

The Broom

Written by

Robert E. Hoxie

FADE IN:

EXT. MOUNTAIN SIDE - NIGHT

Snow falls. The wind howls. A full moon sheds light on the snow covered land.

BENJAMIN ADAMS, 35, rugged and burly, struggles to yank branches from the ground. This is the only kindling he can find. His mink scarf and bear skin coat keep him warm. He blows into his hands, interrupting the frostbite.

LATER

Ben treads through the snow.

He stops, spotting something. He drops the branches and lugs his way over.

In the snow, an end of a broom sticks out, straw side up. Ben beams with excitement.

He gets on his knees and begins to dig.

He digs and digs and with every inch, he reveals more of the broom. He stops when he reaches the end: a frozen hand is wrapped around the handle.

Ben pries the broom from the hand, releasing it from the frozen grip.

Satisfied, Ben takes the broom and trots away.

INT. CABIN - MOMENTS LATER

The cabin is what you'd expect from a story book: one door, a window on two sides. No electricity. The moon's light peeks through the windows.

Ben comes inside, broom in hand. He removes his outside coat, tossing it on the floor.

He goes to the fire place.

In the fire place, nothing but ashes. Frigid cold.

He takes out a pair of old scissors.

He examines the end of the broom, straw side up (it's been trimmed before).

He hovers the broom over the cold ashes and with his scissors, he trims off an inch of straw with precision.

He places small logs around the finely trimmed kindling. Removes a flint from his pocket.

He strikes the flint sending sparks into the straw.

Another strike. The straw smokes.

Ben lightly blows on it. The straw catches a flame, and fire is born.

He rises to his feet, proud with his hands on his hips, he watches his fire set a blaze.

He goes away and comes back with a large cooking pot, filled with water.

He sets the pot next to the fire.

Ben sits in a rocking chair, throws a blanket over himself, and gets comfortable.

The pot of water slowly but surely heats next to the fire. Ben lets out a big yawn.

EXT. CABIN - MORNING

The sun gleams off the snow.

Out of the cabin comes Ben. He carries his pot of water. Steam rolls off.

He treads through the snow to where he found the broom.

Ben stands over the frozen hand and slowly pours the water.

The water melts the snow away. First it reveals an arm, and then a shoulder and onto the chest, then down to the waist, each leg, and then all the way back up to the face.

The last drop falls from the pot.

Ben stands over a FROZEN WOMAN.

He picks her up and throws her over his shoulder.

INT. CABIN - MOMENTS LATER

Ben places the woman near the fire place.

He throws every blanket he's got onto her.

He places the broom over the smoking ashes. With a quick snip, he trims off another inch of straw.

His flint strikes a spark, and a flame rises.

LATER

Ben has dozed off in his chair.

The woman has a puddle of water around her.

Her eyes flip open. She jolts up.

DEFROSTED WOMAN

Benjamin?

Benjamin awakes.

BENJAMIN

Rita?!

The Defrosted Woman is Ben's wife: RITA ADAMS, a stern, stay at home wife.

RITA

(angry)

Don't honey me! Where is it?

Ben hesitates. He looks over at the door, where the broom is.

She gets to her feet, and walks right over to it. She turns the straw side up and examines the damage.

RITA (CONT'D)

You used it for your fire again, didn't you!?

BENJAMIN

Not my fire, *our* fire.

RITA

You darn son of an goat! Do you realize this is all I have. With out me and this broom, these floors would be dirtier than your underwear, which by the way I'm not washing anymore!

Rita grabs a blanket, broom in hand, she goes for the door.

She swings it open. The cold air rushes inside.

RITA (CONT'D)

When you make a fire like a *real*
man, you know where to find me!

And with that, she SLAMS the door.

BENJAMIN

(pleads)

Kindling is hard to come by, Rita!

Ben's face shows his regrets. He takes a deep breath. He
comforts himself back in his chair.

The fire sizzles out before we...

CUT TO BLACK:

THE END.