

UNFORESEEN CHRISTMAS

a heart-wrenching tale

an original screenplay
Idea and written

by

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Premise:

Two men fight against social and family pressures to protect their love.

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BLACK

SAM AKA SANTA CLAUS (V.O.)

In 2023, we expect another invasion of New Yorkers. Elegant luxury cars, armed with skis. Fashion influencers on the prowl. Their weapons? Selfie sticks. Dressed in ski suits so glitzy they would put a Warhol painting to shame.

FADE IN

EXT. FROST-HAVEN-LAKE / FIR FOREST - EARLY MORNING

THE HUMMING OF AN ELECTRIC TREE SAW breaks the dawn silence.

SAM GARNER (27) is a local woodcarver and part-time jobber.

HIS WAVY, BLONDE HAIR ALMOST COVERED HIS GREEN EYES AND SUNBURNED FACE. WEARS ANORAK, A BEANIE AND JEANS.

SKILLFULLY, HE IS SAWING DOWN A FIR TREE.

Sawdust sprays through the cold air.

INT. LAND ROVER - EARLY MORNING - SAME MOMENT

SHARP WHIRRING OF HOT CAR TIRES.

DOMINIK KENSINGTON (27), NICKNAME DOM, is a YALE BACHELOR.

The fortune heir, brown hair, blue eyes, upscale clothing, sits in his brand-new luxury car with New York plates.

THE FOUR-WHEEL DRIVE CRUNCHES THE SNOW UNDER THE WIDE TIRES.

DOM HANGS NERVOUSLY OVER THE STEERING WHEEL.

He scrolls a number on the massive display.

KING CRAB CAR SHOWROOM.

SOUND OF A CHRISTMAS CHAROL. JINGLE BELL---THAN A PEEP.

DOM

(leaving a voicemail)

Please call me back. I can't believe you handed me my new car without winter tires. I can't drive up the snowy hill to our house as private roads are not snow-cleared.

EXT. FROST-HAVEN-LAKE / FIR FOREST - MOMENTS LATER

SAM loads a packed Christmas trees onto his battered PICK-UP TRUCK with a heave.

His breath is visible in the cold.

His movements are practised and efficient.

SAM AKA SANTA CLAUS (V.O.)
 ... but hey, when you're on a
 budget, you take it with a smile...
 as long as none of these city
 slickers get too personal. ...
 Merry Christmas, Sammy.

A sudden FLAT TIRE sound interrupts Sam's work.

He sighs, sets down a tree, and heads to the truck's bed, pulling out a jack and spare tire.

EXT. PICK-UP TRUCK - MOMENTS LATER

SAM IS ON THE GROUND NEXT TO THE TRUCK, THE JACK IN PLACE.

He works the tire iron with ease, loosening the lug nuts. Despite the cold nipping at his hands, he's all smiles.

He removes the flat tire, hoists the spare into place, and secures the lug nuts firmly.

Then, in a casual yet deliberate motion, he pulls a carrot from his anorak, biting into it like a cigar.

With a satisfied nod to his work, he gives the tire a friendly pat, stows the flat in the truck bed, and returns to loading the Christmas trees.

Then finishes loading the Christmas trees, gives the tire a final check, and hops into his PICK-UP TRUCK.

He bites off a chunk of his carrot, ready to roll out.

EXT. FROST-HAVEN-LAKE ROAD - MOMENTS LATER

SAM ROLLS DOWN THE SNOWY ROAD IN HIS TRUCK.

Up ahead, DOM, absorbed with his skates, doesn't notice the approaching vehicle.

Dom slices off a price tag with his Swiss army knife and tosses it into the pristine snow.

HE ADMIRES HIS SKATES WITH A SELF-SATISFIED SMIRK.

DOM
 Let's see what's inside a real
 Kensington and how skilled I am.

Sam's truck cruises past, flinging a wave of slushy snow across Dom's Land Rover.

IN HIS SIDE MIRROR, SAM CATCHES A GLIMPSE OF THE DRENCHED VEHICLE AND THE STARTLED HEIR.

SAM

(amused)

Welcome to Frost-Haven-Lake.

Sam continues down the road, still munching on his carrot.

Dom stands speechless, staring at his now mud-splattered luxury SUV.

EXT. FROST-HAVEN-LAKE / ICE-RINK / FIR STALL - DAY

SAM'S PICK-UP TRUCK loaded with packed Christmas trees.

He struggles with his ASSISTANT FRED unloading a fir.

TIME-CUT

SAM sells a wrapped fir to A YOUNG COUPLE (end of 20s).

THE FATHER is carrying A BABY GIRL on his chest.

ALL THREE are wearing a CHRISTMAS-KNITTED BEANIE, like Sam.

SAM

Thank you, guys and Merry Christmas.
Greetings to your Families.

HUGH

Merry Christmas also to Misses
Garner.

SAM

She'll be busy this season, like
your dad, with the ski rental.

SVETLANA

(blinks)

You can't imagine how happy my in-
laws are that Hugh overtook my
maternity leave in the high season.

Sam blows out a LOUD LAUGHTER when Clair starts crying.

SAM

Clair must be Daddy's girl.

Hugh studies Clair from nearby and glares, puzzled, at Sam.

HUGH

(to Sam)

How do you mean this?

SVETLANA

He said that because you have been such a crybaby since Kindergarten.

The family parts.

HUGH (V.O.)

Who cried during the labour until Clair was finally born? That was you.

Their discussion fades in the tumult.

We pan to Sam rubbing his palms as an ELDERLY WOMAN (70s) sneaks by.

SAM

Mrs Robinson, you can't return your Christmas tree. You know this isn't Amazon.

MRS. ROBINSON

If I could return something, it would be my husband... -But no. Look.

(she airs a pair of gloves)

These are fur-lined leather gloves. I can't bear to see you without.

SAM

I am used to it. And I love the cold.

(rubs his hands)

This is my gesture of joy when I have a good sale, or something good might be coming up.

MRS. ROBINSON

Uh, how could I forget that they call you the ice prince?

(whispers)

You must have a stove in your heart.

SAM

Merry Christmas and a hearty thanks.

Sam pulls a carrot and takes a bite.

EXT. KENSINGTON COTTAGE / PARKING LOT - LATE EVENING

SOUND OF BOOTS CRUNCHING OVER SEMI-THAWED EARTH.

DOM, shoulders hunched against the cold, uses a remote to lock his polished LAND ROVER. His breath forms frosty white clouds.

Another LAND ROVER rolls to a stop.

MAXWELL KENSINGTON AND LADY PATRICIA KENSINGTON, BOTH IN THEIR 60S, IMPECCABLY ATTIRED IN UPSCALE WINTER COATS.

DOM

Hi, Mom and Dad. I thought you were arriving tomorrow. ... How was the trip?

PATRICIA

I have preparations for the benefit event. I could use your help. Is Isabelle here yet?

MAXWELL

Get the suitcases first, then tell Mary to make tea in the library.

A THIRD RANGE ROVER BARRELS IN, STOPPING ABRUPTLY.

ISABELLE KENSINGTON, mid-30s, with blue eyes and elegantly coiffed blonde hair, exits.

With her is MIKE FLOYD, the late 30s, a person of colour with curly yellow dreadlocks and pronounced eyebrows.

Mike wears a reindeer sweater, jeans, and cowboy boots, looking sleepy and confused.

ISABELLE

Hi, baby bro.

DOM sizes up MIKE from head to toe.

DOM

(to Isabelle)

Hi, Sis. Who's this? And where's Lucia?

(to Mike)

Regardless, grab the luggage; I've got to find Mary.

ISABELLE

(half-whispering)

I need the restroom. I'll be right back. Can you stay here in case Lucia wakes up? Thanks so much.

MIKE looks toward the backseat, where LUCIA, age 6, sleeps under a fur blanket.

MIKE

So, all these suitcases?

MULTIPLE HIGH-END BRANDED SUITCASES IN BOTH VEHICLES.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. KENSINGTON COTTAGE / HALL - LATE EVENING

The entrance has a dark wood interior of an understated luxury.

DOM
So, you're dating the DJ from the
Snow-dome-lounge now?

ISABELLE
When are you going to shed your
homophobia and other prejudices?

Dom is taken aback, his reaction visible as he chokes and his eyelashes flutter. A blush creeps across his face.

ISABELLE (CONT'D)
Will you ever come back down to
earth? Drop the arrogant playboy
act and the inheritance syndrome.

PATRICIA enters, the epitome of elegance in her evening attire, her presence filling the room.

PATRICIA
Oh, Belle, I thought you brought
Professor Floyd.

DOM
Professor Floyd?

ISABELLE
Yes, he's a Harvard graduate.

Dom's surprise is palpable.

His words stumble over one another.

DOM
--Uh--Harvard?

PATRICIA
He's the CEO of the New York Cancer
Organization. They're backing our
children's cancer charity event.
Did you bring in his luggage? Is
he settled in his suite?

DOM
Luggage? Oh, right, his luggage.
I'll get on that.

EXT. KENSINGTON COTTAGE / PARKING LOT - LATE EVENING

Dom rushes back outside, where PROFESSOR MIKE FLOYD is already unloading suitcases.

DOM

You should go inside and make yourself comfortable. You must be exhausted from the long trip.

(beat)

I'm sorry. I realized I needed to introduce myself properly.

MIKE continues unloading, not missing a beat.

MIKE

Oh, you did.

DOM

I did?

MIKE

You're the arrogant half-brother of my friend Isabelle. She gave me a heads-up about you. So, no formal introduction is needed.

Dom is taken aback, a mixture of surprise and embarrassment washing over him.

DOM

--She...

Feeling the weight of Mike's words, Dom leans on the Land Rover, his posture deflated.

MIKE gives a knowing smirk and heads back inside, leaving Dom to process the exchange.

At that moment, LUCIA (6) wakes up, stretching and yawning, her innocence contrasting with the tension.

LUCIA

(yawns)

Whoa, he hit you over the head with a Christmas bounty, huh?

DOM looks at her, a hint of vulnerability in his eyes.

DOM

Young lady, is your shoulder available for a quick cry?

Lucia steps into Dom's embrace, her grin revealing a gap where a tooth once was.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SAM'S WORKSHOP - MORNING

THE MORNING SUN FILTERS THROUGH THE WINDOW, CASTING PATTERNS OF ICE FLOWERS ACROSS THE ROOM.

THE SOUND OF A LOCAL RADIO CHANNEL HUMS IN THE BACKGROUND.

RADIO ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
 ...Winter sports enthusiasts
 continue to flock to Frost-Haven-
 Lake as the snowfall persists.

Sam, focused and skilled, carves intently on a wooden block shaped like an ice skater.

Wood splinters and a dusting of breadcrumbs and flour cover his black turtleneck and old jeans.

The PHONE next to him lights up.

Sam reaches over and taps the green button without looking away from his work.

RADIO ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)
 Who will be the first to share a
 kiss under the mistletoe?

THE RADIO FADES as MIA's voice breaks through.

MIA
 Morning! Coffee?

The rhythmic sounds of carving continue:

TOCK... TOCK... CHIK... CHIK...

MIA (CONT'D)
 You must be creating another
 masterpiece if you're still carving.

Sam pauses, sets down his tools, and pulls a carrot from his pocket.

He takes a hearty bite, the crunch echoing in the quiet workshop.

SAM
 I'll be there in a minute. Get us
 two coffees.

He crunches on the carrot again, thoughtful.

MIA
 (to somebody else)
 Hi Fred...
 (turning back to
 Sam)
 Fred opens the stall. I'll grab
 us three coffees and bagels. And
 hurry up. I have to open up, too.

EXT. FROST-HAVEN-LAKE / ICE-RINK / FIR STALL - MORNING

MIA (27) beanie, wrapped in a scarf and thick woollen coat, clutches the hot mug of coffee with both hands and yawns.

MRS. ROBINSON
 (half-whispering to
 Mia)

Our warmth-seeking kitten. At
 your age, I would have already won
 him over and snuggled up to him.

Mrs Robinson holds a paper box in her hand.

SAM
 Morning. What did you this time
 see in your tarot cards that you
 come so early? You know I don't
 believe in that.

Mia pulls Christmas hats over everyone's head.

FRED (20s), SAM'S ASSISTANT gets closer.

MIA
 (she pulls one onto
 Mrs Robinsons'
 head)
 I have to open the Bookstore.
 Make it short. What does the card
 say about me?

MRS. ROBINSON
 I saw a man. Not any man. And
 look. I found this in my husband's
 boots.
 (she clicks on a
 box)
 Useful.

The four stretch their heads over the box.

Their white bobbles of the red hat are brushing the other.

We catch a glimpse of the DOZENS OF CONDOMS.

Sam, Mia and Fred have a fit of laughter.

MIA
 (shouts chuckling)
 COME HERE, YOU COWARD. I'M ARMED
 TO THE PUSSY!

THE FIRST SKATERS rush through the gate like a wild herd.

Some glide effortlessly, while others stumble.

DOM, upscale snowsuit, wobbles dangerously, gathering speed.

DOM
 OHHH... NO, NO, NO-STOP, STOP!

CRASH!

Mrs. Robinson tosses the box with all the condoms through the air as if she would have seen a ghost.

Dom barrels unexpectedly into Sam.

He topples some of the wrapped firs.

They find themselves trapped in an impromptu fort made of fir trees.

An intense eye-lock ensues, their breathing heavy. Sam's grin slowly returns.

DOM (CONT'D)

I never realised real trees had such a... distinct aroma. Quite different from the artificial ones we have.

SAM

There's a lot of real in these parts. Merry Christmas, stranger.

DOM

I should compensate for this... chaos?

SAM

Around here, we believe in cleaning up our messes. Why don't you help me pick these up?

DOM

Well, that would be a first. Lead the way.

Suddenly, a pile of condoms rains down on them, causing them to exchange surprised looks.

Dom picks up a condom decorated with a little reindeer and grins broadly.

Sam nudges Dom away, gathering the condoms and shoving them into his anorak.

