

THE SEVENTH MASK

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LOGLINE

When a revered custodian of the gods dies under supernatural signs, his estranged, modern-minded daughter is summoned back to her ancestral village, only to discover that seven ancient masks housing forbidden spirits have awakened, and she has been chosen as the final vessel. To survive, she must confront deadly rituals, buried family secrets, and a destiny older than the gods she does not believe in.

Why This Story Is Special

The Seventh Mask draws from Igbo spiritual symbolism, where masks are not costumes but vessels of power, memory, and judgment. At its heart, this is not just a mythic story, but an emotional exploration of identity, legacy, and the price of carrying ancestral truth. It speaks to the quiet tension between tradition and modern existence, and to the unseen forces that continue to shape who we become. This story is designed to feel intimate, spiritual, and cinematic, grounded in culture, but universal in emotion..

STORY PITCH (Feature Film)

Set in a remote Igbo village where tradition is law and the gods are never silent, **THE SEVENTH MASK** is a mythic drama rooted in Nigerian spirituality.

Nneoma, a city-trained young woman who no longer believes in ancestral worship, returns home for the burial of her father, Chief Okonkwo, the sacred custodian of the village gods. On the night of his burial, the sky turns copper-red, offerings are rejected by the earth, and a royal python appears, an omen tied to the river goddess Idemili.

As the burial rites unfold, it becomes clear that Chief Okonkwo did not die a natural death. His passing has broken a sacred seal, awakening **seven ancient masks**, each bound to a powerful ancestral spirit once used to protect the land, and later forbidden because of the destruction they caused.

Through prophetic dreams, visions, and deadly trials, Nneoma learns the truth: her father was preparing her to become the final bearer of the Seventh Mask, the most dangerous of them all. Each ritual tests her spirit, morality, and sanity, drawing her deeper into a world she once rejected.

Torn between her modern life and a destiny soaked in blood and tradition, Nneoma must decide whether to accept the power of the ancestors or destroy the masks forever, knowing that either choice will cost lives.

THE SEVENTH MASK explores grief, inheritance, female power, and the terrifying beauty of African mythology, blending ritual, suspense, and emotional depth into a visually striking feature film.

TONE & STYLE

- Dark, atmospheric, and ritual-driven
- Grounded in Igbo mythology (Idemili, ancestral rites, sacred masks)
- Cinematic visuals: firelight, shrines, forests, red earth, ancestral symbols
- Emotional core similar to *Living in Bondage (reboot)* and *Aníkúlápó*

OPENING SCENE

FADE IN:

EXT. NDEMIRI VILLAGE - NIGHT

The sky hangs low over NDEMIRI VILLAGE.

Not black.

Not calm.

It glows faintly RED, as though something beneath it is burning, struggling to breathe.

The elders notice it first.

They exchange brief glances.
Say nothing.

EXT. OKONKWO'S COMPOUND - CONTINUOUS

The compound is crowded, yet unnaturally quiet.

WOMEN sit on low stools, wrappers pulled tight, eyes lowered.
MEN stand in clusters, arms folded, heads bowed.

This is not an ordinary burial.

At the center of the compound lies CHIEF OKONKWO (60s), wrapped in white cloth.

His head rests on a CARVED WOODEN STOOL,
The honor of a chief.
The burden of a custodian.

Beside him, a CLAY POT of burning herbs smolders.

Smoke rises, thick, bitter, alive.

An ELDER (70s) steps forward, holding a CALABASH of palm wine.

He kneels.

Pours a small libation onto the earth.

ELDER

(soft, steady) Ancestors... receive your son.

CROWD

Isee.

He pours again.

ELDER

May the road open for him.

CROWD

Isee.



A pause.

The Elder hesitates, then speaks again.

ELDER

Idemili... mother of the river... watch over him.

The WIND SHIFTS suddenly.

The flame in the clay pot FLICKERS, but does not die.

The palm wine touches the earth.

It HISSES.

Steam rises.

A murmur spreads through the crowd.

Fear moves faster than words.

ANGLE ON: NNEOMA (late 20s)

She stands at the edge of the compound.

City clothes. City shoes.

Already stained red by village soil.

She looks out of place, and she knows it.

Her father is dead.

Nothing else feels real.

The WHITE CLOTH over the body MOVES.

Just slightly.

A sharp WIND rips through the compound.

Ash scatters.

A WOMAN SCREAMS.



SHRINE ROOF - CONTINUOUS

A PYTHON appears.

Long. Thick. Gleaming.

It descends slowly, deliberately, as if summoned.

No one moves.

No one breathes.

The snake slides across the ground and coils around Chief Okonkwo's body.

It rests its head on his chest.

An OLD MAN whispers,

OLD MAN

Nwa Idemili...

Nneoma's knees weaken.

Then,

CHIEF OKONKWO'S EYES OPEN.

Just for a moment.

Long enough to FIND NNEOMA in the crowd.

Her breath catches.

His eyes CLOSE again.

The python lifts its head.

HISSES.

Thunder ROLLS in the distance.

No rain falls.

Nneoma stares, frozen.



And in that moment, something breaks inside her.

She realizes,

Her father is not done with this world.

And whatever followed him into death...

Is now looking at her.

CUT TO BLACK.