

POSTAL

Written by

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FADE IN:

Inside. Front door of suburban house. We see a letter box.

SFX- Letter box sound.

A letter drops to the ground.

CUT TO:

EXT. RESIDENTIAL HOUSES - DAY

Close up. A pair of hands closes a letter box. Hands look worn out and aged. The hands move out of camera frame.

Camera cuts. Tracking shot. A POSTMAN is doing his daily rounds. Black jeans and shoes. Blue shirt and a bright red post bag at his side. Walks with a confident demeanor. It's an average day. We follow the postman as he delivers post-like he has hundreds of times before. Camera stops two times as the postman goes off side of screen. We do not see him in these moments; we just hear the distinctive letter box sound.

Postman stops at third house. Camera cuts to his side. we see in the Postman hands is a deck of white letters. Its our first time seeing mans face in full. Mature older man, but has a youthful appearance. Camera shows us by zooming in on letters, the Postman shuffles the only **Red letter** from the top of the pile, to the bottom. He walks off screen.

CUT TO:

INT. THEORIST'S HOUSE - DAY

THEORIST:

The Theorist in his 20's. Sat at a computer desk. The room is dark, aside from the light of the computer which reflects on his face, revealing a slight unkempt stubble. Wearing mundane, unadventurous clothing. He's sits frustrated with the game he's playing. But seems to be enjoying this.

THEORIST

Oh... Come on!

We see that the Theorist- after leaning back and stretching- continues to play game.

We then hear in the distance. The distinctive letter box sound.

The Theorist turns looking past us. He looks terrified.

CUT TO:

INT- STAIRS OF THEORIST 'S HOUSE.

The Theorist is stood at the top of the stairs looking down on us. Cutting to a close up of his face, shows us he is still terrified- he's eyes are wide, we can clearly see the whites of his eyes in the dark lit room.

He makes a slow descent down the stairs; forwarding the front door. On arriving at the door, he bends down to pick up the newly fallen, **Red letter**. He looks at it in fear.

SFX: Shotgun- BANG!

THEORIST
(wailing in pain)
uhhhh. OMG. Oh no. uhhh

Having been shot in the chest through the door, he drops to the floor. His eyes fills with tears and mouth fills with blood; choking his every word.

THEORIST (cont'd)
Oh god no!oh no.

The front door opens, allowing for a shadow to step in. Sharing a resemblance to that of the Grim Reaper, The camera moves closer to reveal it's the figure of the local POSTMAN.

Holding a large revolver in his right hand, he aims it at the Theorist 's head.

THEORIST (cont'd)
(Begging)
Oh. No. Please. No

The Postman pulls the trigger.

SF: CLICK.

The gun jams. The Postman stands there for a quiet moment before he tries again.

SF: CLICK.

To no avail. He Calmly attempts to unblock the gun.

THEORIST (cont'd)
(choking for air)
Ahah. Fuck you! Fuck you! I swear to
god. Please. I wont say anything I
swear. Please. Please, I wont say. No
please!

Points the gun down at the Theorist 's head once again

SFX: CLICK.

THEORIST (cont'd)
Oh. Thank god. Look. Please. Please.
Listen. I won't say, I swear. I don't
want to. I wouldn't. Just. Just talk
to me please!

The Postman looking at his gun, lets out a long sigh. He
then finally looks at the Theorist as human.

POSTMAN
(Shifting his gaze to
the Theorist)
Wouldn't what?

The Theorist , looks up surprised. His face is white and his
body shakes. Blood continues to pore from the hole in his
chest.

THEORIST
I. I wouldn't. say. Please. please I
wouldn't say.

POSTMAN
wouldn't say. Please?

THEORIST
NO! Please! no. I. I just. I don't
want to Die!

The Theorist pauses. Thinking. His eyes role his becoming
slightly delusional

THEORIST (cont'd)
I look. I. I won't say. I don't care.
Believe me. I don't care. Not
anymore. I swear. Please. Listen. I
don't... care...

The Postman takes a moment to think, looking upwards at
nothing in particular.

POSTMAN
Huh. Well it does seem.
rather. like this is your
day. Doesn't it?

THEORIST

What?

POSTMAN (CONT'D)
The thing is. That. that's
just, idealistic. You'll
always be a problem. like.
like A bit of lost post
drifting in the wind. Just a
job unfinished.

THEORIST

What. What the fuck??
Please. Wait No!

The Postman walks over the Theorist , stopping so that he's
just above his head.

POSTMAN
Sorry.

THEORIST
No. This is all. Fucking
crazy. NO!

He stomps on the mans head until satisfied that the
Theorist, will remain dead.

The postman wipes his shoes on the doormat. Stepping over
the dead man once more. He walks up the stairs before
turning right. Retracing the steps that the Theorist had
once taken.

He opens the door to a dark room. Dimly lit by the monitor
that games where once played on, the Postman steps further
in.

The camera zooms out from the mans back. In front of the
Postman and pinned to the wall sits a large web of sting and
pictures. Names and photos are all pinned there. In the
middle lays a large print out of a sign. It reads:

THE BRITISH POSTAL FORCE.