DOM (CONT'D)

What an ingenious concept for a safe Christmas. You're more inventive than I am on ice skates.

DOM notices the tops of two carrots peeking out of Sam's anorak.

DOM (CONT'D)

What are those? Vegan Cohibas?

They both burst into laughter.

SAM
I could teach you how to brake.

DOM
It's a deal. What's your name?

SAM
...Yours?

DOM
Do you always answer a question
with another question?

He hesitates, then smirks.

DOM (CONT'D)
Uh --- call me Snowflake.

SAM
Ah, like those that appear but
then melt away?

DOM
Some linger a bit longer.

Sam takes out one of the carrots and teasingly holds it to
Dom's lips.

Their eyes lock, the moment charged with tension.

Dom opens his mouth slightly, and Sam pushes the carrot in
gently.

SAM
Vegan... doesn't mean weak. ---
See you in a minute.

TIME-CUT:
Dom is left alone on the ice, his
balance unsteady.

THEN-Sam reappears, transformed and resplendent in a black
silk uniform.

He glides across the ice with the grace of a black swan,
circling Dom.

His fingertips barely graze the ice, leaving a trail in the
frost as he moves.

The air around them feels electric with tension.

DOM
Wow, the rugged fir seller became
royal.

SAM
 (teasingly)
 Do you prefer tough guys, or do
 you have something against swans?

They pause; the world around them stands still as they lock their eyes.

DOM
 I like tough guys with wings.

SAM
 (playfully
 challenging)
 Ready to see what else Frost-Haven-
 Lake's ice-skating enigma can do?

DOM
 I always wondered who this mystery
 ice prince was. I would only take
 a masterclass with a pro.

Their gaze holds, breaths visible in the frigid air, as they move closer to share a deep, lingering kiss.

INT./EXT. SAM'S WORKSHOP/PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

Sam's GREEN PICKUP is caked with a layer of SNOW and MUD.

He sits wrapped in his thick winter jumper, a contemplative bite to his lower lip betraying a mind at work.

A CHUCKLE ESCAPES HIM, A PRIVATE JOKE SHARED WITH NO ONE.

With a burst of energy, he swings the door open and hops out, his movements easy and carefree.

He snatches his vintage brown leather backpack from the passenger seat, a grin unfurling like a banner across his face.

He slams the door. The side mirror jiggles precariously.

Sam shrugs with an unfazed grin.

INT. SAM'S CABIN - LIVING / AMERICAN KITCHEN - AFTERNOON

Rustic WOODEN FURNITURE, a CRACKLING FIREPLACE.

SKI GEAR and WET CLOTHES are strewn about.

Still flushed from the encounter, SAM opens the fridge: one can of beer.

His laugh echoes as he heads to the bathroom.

TIME CUT:

Sam reappears, shirtless, muscles defined, and hair wet.

He pulls on a Christmas beanie, picks up his guitar, and strums triumphantly. His laughter is full and unrestrained.

SAM

Snowflake?

The laughter lingers, then fades away.

EXT. FROST-HAVEN-LAKE / MAIN SHOPPING STREET - EVENING

The main shopping street is silent, and the shops are closed.

Except for a PUB, where warm light spills onto the sidewalk.

MUSIC AND VOICES blend into a hum of life inside.

SAM, dressed for the cold in an anorak, beanie, jeans, and brown boots, stands outside, phone pressed to his ear, his back to the pub's inviting glow.

SAM

I'm not sure, Mia. Tomorrow, I've got the tree delivery for Kensington.

From inside the pub, a BURST OF LAUGHTER as a COUPLE exits, their joy infectious.

MIA (V.O.)

Old man Maxwell?

Sam, sidestepping the revelers with ease, continues.

SAM

Yeah, they confirmed last night. They even asked me to don the Santa suit for their charity party.

MIA (V.O.)

Those Kensingtons are suitable for your wallet, eh?

LEO, all sun-kissed skin and sporty charm, catches sight of Sam and holds the pub door open, a silent invitation.

SAM

They might even get to help out at their Christmas market.

MIA (V.O.)

You'd do that? Fantastic!

SAM

It's nothing. And the library reading on Thursday? I'm on it.

The call ends, and Sam pockets the phone, his smirk fading into a soft smile.

LEO
 So, how about that drink? Or is
 Santa too busy tonight?

SAM, with a shake of his head and a chuckle, steps toward
 the pub's warm embrace.

LEO (CONT'D)
 (to Sam)
 The first round's on me, Santa.

The door closes behind them, swallowing them into the pub's
 festive atmosphere.

INT. KENSINGTON COTTAGE / LIVING ROOM - NEXT MORNING

The living room is a vision of elegance.

DOM, clad only in pyjama trousers, is a mid-video call.

DOM
 (firm)
 Dominic Kensington is speaking.
 I'm inquiring about the Boston
 apartment.
 (pauses)
 Yes, immediately after the New
 Year. Please arrange viewings for
 the properties listed in your email.

A RUMBLING TRUCK engine draws Dom's attention.

He peers through the expansive windows revealing a
 picturesque winter scene, when his expression freezes.

Outside, SAM and his assistant FRED, clad in practical winter
 gear, heave a majestic Nordmann fir tree from the truck.

DOM (CONT'D)
 Mr. Brown, I am sorry, but I must
 take another call.

Dom ends the call and rushes upstairs, intent on changing.

TIME CUT:

Sam and Fred, with concerted effort, position the tree,
 meticulously removing its netting.

TIME CUT:

The tree unfurls its branches grandly, assuming its full
 stature.

Enter TIFFANY (28), her every movement and accessory
 screaming high fashion and drama.

TIFFANY
 (in a posh NY accent)
 DOM?! This tree is DIVINE! A
 Christmas party is a must. But
 first-SELFIE TIME! Where's Dom?

Behind a door, Dom rolls his eyes in exasperation, his breath held in suspense.

ISABELLE glides in, the epitome of at-home luxury.

ISABELLE
 Tiffany, your arrival is a surprise.

TIFFANY's gaze locks onto Sam.

TIFFANY
 And who might this rugged gentleman
 be?

MAXWELL, the casual patriarch, responds without missing a beat.

MAXWELL
 He's assisting with the festivities.

TIFFANY
 But where is Dom skulking off to?

Dom, pressed against the door, dares a glance through the gap.

MAXWELL
 He's tied up with a call-business
 with Boston.

ISABELLE
 Mother and Mike are occupied with
 the benefit project, as you're
 undoubtedly curious.

Sam, standing tall beside the now-erect tree, addresses Maxwell.

SAM
 The tree's up, Mr. Kensington.
 Anything else?

MAXWELL
 Hmm, this door here-it doesn't
 shut properly.

SAM
 This one?

MAXWELL
 Precisely.

As social niceties dance around him, Dom closes his eyes, wishing for invisibility.

With a deep breath, he prepares to face the music.

But then, Sam turns away.

SAM

I need to grab my phone from the car.

Dom seizes the opportunity and darts upstairs.

TIFFANY

(calling after him)

DOM! WHEN'S OUR CHRISTMAS PARTY HAPPENING?!

On the stairs, Dom pants, muttering under his breath.

DOM

Tiffany, your surprises never cease.
(pausing)
What now? Later... I'll tell him later.

He taps out a message on his iPhone.

INSERT PHONE DISPLAY:

"CAN WE MEET AT THE LAKE TONIGHT? WE NEED TO CONTINUE OUR MASTERCLASS. - SNOWFLAKE."

INSERT: ICE-PRINCE responds with a message bubble.

"STILL AT WORK. I WILL CONFIRM ASAP. KISSES."

Dom glances down to see Sam checking his phone, a ghost of a smile before pocketing it.

PHONE DINGS

INSERT DISPLAY: ICE-PRINCE "DREAMLAND COTTAGE AT 20:00. KISSES."

Dom lies back, playfully kicking his legs in the air. Mike Floyd observes, bemused.

MIKE

Are you okay there?

DOM

It's just a leg cramp, nothing major.

MIKE

I've got hands for that. Let's sort it out.

As Mike begins to massage, Patricia enters, startling Dom into a reflexive kick.

Mike loses his balance, tumbling downstairs, still clinging to Dom's leg. They, crash at Sam's feet.

PATRICIA

(horrorified)

Oh my GOD, Mike, are you hurt?

MIKE

(cheerfully)

I'm fine, but check on your son.
He's the one playing acrobat.

Sam, momentarily stunned, springs into action, lifting Dom with ease.

SAM

Looks like the son needs more than
a rub. We're heading to the
hospital.

PATRICIA

(grateful)

Mr. Garner, thank you. Take the
Land Rover.

Fred nods, understanding his role without a word.

SAM

(to Fred)

Bring the truck back, will you?

FRED

Sure thing. Take care, Mr.
Kensington.

With that, Sam helps Dom into the passenger seat of the Land Rover and takes the keys.

INT. LAND ROVER - NIGHT

SAM

Maxwell's son has a flair for
theatrics, doesn't he?

DOM, frazzled, pleads with a hint of desperation.

DOM

Just drive, please, before we gather
an audience.

As the vehicle rolls forward, TIFFANY chases after them.

TIFFANY

DOM! Wait, I'm coming to the
hospital with you!

Sam catches sight of her in the rearview mirror.

DOM, burying his face in his hands.

DOM
The lake was supposed to talk
about... all this.

SAM
So, Tiffany's not your fiancée?

DOM
You couldn't be more wrong.

SAM
The elusive Dom, a man of mystery.

DOM
Floyd's role in the charity event
is vital. He's not just here for
holiday cheer.

SAM
And his personal life?

DOM, exasperated, fumbles with the truth.

DOM
I don't know... Your message got
me, and then I had to play-act a
leg cramp to avoid... everything.

There is a pause as Dom admits more than intended.

DOM (CONT'D)
It's all because of you-making me
act like a fool and... fall for
you.

SAM, caught off guard, clears his throat, attempting
nonchalance.

SAM
Falling for someone can be...
unexpected. Like a snowflake's
journey.

DOM, a mix of earnest and anxious.

DOM
--- YES ---

SAM, gently probing.

SAM
And does a Kensington fall for a
simple tree seller?

Silence falls between them, heavy with unsaid words.

DOM'S PHONE LIGHTS UP WITH MESSAGES FROM TIFFANY, ISABELLE, AND PATRICIA. HE POWERS IT OFF WITH FINALITY.

Sam sneaks a glance at Dom and the silenced phone.

DOM

Where are we even going?

SAM

To the hospital, apparently, for a check-up. On your emotions.

DOM

Then take me to your place instead. I'll sort things out there.

SAM, voice laced with concern.

SAM

And if the snowflake melts?

DOM, decisive.

DOM

Pull over. Now.

Sam indicates and veers onto a dark side road without hesitation, the car's headlights cutting through the night.

The car comes to a stop.

Both hurriedly unbuckle their seat belts.

They pull each other into a desperate hug.

HEAVY BREATHING.

THEIR NOSES BRUSH AGAINST EACH OTHER, EYES CLOSED.

Their lips meet, hovering for a kiss.

Their kiss is intense and prolonged.

Then Sam peels off his anorak and his thick jumper.

Dom follows him anxiously. Both throw all their clothes off.

Dom puts the standing heat higher.

They kiss again and again.

They are grabbing their hair and tossing kisses all over.

Dom pushes a button to drop the seat backwards.

Sam lies on top. Then he starts chuckling.

SAM
 (whispers)
 We don't protect since we are in
 your mom's car.

DOM
 What?
 (pauses)
 Ah, in your car, you are always
 prepared for surprise visitors.

Sam puts his forehead on Dom's shoulders and blows a laugh.

SAM
 (stammers)
 Don't be unfair.

Dom grabs his neck and pulls him into another kiss.

THE CAMERA ZOOMS outside into the dark.

The falling snow gently wraps the car.

EXT. FROST-HAVEN-LAKE / ICY LAKE - EVENING

The moon casts a silvery glow over the frozen lake.

SAM and DOM, shrouded in thick black snowsuits, glide over
 the ice, their laughter mingling with the sharp winter air.

Abruptly, Sam slows, drawing Dom to a halt.

They stand still, breath misting, as their eyes lock.

Sam's grip on Dom's hands tightens.

SAM
 "I want to be with those who know
 secret things or else alone."

The world's noise disappears, leaving them in a bubble of
 solitude.

SAM (CONT'D)
 That's Rilke. I found his words
 among my father's things. It's
 become a part of me.

Dom's gaze flickers to the ice beneath them, a flicker of
 vulnerability showing.

DOM
 Mike... he helped me see parts of
 myself I've hidden away. I was
 scared you wouldn't understand-
 because of my last name.

Their distance diminishes as they begin to circle until
 they are close enough to feel each other's breath.

SAM
Are you worried about what your
father will think?

DOM
It's not my father I'm concerned
about. It's Tiffany.

SAM
Tiffany?

DOM
She's been dreaming of a future
together since we were teenagers.
She doesn't know the real me-who
never wanted to play the field.

Sam can't help but let out a burst of genuine laughter.

SAM
A womanizer, huh?

DOM, with a half-smile, leans in closer.

DOM
I guess I'm not very good at it.

Their laughter subsides as they move in unison, skating in
sync.

Their lips meet in a kiss, an embrace of true selves.

EXT. FROST-HAVEN-LAKE / SKI SLOPES - DAY

MONTAGE: NARRATIVE OVERLAY

SAM, in simple ski gear and goggles, contrasts with DOM's
high-end designer attire as they carve through the snow.

THEIR LAUGHTER is a symphony against the crisp air.

They pause momentarily, clinking cups of hot chocolate, a
selfie capturing the day's joy.

EXT. FROST-HAVEN-LAKE CHRISTMAS MARKET - NIGHT

DOM, wrapped in a chic peacoat and scarf, blends with the
ELEGANTLY DRESSED CROWD at the charity Christmas market.

PROFESSOR FLOYD commands the stage. He speaks before a
banner proclaiming support for children's cancer research.

