

SNOWBIT

FADE IN

A MAILBOX

nestled in a snowy vista.

It sinks -- sinks? -- ever so slightly.

Beyond --

A FRAT HOUSE

blanketed in soft snow, windows warm and glowing.
Picturesque, even.

Rhythmic bass pumps into the night, abruptly louder for a second, when --

SORORITY GIRL stumbles out onto the stoop. Totally stoned, giggling, her breath coming out in wisps of fog.

It takes a second to adjust to the cold ambience out here as the party rages on inside.

HER POV

the steps extending ahead of her boots, steep and looming.

Reaching for the railing as she begins the decline -- *squish*.

That's not right.

Sorority Girl stares down at the red streaks running down the metal railing.

Looks -- her mitten caked with the substance.

Brain trying to compute but this is totally odd.

Careful now, she sloooowly goes down a step, careful not to touch the railing -- a challenge in her inebriated state.

Her gaze follows the red path down the rail, then to crimson ribbons through the snow, until --

She squints at the strange sight.

At the end of the red streaks, a leg protrudes from the knee, right there in the snow before her.

A men's size ten shoe atop a bloody pant leg...lowering into the frosty abyss.

Sorority Girl stares transfixed as the leg vanishes into the snow. *Just like that.*

Her boots want to turn around, *go back go back go back*, but her feet remain in place.

Like a bad dream, she moves her legs but she's fixed to her spot on the top step.

The rubber treads of the boots hiss and pop as they fuse with the ice beneath them, turning to sludge.

She frowns. Thinking. Behind her, the stoop. Covered and no snow -- if she can just stretch far enough to reach it...

Fumbling through her mittens, she undoes the laces of one boot and, steadying herself on the nasty railing for support, slides a foot out.

One of those really bad ideas you go through with anyway.

Concentrating, she shivers as she supports herself. Sock foot hovering toward the stoop, vulnerable --

She draws in a sharp breath, lets go of the railing. *OUCH* --

Flesh exposed as her hand slides out of her glove, pain, the disintegrating wool of the garment stuck firm to the metal...

...and some of her skin staying with it.

Like an animal she yanks back her hand.

SEEING IT --

-- the skin torn and bloody. She screams -- falls FORWARD...

...ankle still affixed to the step, twisting...

...boot breaking free, body clearing the rest of the steps, down, down...

Landing with a muffled THUMP in the snow.

And then she REALLY SCREAMS.

Steam wafts off any exposed skin -- her face, hand, ankles suddenly going blistering red.

IN THE HOUSE

Heads turn at the sound of the screams, a shrillness cutting through the blaring music.

A handful of PARTYGOERS venture

OUTSIDE

where sorority girl flails in the snow she's rapidly disappearing into.

Clawing at the steps, nails breaking -- can't make purchase.

Then the flurry of bodies rushing down the steps to help, two FRAT GUYS practically racing each other to her.

And her BESTIE dashing ahead of them, grabbing sorority girl's arm, locking eyes -- *safe with me*.

Then they all feel it.

The frat guys hunch over. They're wearing *shorts*.

CLOSER: Tiny streams of blood run down their legs as snowflakes land on their skin with *tiny hisses*.

Then a WIDE, BLOODSHOT EYE in sudden agony.

Bestie moans as the burning sets in, all of them beginning to sink into pure burning white.

Sorority Girl's head goes under, Bestie gripping her arm tightly but losing her fast.

No words, just hurt, fearful shouts from those in the snow as they clamor back toward the steps.

Up on the stoop, shouts from the onlookers. No one dares venture any closer.

Bestie gives one last YANK and Sorority Girl's arm comes loose, emitting blood and cartilage.

And she goes down, head landing against one of the icy concrete steps with a wet thud.

The frat guy nearest to her sees this -- the dark blood pooling around her head. Momentarily taken out of the pain, he pukes.

Others watch from up on the stoop but no one dares venture down as the guys dissolve into the snow.

In an instant not even their blood remains as the snow returns to its smooth glistening white.

And Bestie remains, still clutching her friend's arm as she drags herself up the steps, the wound in her head leaking, her tattered midriff dripping behind her.

IN THE HOUSE

A cacophony -- "what the fuck?" "is she dead?" "ohmygod ohmygod..." "what happened to their legs?"

Warm bodies pile around the open doorway, craning to see

OUTSIDE

All quiet.

The hood of an SUV sinks into a snowbank, leaving hardly a speck in the blankness. And the beautiful powdery white keeps coming down.

INSIDE

Snowflakes patter on the window as ALT GIRL sits huddled by the couch.

The music still pounds through the room but everyone stays very still.

Alt Girl clutches her knees to her chest, rocking in place as she peers at the seemingly-serene view out the window.

ALT GIRL

(to herself)

We're safe in here... We're still safe in here.

Above her head, a wet spot on the ceiling. GROWING.

UPSTAIRS

a girl pinned beneath a toned torso -- SHRIEKS.

Pulling back, we see the dead young man atop her.

A GAPING HOLE through his chest...as snow begins piling down atop the lovebirds.

OUTSIDE -- THE ROOF

sizzling as the snow piles up, melting through the shingles.

ON THE STOOP

Bestie rests her head against the step, staring ahead lifeless... unblinking... SEEING...

...as we CRANE OUT from the house, the carnage of the wintery scene...

...the whole area held in the mouth of a gigantic WOMAN.

Eyes stare straight ahead as the landscape melts into an open, waiting maw.

END.