

THE SNOWMAN

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Adapted from the
eponymous short story
by Loretta Burrough

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CUT IN:

INT. LODGE BEDROOM -- MORNING

Morning light creeps through the windowed walls of the spacious second-story bedroom of a private mountain lodge. Outside is a snow-covered hillside surrounded by dense pine forest. Inside, sprawled on the bed is PHIL - 26, scruffy, shirtless, and sound asleep.

From the side of the room, a door creaks open. From the shadows emerges a figure, long-haired, dripping, robed in white. Slowly, silently, the figure creeps toward the bed, crawls up, leans down over the sleeping man.

Water drips down onto Phil's face, pulling him from sleep. Blinking awake, seeing the figure above him, he smiles.

PHIL

Good morning, Mrs. Henderson.

Above him, NANCY - 27, freshly showered, bathrobe-clad - grins, giggling.

NANCY

Good morning Mr. Henderson!

She flops down onto the bed next to Phil as he sits up and wipes the water from his face.

NANCY (CONT'D)

Sorry for dripping on you - I was going for true love's kiss.

PHIL

You take a shower?

NANCY

(dirty joke)

Well I didn't have time last night, not after you tired me out.

Phil chuckles and leans forward to kiss her, but she playfully holds him back.

NANCY (CONT'D)
And neither did you, so you'd
better hop to it.

PHIL
Really, after you used up all the
hot water?

NANCY
(mock scandal)
Ah, I never!

PHIL
Oh, so that time in LA-

NANCY
I am not responsible for your
hotel choices, *Philip!*

They both chuckle. Nancy leans in and kisses Phil, but breaks
it off before either of them can go any further.

NANCY (CONT'D)
But seriously, we got real sweaty
out on the slopes yesterday and
you smell kinda funky.

PHIL
Oh, come on, Nance-

He kisses her again, their embrace deepening.

NANCY
(laughing)
Phil, please-

PHIL
I've got you all to myself out
here.

Nancy stiffens, her breath catching, her eyes going unfocused.
Phil notices and immediately pulls away.

PHIL (CONT'D)
(concerned)
Nancy, what's wrong?

NANCY

Oh, nuh- nothing... just- something
Spencer used to say, when-

PHIL

Oh, god- shit, honey, I'm sorry-

NANCY

It's fine, Phil, it's not like you
knew- it's my-

PHIL

No, I- that's not what I meant,
you should never have to think
about-

NANCY

Phil!

They both go quiet, centering themselves as they look into
each other's eyes.

NANCY

Do you love me?

PHIL

Of course.

Nancy takes his hand, squeezing it.

NANCY

I love you too.

A moment in silence, enjoying each other's presence. Then Phil
leans forward, kissing Nancy on the forehead as he stands.

PHIL

Off to the shower I go then!

NANCY

(dirty joke)

You know, if you're that concerned
about the hot water, we could
always shower together next time.

PHIL

(mock scandal)

Why Mrs. Henderson, who knew you
had such a dirty mind?

NANCY

Isn't that what a honeymoon's for?

Phil chuckles, smiling back at Nancy as he closes the bathroom door. As the sounds of the shower start up in the other room, Nancy wriggles down into Phil's spot in the bed, smiling wide as she soaks in his warmth.

INT. LODGE KITCHEN/DINETTE - LATER THAT MORNING

The first-floor dinette windows look out on the same view of the hillside as the bedroom.

The couple emerges from the kitchen and sits down to breakfast, Phil setting out two plates of eggs and toast (scrambled for him, sunny-side-up for her) and Nancy passing him a mug of tea before adding milk to her coffee.

As Nancy reaches for the sugar, something out the window catches her eye and she pauses. Phil takes notice and looks as well.

PHIL

What, what are we looking at?

NANCY

Are you seeing what I'm seeing?

Phil squints. Through the window, up on the hillside at the edge of the forest, is a snowman - 5 feet tall, thick branch arms, stone eyes, and a knit cap perched on its head.

PHIL

Is that a snowman?

NANCY

How did it get up there? Who- the
town's, like, two miles out?

PHIL

I mean- it's probably just kids, right? Sneaking out, pranking the tourists, y'know?

NANCY

Kids hiking miles uphill at night through the snow to build a snowman?

PHIL

I mean, I certainly made some inadvisable choices at that age.

Nancy gives him a bemused look. He quickly changes the subject.

PHIL (CONT'D)

I can knock it down if you want?

NANCY

Oh, no, that's not - it's not bothering us, right? Let's not spoil the fun.

PHIL

Sure, sure - I should still take a look around, make sure they didn't get up to anything dangerous.

NANCY

(lighthearted)

You would know, Mr. "Inadvisable Choices."

Phil chuffs as he sits back down to his eggs. Nancy sits and takes a sip of her coffee as she glances back out at the snowman.

A gust of wind outside blows back one of the snowman's arms, and Nancy is thrust into a flashback-

INT. EXPENSIVE APARTMENT - 4 YEARS EARLIER, NIGHT

SPENCER, 41, tall and muscular, well-groomed, enraged, throws back his arm, winding up to strike-

INT. LODGE KITCHEN/DINETTE - PRESENT (CONTINUOUS)

Nancy startles, inhaling the coffee she was sipping, sending her coughing.

PHIL

Ooph- wrong tube?

NANCY

Hh- Yeah-

She catches her breath. Glancing back out at the snowman, it sits stationary, innocent, at the hilltop. Taking a gulp of her coffee, Nancy turns back to her husband.

NANCY (CONT'D)

So - what do we want to do today?