LUCIA, an angel in pink, distributes cookies with a smile.

Sam, donned as Santa, weaves through the crowd, each brochure
in his hand a promise of hope and support.

EXT. FROST-HAVEN-LAKE / ICE RINK - NIGHT - NEW YEAR'S EVE

SKATERS twirl across the ice, their laughter blending with the crackle and boom of fireworks exploding above.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
WELCOME IN 2023! HAPPY NEW YEAR!

Sam's face breaks into a wide grin.

SAM
Happy New Year!

He pulls Dom into a long, heartfelt kiss, the fireworks casting a dazzling glow around them.

DOM
(softly, pulling
away)
Sam, there's something I need to
tell you.

SAM
(beaming)
Yeah? What's up?

DOM
I'm leaving for Yale tomorrow.
But... this isn't goodbye. I promise
I'll be back for you.

Sam's smile fades, and tension creeps into his posture.

SAM
Are you disappearing like a
snowflake, then?

DOM
No. I'm not a snowflake. I'll
return. For you.

A heavy silence falls between them, their eyes locked, conveying a whirlwind of unspoken emotions.

They kiss again, a silent vow passing between them.

INT. SAM'S CABIN/LIVING ROOM - NEXT EVENING

The room is adorned with the remnants of the festive season.

Wet footprints lead from the door to the fireplace.

SAM sheds his snow-drenched boots and peels off layers of cold-weather clothing.

CRACKLING FIRE, MUFFLED SOUND OF A RUNNING SHOWER.

WOODEN FIGURES STAND SENTINEL ON THE MANTELPIECE.

SAM'S BROAD BACK IS TO US AS HE DISAPPEARS INTO THE BATHROOM.

SHOWER RUNNING

CABIN

THE GENTLE HUM OF A HEATER FILLS THE ROOM.

Sam lies on the bed, a guitar resting against him, a half-eaten carrot in hand.

HIS GAZE IS FIXED ON HIS I-PHONE.

A contact labelled "Snowflake," marked by a red heart emoji, holds his attention.

INT. FROST-HAVEN-LAKE / WOODWORK SHOP - MORNING

A MAKESHIFT HEATER COMBATS THE COLD.

TOCK... TOCK... CHIK... CHIK...

THE RHYTHMIC SOUND OF SAM'S TOOLS crafting wood punctuates the silence.

Covered in wood chips, Sam works, clad in a black turtleneck and jeans worn from labour.

He pauses to take down a PHOTO pinned above his workbench.

SUPERIMPOSE PHOTO: SAM AND DOM LOCKED IN A WARM EMBRACE, DOM'S FEATURES JUST OUT OF VIEW.

SAM

Each snowflake's descent kindles
the hope of your return.

He pins the photo back in place, his fingers caressing the edges with a tender touch that lingers.

Before him, the beginnings of a wooden FIGURINE take shape:

TWO YOUNG MEN, ONE FIGURE MIRRORING SAM, THE OTHER DOM, CAUGHT IN AN ETERNAL DANCE ON ICE.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SAM'S CABIN / BEDROOM - NIGHT

A HEATER PROVIDES SOFT NOISE.

SAM SPRAWLS ON THE BED, GUITAR RESTING ON HIS TORSO.

He munches on a carrot.

His attention split between the snack and his I-Phone.

HIS SCREEN DISPLAYS A "SNOWFLAKE" CONTACT ADORNED WITH A RED EMOJI.

He waits.

SILENCE.

EXT. FROST-HAVEN-LAKE / SKI SLOPES/PARKING - DAY

SUPERIMPOSE: END OF THE YEAR

Fresh snow blankets the slopes, ski tracks crisscrossing-an ASTON MARTIN's engine growls, slicing the quiet.

DOM (28) lowers his sunglasses, eyeing SAM (28), who stops skiing, breath misting in the cold.

DOM

Sam?

Sam bites a carrot casually.

DOM (CONT'D)

SAM...

Sam points a gloved hand at Dom.

SAM

What do you want?

DOM

Is that ice rink still yours?

Sam's gaze clouds over.

SAM

It stays, not like a snowflake.

DOM

I need to explain-

SAM

Save it for therapy. Merry Christmas.

MIA joins Sam, their hug blocking Dom's view. Dom watches a crack in his composure.

DOM

Is she your new plus one?

Around them, the cacophony of holiday traffic. Dom drives away, stealing one last look in the rearview.

Holding out a tin of cookies, Mia snaps SAM back to the present.

MIA

Earth to Sam. Your mom sent treats.

SAM STARES AT THE SPACE LEFT BY THE DEPARTING CAR, THOUGHTS CHURNING.

INT. FROST-HAVEN-LAKE / BOOKSTORE - LATE AFTERNOON

THE STORE GLOWS WITH FAIRY LIGHTS TANGLED AMONG WOODEN BOOKSHELVES.

A cushion-strewn corner beckons.

EXCITED CHILDREN CHATTER, sitting on the carpet.

MIA pours hot chocolate into Christmas-themed paper cups.

The DOORBELL jingles.

DOM enters, exuding elegance. LUCIA (7) follows, adorable in a red woollen coat with white faux fur.

LUCIA

Can I join them, Uncle Dom?

DOM

Of course, sweetie.

Lucia races to the gathering of kids. SAM is reading.

SAM

...and as the snow kept falling,
the village was united in the spirit
of Christmas...

Dom's eyes fixate on Sam, captivated. Sam now wears quirky glasses and a festive sweater.

Mia walks up to Dom, holding a tray.

MIA

Hot chocolate?

DOM

Thanks. So, are you his...
girlfriend? Wife?

Their fingers brush. Sam notices.

MIA

(whispering)
Available. No rush.
(pauses)
He's something, isn't he?

DOM

(smiling)
Old classmate? Yeah, he's...
fabulous.

APPLAUSE as the story concludes. Lucia returns to Dom, radiant.

LUCIA

That story was magical, Uncle Dom,
like a fairy tale. You know, where
two princes meet, fight a dragon
or something, and then live happily
ever after. You and Mister story-
man should do that!

DOM

(coughing awkwardly)
Young Lady!
(whispers)
Well, I'll fight the dragon if
it's necessary to win my prince
over. Promised.

Their eyes lock; a charged moment lightens ever so slightly.
Sam hides a smirk.

DOM (CONT'D)

Sweetie, Grandpa's waiting for us.

Sam bends down to Lucia's level.

SAM

(whispering)
You keep looking for those dragons,
okay? And wish that your uncle
finds one too.

LUCIA

Will do! And I'll ask Santa to
give you both some knight armour.
You know, for the dragon.

DOM

(softly, chuckling)
Thank you. Goodbye.

INT. FROST-HAVEN-LAKE / KENSINGTON COTTAGE - AFTERNOON

Sunlight streams through large bay windows.

ISABELLE, ever elegant, adjusts a garland.

LUCIA, eyes wide, finds a pair of ice skates.

LUCIA

Mom, who owns these?

ISABELLE

Your godfather's.

LUCIA

Uncle Dom? They don't seem his
style.

ISABELLE

He never was a good skater like his friend. They practiced a lot.

LUCIA

Which friend? Where is he now? Grandpa says ice skates are for girls...

Isabelle interrupts with a knowing smile.

ISABELLE

Forget what Grandpa says.

LUCIA

But you always say to listen to Grandpa. Why did he say Uncle Dom shouldn't be gay? Is that a job?

Isabelle bursts out laughing.

ISABELLE

(amused)

A job? Listening and believing are different, sweetie. Let's finish decorating.

Enter HOUSE MAID MARY (50s) holding a vintage leather backpack.

MARY

Miss Isabelle, a package arrived. Uh, Mr. Garner left this earlier.

DOM enters, overhearing. He watches the hour on his display.

DOM

I'll take it to the village.

Dom smirks. They engage in a playful tug-of-war over the backpack. Their expressions show intense curiosity.

ISABELLE

What if I want to deliver it?

MAXWELL enters gruffly.

MAXWELL

Lucia, shouldn't you be at the Christmas market instead of with these adults?

LUCIA

Uncle Dom and I were going there. We're returning this to its owner.

DOM

The tree stall must be closed by now, but I know where we will find him.

Dom grabs the backpack, taking Lucia's hand.

They exit in hurried steps.

Mary and Maxwell exit as well.

Isabelle crouches in front of a Christmas box, holding a little angel.

Lost in thought, she smiles at it and puts it back.

MARY re-enters.

MARY

(hushed)

Mr. Garner is here for his backpack.
What now?

Isabelle straightens up, grinning.

She quickly fixes her hair.

She takes a moment to check her teeth and lips on her iPhone.

ISABELLE

Uh... Let him in.

EXT. FROST-HAVEN-LAKE / CHRISTMAS MARKET - EARLY EVENING

Festive lights twinkle from a towering Christmas tree.

A CHOIR'S CAROLS.

Amid the festive chaos, DOM, burdened with Sam's leather backpack, impatiently heads to Mia's wine stand.

LUCIA

Uncle, I see Grandma over there.
Let's join her.

LUCIA pulls Dom to the other side.

MIA is on duty at a wine bar.

Dom's gaze scans the market.

DOM

Sweetie, stay with Grandma. But if I show up with her friends, they won't let me go.

LUCIA (teasing)

They may suggest dating some of their upscale daughters to marry you.

DOM

That is why I love you. Because you always see through everything so quickly. Off you go. I'll pick you up later. Oh... and if they ask, say ... uh ...

LUCIA (interrupting)

You're about to meet the love of your life.

DOM

Haha... how funny is my godchild.

LUCIA

You seem oblivious sometimes. Do your job. Well, this one which Grandpa doesn't want you to become.

Lucia points at him with twinkling eyes before heading off.

After half an hour, Dom finally finds Mia's wine stall.

DOM

A mulled wine, please. Uh, have you seen Sam around?

MIA clumsily spills wine onto Dom's designer trousers.

Before Dom can explode, SAM appears, holding a tray of cookies.

DOM (CONT'D)

(to Mia)

Are you joking?

DOM (CONT'D)

These trousers are Milanese! And this watch is a limited edition!

MIA

I'm so sorry, sir!

SAM (serene)

Mia, get these kids their treats.

Sam notices Dom's near-panic and gingerly takes the watch.

Their fingers touch; the air thickens.

Sam delicately wipes the watch with his cotton handkerchief.

SAM (CONT'D)

Don't do this. Show some respect
to my people, Dom Kensington.

(pauses)

It's waterproof. You're fine.

(pauses)

Uh, I went to your house. Your
sister told me that you brought
it, right?

DOM

Take your backpack.

(stammers)

And yes, I'm sorry.

DOM (CONT'D)

For now and for not contacting
you. I was afraid that I would
quit everything if I only heard
your voice.

SAM

Enjoy the market.

DOM

You don't even know what this burden
means to be a Kensington.

As Sam walks away, Dom watches him.

A DISTANT CAROL PLAYS.

PATRICIA KENSINGTON approaches, as usual, very elegantly
with Lucia at her hand.

PATRICIA

What are you staring at?

DOM

Oh, nothing, Mother.

(to Lucia)

Hi, young Lady.

Lucia twinkles at Dom.

LUCIA

(whispers close)

Did you do a good job?

DOM

Sorry, I don't get it.

LUCIA

(whispers close)

You didn't, because you are in a
bad mood.

PATRICIA
Remember, the charity event is
tomorrow.

DOM
(absentmindedly)
Of course. Oh, I have to take this.

Dom's iPhone display shows "crazy Tiff."

He hastily walks off, talking on the phone.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. FROST-HAVEN-LAKE / MOUNTAIN CABIN - NIGHT

Vintage decor. Past-dimly lit, illuminated by an oil lamp.

HOWL OF A BLIZZARD.

JAKE (60s), a weathered shepherd.

MARIA (50s), his unassuming maid.

She looks puzzled as their uninvited guests, DOM and TIFFANY,
drip water onto the rustic floor.

TIFFANY, donning ostentatious ski attire, scans the room.

A GOAT ambles in, startling her.

TIFFANY
Is this, like, a pet or something?

JAKE
That's a goat, miss.

DOM is engrossed in his iPhone.

He is visibly frustrated by the lack of signal.

MARIA
No bars here, sweetheart. The only
connection is with the heavens.

TIFFANY
(playful to Dom)
The only connection is with me.

Maria points to a basket of clothes.

MARIA
Change into these till yours dry.

With barely concealed irritation, Dom and Tiffany change
into Jake and Maria's laughably outdated attire.

Dom's pants are too short; Tiffany's dress engulfs her.

DOM
This is all you are doing, you realize?

TIFFANY
(posh accent)
You know I have a nose for the right place at the right moment.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)
What's for supper à la carte before?

She shoots a seductive glance at Dom

TIFFANY (CONT'D)
First, Champagne for both of us.
Uh, and where's our suite? I need a hot bath.

MARIA
Goat's milk is what we have, and the toilet is outside, madam.

TIFFANY
He's a notorious womanizer in New York. But here, he's all mine now.

JAKE
Got a room ready for you lovebirds.

DOM
No... you completely misunderstand. I prefer to share my room with this goat than with her.

Jake shrugs and leads Dom to a separate room.

Tiffany struggles to hide her delight, her smirk widening.

CABIN/GUEST ROOM

The door creaks open.

SAM, mid-shower, dousing his head with a bucket of water.

DOM steps into the room.

Sam drops his towel.

Dom's eyes go wide.

Both men freeze.

Dom looks ridiculous in his shepherd attire.

Sam is stark naked.

SAM
 (Stammering)
 Dom?

Dom visibly flushes.

He awkwardly tugs at his ludicrously short pants.

DOM
 S-Sam?

THEIR EYES LOCK WITH UNSPOKEN ATTRACTION.

DOM (CONT'D)
 (squirming)
 I envisioned our reunion
 differently.

Sam grabs his towel, wrapping it around himself without holding Dom's gaze.

SAM
 I wasn't expecting you up here.

DOM
 Neither did I, especially someone
 practising ye olde bathing rituals.

