wall of the lobby. People dive out of the way as it comes to a stop.

Mya and Fenner stumble out, blood-soaked but alive. Everything is silent for a second.

MYA

What, are you fucking insane?
There's an avalanche of flaming
sharks coming down on us from Apex!
Get up the lifts! Get up the other
fucking lifts!

Everyone stares at her.

BOARDER 2
Oh yeah...that's a good idea.

WHAM! Something hits the roof. Everyone ducks.

WHAM! Another. WHAM! WHAM!

SKIER 2
Oh my god...they're on the roof!

WHAMCRUNCH! A flaming shark smashes through the roof and lands mouth-first on Boarder 2, dying on impact. WHAMCRUNCH! Another. WHAMCRUNCH!

People stampede for every exit as flaming sharks continue to fall through the roof.

Mya's knocked down as someone runs past her. Another person steps hard on her left wrist, breaking it as they run past. She screams. She's being trampled...

...Fenner pulls her up and back into the groomer.

FENNER

We're not gonna make it to the lifts. You have a transceiver?

Mya pulls it out.

MYA

How's that gonna help?

A shark flies through the window and zips past them.

FENNER

Just a hunch. Set it to receive.

She clicks it over. It beeps.

MYA

It's close. In the building close.

FENNER

Quentin and his life of fear.

MYA

Fuck! He had it on the whole...

FENNER

Unless you've got a better idea, I'm thinking the best place to be in this sort of situation is with the most prepared, paranoid guy you know.

MYA

If he's alive.

FENNER

Unless you've got a-

MYA

-yeah yeah. Let's go. Ready?

They look at each other for a second, then sprint, Fenner leading, knocking a path through the still-milling, screaming people. Mya follows, watching the transceiver.

MYA (CONT'D)
He's to our left!

FENNER
There's no door!

MYA
Stairs!

They sprint up the stairs to the second level of the lobby. A flaming shark smashes through the stairs behind them. Sharks fly left and right, wallow on the ground.

FENNER
Hallway!

They sprint out.

INT. GREAT WHITE - HALLWAY - DAY

Mya and Fenner careen around the corner just as a massive shark smashes through the wall, blocking the hallway. It flips its tail around, smashing holes.

They swing around to see a group of seven people stampeding towards them from the other end of the hallway.

MYA
Over the shark!

She sprints ahead, charges the shark, takes a one-foot jump off the wall, and flies over it. It gnashes its teeth, narrowly missing her. As it turns back, Fenner is already jumping over it.

As the group of people behind them pass the entrance to the lobby, a shark flies in and takes the legs off two of them.

Mya studies the transceiver.

MYA (CONT'D)
We gotta get down, though!

FENNER
The kitchen! C'mon!

MYA
What?

Fenner pulls her along. They break into a run, dashing and dodging people, sharks, fires, and sharks on fire as they head for the bar.

INT. GREAT WHITE - BAR - DAY

Mya and Fenner stop, incredulous.

The bar is filled with partying drunks.

FENNER

Should we tell them?

MYA

Just go.

FENNER

C'mon.

They push through, heading for the kitchen. Behind them, the screams start. Then a flaming shark smashes through the window, igniting the bar, and everything kicks off.

Fenner and Mya push through to the kitchen doors.

INT. GREAT WHITE - BAR KITCHEN - DAY

Mya and Fenner sprint into the kitchen.

MYA

What now?

FENNER

Where are they?

MYA

Below. Pretty much right below us.

FENNER

Good.

He crosses to the dumbwaiter. Mya smiles.

MYA

Damn you're good.

INT. GREAT WHITE - BUNKER - DAY

Suit 3 accesses the bunker computer with a passcode, then turns to Quentin.

QUENTIN

What now?

SUIT 3

I've notified our superiors of the situation.

QUENTIN

Good.

SUIT 3

The avalanche and the fires will kill most of the sharks.

The...appropriate people...will arrive to remove the rest of the sharks and any remaining civilians.

QUENTIN

Good. Good.

SUIT 3

We may have to wait in here for...some time. That's where you come in.

QUENTIN

Go on...

SUIT 3

As you've perhaps noticed, we have no food.

Quentin pauses.

QUENTIN

Let me see if I understand...

SUIT 3

And I, in fact, noticed when you left a little present for your friends outside.

QUENTIN

Damn you're good.

SUIT 3

Thank you.

QUENTIN

I've got two pieces of bad news for you, though. One, you have no sidearm.

SUIT 3
It's in that lockbox over there.

He indicates a small lockbox. Quentin doesn't bother to look.

