

Snowpocalypse

By

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first draft - 2010  
second draft - 2012

10/6/2019 - third draft

INT. SMALL TOWN GROCERY - DUSK

An elevator-esque rendition of "Let it Snow" plays lazily over a speaker.

The marks of late capitalism Christmas dot the store. Santa Clause, Polar Bears, but most importantly, snowmen.

Two corner drug store employees, MARK the manager and DEVIN the teenage cashier, wait as the clock ticks ever closer to closing time.

Devin slumps bored over his register, there isn't a customer in sight.

INT. SMALL TOWN GROCERY, MARK'S OFFICE - DUSK

Mark is lounged in his computer chair in the office, counting the drawers for the night.

The FAINT SOUND of a news caster's report on the record breaking storm.

Mark scoots over and looks out the slits in his blinds from his wood paneled office. Outside the snow drifts down heavily.

EXT. SMALL TOWN GROCERY, FRONT - DUSK

A QUIET BREEZE washes over the landscape as the parking lot is plastered with blankets upon blankets of snow.

The storm is bellowing.

A lone plow truck RUMBLES by, desperately trying to keep up with the blizzard.

INT. SMALL TOWN GROCERY - DUSK

Mark comes out of his office, finished with the last drawer.

MARK  
Alright, nobody's coming in  
tonight. Pack everything up, I'll  
go get the carts.

Devin lets out a sigh of relief, making a silent "yes" fist with his arm. He begins to tidy up his register.

Mark turns the open sign to closed.

Grabbing a coat from the coat rack, he steps outside.

EXT. SMALL TOWN GROCERY, FRONT - DUSK

As he leaves the store, he locks the door behind himself.

He begins to collect all of the carts in the lot, struggling to get some out of the snow.

He wrangles them all into their respective cart slots.

As he walks toward the building to pull out his keys, the sound of snow CRUNCHES behind him, breaking the silence.

He jolts to look behind, dropping his keys.

There's no one there.

He bends down to grab the keys when suddenly, seemingly without moving, a lone snowman stands behind him.

As he comes back up and begins putting the key into the door, again he hears a CRUNCH as snow is stepped on.

He turns around angry, now annoyed with whatever he assumes is playing a prank on him.

Mark makes eyes at the snowman and begins to smile.

MARK  
(chuckling)  
Ahh, haha, okay, good one.

He looks around for any one else.

MARK  
(slightly starting to shout)  
Good one guys! You got me!

He turns back around grumbling under his breath, struggling to get the correct key from his ring. The keys are covered in snow making them cold and hard to maneuver.

Cut again to behind Mark as he struggles to get his key in. There are now four or five snowman behind him, not moving.

Still not having any luck, Mark turns around to see the gathering of unmoving snowmen with no one around to have put them there.

He looks confused.

(CONTINUED)

Scrambling, Mark now tries desperately to get his key into the lock.

The camera never breaks from the shot of Mark's back. Shadows loom over him as something draws closer and closer to the door.

A wad of snow is tossed by something at the outdoor light, extinguishing its electricity and shutting it off.

Mark screams as he finally gets the key into the lock, a flash of blue light envelopes him.

INT. SMALL TOWN GROCERY - DUSK

Mark's scream echoes into the store.

Devin is startled.

The door to the store bursts open.

Mark stands silently, not moving. His skin is blue. Icicles hang from his nose and mouth as if all the liquids in his body were frozen stiff all at once.

His body falls face first onto the ground and instantly shatters into a thousand tiny little pieces like a hunk of ice.