A LAUGH ESCAPES THEM BOTH.

THEIR EYES LOCK LONGER.

SAM
 (nods to the bucket)
 We have to conserve water up here.

DOM
 Mountain man wisdom or a pretext
 to see me soaked?

Sam smiles, visibly relaxed.

SAM
 I never imagined seeing you again
 in this sexy outfit.

DOM
 Uh... you mean my pastoral chic?

Sam stifles a chuckle.

SAM
 It's a brave choice only a
 Kensington could rock.

Another shared laugh is different this time-like electricity in the air, amplifying what's already there.

Dom steps closer.

DOM

(musing)

You'd like me to go and share the stall with the goat, don't you?

SAM

(murmurs)

So you prefer the milk goat outside instead of this billy goat.

The dim candlelight.

DOM

There he is, my rough country boy.

Before a word can escape Sam's lips, a wild wind gust ROARS through the cabin, snuffing out the candle.

Darkness engulfs them.

SAM

The mountain's got jokes.

DOM

It says some mysteries are best uncovered in the dark.

THEIR LIPS MEET IN THE OBSIDIAN DARKNESS.

As they pull away, their smiles remain unseen but deeply felt.

EXT. FROST-HAVEN-LAKE / ICY LAKE - NEXT EVENING

The pale winter sun is casting a golden-orange hue.

DOM, in athletic gear, slows his pace, catching his breath.

He squints towards the distant figure of SANTA CLAUS.

DOM

Wow, he must've had too many gingerbread cookies, huh?

SANTA STARTS TO UNDESS.

DOM raises an eyebrow.

DOM (CONT'D)

Going for a swim, Santa?

SANTA'S ROTUND BELLY TURNS OUT TO BE A CUSHION.

It's tossed aside to reveal a chiseled form.

DOM (CONT'D)

Holy...

SANTA VANISHES, LEAVING BEHIND FABRIC IN THE SNOW.

DOM rushes over, dread in his eyes.

DOM (CONT'D)
Hey! Are you okay?

Dom spots a jagged hole in the ice.

The ice cracks, startling him.

DOM (CONT'D)
(shout)
WHOA!

SAM
Gotcha!
(chuckles)
Did you drop one of your designer
watches to see if it's waterproof
and resistant to freezing ice?

They lock eyes. The air is thick with unspoken tension.

SAM (CONT'D)
Careful, Dom. Thin ice.

A strong hand grips Dom, pulling him back.

Dom shields his eyes, flustered.

DOM
(startled)
Sam?

Sam grabs the Santa outfit, smirking.

SAM
What the hell ...

DOM
I didn't expect to meet Santa Claus
in all its glory.

They maintain intense eye contact.

SAM
Isn't it magic to experience
Christmas in such a purist way?

DOM
It looks like we both like fancy
dress disguises.

SAM
You can't get enough of Santa.

DOM

You'll catch a cold. My car's pretty close. I can take you home.

DOM (CONT'D)

Santa, Billy goat, tree-deliverer, or ice-prince. All work for me, as long as it's you.

SAM

This comes unexpectedly.

INT. FROST-HAVEN-LAKE / SPORT-CENTER - SUNDAY

Stalls twinkle under strands of lights.

A grand CHRISTMAS TREE radiates holiday magic.

PATRICIA KENSINGTON stands elegant in a designer fur coat at the charity booth.

Next to her is MRS. CARTWRIGHT and MRS. NILSSON is equally chic.

MRS. CARTWRIGHT

Patricia, this event is dazzling.

Patricia glances towards MIKE FLOYD at a New York Cancer Organization booth.

His dreadlocks are tied in a ponytail. He takes off his large reading glasses and bows to the GUESTS.

PATRICIA

(smiling)

Mike's participation truly uplifts the event.

MRS. NILSSON

Think of all the good we're doing for the children's hospital.

Childish laughter swells as a MAGICIAN starts his act, pulling candy canes from nowhere.

DOM, clad in a designer coat and scarf, arrives.

He joins LUCIA, who is engrossed in a Christmas ornament stall.

DOM

Hey, do you want to see if Santa has an early gift for you?

They walk toward SAM, dressed as SANTA, in a cosy cave.

DOM (CONT'D)

Santa, am I on the nice list?

SAM AKA SANTA
 (checking his list)
 Hmm... You've made it. Twice.

DOM
 I'm looking for love, Santa.

LUCIA
 And Santa, my godfather, said he'd
 be good at being gay!

DOM
 (coughing)
 What?

SAM AKA SANTA
 HO HO HO! Christmas is full
 of surprises!

DOM
 Lucia, why would you say that?

LUCIA
 I heard Grandpa say it. If you
 don't want to, I'll Google it.

DOM
 GOOGLE IT?

Lucia starts typing.

Onlookers raise eyebrows.

DOM snatches the phone and rushes her away.

DOM (CONT'D)
 (sotto voce)
 Let's find your Grandpa and Mom.
 We have much to discuss.

EXT. FROST-HAVEN-LAKE / ICY LAKE - MORNING

THE SERENE SILENCE IS INTERRUPTED BY THE SOUND OF SKATES
 SLICING THROUGH ICE.

SAM glides across the icy surface, executing graceful spins
 and loops.

DOM, IN A JOG, SLOWS TO A HALT, INTRIGUED.

DOM
 I should trade running for skating.

CAMERA PANS to TIFFANY, awkward on her cross-country skis.

She is fixated on snapping photos of her LOUBOUTINS-black,
 fur-lined boots.

TIFFANY ON THE PHONE

(posh New York accent)

Thank god for Jimmy Choos.
Patricia's charity gig? No, Serena,
she can hog all the applause. What
about me?

She stops every few yards to switch her fur hat for Christmas
reindeer antlers and snap a selfie.

Spotting DOM, her face lights up.

TIFFANY ON THE PHONE (CONT'D)

I have got to go, Serena. Kisses.

(shouting)

DOM, DARLING! Missed me at Mom's
little charity soirée? I needed
retail therapy after that goat
incident, which ruined my last
collection.

Realizing DOM isn't paying attention, TIFFANY loses it.

TIFFANY

Are you listening to me?

She follows DOM's gaze back to SAM.

DOM

Is this your perfect face-saving
excuse that you didn't come to the
benefits market?

TIFFANY

(rolling her eyes)

So, you were listing.

(pauses)

Ah, the local Ice Prince. He still
needs to find his Snowflake.

DOM

(yells elated)

SNOWFLAKE?

TIFFANY

What's it to a big city playboy?

SAM comes to a halt on his skates.

His breath is visible in the crisp air.

DOM joins him.

Both dressed entirely like black swans.

Their eyes meet.

SAM's waver nervously.

Their breathing accelerates; their noses almost touch.

SAM
Was that Tiff I heard?

DOM
Do you recognize her by her
screeching or her selfie-stick
antics?

SAM
Let's focus on us. Have you ever
skated in New York?

As SAM speaks, his skate etches a heart shape around them
in the ice.

DOM
Mostly Boston for me. Dad had me
working around the clock.

SAM
It runs in the family.

DOM
I want to be with those who know
secret things or else alone.

SAM
You still remember Rilke.

DOM
How does a New York socialite like
Tiff know about your missing
'Snowflake'?

DOM leans in closer.

SAM
Promise you'll hear me out?

DOM
If you're about to tell me you
found solace in another man's arms,
don't.

SAM
I... I may have been a drunken
mess one night. Someone found me
struggling with my car keys.

DOM's eyes narrow, his face inches from SAM's.

DOM
Who? WHO was it?

SAM hesitates, swallowing hard before mumbling the name.

SAM
Leo. Leo Carter.

DOM reels back, shocked and hurt.

DOM
You expect me to trust you now?
When my feelings for you are more
vital than ever?

SAM
He took me home, that's it. I kept
mumbling, 'Snowflake,' not knowing
it was you.

DOM
(clearing throat)
How does Tiff know?

SAM skates backwards suddenly, shouting into the frigid
day.

SAM
(upset)
FINE! THE WHOLE NEST KNOWS I'VE
BEEN LOST SINCE 'SNOWFLAKE' LEFT!

EXT. FROST-HAVEN-LAKE / SKI SLOPE - LUNCHTIME

The majestic mountains form a striking backdrop.

TIFFANY, BIANCA, and SERENA, clad in high-end ski gear,
pose for a selfie with their latest iPhones.

TIFFANY
Dom, let's hit these slopes.
(pauses)
You haven't been drinking?

DOM stumbles into the frame, visibly drunk, clutching a
FLASK.

His skis tumble from his grasp.

DOM
I'm melting like a dying snowflake.
Who is Leo Carter? I'll--

TIFFANY
Dom, you're falling apart.

TIFFANY and the others put away their phones.

She attempts to steady DOM.

BIANCA
When did you become a lush?

SAM enters, conflicted but determined.

SAM
Enough. Alcohol isn't the answer.

Confused glances are exchanged.

TIFFANY
What's going on? He never drinks.

DOM
Just a dying snowflake.

SAM
(to DOM)
Hop on.

SAM crouches.

DOM drapes himself over Sam's back.

They balance precariously.

SAM (CONT'D)
Hold tight.

SAM skis down the slope, deftly navigating while supporting DOM's limp form.

TIFFANY
What's their story?

DOM
Is this love or charity?

SAM
Taxi! Taxi!

SAM carefully offloads DOM into a waiting taxi.

SAM (CONT'D)
Get some sleep. I'll call you later.

DOM
Don't leave.

SAM hands cash to the DRIVER.

TIFFANY, BIANCA, and SERENA observe from a distance.

TIFFANY
Who's the knight in shining armour?

BIANCA
A wood-seller in our circle?

SERENA
Maybe he's hoping for a big tip.

LAUGHTER ensues among the women.

TIFFANY
I'll steer Dom right. Don't worry.

BIANCA
To reclaim our prize!

The taxi pulls away.

EXT. FROST-HAVEN-LAKE / FOREST - AFTERNOON

The forest is a tranquil oasis, its silence disrupted only by the soft creaks of trees weighed down by fresh snow.

SAM trudges through, each breath forming a misty cloud in the crisp air.

He stops at a wooden sculpture.

It is intricately carved from tree stumps, depicting TWO YOUTHFUL FIGURES in an eternal ice-skating pose.

SAM
(choked up)
Why can't life be this simple?

SAM falls to his knees before the sculpture.

Emotions stormed across his face.

His hand trembles, hovering over the wooden figures as if considering whether to disturb their perpetual dance.

Finally, he leans in, his forehead softly touching the sculpture.

His body shakes as he cries silently.

A tear falls, melting a tiny patch of snow at the sculpture's base.

A SINGLE TEARDROP lands on one of the figures, momentarily granting it a lifelike sheen before freezing in the chill.

SAM's phone VIBRATES.

He hesitates, then pulls it out.

SAM'S PHONE SCREEN. NEW TEXT FROM TIFFANY:

***TIFFANY:** "Sam, I need you tonight for my Christmas party. Name your price. XO, Tiff"* SAM's face tenses.

"Name your price," reverberates in his mind, a tempting offer but a moral dilemma.

SAM (CONT'D)
Dom will be there.

He wipes his eyes, his thumb hovering over the screen.

SAM'S PHONE SCREEN

THE DRAFTED MESSAGE READS, *-I'LL DO IT.-* HE HESITATES, THEN PRESSES SEND.

SAM glances back at the sculpture.

HIS FACE IS A MELD OF RESOLVE AND WORRY.

He stands, takes a deep breath to steady himself, and leaves.

His footprints in the pristine snow are as ephemeral as his inner peace.

INT. FROST-HAVEN-LAKE / TIFFANY'S COTTAGE - EVENING

The chalet oozes winter luxury.

GUESTS in high fashion sip champagne while TIFFANY, radiant in a red silk gown, plays the perfect hostess.

SERENA, in shimmering silver, takes selfies.

BIANCA, in backless black, live-streams the event.

They are the epitome of 2023 chic.

DOM and ISABELLE enter.

TIFFANY air-kisses them, barely touching.

Dom's eyes scan the room.

Finally, lock onto SAM, who is serving drinks.

DOM

Why the hell is Sam here?

TIFFANY

Part-time job. Not everyone's a Kensington, darling.

DOM clenches his fist, crushing SERENA's cigarette pack.

DOM

Enough, Tiffany.

TIFFANY

Who says it's a game?
(turns to her guest)
Ladies and Gentlemen, meet Sam,
our local... woodworker!

A ripple of condescending LAUGHTER.

BIANCA and SERENA toast to the awkwardness.

TIFFANY leans in closer to DOM.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)
How about a Christmas carol, Dom?

DOM ignores her, marching toward SAM.

He snatches the tray.

He tosses Sam's apron aside and grabs his wrist.

DOM
This ends now.

The room freezes.

DOM leads SAM out, and the atmosphere is electric.

SERENA and BIANCA exchange puzzled glances.

TIFFANY's face reddens in humiliation.

ISABELLE lifts her glass, savouring TIFFANY's discomfort.

DOM and SAM exit, leaving the room abuzz.

A night the Frost-Haven-Lake elite won't forget.

INT. LANDROVER - NIGHT

The Land Rover speeds through a snowfall.

DOM and SAM sit in silence, faces washed in dashboard glow.

Windshield WIPERS sweep away falling snow.

Dom's white-knuckled grip on the steering wheel is taut.

DOM
I'm sorry. I shouldn't have let
Tiffany demean you.

SAM stares out the window, eyes on the melting snowflakes.

SAM
I took that job willingly. I'm not
ashamed of honest work.

DOM
Nor should you be. I acted like an
idiot.

The car leaves city lights, veering into a moonlit forest clearing. The snowfall adds an ethereal touch.

DOM turns to SAM, his eyes searching.

DOM (CONT'D)
What I care about is you, Sam.
Money and status be damned.

SAM
Please don't mess with my
livelihood, Dom.

DOM unbuckles and leans in.

Their breaths hover in the cold air, almost touching.

