

DEATH OF A SNOWMAN

A TEN MINUTE DRAMA

By Daniel Guyton

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DEATH OF A SNOWMAN

A Ten Minute Dramatic Duet

By Daniel Guyton

SYNOPSIS: A young girl and her snowman discuss the afterlife in this existential winter drama.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(1 female, 1 male)

CHARLOTTE (f).....11 year old girl. (49 lines)

SNOWMAN (m).....Snowman. (49 lines)

AUTHOR NOTES

Death of a Snowman premiered at the Phoenix Theatre (Melanie Price, President) as part of their *A Very Phoenix Xmas 4: Our Stockings are Stuffed! Festival* in November, 2009. The cast was as follows:

CHARLOTTE.....Amanda Lynn Meyer

SNOWMAN.....Michael Shelton*

Director Bryan Fonseca

Costumes Karen Witting

Stage MangerBranden Galvin

Set Design Bryan Fonseca, Christopher Hansen and Lori Raffel

* Mr. Shelton appeared courtesy of Actors' Equity Association

AT RISE: *Lights up on SNOWMAN, center stage, asleep. CHARLOTTE enters. She is 11 years old.*

CHARLOTTE: Hello? Mr. Snowman?

SNOWMAN: *(Waking up.)* Hmm, yes? Oh hello, child.

CHARLOTTE: Oh good, I thought you'd gone away.

SNOWMAN: *(Dry, but polite.)* No, I have no legs, so I'm hardly mobile now, am I?

CHARLOTTE: Well, I... My daddy said you're going away soon...

SNOWMAN: *(Slightly annoyed by the suggestion.)* Hmm, yes. Your daddy's quite the prophet then, isn't he?

CHARLOTTE: Excuse me?

SNOWMAN: The prophet, it's...nevermind. What can I do for you, my dear girl?

CHARLOTTE: *(Shyly, sitting down.)* Nothin'...I just wanna talk.

SNOWMAN: Oh. Well, it's...difficult to talk with this corn-cob pipe in my mouth. Hold on... *(With difficulty, he moves his arm and removes the pipe.)* There you go. Now, what shall we talk about?

CHARLOTTE: The afterlife? *(Pause.)*

SNOWMAN: The... Yes, well... A heady subject, that. Where should we begin?

CHARLOTTE: I dunno. I just have questions.

SNOWMAN: Such as?

CHARLOTTE: Such as you, for instance. Where will you go when you die?

SNOWMAN: *(After some thought.)* Well, I'll...become a pool of water, I suppose. And eventually nourishment for grass and weeds. *(Small pause.)* My eyes...shall be cast into the furnace to keep your family warm. And my nose...a fodder for the horses.

CHARLOTTE: Do you think you'll go to heaven?

SNOWMAN: I hope so. I wouldn't stand a chance in hell.

CHARLOTTE: And me? Where will I go when I die? Will I become a pool of water, also?

SNOWMAN: No, your death will be a far more complex thing.

CHARLOTTE: Why so?

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SNOWMAN: Well, your nose is not made of carrot, for one. *(She smiles sadly and sits down next to him.)*

CHARLOTTE: Will you miss me when I die?

SNOWMAN: If I should live so long.

CHARLOTTE: I missed my mommy terribly when she died.
(Pause.)

SNOWMAN: Yes, I imagine you would.

CHARLOTTE: Do you think you'll die before me?

SNOWMAN: Yes, I imagine I will. What time of year is it?

CHARLOTTE: It's winter.

SNOWMAN: It's... Yes, I know that, you silly girl. I mean, what month?

CHARLOTTE: It's almost Christmas.

SNOWMAN: Ah. Then I shall live another month or two. Perhaps.
(Small pause.) Depending on the weather.

CHARLOTTE: *(Standing.)* Why do people die?

SNOWMAN: *(Shrugging.)* Why do people live? Why does snow fall on the ground? Why do dogs always pee on my chest whenever they walk by? Life is full of questions, child. Most of which will never have an answer.

CHARLOTTE: Do you believe in heaven?

SNOWMAN: I believe we all have our places in the universe. Our *raison d'être*, our reasons for being. And when our earthly bodies pass on into the ether, we...pass on our purposes to others. For instance, you created a snowman last year, didn't you? What was his name?

CHARLOTTE: Mr. Snowman.

SNOWMAN: Mr... Yes, you're very inventive, aren't you? Well, when you created Mr. Snowman Senior, you...

CHARLOTTE: No, no, he was Mr. Snowman Junior. Mr. Snowman Senior was the year before. You're Mr...

SNOWMAN: Snowman the Third. Yes, thank you. I come from a long line of Mr. Snowmen. (*Sarcastically.*) Quite the noble lineage. Well, as I was saying, when you created my progenitor, Mr. Snowman the Second, you created him with purpose; to bring joy to yourself and to other children everywhere. And as he was my father and my namesake, I can only assume he was successful. But then he died, and he melted into the soiled, solid earth below. And from his death came new life and new purpose. His liquid soul assuaged the thirst of many a thankful shrubbery. And eventually...his essence was born again. (*He points to himself.*) And as you created me from the icy memories of my father, so too was I born with a similar purpose; to bring delight to you and to other children everywhere.

CHARLOTTE: And what is my purpose?

SNOWMAN: To tell me I'm delightful. To be delighted. To find joy in my existence, child, along with the existence of all Mr. Snowmen, great and small. Do I believe in heaven? Well... Not for snowmen, possibly. Heaven has enough delights without the need of frigid old popsicles like myself. But do I believe my purpose and my essence will continue on throughout the ages? For centuries to come? Most undoubtedly, I do. For, so long as little girls like you continue to create me, along with countless other Mr. Snowmen after me, I know my essence will go on. Thus, the circle of life continues.

CHARLOTTE: But what about global warming? (*Pause.*)

SNOWMAN: Global... What now?

CHARLOTTE: Warming. My daddy said the earth is getting hotter.

SNOWMAN: Your... Did he now?

CHARLOTTE: Yes. And he said that you'll be gone in days, never to return again.

SNOWMAN: He said that?

CHARLOTTE: He said we'll be lucky if you're alive by New Year's.

SNOWMAN: By New...! Well, tell your daddy he can kiss my snowballs.

CHARLOTTE: Really?

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SNOWMAN: Yes, you... No, no. Little girls should not repeat such things...

CHARLOTTE: I shouldn't?

SNOWMAN: No, you... By New Year's, eh? Tell him...ask him where he gets his facts.

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