QUENTIN
Two, I know kung fu.

SUIT 3
Are you serious?

Quentin stands and casually blows on his knuckles.

QUENTIN
Let's find out.

INT. GREAT WHITE - SERVICE ROOM - DAY

With a SMASH, Fenner tumbles into the room. He quickly jumps out of the way as Mya tumbles out behind him.

FENNER
Ow.

MYA
Yep.

INT. GREAT WHITE - BASEMENT HALLWAY - DAY

Mya leads, rounding the corner, transceiver in hand. She stops, looks up. Quentin's transceiver sits at the end of the hallway, in the corner by the dead-end wall.

MYA
There it is.

FENNER
Shit.

MYA
There's no blood or anything. Why here?

FENNER
Maybe the guys in suits.

MYA
So what do we-

SHOOF! They look up as the wall opens...

...to reveal Quentin, bloody, panting, a knife lodged in his chest. Behind him, Suit 3 lies still on the floor.

QUENTIN
Glad you could make it.

INT. GREAT WHITE - BUNKER - DAY

Quentin collapses into a chair in front of the computer and starts typing furiously. Mya and Fenner collapse into chairs behind him, exhausted.

MYA
What are you doing?

QUENTIN
There's one thing I've gotta know
before I die.

FENNER
How'd you fight this guy?

QUENTIN
I know kung fu.

MYA
You saved our lives, Quentin. Thank-

QUENTIN
-YES!

He spins around.

QUENTIN (CONT'D)
You want to know what really killed
Bruce Lee?

And with that, he's dead. His eyes go dull. He falls limp.

FENNER
He's dead.

MYA
Bye, Quentin.

Fenner looks up at the wall. A series of monitors are mounted.

FENNER
Avalanche is about to hit.

Mya watches the monitors too.

ON THE MONITORS

Carnage in every corner. Blood sprays, sharks bite, fires burn. People scream and run. Body parts fly. There's a glorious, sick, beautiful, bittersweet poetry to the violence. People die by the hundred. Sharks do too.

BACK TO SCENE

Mya and Fenner collapse back in their chairs. Mya looks over.

MYA
At least I saved you.

FENNER
Happy birthday, by the way.

Mya moves her chair back and forth on its wheel.

MYA
Hey, do you feel like having sex at all?

FENNER
Not really. Why, do you?

MYA
Yeah, actually.

FENNER
I still kinda love Liz.

MYA
Yeah. I love Jeff, for sure.

They sit in silence for a moment.

MYA (CONT'D)
Here comes the avalanche.

FENNER
Y'know, I'm wrong. Let's fuck.

MYA
Yeah?

FENNER
Yeah.

MYA
Okay.

ON THE MONITOR

The avalanche hits the lodge. It demolishes it, laying waste to people, sharks, everything. Blood puffs appear here and there as white washes over everything.

Some people escape up the chairlifts, though flying, flaming sharks get some of them. Other people are on their knees, praying, as the avalanche, or sharks, overtake them.

It's utter carnage, and then...

...it's all just white.

EXT. GREAT WHITE - DAY

Just white.

It's a beautiful day. Suits mill around, snowmobiles run up and down. The lodge is gone. Two suits convene.

SUIT 9

Look what I found.

He holds up an avalanche transceiver. It beeps.

SUIT 9 (CONT'D)

That's them in the bunker,
probably. Time to dig 'em out.

SUIT 10

I thought we lost contact.

SUIT 9

Someone's alive down there.

They both take a moment to take in the sights around them. In the distance, a Suit fires a rifle. Blood splatters out of the snow.

SUIT 11

Got another one!

SUIT 12

Lucky! First in two hours.

SUIT 9

So, Dragon base. That was all the snow sharks we were training for war with the Russians, right?

SUIT 10

Shush.

SUIT 9

What do you mean?

SUIT 10

Just in case.

SUIT 9

Well what's going on with Cobra
base? Under the other lift?

SUIT 10

What?

SUIT 9

You know. Cobra base. The bears?
The uh...air bears?

SUIT 10

Yeah yeah yeah. It's business as
usual up there, all right?

Suit 9 backs off, looking at little reproachful.

SUIT 10 (CONT'D)

I hear those fuckers can fly like
nothin', though.

Suit 9 grins.

SUIT 9

Yeah?

SUIT 10

C'mon, let's dig this bunker up.

The two Suits turn away, calling another crew over.

Above them, Great White is glorious.

FADE OUT.

THE END...

BUT STAY TUNED FOR

SNOW SHARKS VS. AIR BEARS!!!