DOM
I overreacted. I'm sorry.

SAM gathers himself, his voice cracking.

SAM
Think outside your privileged bubble
for once.

DOM
I've been selfish.

Silence hangs heavy. SAM looks at DOM, eyes moist.

SAM
I'm starving. Are you?

DOM locks eyes with SAM.

DOM
Famished, but not for food.

SAM
My place? I'll cook.

DOM
I warn you, I might devour you.

SAM
And if we go public?

DOM
How about raclette at an old haunt
of mine?

SAM
Old haunt?

DOM
Yeah, it'll be our secret.

INT. RESTAURANT THE CHEESE HEAVEN - NIGHT

A quaint, warm raclette restaurant.

Tables laden with melting cheese and fresh bread.

DINERS buzz with conversation.

SAM and DOM walk in, a bit out of place but charmed by the
ambience.

MRS. GARNER, AN ELEGANT WOMAN IN HER 50S, GREETES SAM WITH A MATERNAL KISS.

SAM
Is there room for Mr. Kensington
and me, Mom?

DOM
Mom?

MRS. GARNER
Kensington? As in Maxwell
Kensington's son?

DOM
Yes, that's correct.

MRS. GARNER
If you're a friend of Sam's, you're
family here.

They take their seats at a table near a crackling fireplace.

MRS. GARNER leaves to fetch drinks.

SAM
Are you expecting to dine with my
mother?

DOM
It's a twist, I'll admit.

SAM
Wait till you try her raclette.

MRS. GARNER returns, placing mulled wine before them.

MRS. GARNER
Enjoy, boys.

She departs. DOM raises his glass.

DOM
To unexpected turns and new
beginnings.

Their glasses CLINK, their eyes LOCK, an electric moment.

SAM
So welcome to my family.

Their fingers brush under the table, a touch electric but brief as MRS. GARNER returns.

MRS. GARNER
I added some extra potatoes for
you.

She leaves, tension palpable between SAM and DOM.

DOM

I never thanked you for covering
my taxi the other day. Tonight's
on me.

SAM

This is home, so relax.

Their eyes lock once more.

EXT. FROST-HAVEN-LAKE / FOREST - NEXT DAY

SAM leads DOM through the snow-covered woods.

WOODEN SCULPTURES-MUSHROOMS, CHAIRS SPROUTING FROM STUMPS,
BIRDS, AND PETITE FIGURES-REVEAL THEMSELVES WITH EACH STEP.

The craftsmanship in each piece shows years of care.

DOM

When did you make all these?

SAM

Each month since you vanished
without a trace. I carved, hoping
we'd reunite.

DOM

My all-around talented Ice Prince.

SAM

Wood is patient, like my love for
you since you wobbled clumsily
into my life. These sculptures
have waited, and so have I. But
when I discovered who you are, my
dream was in danger of shattering.

DOM

Never say that. It's a sign we're
meant to be. Trust in that, like
you've always done.

DOM pushes SAM into the snow and falls atop him.

Their eyes lock, and lips hover, almost touching.

The tension is electric, almost unbearable.

Their breaths mingle, a tantalising preview of the kiss to
come.

Dom's eyes search Sam's as if asking for permission.

Sam's hungry gaze is all the confirmation he needs.

Finally, their lips meet in a long, passionate kiss.

Time seems to freeze.

Dom's hands are in Sam's hair, pulling him closer.

Sam clings to Dom, his hands running down to the small of Dom's back as if trying to pull him inside.

Reluctantly, they parted lips but not gaze.

SAM
I missed you so much,

DOM
I love you, Sam.

Dom rises first and helps Sam up. Just as Sam steadies himself, Dom pushes him against a tree, pinning him there.

Sam's lips consumed him in a hungry, urgent kiss.

SAM
I love you, too.

Suddenly, a gust of wind shakes the snow from the tree.

It showers them in a mist of white.

DOM
(looking up, smiling)
I think that's our cue.

INT. FROST-HAVEN-LAKE / LODGE - NEXT DAY

GUEST gather, enjoying hot cocoa and mulled wine.

SAM and DOM enter.

WAITER
Good afternoon, gentlemen.

SAM
Please, please, two hot chocolates
with extra whipped cream on both.

The waiter nods and walks away.

DOM
First time here for me.

SAM
Here, you're likely to avoid bumping
into your high-society friends.

Leo sits behind them.. -eavesdropping.

He leans back to listen more closely.

LEO begins typing something into his phone.

SAM (CONT'D)
Which figure you like the most?

DOM
Isn't it obvious?

The ensuing SILENCE draws LEO's attention.

He discreetly peeks to see them share a quiet, intimate kiss. His eyes widen in disbelief.

LEO leaves cash on the table and bolts.

EXT. FROST-HAVEN-LAKE / SLOPE - SOME MOMENTS LATER

A vibrant winter sports scene.

SNOWBOARDERS and SKIERS carve down the mountain in zigzag.

LEO glides down effortlessly.

He skids to a stop, catching sight of TIFFANY.

She's chatting animatedly with a GROUP OF MEN.

TIFFANY
Okay, boys, go ahead.

The men have moved on. TIFFANY turns her attention to LEO.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)
What is it now, Leo?

LEO
You're not going to believe this.

TIFFANY
You're not here to ruin my day,
are you?

LEO
Depends. How would you react if I
told you Dom is Sam's "snowflake"?

TIFFANY
You're hallucinating, Leo.

LEO
They were pretty cosy, Tiff.

TIFFANY
Impossible. Dom is mine!

Leo, still grinning, eyes twinkling.

LEO
It seems like your Playboy has
played you-Kensington, of all
people.

TIFFANY stares at LEO, her eyes narrowing.

TIFFANY

Then it's high time that this
snowflake will melt in my hand.

INT. SAM'S CABIN / LIVING - NIGHT

The glow of a crackling fire lighted the room.

SAM, wearing a Frost-Haven-Lake ski sweater, sits on the floor, guitar in hand.

In an armchair, Sipping red wine, across from him sits MIA, adorned in a teal ski sweater and a faux-antler headband.

MIA

You're putting your heart on the
line, Sam.

SAM

(strumming his guitar)
Some risks are worth taking, Mia.

MIA

People like Dom come from a
different world. He could shatter
your heart.

SAM

What am I supposed to do? I never
thought the person I've been
searching for would be a Kensington.

MIA

Just be careful, okay?

SAM nods, his eyes shimmering in the firelight.

They sit in contemplative silence.

EXT. SAM'S CABIN / STREET - NIGHT

MIA and SAM engage in a playful snowball fight, their laughter filling the air.

SAM

My revenge is merciless!

As Sam readies a snowball, DOM, holding a paper bag, appears at the cabin's entrance.

DOM

Can I join in?

MIA and SAM pause, smiling at Dom.

DOM (CONT'D)

I brought roasted chestnuts.

Sam approaches Dom and playfully brushes snow on his face.

They both laugh.

MIA watches, sensing their connection.

MIA steps back home.

DOM (CONT'D)
I've waited for this moment. I
hope I didn't drive Mia away.

Dom gently brushes his fingers against Sam's cheek.

Both rush into the cabin.

INT. SAM'S CABIN / LIVING - NIGHT

The door bursts open.

Letting in a gust of cold air as DOM and SAM, breathless
and laughing, spill inside.

The room is filled with wooden sculptures, similar to the
ones in the woods but smaller and more intricate.

Their lips parted, gasping for breath.

Their eyes lock, and they speak in hushed, whispered tones.

Dom interferes.

He grabs Sam's face with both hands, pulling it close.

They share a deep, passionate kiss.

Sam whispers against Dom's lips.

SAM
Welcome to my humble little cabin.

Dom's eyes shimmer with unshed tears, reflecting the
firelight.

DOM
I don't want this night to end. I
don't want THIS to end.

Softly caressing Sam's face

DOM (CONT'D)
Let's make it last as long as we
can. Merry Christmas!

They kiss again, this time with a renewed intensity as if
trying to capture every sensation, every emotion.

Their bodies come together, pressed against each other.

CABIN / BEDROOM

SAM AND DOM LIE HALF-NAKED ON THE BED, THEIR SKIN ILLUMINATED BY THE SOFT GLOW OF CANDLELIGHT.

Sam holds a bottle of red wine, pouring a glass for each.

Dom places his hand under Sam's chin, lifting his face to look into his eyes.

DOM (CONT'D)

You're the only person who makes me feel alive.

Their lips meet with a passionate kiss.

SAM

I love you...love you...love you!

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FROST-HAVEN-LAKE / SKI SLOPES - DAY

Sunlight bathes the ski slopes.

DOM adjusts his ski gear, face concentrated.

Nearby, TIFFANY, BIANCA, and SERENA are gossiping.

TIFFANY

Leo is sponsoring the sledge race.

SERENA

The skier turned model? Spicy!

BIANCA

He's left heartbreak from New York to Tokyo.

TIFFANY

Guess who's his new toy? Our woodcarver.

SERENA

What's Leo's angle?

BIANCA

Maybe he can't resist a simple woodcarver.

DOM clenches his ski poles, jealousy flaring.

SERENA

So, both the woodcarver and Leo are gay? This sledge race is going to be wild.

BIANCA

A total game-changer. So Leo is then his ever-mist snowflake?

The women laugh and cast glances at LEO.

TIFFANY
 Secret time. Leo's from here,
 like Sam. They're old schoolmates.
 Leo's fortune? All to win Sam over.

DOM bolts down the slope, answering the challenge.

Her friends look at TIFFANY, stunned.

STARTING LINE OF SLED RACE

Flags whip in the wind, CARTER'S ADVENTURE OUTFITTERS as the sponsor.

A buzzing crowd, kids hold banners: DOMINIC KENSINGTON.

DOM, in a sleek black snowsuit, inspects his sledge.

SAM, in dark blue, is sharply watched from the VIP Tribune.

CHAIRMAN MAXWELL and PATRICIA KENSINGTON sit with LUCIA and ISABELLE. Glaring at Sam and Dom.

LEO CARTER strides in, wearing a fiery, colourful snowsuit.

CROWD WHISPERS ERUPT.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)
 The sensation himself. Frost-Haven's prodigal son.

SERENA
 He owns the moment.

BIANCA
 You can't look away.

LEO and SAM lock eyes as he passes. DOM tightens his grip on the sledge.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
 Racers, to your marks!

BANG!

Sleds shoot forward.

TIME CUT:
 A sledge swerves into Sam. Gasps from the crowd.

LEO
 Medic!

MAXWELL KENSINGTON
 Jack? Get over there!

HELICOPTER BLADES THUMP, growing louder. It lands. DOM and LEO lift Sam onto a stretcher. The helicopter ascends.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
The race is halted due to an
emergency.

THE HELICOPTER SOARS AWAY.

All eyes follow, especially DOM and LEOs.

Rivalry is forgotten, united by concern for Sam.

INT. HELICOPTER - DAY

The plush interior clashes with the palpable tension.

LEO, hands slightly shaking, administers first-aid to SAM.

DOM sits isolated, gripping the armrest, his knuckles white.

His reflection in the glass window reveals a turbulent mix
of anguish and determination.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - EVENING

RHYTHMIC BEEPING OF MEDICAL MACHINES.

SAM LIES MOTIONLESS ON THE BED.

Tubes and wires connected to him.

LEO sits by his side, staring at Sam, visibly conflicted.

The door creaks open.

Standing in the doorway, DOM battles with a cocktail of
emotions at seeing Leo beside Sam, who murmurs in his sleep.

SAM
(murmuring)
Dom...

Dom rushes to Sam's bedside, gently nudging Leo aside.

As he takes Sam's hand, his face reveals a mix of relief
and adoration.

He looks as if a burden has been lifted from his soul.

ISABELLE and LUCIA enter the room.

Their expressions were a fusion of concern and relief.

DOCTOR enters, projecting an air of calm.

DOCTOR
He's stable. Tomorrow, he can go
home.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NEXT DAY

Light seeps through the blinds.

DOM sits beside Sam.

The door swings open.

LUCIA bursts in, her arms hugging a giant Christmas stocking.

LUCIA

Sam! Look!

ISABELLE enters, a beautifully wrapped gift in her hands.

ISABELLE

An early Christmas miracle.

Lucia dumps a parade of ridiculous stocking stuffers onto Sam's lap.

The room fills with laughter.

ISABELLE (CONT'D)

(softly)

Time to go, Lucia.

SAM

Thanks for the visit, Lucia. I owe you a hot chocolate.

DOM

See you in the parking, Belle.

HOSPITAL-CORRIDOR

Sterile walls, cold fluorescent lighting.

TIFFANY and LEO stand in an empty corridor.

Tiffany zeroes in on Leo and yanks him into a secluded corner, eyes darting for potential eavesdroppers.

TIFFANY

(low, intense)

Why aren't you with Sam?

LEO's face tightens a storm of emotion.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)

We had a deal, Leo. You save Sam and win his heart. I get Dom. Now, you've tightened their bond!

LEO

Sam doesn't care for me. He never did.

(MORE)

LEO (CONT'D)

(sighs)
 How can he fall for this ... this
 He forms a fist and hits it against
 the wall.

Down the corridor, ISABELLE emerges, LUCIA happily skipping beside her.

LUCIA

...Sam loved the Christmas stocking!

ISABELLE'S EYES LOCK ONTO TIFFANY AND LEO.

As their whispers carry, her face turns from warm to ice-cold.

Carefully, she steers Lucia away. Her thoughts whirl, processing the gravity of what she's just heard.

EXT. HOSPITAL / STREET-LEVEL - MOMENTS LATER

The hospital's automatic doors swoosh open, revealing DOM supporting a still-weak SAM.

As they approach the LAND ROVER, ISABELLE exits the vehicle and hurries to Sam's side.

ISABELLE

Easy, Sam. Let's get you home.

SAM manages a weak smile.

SAM

Thanks, Belle. I'm just glad to
 leave that place.

Just as they're about to enter the vehicle, TIFFANY rushes over, her expression a blend of faux concern and relief.

