

Jack Frost's Diner
a short supernatural thriller screenplay
by Wytemi

LOGLINE:

Ensnared by a blizzard, a shivering traveler stops by an eerily convenient roadside diner, only to discover the icy menu hides a chilling secret.

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INT. DINER - NIGHT

It's a thick blizzard outside.

Bright headlights of a 90's sedan pierce through the storm.

INT. CAR

CRYSTAL(28, Woman); winter clothes, drives under 20 mph.

Crystal slowly presses the brakes, a CLUNK CLUNCK CLUNCK. The car slowly skids to a stop.

CRYSTAL

Can't get anywhere in this storm!

She shifts into park gear and then pulls the parking brake.

Crystal yanks opens a cracked glove compartment. She fiddles her fingers to grab an interstate map.

She fully unfolds it. It's well-used and full of markings.

CRYSTAL (CONT'D)

GAH! Jack Frost, Where am I!

A SWOOSH outside. A FLASH of a neon light appears brightly in Crystal's side window.

Crystal looks out to see a Diner appear on the roadside.

CRYSTAL (CONT'D)

Oh...a diner's right there! How'd I miss this?

Crystal opens the car.

CRYSTAL (CONT'D)

(shivers)

Oooo, it's brisk.

EXT. SIDE OF THE ROAD

Crystal slams the car door closed

She trudges across a parking lot.

Atop the diner reads: JACK FROST'S DINER

INT. DINER

It's empty inside. Eerie Human-like Ice statues decorated

A RING, Crystal enters.

JACK FROST(65): a spiky gray hair, a chilled blue shirt, and an apron, cleans glasses at the counter.

CRYSTAL

Top of the evening.

No response. Crystal breathes hot air into her hands as she takes a seat at the counter. Jack Frost ignores him.

CRYSTAL (CONT'D)

Uh...menu, please?

Jack Frost looks up. He leans over and stares into her eyes.

CRYSTAL (CONT'D)

What have ya got to drink?

JACK FROST

(brazenly)

Shaved Ice, Snow brisk, and frozen water.

CRYSTAL

I was thinking coffee.

JACK FROST

I have a caffeinated ice slushie.

CRYSTAL

What about to eat?

JACK FROST

I got Freeze-Flash balls, Frosted icicles, and Chilled H2O with a slice of ice.

CRYSTAL

Look I just want food! Something hot! It's cold outside!

JACK FROST

Warm won't do you any good. Not in this cold. You need something that works from the inside.

CRYSTAL

Uh...caffeinated ice slushie.

JACK FROST
Popular choice.

He grabs a cup.

Holds it under a slushie slot. Fills it with colored ice.

He lids the cup and shakes it.

Crystal waits and stares awkwardly.

He pours it into a glass and slides it to Crystal.

Crystal inspects the glass. It's cold to the touch.

CRYSTAL
It's cold!

JACK FROST
(smiling)
Trust me. Just one sip.

Crystal hesitates, but she's also curious.

CRYSTAL
Fine. What the hell?

Crystal's hand trembles from the cold glass. She winces from the chilling taste.

Ice forms on her skin. She can't move!

CRYSTAL (CONT'D)
Wh-wh-what...ha-have...you. Du...

Crystal turns to ice.

The glass falls, CRACKING on the floor, but not shattering.

Jack Frost Hoists Crystal's frozen pose up and positions her in a corner.