

*Excerpt from...*  
**The Driven Snow**  
*a short screenplay by Kitt Lavoie*

CLOSE ON:

A faux-marble bathroom counter-top. The jangly strains of Dean Martin crooning “I’ll Be Home for Christmas” seep in from another room. We pan across a soap dish, a half-squeezed tube of toothpaste, a hairbrush, strewn liquor bottles, the pieces of a smashed snowman figurine, and a tangle of flashing colored Christmas lights. We pass the three wisemen from a nativity set -- each posed in compromising positions with an angel, the Virgin Mary, and a donkey, respectively -- to land on a trail of snowy white powder. A head of processed blonde hair dips into the frame and snorts it all up.

INT. SUBURBAN BATHROOM. LATE NIGHT

KAL, 18, her pretty face red and puffy, throws her head back, snorting deep the rest of the powder. She shakes her mane of hair and looks in the mirror. The colors of the Christmas lights flash in her tired eyes and across her bare shoulders. She stares at herself in the mirror as she lifts a toothbrush into her mouth and picks up where she left off pre-snort. She sticks the toothbrush into one of her cheeks as she snatches a bra from a bag on the counter top and begins to pull it on.

A SERIES OF SHOTS:

Kal’s bag as she tosses in a neatly sealed toothbrush holder and pulls out a sweatshirt.

Kal’s slightly-acned back as she pulls the sweatshirt over it.

Kal’s long legs as she pulls a pair of bulky sweatpants over them.

Her feet as she pulls a pair of duck boots on over heavy woolen socks.

Kal’s bag as she tosses in a pair of high spike heels, a fuzzy brown bikini bottom and matching top, a g-string made up to look like a Christmas present, and a red sponge clown nose.

Kal looks around the room for something, then gives up, pulls her tangle of hair into a ponytail, and heads for the bathroom door.

INT. SUBURBAN BEDROOM. CONTINUOUS

As the bathroom door swings open, light spills into the darkened bedroom and across the bed where a man lays unconscious and splayed, a small pile of coats beside him and a few pulled over him as a blanket. The music is louder here. Kal emerges from the bathroom and heads for the door, pulling on an overcoat. She stops as something catches her attention. She goes to the sleeping man and looks down at a pair of reindeer antlers on an elastic, tangled in his sleeping fingers. She carefully unwinds the antlers from his grasp, rousing him slightly, causing him to roll away, revealing his bare bottom. She tosses the antlers in her bag and heads for the bedroom door.

INT. SUBURBAN LIVINGROOM. CONTINUOUS

Kal emerges from the bedroom into the livingroom, overcoat on and bag slung over her shoulder, looking every bit the co-ed on her way to class on a snowy day. In the livingroom, Dean Martin sparkles from a Bose sound system and a few men lay passed out, cozily strewn on couches. Two others sit giddily engrossed in a video game dancing brightly on a flatscreen TV. Around the room -- beer bottles and glasses and stains on the carpet and a lovely Christmas tree standing proudly in the window. A young man stands at the sink in the island between the kitchen and livingroom washing clattering dishes. Kal scans the room. The man at the sink sees her.

POLITE YOUNG MAN

Your friend just left.

KAL

Thanks.

Kal scoops up a boom box sitting on the table and heads for the door.

POLITE YOUNG MAN

Thanks for everything. You guys were great.

KAL

No problem.

POLITE YOUNG MAN

Merry Christmas!

KAL

You, too.

Kal heads for the door.

INT. FOYER OF SUBURBAN APARTMENT BUILDING. LATE NIGHT

Kal brambles down the steps to find LORELEI, a bit older, a bit taller, and somehow a bit less tired, waiting for her.

LORELEI

Ready?

KAL

Let's go.

EXT. SUBURBAN APARTMENT BUILDING. CONTINUOUS

Kal and Lorelei trudge out of the building and through the mounting snow as snowflakes dance down onto them through the streetlights. Their breath puffs through the air as they walk. Kal digs into her pocket to pull out a pack of gum. She maneuvers around her gloves to pop a stick in her mouth as Lorelei takes a deep breath and puffs out a dragon plume of steam, watching it waft into the air.

Ahead of them, a large, shaven-headed man, CARL, steps around a sedan and opens the back door with a weary smile. He calls across the snowy lot.

CARL

Come on, ladies, let's get you home. It's coming down.

The girls trudge forward against the wind, Lorelei's long legs taking her a couple strides ahead of Kal. Kal squints against the blowing snow.

Suddenly, from the darkness...

MALE VOICE

Angie?

Kal stops in her tracks. Lorelei keeps walking a few steps before she realizes she has lost Kal. Lorelei stops and turns.

Nearby, a car door opens, spilling light across the snow-white parking lot. Out of the car steps BILLY, late-twenties, pulling his camouflage jacket tight against his chest. He trudges towards the girls. Seeing him coming, CARL begins to advance menacingly.

CARL

Hey, buddy!

As Carl charges towards them, Kal waves him off behind her back



KAL

It's okay.

Carl skitters to a stop. Just behind her.

CARL

(to Billy)

Can I help you, sir?

KAL

It's okay, Carl. I'll be there in a minute.

Carl and Lorelei both look at Kal concerned. Kal looks to Lorelei.

KAL (CONT'D)

It's okay.

An uncomfortable moment, then Carl begins to back away, an eye on Billy.

CARL

We'll be in the car.

Lorelei hesitates a moment before she begins to follow.

Kal and Billy breathe each other in the cold night until they hear two car door slams.