TIFFANY

Sam! I heard what happened. I'm
 so relieved you're okay and leaving
 already!

DOM eyes her suspiciously.

SAM

I appreciate the concern, Tiffany.

TIFFANY turns her attention to DOM.

TIFFANY

Dom, let's catch up sometime.

Before DOM can reply, ISABELLE interjects, protective.

She crosses her arms.

Steps toward TIFFANY, who retreats nervously.

ISABELLE

(icy)

You seem stressed.

(pauses)

Oh, what was the name of that New York influencer who nearly ruined your life? You cried to me every day. Timothy, was it?

TIFFANY's face darkens.

They drive away.

INT. LAND ROVER - MOMENTS LATER

The road stretches before them, the darkness occasionally broken by passing streetlights.

LUCIA, in her world, HUMS A CHEERFUL CHRISTMAS CAROL, her voice sweet and innocent.

DOM

Did you inform your mom?

SAM, with a guilty look.

SAM

How could I? She will panic.

ISABELLE

(chiming in)

Don't you think the word has already spread to her?

Sam nods, looking downcast.

DOM

Let's head to Cheese Heaven. We can tell her there. If she sees you're in good shape, it'll ease her worries. Dinner's on me.

LUCIA

Uncle DOM, you're the best!

SAM

Lucia, you'll finally meet Mrs. Garner then - my mom.

ISABELLE, easing up a bit.

ISABELLE

Whooo... It's a plan, then. Cheese Heaven, here we come.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. RESTAURANT THE CHEESE HEAVEN - LUNCHTIME

Soft light dances on wooden walls adorned with old photos of past Frost-Haven-Lake winters.

DOM, SAM, ISABELLE, and LUCIA approach MRS. GARNER's table, exchanging smiles and nods with familiar patrons.

MRS. GARNER

Sammy, seeing you here, safe and sound, is the best Christmas gift a mother could wish for.

SAM

Don't worry, Mom. No more sledging races for me. These are my guests today, so let's make it unique.

ISABELLE

(teasing)
Until next winter, right?

Everyone laughs, but MRS. GARNER scans SAM with concern.

MRS. GARNER

Promise me caution, Sammy. You gave us all quite a scare.

DOM

Let's focus on the now. We're all together, and that's what matters.

LUCIA

(staring at photos)
Uncle Sam, is that you in the funny snow hat?

SAM

Ah, the excellent snowball fight of '13!

MRS. GARNER

And who is this young lady?

LUCIA

I'm Lucia!

MRS. GARNER

(to Lucia)
Hello darling.
(to the rest)
I heard the race was cancelled.

ISABELLE

Carter's Adventure Outfitters backed out after the accident.

MRS. GARNER

I heard Leo Carter is a local.

Everyone exchanges surprised looks. Dom and Sam lock eyes.

ISABELLE
Really? That's...unexpected.

DOM
So, more layers to Mr. Carter.

LUCIA
Oh, the raclette comes? I'm
starving! I am just joking.

Laughter erupts, hiding the new tension around Leo Carter.

MRS. GARNER
(to Lucia)
Raclette is coming because your
Uncle Sam ordered for all from on
the road.
(to the others)
Some say Leo Carter returned for a
particular man, not a woman.

Two Waiters bring the dishes and hot pots for raclette.

DOM
When did you order all this?

LUCIA
Woah, I can't wait. Look at this.

ISABELLE
Sweetie. Dig in. Thank you, Sam.

LUCIA
Thank you, Mrs. Garner. Uncle
Sam.

Lucia grabs her Fanta and makes a toast to SAM.

SAM
(playful)
Cheers Lucia. Cheers, and thank
you for saving me.

LUCIA holds DOM back playfully, eliciting smiles.

MRS. GARNER
Cheers and Merry Christmas.

LUCIA
Merry Christmas!

INT. LAND ROVER - TWO HOURS LATER

SAM takes a deep, steadying breath, his eyes closed.

DOM steals glances at him, his expression a blend of concern
and thoughtfulness.

DOM

So, what's the deal with all these rumours about you and him?

SAM

I've never been interested in him, not in school or now. He's always sought my attention, true. We've had a beer together occasionally, but that's all, I swear.

A silence fills the space between them.

DOM

I believe you. And frankly, it doesn't matter to me.

Abruptly, DOM pulls the car to the side of the road.

The world outside fades as their eyes lock.

SAM's gaze dropped to DOM's lips.

Their breaths sync, hearts racing as they near each other.

The kiss is deep and lingering.

INT. SAM'S CABIN - LATE AFTERNOON

The door to the cabin bursts open.

SAM and DOM tumble inside.

LAUGHING.

They pull each other close.

The room is softly lit, casting a romantic hue.

Their LAUGHTER continues as they make their way to the bedroom, leaving a trail of shoes, jackets, and other belongings.

INT. SAM'S BEDROOM - EARLY NIGHT

SAM and DOM lie together, wrapped in sheets.

Their faces bathed in the soft glow of a bedside lamp.

They're inches apart, their breaths intertwining in the chilled air.

SAM picks up a guitar and begins strumming a familiar Christmas carol.

Snowflakes gently tap against the window pane as though the universe grants them a moment's respite.

SAM
(singing off-key)
Jingle bells, jingle bells, jingle
all the way...

DOM interrupts, chuckling.

DOM
You know you're butchering that,
right?

SAM
(smirking)
Butchering? I call it
improvisational holiday jazz.

DOM laughs and pulls SAM closer.

SAM grins and puts the guitar down, leaning in for a kiss.

INT. SAM'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Morning light filters through the clouds, gently waking
SAM. He finds DOM already awake, studying him intently.

SAM
Good morning, my darling.

DOM
I was torn-coffee first or a kiss?

Sam beams, leans in and softly kisses Dom's forehead.

SAM
That answers your dilemma.

DOM sits up, grinning.

DOM
You stay. I'll brew the coffee.
Macchiato, double milk, no sugar,
right?

Sam nods and yawns, his eyes twinkling.

SAM
And maybe some scrambled eggs?

DOM
You wish-just the coffee.

Sam picks up a small wooden figure from the bedside table
and places his mug on it.

SAM
Remember this? Carved it during
our first winter together.

DOM is touched and adds the figure to his collection on the table.

DOM

We may not share DNA, but our love
is as solid as these figures.

(pauses)

So, what about breakfast?

SAM

Oops. Out of eggs. Grocery run?

Dom grabs his phone and snaps a quick selfie.

SAM (CONT'D)

Wait, did you take a no-filter
selfie? Where's the Dom who
wouldn't be caught dead without
his hair perfectly styled?

DOM sets the photo as their phone wallpapers, then pounces on Sam, pinning him to the bed.

DOM

You better get used to every version
of me-the GQ model and the bedhead.

(grinning)

I'm your first and last love, deal?

SAM

Deal. Just like when you swept me
off my feet last Christmas.

Remember?

Sam throws himself onto Dom, sits on top and presses his wrists firmly into the pillow.

Their eyes lock with a deep, passionate kiss.

EXT. FROST-HAVEN-LAKE / SHOPPING DISTRICT - DAY

The holiday season has the town abuzz.

Last-minute shoppers bundled up in winter gear.

SOUND OF CHRISTMAS CAROLS.

TIFFANY, BIANCA, and SERENA are walking advertisements for Upper East Side sophistication against the rustic backdrop.

Dressed to the nines and holding bags from high-end stores, they pause to capture the moment with a selfie.

TIFFANY

(handing out small
gifts)

Merry Christmas, ladies. One for
you, and one for you.

BIANCA

Tiff, you're like Santa Claus, but make it fashionable! Thanks, girl! You're locking lips with Dom this New Year's; you watch!

SERENA

With your looks and Dom's charm, you two are a Christmas miracle waiting to happen.

TIFFANY

(leaning in,
whispering)

It'll be checkmate once I tell Mr. Maxwell about Sam and Dom's little affair. Maxwell's a traditional hetero. Family reputation is his Achilles' heel.

SERENA

So you're sending Sam to the North Pole?

TIFFANY

Exactly.

EXT. KENSINGTON MANSION / DRIVEWAY - CHRISTMAS MORNING

Freshly fallen, dressing the trees in a white, festive cloak.

MR. MAXWELL KENSINGTON prepares to enter his JAGUAR.

TIFFANY strides up, her stilettos clicking authoritatively on the cobblestones.

TIFFANY

Might I steal a moment, Maxwell?

MAXWELL

(eyeing his watch)

It's Christmas morning, Tiffany. What's so pressing?

Ignoring his irritation, TIFFANY grips the car door to prevent him from shutting it.

She leans in, her tone tinged with insincere concern.

TIFFANY

(whispering)

It's about who Dom is involved with—a confident Sam, the wood supplier in town.

MAXWELL

Garner? Sam Garner?

MAXWELL shoots her a skeptical yet intrigued look.

TIFFANY

Do you want the future Kensington heir entangled with a mere woodcarver?

MAXWELL

(pensive)

Your concern for the Kensington legacy is... touching, albeit a bit intense. It's a time for goodwill, not scheming.

TIFFANY

(smiling coyly)

Oh, think of this as my charitable act for the day.

Releasing her hold, TIFFANY steps back gracefully.

MAXWELL finally closes the car door, his expression one of thoughtful consideration.

EXT. SAM'S WORKSHOP - MOMENTS LATER

SAM locks up his rustic workshop and inhales deeply as if to capture a brief sanctuary of peace.

His serenity is shattered when MR. MAXWELL KENSINGTON materializes from behind a tree.

SAM

Mr. Kensington? You're the last person I expected to see. What brings you to my workshop?

MAXWELL

How many years have our paths crossed, Sam?

SAM

Quite a few, Sir.

The two men walk together.

Their steps were dissonantly out of sync towards the forest's edge. The air is thick with unspoken tension.

MAXWELL suddenly pulls an envelope from his coat pocket and hands it to SAM.

His face is a mask, revealing nothing.

MAXWELL

You should have this.

SAM

(eyes narrowing,
suspicious)

What's going on?

MAXWELL, looking pained, averts his eyes.

MAXWELL

Just read it.

Maxwell turns and strides away, leaving Sam alone-his face a battleground of conflicting emotions.

The tension crescendos to a peak.

Sam's gaze shifts from the envelope to Maxwell's disappearing figure.

As Maxwell vanishes into the dimming twilight, Sam stands paralyzed, his eyes locked onto the envelope.

He takes a shaky breath.

His eyes are brimming with unshed tears.

INT. SAM'S WORKSHOP - MOMENTS LATER

SAM bursts through the door.

His face is awash with conflicting emotions.

He violently tosses the envelope onto his workbench.

He slumps down onto a wooden stump.

He cradles his face in his hands, his breaths coming out as ragged sobs.

He grabs a beer can from an old fridge and pops it open.

He gulps it down.

His eyes are aflame, his lips a taut line of suppressed rage.

He snatches up his guitar with trembling hands and smashes it against the wooden stump in anguish.

Splinters fly.

His eyes catch the space on the shelf where the hand-carved figurine of him and Dom used to be.

Panic overtakes him; He races to his cabin.

INT. SAM'S CABIN / LIVING ROOM - DAY

SAM's eyes dart around the room, wild, like a cornered animal.

His gaze locks onto the coffee mugs still on the table from this morning.

In a rage, he hurls them at the wall; they explode into shards on impact.

INT. SAM'S CABIN / BEDROOM - DAY

His frantic search ends as his eyes land on the missing figurine adorned with a tiny Christmas bell and a red sash.

His knees give out, and he crumples onto the bed.

Clutching his hair, he unleashes a gut-wrenching howl.

Gingerly, he picks up Dom's pillow, inhaling deeply to capture a lingering scent.

His eyes fill with fresh tears.

He hesitantly retrieves the envelope from his anorak and tears it open.

His eyes widen, hands trembling as he counts the stack of bills.

SAM

This...this is a fortune. Why?
With this amount, he can send me
to the moon or hell.

He finds a folded letter at the bottom of the envelope.

His face cycles through myriad emotions as he reads—disbelief, shock.

A hollow laugh escapes his lips as he crumples the letter into a ball.

SAM (CONT'D)

(yelling)
WHAT THE HELL IS GOING ON?

Fueled by a newfound resolve, he tosses the crumpled letter back into the envelope, thrusts it into his leather backpack, grabs the figurine, and storms out of the cabin.

EXT. SAM'S WORKSHOP / PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

SAM vaults into his GREEN PICKUP, hurling his vintage brown leather backpack onto the passenger seat.

INT. PICKUP - CONTINUOUS

SAM's hand tightens around the envelope, his gaze fixed on it as if it could explode.

He sets it cautiously on the steering wheel.

His eyes drift to the window.

With a mechanical flick, he rolls it down and gulps in several lungfuls of crisp air.

His eyes, clouded with confusion and a deep sense of dilemma, seek answers in the openness around him.

In a moment of reflective silence, his head droops.

He takes one last deep breath.

His keys jingle in the ignition, breaking the silence.

The PICKUP ROARS to life and peels out of the parking lot with a ferocity that nearly tips it off balance.

SAM speeds down the open road, leaving behind a swirling cloud of dust and a trail of unanswered questions.

INT. KENSINGTON COTTAGE / LIBRARY - DAY

A Christmas tree in the corner twinkles softly.

THE CRACKLING FIREPLACE.

MR. MAXWELL KENSINGTON sits, pipe in hand.

The SOUND OF SAM'S FOOTSTEPS interrupts his contemplation.

However, Mr. Kensington needs to acknowledge his entrance.

SAM
 (voice tinged with
 tension)
 I'll play Santa for Lucia tonight,
 but the sculpture isn't for sale.

A long pause fills the room.

Finally, Mr. Kensington sets aside his pipe and stands.

His eyes meet Sam's.

MR. KENSINGTON
 How much more are you asking for?

SAM
 I don't want more money, Sir.
 That figurine is priceless-it
 represents a love that's endured.
 It's not for sale.

Sam sets the envelope on the table.

