SNOW

Screenplay by David Pickar

FADE IN:

The screen is filled by interference; television snow.

1 INT. APARTMENT - DAY

Sliding back from the television screen we find:

JOE, 27, clean-cut, young urban professional, waking up in a comfortable chair. He must have dozed off in front of the TV

ANGLE ON, The TV, as Joe switches it off.

Joe leans forward, his attention arrested by something.

A vine of living ivy trails down across the screen.

Joe reaches out to touch it.

In the darkened TV screen he sees a strange reflection: the room behind him is being overcome by greenery.

Ferns sprout from cracks in the couch.

Vines sprawl from the top of a lamp.

Joe rises and takes a step toward the couch.

His footsteps produce a crackling noise.

He looks down and sees:

Dead leaves. The ground is covered with them.

When Joe looks up he is no longer in his apartment.

2 EXT. THE DEEP WOODS - DAY

Joe stands in a slight clearing, surrounded by thick woods.

He looks much different than when we first saw him; ill-shaven, dressed in battered outdoor gear.

He is as surprised as we are to find himself suddenly deep in the woods.

He stands unsteadily for a moment, then his legs fold and he sits.

With his head cradled in his hands he hears:

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

You're asking me to give up.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

I'm not. I'm only asking you to be reasonable. It's for your good.

WOMAN'S VOICE

Give up for my good. While he's still out there...

To Joe the voices seem to be coming from behind a nearby clump of ferns.

He crawls forward and parts the foliage to see:

3 INT. APARTMENT - DAY

The television is off.

Joe is waking up in front of it.

The scene is identical to our first introduction to Joe.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

I've talked to the sheriff. They say they'll keep looking until the snow flies.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Which will happen any day now. You have to be ready to accept it.

WOMAN'S VOICE

That he's lost.

MANS' VOICE

That he's gone.

Shaking himself out of a strange sleep, Joe is disoriented. He stumbles toward the light of the kitchen.

4 INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Joe's girlfriend, RACHEL, and his best friend, MIKE are seated at the kitchen table.

Between them are maps and newspaper clippings.

RACHEL

Gone? What do you mean? Vanished? People don't just vanish. He's out there somewhere. Alive or dead. Lost.

MIKE

And if he's lost you have to be ready to give up. You have to let him go.

RACHEL

Not until it snows.

Joe stands over the kitchen table. He looks down at the maps and clippings.

ANGLE ON the surface of the table. The maps are USGS topographic charts of a mountain range.

The clippings are from the local newspaper.

Joe's photograph is on some of the clippings.

Headlines include:

MISSING HIKER

SEARCH CONTINUES FOR LOST MAN

MISSING MAN FEARED DEAD

5 EXT. THE DEEP WOODS - DAY

The trees are full of a threatening wind.

Ominous mountains jut into a dull sky.

Joe stares up through the swaying canopy.

JOE

(shouting)

Don't give up on me.

6 INT. KITCHEN - DAY

A sound draw's Rachel's attention to the kitchen window.

RACHEL

What was that?

MIKE

Nothing. You're on edge. You have to relax.

His hand covers her hand protectively.

ANGLE ON Joe. He stands a few yards away, his attention fixed on the joined hands.

He strikes out angrily, blindly.

A framed picture of Joe and Rachel falls from the counter and breaks on the floor.

Rachel yanks her hand away from Mike.

RACHEL

Lost or whatever, I won't give up on him. Not until it's impossible to search, until the snow.

Joe is staring at her from across the room.

CLOSE-UP on Rachel's hair. Tiny snowflakes are caught in her hair.

Joe looks around, bewildered.

Snow is falling in the kitchen.

Even as he takes a step toward the table his view of it is fading through a curtain of white.

7 EXT. THE DEEP WOODS - DAY

Joe lies on his back on the dead leaves.

Snow is starting to cover him.

Snow collects on the dead leaves around his head.

Joe's view is of the canopy, the silhouettes of fir-boughs swaying against a bright sky.

Snow is filling up that view, rapidly increasing in speed and density until the screen is a confused blizzard.

FADE OUT.