

Winter Burns.

written by

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INT. CABIN BEDROOM - NIGHT

ELSIE groggily sits up in her bed, rubbing her eyes. She checks the clock next to her bed: 3:30 AM.

ELSIE

Great.

She trudges out of her bedroom and into her kitchen.

INT. CABIN KITCHEN - NIGHT

Elsie begins to make a cup of coffee. She rests on her counter-top, back facing the living room of her winter cabin.

She watches the coffee slowly trickle down into her cup.

Drip. Drop. Drip. Drop.

The machine makes a loud beep noise as it finishes its job. Elsie winces and her eyes open wider than before.

ELSIE

Whelp...definitely awake now.

She turns around to see a strange figure sitting by her lit fireplace.

ELSIE (CONT'D)

Oh my god!

She drops her coffee on the floor.

The figure doesn't even flinch, still intently looking at the fire.

INT. CABIN LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Elsie creeps over to the figure, grabbing an umbrella by the open door. She holds the weapon up in the air looking for a clean shot at the figure's head.

She swings. The umbrella goes through its head like a knife through butter. A glob of snow falls to the ground, propelled by the umbrella's impact.

SNOWMAN

Ow.

ELSIE

Oh my god sorry. I'll get that for you.

She moves to get the already melting glob of snow, trying to push it into something transferable.

SNOWMAN

Don't bother. It'll hurt more.

ELSIE

What will?

It gestures to its whole body with one hand. It then puts that same hand closer to the fire.

ELSIE (CONT'D)

You're gonna melt.

SNOWMAN

I know.

ELSIE

Then why sit by this fire?

She stands a few feet away from it. She stares at it's face, featureless save for a mouth and two eyes made from pushed in snow.

SNOWMAN

Because the pain of melting is easier to bear than the pain of out there.

It points to the door.

SNOWMAN (CONT'D)

Close that, would you?

She does so and begins to go back to her room.

ELSIE

Well, it seems like you've got this all sorted out. I'm gonna go.

She tries to make it to her room before it speaks.

SNOWMAN

Would you keep me company?

She stops in her tracks. She sighs.

ELSIE

Sure.

She walks back to the snowman and sits by it.

SNOWMAN

Thank you.

ELSIE

I guess even snowmen need a little company now and then.

SNOWMAN

What's a snowman?

She pauses before speaking, confused.

ELSIE

That's what you are. You're a man...made out of snow.

The snowman looks down at his completely snow-made body.

SNOWMAN

If that's what your kind calls it, then yes. I am a snowman.

ELSIE

Why not go outside then?

SNOWMAN

Winter burns.

ELSIE

What do you mean?

SNOWMAN

Every step I took in that snow was agony. The only respite I've ever known is your floors.

She looks concerned at the figure.

ELSIE

And you drew up this fire to...

She shrugs, trying to get him to answer.

SNOWMAN

Feel warmth. I wanted to feel some warmth in my life, if that's what you call it.

She grows a little more intrigued.

ELSIE

You know, for us humans...

She points to the flame.

ELSIE (CONT'D)
...fire burns.

SNOWMAN
How?

ELSIE
It mangles our bodies and melts our
flesh.

The snowman looks at it's hand, now almost completely melted.

SNOWMAN
Like this?

Elsie chuckles.

ELSIE
Yeah. Like that.

SNOWMAN
So the fire burns me too?

ELSIE
Yes.

SNOWMAN
This burn is not nearly as painful
as winter's.

It inches closer to the fire causing the snow of it's body to
begin melting. She inches a little closer to him too.

ELSIE
Why does it hurt out there?

SNOWMAN
I can feel everything. Every step
and time you rip us from the earth
and every form you make us into. We
feel it all.

ELSIE
Jesus.

She pauses.

ELSIE (CONT'D)
What do you remember?

SNOWMAN

Everything. I remember being torn from the ground and fashioned into a projectile and subsequently thrown.

Her demeanor softens as it keeps going.

SNOWMAN (CONT'D)

I remember a metal spike going into my flesh as one of you climbs a mountain.

She begins to tear up.

SNOWMAN (CONT'D)

I remember being ripped from the earth over and over again and fashioned into this.

It gestures to its body with its remaining hand before putting it to the fire, melting it in seconds. The fire swallows the snow whole, raging despite the frost.

ELSIE

Stop.

She grabs it and holds it back.

ELSIE (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

SNOWMAN

I want to feel warm.

ELSIE

But you'll die.

SNOWMAN

I used to think so. That once I melt, I'll be gone and it will all be over.

It turns to Elsie for the first time.

SNOWMAN (CONT'D)

But the snow is never really gone. And therefore, neither am I.

She lets go of it and it returns to its spot. More and more chunks of its body begin to fall off.

ELSIE

So what'll happen to you when you melt?

SNOWMAN

I'll go back to the frost, feeling all of its pain and cold once more.

ELSIE

That's not fair.

SNOWMAN

Is your life fair?

ELSIE

I mean, no. In fact I'm here to avoid my life.

She closes up again.

ELSIE (CONT'D)

That doesn't matter. How can I help you?

SNOWMAN

You can't. This is the way things are and will always be.

Her eyes begin to water once more.

ELSIE

So what do we do.

SNOWMAN

We wait. Just wait.

A few moments of silence as Elsie tries to rationalize all of this.

ELSIE

Can I wait with you.

It looks at her one final time.

SNOWMAN

I'd like that.

It turns back to the fire, slowly melts until all that's left is a wet puddle of snow and sludge.

She looks at the sludge and picks it up, throwing it into the fire. The fire finally goes out as the last of the sludge melts. Without a word, she stands up and goes back to her room.