Mr. Kensington halts him with a raised hand.

MR. KENSINGTON
 You misunderstood my intentions,
 Sam. I meant to honour your talent
 as an artist. No offense intended.

SAM pauses and locks eyes with Mr. Kensington.

MR. KENSINGTON (CONT'D)
My company sponsors art galleries
in New York, the Hamptons, and
Boston. Would you consider hosting
an exposition? Belle could guide
you.

Sam's eyes drop, a lump forming in his throat.

Mr. Kensington steps closer and places a fatherly hand on
Sam's shoulder.

MR. KENSINGTON (CONT'D)
Think about it, son.

Sam's eyes lift, meeting a gaze now filled with paternal
warmth.

The two share a moment of newfound understanding as Mr.
Kensington reassuringly pats Sam's shoulder.

INT. KENSINGTON COTTAGE / LIVING ROOM - CHRISTMAS EVE

THE DOORBELL RINGS.

ISABELLE, elegant in a sapphire-blue gown, crosses the room
with poise.

ISABELLE
I'LL GET IT, MARY!

HALL

The front door swings open, revealing TIFFANY, dressed in a
radiant emerald gown, her red hair creating a startling
contrast against the snowy backdrop.

She clutches luxurious gift bags stamped with high-end logos.

DOM, in a tailored black tuxedo, and MR. KENSINGTON, in a
deep burgundy suit, converse in hushed tones.

TIFFANY
(sweeping in)
Hello, everyone.

LIVING ROOM

The ambience is cosy; the fireplace's glow merges with the
soft twinkling of Christmas lights.

TIFFANY hands MR. KENSINGTON a gift, her eyes flashing with
entitlement and satisfaction.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)
Was my invitation due to your swift
and impeccable judgment?

MR. KENSINGTON grunts ambiguously. He fumbles with his pipe, searching for a lighter.

DOM steps forward, offering his father a shiny gold lighter.

TIFFANY swoops in, pecking Dom's cheek.

He looks startled, almost disturbed.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)

Ah, Dom! I see you've kept my graduation gift. Merry Christmas, everyone!

DOM

(whispers to ISABELLE)
Why is she here?

ISABELLE

(whispers back)
Just watch.

TIFFANY distributes her gifts, eyes locking with Dom's as she radiates smug satisfaction.

PATRICIA, the family matriarch, detects the escalating tension but defuses it gracefully.

PATRICIA

Thank you, Tiffany. Your gifts are always so exquisite.

MARY

Dinner is ready.

PATRICIA nods in approval.

DINING ROOM

The dining room is bathed in warm candlelight.

Chandeliers cast a soft glow on the faces below.

MARY unveils a silver cloche before PATRICIA, revealing a lavish lobster bisque adorned with a sprinkle of gold leaf.

DOM settles into his chair.

TIFFANY slides into the seat next to him.

TIFFANY

Selfie time, darling!

SHE PUCKERS HER LIPS AND SNAPS A SELFIE.

Sounds of SILVERWARE clinking against fine china blend with pockets of laughter and polite conversation.

Sitting opposite Tiffany, LUCIA rolls her eyes so dramatically that even a blind man could see it.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)
I adore lobster bisque. It's a regular dish in the Hamptons.

LUCIA
Oh, is that where lobsters come from?

Dom chokes back a laugh.

Isabelle shoots Lucia a playful but cautioning look.

Mary enters the room with a steaming coffee pot, whispering something in Maxwell's ear.

MAXWELL
Coffee will be served by the fireplace.

Dom, intrigued by the calm exchange between Mary and his father, eyes Maxwell curiously.

LUCIA
(saccharine sweet)
Can we finally open presents now?

LIVING ROOM

THE FIREPLACE ROARING.

A LOUD KNOCK echoes.

MARY, a twinkle in her eye, opens the door to SANTA (SAM).

LUCIA (CONT'D)
(bubbling with joy)
Santa! You're here!

DOM's eyes meet SAM's for an instant, a spark of realisation flashing between them.

TIFFANY
I knew Santa would get my memo.

MAXWELL discreetly passes envelopes to SANTA.

MAXWELL
(under his breath)
Your instructions.

SANTA
Been bad this year, Tiffany?

TIFFANY
Is indulgence a sin?

SANTA

Then enjoy!

TIFFANY

Not without my Dom.

SANTA inhales deeply and opens an ornate envelope.

SANTA

Dom, this is special.

Dom unwraps the gift to reveal a wooden carving.

AND two wedding rings.

He locks wondering eyes with Sam.

Dom closes, worried his eyes.

Sam's tear-filled eyes flicker.

TIFFANY

Oh, I knew this day would come!

MAXWELL

(firm)

Finish reading, Santa.

DOM unfurls with trembling hands the envelope.

SANTA

(reading in silence)

Santa asks Dom... ---" will you marry me?"---SANTA's eyes widen, circling the room in disbelief.

SAM sheds his Santa persona, dropping to one knee.

SANTA (CONT'D)

Dom, will you marry me?

DOM

(to Isabelle)

Is this real?

DOM glances at his parents. They nod, smiles breaking.

DOM (CONT'D)

YES! YES, I WILL!

SAM and DOM hug each other--an emotional roller coaster.

TIFFANY

WHY ARE ALL THE GOOD ONES GAY?

LUCIA

Uncle Sam means two Christmases!

Laughter fills the room again.

MAXWELL
(whispering to
Patricia)
To new beginnings and embracing my
true self.

PATRICIA
It's long overdue, love.

ISABELLE
Presents, anyone?

EXT. FROST-HAVEN-LAKE / ICE RINK - FIRST CHRISTMAS DAY

FAMILIES and COUPLES skate, laugh, and hold hands.

SAM, a graceful silhouette in all-black silk, commands the rink like a pro.

Each twirl and jump he makes sends ripples of admiration through the crowd.

On edge, TIFFANY donned in an opulent fur coat and oversized shades, struggles with her SELFIE STICK.

TIFFANY
(faking cheer)
Hey lovelies, it's Tiffany! We're
at the gorgeous Frost Haven Lake;
the eye candy is delectable!

An UNKNOWN MAN in a kitschy Christmas sweater photobombs TIFFANY.

UNKNOWN MAN
Hiya, gorgeous!

SAM spots this and skates over with acrobatic flair.

SAM
Creating content or stealing the
spotlight?

TIFFANY, on impulse, grabs SAM and kisses him. SAM freezes, baffled.

TIFFANY
(smug)
I had to know why Dom chose you.
Now I do. Blessings.

TIFFANY wipes her lipstick-smudged lips and sashays away. The UNKNOWN MAN shrugs, also exiting.

DOM wobbles in, skating like a newborn fawn, eliciting chuckles from onlookers.

MIA
What was THAT?

SAM
 (still shocked)
 TIFFANY's a one-of-a-kind attention magnet.

DOM
 That stunt nearly broke me. What's her deal?

SAM and DOM share a loving look, then press their foreheads together.

DOM (CONT'D)
 Merry Christmas, love.

SAM
 Merry Christmas.

LUCIA zooms in, all smiles.

LUCIA
 I looked up 'gay.' Love each other fully because I love my uncles to bits!

LUCIA grabs both their hands, leading a joyful family skate as the crowd watches, their faces lighting up in smiles.

INT. CAFE - AFTERNOON

A SIGN on the counter reads: "NEW YEAR'S EVE COUNTDOWN PARTY!"

SAM, DOM, TIFFANY, and MIA sit in a corner booth, a labyrinth of coffee cups and unspoken thoughts between them.

SAM
 Dom, you could be the next Chaplin after your viral tumble on the ice.

DOM
 So, plans for New Year's?

MIA
 How about a quiet night at my cabin?

TIFFANY
 A cabin? I can bring some NYC glam to the woods, but...

DOM
 New Year's in New York, where we celebrate us. Just the two of us in the city that never sleeps.

SAM
 A dream come true.

TIFFANY

Hold that thought, capturing this iconic decision.

SAM's phone BUZZES. He checks it, his face draining of colour.

SAM

My mom... has COVID. I can't go.

DOM is immediately supportive and grips SAM's shoulder.

DOM

Then I'm not going either.

SAM

You'd stay?

DOM

For you? Always.

INT. RESTAURANT THE CHEESE HEAVEN - NEW YEAR'S EVE

SAM, DOM, and MIA wear sleek black tuxedos and New Year's Eve top hats.

Sam and Mia busily serve guests.

Dom coordinates the drinks.

The door bursts open.

TIFFANY sweeps in, a dazzling spectacle in a couture gown.

Her FASHIONABLE NEW YORK FRIENDS follow, overdressed.

MIA

Look what the cat dragged in.

DOM

(whispering to SAM)

Every party needs its fireworks.

SAM

Well, the night is young.

Tiffany glides over, her eyes fixed on SAM.

TIFFANY

Didn't expect me, huh?

DOM

Every customer counts tonight.

SAM

Thank you, Tiffany.

Tiffany whips out her phone, snapping selfies.

MIA

If Tiffany's social media can put us on the map, then it's a win.

Mrs. Robinson wears fancy 2024 glasses offering in a top hat 2023-2024 condoms.

MR. KENSINGTON

(to SAM)

See? Sometimes, the universe aligns in mysterious ways. Want?

SAM

Are they from your husband as well?

MRS. ROBINSON

These? Are mine. He does not have good taste.

Tiffany senses the bond between Sam and this lady.

TIFFANY

Sam, don't you want to present us to each other?

SAM

Uh, this is Mrs. Robinson, and she is Tiffany Wilson. Mrs Robinson, can you see your future in the stars or was it in the cards?

TIFFANY

Oh, this sounds interesting.

(shouts)

GIRLS, let's make a little intimate corner for Mrs. Robinson and get each 50 \$ out. Let's see what 2024 will bring us.

Girls are cueing at a table, stretching their necks.

It is Serena's turn.

Bianca leaves for the place with a satisfied grin.

She puts in the fifty dollars and her cash bond condoms.

Time cut.

It is Tiffany's turn.

She discovers the top hat on the table, topping an amount of fifty dollar bills.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)

(to Mrs. Robinson)

What are all these condoms for?

MRS. ROBINSON

There are people here who will
need them, like your two friends.

TIFFANY

Oh, then give me all you have left.

MRS. ROBINSON

I have something more beneficial
for your case, darling. ... Look

...

(opening a huge bag
and pulling out a
rose dildo)

I can offer you a frequency vibrator
made of soft silicon.

THE ROOM BUZZES WITH LAUGHTER AND CHATTER.

Sam suddenly feels his phone vibrate.

He checks it and sighs in relief.

SAM

(to DOM)

Mom's test came back negative.
She's recovering.

DOM

That's the best news.

SAM

(shouts)

I JUST GOT A MESSAGE FROM MY MOM.
SHE'S NEGATIVE.

Tiffany kicks the stool away and throws the fifty dollars
into the hat.

TIFFANY

I never met somebody more negative
than this future teller.

The clock ticks closer to midnight.

The crowd's excitement builds to a crescendo.

Dom grabs Sam's wrist and pulls him close.

They tenderly touch each other's engagement rings.

CROWD

(counting loud down)

FIVE...FOUR...THREE...TWO...ONE...
HAPPY NEW YEAR! HAPPY 2024

As the room erupts into celebration, Mia holds up two glasses
of Champagne and makes a toast with Sam and Dom.

EXT. RESTAURANT THE CHEESE HAVEN / STREET - MOMENTS LATER

The street is blanketed with freshly fallen snow.

The fireworks descended like celestial confetti.

BANG BANG BANG

SAM and DOM, wrapped up in scarves and coats, stand a little apart from the crowd, close to each other.

SAM and DOM's eyes meet as the final firework blooms into a million sparkling fragments.

DOM

Happy New Year. I love you.

SAM

Happy New Year! I love you, too.

SOUNDS OF CHEERS and the POPPING OF CHAMPAGNE CORKS.

INT. RESTAURANT THE CHEESE HEAVEN - MOMENTS AFTER MIDNIGHT

A ROCK BAND takes the stage.

As TIFFANY posts the photos, comments immediately start to roll in.

SUPERIMPOSE:

@Tiffany nyc fashion: Spending New Year's Eve at the coolest spot in Frost-haven-lake, the Cheese Heaven restaurant. Shout out to the amazing staff, SAM, DOM, and MIA, who keep this party going. If you're ever in town, this place is a must-visit!

SUPERIMPOSE:

#newyeartheseve #racletterestaurant #frosthavenlake @fashionista_ny: Wow, that place looks amazing! Adding it to my bucket list.

@Travelswithlisa: I've been there! The food is to die for. Glad you're enjoying it, Tiffany! @luxelife_nyc: I can't believe you're not in NYC for New Year's, but that restaurant looks worth it. Have a great time!

@foodlover_92: The Raclette Restaurant is a hidden gem! Their cheese is the best I've ever had.

MIA

(over the music)

THIS YEAR IS GOING TO BE EPIC!

MIA presents a garland of condoms to Tiffany and her FRIENDS.

MRS ROBINSON winks at them and blows a kiss goodbye.

INT. FROST-HAVEN-LAKE / CHAPEL - NEW YEAR'S MORNING

The chapel buzzes with a sense of renewal.

MRS. GARNER and LUCIA sit together, bundled in winter garments.

On the other side of Lucia, SAM and DOM.

SAM
(whispering)
Your father's approval was the
last twist I expected.

DOM
(whispering)
He knows what it's like to fight
for love.

SAM turns slightly towards Dom, his gaze intrigued.

DOM (CONT'D)
When he met my stepmom, her family
looked down on him. But he
persisted, and love conquered all.

SAM
It's incredible how love can change
the course of your destiny.

DOM picks up the hymn book, opens it, and holds it before their faces.

Their lips meet in a kiss.

LUCIA notices them and punches Sam in the hip.

It is eliciting a mischievous laugh from SAM and DOM.

SAM receives a kind yet admonishing look from his mother, who smirks as she turns away.

INT. SAM'S CABIN/LIVING - NEW YEARS EVENING

SAM and DOM are seated on the floor, wrapped in blankets.

Candles softly illuminate the room.

Suddenly, there's a short circuit, and the room plunges into darkness, leaving just the faint glow of the candles.

DOM
Feel free to tell me when to change
the flickering light bulb. Not
that you think you're the only one
capable of doing that.

SAM
Or it's telling us something else.

Dom reaches into his pocket and produces an envelope.

He opens it.

DOM

It's time to bring you home now
that your mom seems to be healthy.

Sam is visibly touched, eyes glistening with tears.

SAM

You always know how to surprise
me.

Suddenly, the lights come back on.

DOM

And impeccable timing.

BEDROOM - MORNING

A RADIO HUMS SOFTLY, ITS SOUND MUFFLED AND DISTANT.

RADIO HOST (V.O.)

Well, folks, our quaint Frost Haven
Lake is quieting down. The holiday
birds have flown the coop back to
the grind of their city lives...

TWO PAIRS OF ENTANGLED FEET.

SAM extricates himself from the bed, taking care not to
disturb DOM.

He moves around the room, gathering stray clothes.

His eyes linger on DOM, still wrapped in sleep's embrace.

SAM's hand inadvertently nudges a small SCULPTURE on the
dresser—an abstract piece, intimate and tender.

DOM stirs awake, his eyes squinting toward the sculpture.

DOM

Who's that sculpture for?

SAM

(slightly startled)
Ah, that's something I made back
in art school. Just a relic from
my past.

DOM

Is anyone special?

SAM

It was a project. It's not tied to
anyone.

GURGLING OF A COFFEE MACHINE.

SAM, now dressed in running attire, sets a steaming cup of coffee on DOM's nightstand.

INT. SAM'S WORKSHOP - MORNING

DOM, refreshed and in new clothes, steps into the workshop.

The air is thick with the scent of sawdust and craftsmanship.

His eyes scan the room.

His gaze rests on a space where a sculpture is tucked away, surrounded by a gallery of art pieces.

This isn't just any sculpture-it's a meticulously crafted likeness of SAM and DOM, almost cherubic.

Their faces capture a moment of pure, unmistakable bliss.

A tear wells up in DOM's eye.

His hand trembles as it caresses the sculpture, tracing its delicate contours as if trying to touch a memory.

Dom quickly pulls out his iPhone, snaps photos of the sculpture, and sends them.

INSERT: IPHONE DISPLAY

BELLE

DOM's finger hovers and then pushes SENT.

THE SOUND OF A CREAKING DOOR SHATTERS THE SILENCE.

SAM enters.

His cheeks are rosy, eyelashes fringed with melting snowflakes.

DOM hastily pockets his iPhone and pulls SAM close.

Their foreheads touch, eyes closing briefly.

DOM

It would be best if you rethought
my nickname. I won't be a vanishing
snowflake in our shared life
anymore.

SAM

You'll have to prove that first
and earn your new title.

(pauses)

See you in a minute. I need a shower
and to make breakfast.

TIME-CUT

SAM and DOM stand ready for craftsmanship. Both are in worn jeans and protective gear-goggles and gloves.

SAM (CONT'D)

So, after a hearty breakfast, are you ready to earn your new title?

Sam picks up a CHUNK OF WOOD from the workbench.

ITS RAW BEAUTY IS CONCEALED BY ITS RUGGED EXTERIOR.

He places his hands on DOM's shoulders.

DOM

I'm more of a finance guy than a craftsman.

SAM

After my last masterclass, you went from a clumsy skater to an ice swan.

Dom wiggles his fingers with anticipation.

DOM

Let's see what these hands can do- besides what they've already proven in more intimate moments.

SAM

It's similar. You're not removing; you're revealing.

DOM

So, not destroying, but freeing?

Sam moves behind DOM.

He envelops him, guiding DOM's hands to the wood.

HANDS

Sam's fingers guide Dom's.

He shows him how to handle the chisel and mallet.

Each stroke chips away excess wood.

Each fallen chip is like a shed worry.

Their body language is a silent dialogue of love, respect, and mutual understanding.

SAM

(whisper)

It's like life—you chip away at
the rough edges to reveal the hidden
masterpiece.

DOM sets down the chisel. His eyes are windows into a
profoundly emotional landscape, shimmering with
vulnerability.

DOM

Sometimes, the masterpiece is right
in front of you.

Dom turns to kiss Sam, but Sam gently directs his attention
to the work. When Dom's hand slips, Sam steadies it.

A WOODEN SCULPTURE

What started as a rough block of wood now resembles two
entwined figures, unpolished but undeniably art.

They share a kiss—gentle yet passionate—mirroring the raw
beauty of their emerging artwork.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. KENSINGTON COTTAGE / LIVING ROOM - MORNING

The room feels empty, its holiday decorations stripped away.

Covered furniture and neatly arranged luggage signal a
looming departure.

The air is heavy with nostalgia and anticipation.

MAXWELL, impeccably dressed in a travel suit, scans the
room, ensuring everything is remembered.

PATRICIA, equally elegant, is in quiet conversation with
ISABELLE, who's styled for travel.

MARY bursts in, arms overflowing with bags.

MARY

I swear, it's just the essentials!

MAXWELL

You always were the minimalist,
Mary.

LAUGHTER fills the room.

LUCIA takes a deep breath, and her voice quivers.

LUCIA

(sings)

Start spreading the news; I'm
leaving today...

The room goes silent, then erupts into a comforting laughter.

MAXWELL
 (turning to Sam and
 Dom)
 Take care of you and our home.

SAM
 You can count on us, Mr. Kensington.

MAXWELL
 (hugging Sam)
 It's Maxwell now. You're practically
 family.

Maxwell then hugs Dom.

MAXWELL (CONT'D)
 Take care and trust in Belle.

DOM
 Thank you for everything, Dad.

Isabelle hands Sam an envelope.

MAXWELL
 Open it, son.

Sam pulls out an invitation to his art exhibition in the
 Hamptons.

His eyes moisten.

Everyone's eyes fixate on Sam. PATRICIA breaks the silence.

PATRICIA
 You've given us so much, Sam.
 Now, it's time for the world to
 see your brilliance.

DOM
 You've been a silent pillar for so
 long. It's time for your light to
 shine.

ISABELLE
 The world will love your work.

SAM
 I... I don't know what to say. ...
 thank you.

DOM
 (chiming in)
 Hey, what about me? I'm your
 paparazzo!

The room laughs, but the emotion remains high.

MAXWELL

You already have this diamond by your side. Now it's his turn to shine.

SOUND OF LUGGAGE WHEELS

Sam rushes to help Patricia with her bag.

PATRICIA gives Sam and then Dom a final hug.

PATRICIA

(whispering)

Take care of each other.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SAM'S CABIN / LIVING / AMERICAN KITCHEN - AFTERNOON

SAM is at the kitchen counter, hands dancing over vegetables as he chops.

DOM sits on the couch, eyes on his phone.

NEARBY, TWO SUITCASES, TAGS AFFIXED.

DOM

You make multitasking look like an art form.

SAM

And what have you so engrossed?

DOM

Figuring out the best route. This internet drives me up the wall.

Sam turns off the stove.

SAM

Why don't you take a break and open this with me?

DOM

Because that's my gift to you.

Dom places a tender kiss on Sam's hair.

Sam gasps as he pulls out a new guitar and strums it.

DOM (CONT'D)

The wilderness needed its music, but the required music was its musician.

Dom sets the guitar aside and pulls Sam toward the couch.

Their lips meet in a series of passionate kisses.

THE DOORBELL RINGS, STARTLING THEM APART.

SAM
(looking puzzled)
Were we expecting anyone?

FRONT DOOR

SAM opens the door to find a DELIVERY MAN holding a MYSTERIOUS PACKAGE.

DELIVERY MAN
Special delivery for Sam and Dom.

Sam, puzzled but intrigued, takes the package.

AMERICAN KITCHEN

SAM and DOM lock eyes.

DOM
Shall we?

Suddenly, Dom leaps up, elongating his torso as he holds the package high above his head.

His eyes slide down to Sam's attire, a silent dare.

With a wolfish grin, Dom tosses the package into the air.

Sam lunges for it but misses. They almost collide, noses barely an inch apart, as Dom artfully evades him.

INT. SAM'S CABIN / LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Sam hops on one leg, trying to shake off a pant leg while maintaining eye contact.

The air grows thick with anticipation.

Dom, tongue sticking out like a child lost in play.

Sam now stands in just his undershorts.

Seizing the moment, Sam hurls a beanie hat at Dom.

Sam lunges, snatches the package mid-air and tosses it onto the sofa with a victorious thud.

Then he nudges Dom toward the bathroom.

He sends a kick, the door slamming shut behind him.

BATHROOM DOOR

SAM and DOM sit on the bed, legs crossed, wearing pyjama bottoms. THEIR LAUGHTER ECHOES like a childhood memory.

SAM
Can you imagine if that delivery
man had been Tiff?

DOM
A break from her exhausting voice
is heaven-sent.

SAM
Maybe a confetti bomb from Lucia?

DOM
Or a surprise from Leo?

Their fingers touch a handcrafted SNOW GLOBE.

A MINIATURE FROST HAVEN LAKE IS FROZEN IN TIME, AND TINY
FIGURES OF SAM AND DOM ARE SKATING.

DOM (CONT'D)
This is...this is us.

SAM
It's magic. Just like us.

Their lips meet, a kiss sealing the moment.

AMERICAN KITCHEN

DOM playfully snatches a carrot from the kitchen counter.

DOM
You were mumbling one when we
rekindled, playing the distant,
calm Sam.

Dom leans in and feeds Sam the stolen carrot.

SAM
I've got something for you too.

DOM's eyes widen as Sam produces a small velvet box. Inside,
two photos reside, one from their past, another recent.

SAM (CONT'D)
Past and present, forever entwined.

Their lips touch again, but suddenly, the LIGHTS FLICKER
AND GO OUT.

DOM
Again?

SAM
My cabin likes to keep things
interesting.

Dom's face is that of a child on Christmas morning as he
winds the snow globe expecting a melody.

TIFFANY'S VOICE BLASTS OUT INSTEAD.

TIFFANY
 Hey, lovebirds! If you're hearing
 this, you've found my secret! Get
 a room—Oh, you did!

DOM AND SAM
 (in unison)
 NOOOOO!

DOM
 (disgusted)
 Ugh!

Disillusioned, Dom hurls the snow globe out the open window.

BOTH WATCH AS IT DISAPPEARS INTO THE SNOWY ABYSS.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FROST-HAVEN-LAKE / WOODED SLOPE - DAY SPRING '24

Spring challenges the last remnants of winter.

SAM's cosy cabin overlooks Frost-Haven-Lake.

Nature is in transition, as is Sam.

Sam is gathering small branches.

Sam's PHONE DINGS. He puts his ear-pods on:

SAM
 Hi, darling. Are you missing me?

DOM (V.O.)
 Oh, you know how busy the City
 That Never Sleeps can be.

SAM
 Out here, everyone's asleep, just
 not me.

SAM SPOTS A SNOW GLOBE HALF-BURIED NEAR A TREE TRUNK.

He kneels to unearth it, brushing away dirt and leaves.

He winds the globe.

MINIATURE FIGURES OF TWO BOYS skate within.

His eyes moisten.

The snow globe slips from his grasp and tumbles down the
 slope.

SAM (CONT'D)
 OH NO, NO, NO, NO!

Sam dives into a slapstick chase, tripping over branches and rocks. Inches before the globe can shatter against a rock, he catches it.

Clutching the globe tightly he sighs relieved.

DOM (V.O.)
SAM, ARE YOU OK?

CLOSE-UP: The snow globe's swirling interior.

SAM
I'd just turned someone down for a kiss in the forest. Sorry, but otherwise, you wouldn't believe me.

DOM (V.O.)
You could also turn me down if I return late.

SAM
If it takes another whole year, yes.

DOM (V.O.)
And if I were there, what would you do first?

DOM slowly enters the scene in casual jeans and a hoodie.

Sam sits with the back to him, playing with the snow globe.

SAM
I devour you with all my heart and body.

DOM
I have sad and good news for you.

SAM
For me? Ok, the good news first.

DOM
Then, put this snow globe down and spread your wings.

Sam turns his torso around, his eyes lighting up.

He runs to Dom, and they kiss.

Then Dom mutters against his lips.

DOM (CONT'D)
The bad news is that you won't see your beloved sculptures again.

SAM
Why? What happened to them?

DOM
THEY ARE ALL SOLD OUT!

SAM
(mouth agape)
What?

DOM
Look at this!

Flipping the New York Times open.

INSERT: NEW YORK TIMES HEADLINE

*"Sam Garner's Sculptures: A Triumph of Wood Art, Curated by
Isabelle Kensington..."*

*... Garner has left an indelible mark on the wood art world.
His exposition was not just an event but an experience
transcending the medium...*

Sam's eyes wide, filled with disbelief and awe.

SAM
I can't believe it.

DOM
Belle sent a couple of other
magazines which are in the car.

SAM
How can I ever thank you and her?

DOM
You can repay me with millions of
kisses and love me until I die. I
think I've locked in the perfect
deal-love and business.

SAM
I couldn't have done it without
you both.

DOM
I wanted to pay you back for your
masterclasses for making me more
human. Even if I still deny the
frozen shower or ice bathing.

Dom waves with a paycheck. Sam snatches it from Dom.

SAM
Whoa... this is all because of
Belle's tireless engagement.

DOM
You have so much more than I do,
which can't be measured with money.

SAM
(inhales deeply)
You became so philosophical. Is
it because of my conduct?

DOM
I wanted to add that I could learn
something from your modesty. But I
must have made a wrong judgement.

SAM
As far as I know, you're not one
of those people who are quick to
judge others, are you?

DOM
(delighted)
Cheese heaven or glowing hell?

SAM
That sounds more like my evil Dom.

FADE OUT: