

MATTHEW POSTE

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. OFFICE

AMANDA, DANIEL and SEB sit down at a table, papers scattered around. The rest of the room seems cleaner.

They seem bored.

AMANDA
(To everyone)
Have any of you worked with this
"Poste" guy before?

They all shake their heads.

There's a silence between them, as POSTE, a slender male in his early twenties, opens the door to his office.

He walks towards his desk and sits comfortably in his chair, the others opposite of him:.

POSTE
Morning.

They greet him back.

Poste pulls out a cabinet in his desk and takes out a bottle of whisky:

POSTE (CONT'D)
Whisky anyone?

No one responds. Amanda and Daniel look shocked, but Seb puts up his finger.

SEB
Actually, I'd like a glass if you
don't mind.

POSTE
Sure thing.

He grabs two glasses from his cabinet. He keeps one near him, and then pushes one towards him.

He takes the bottle, and tips the alcohol into a little glass. The crew around him watches him do so, all except for Seb stunned.

He fills it about a quarter way up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

POSTE (CONT'D)

Along with a serious police inquiry, is a nice drink.

(beat)

Here:

He pushes the glass forward.

SEB

Cool, thanks.

He takes it. Poste does the same for himself, but up to the brim. He takes a large sip, finishing it up, then puts the glass down.

-- Still stunned, even Seb.

Folding his hands together, he leans slightly forwards towards the others.

POSTE

So, as you may know, we have yet to locate our suspect at hand "Tristan Levi."

(beat)

Ah, a little more wouldn't hurt.

He takes the bottle and pours a little more in his glass.

AMANDA

You both know it's ten in the morning...

POSTE

We know.

He continues.

POSTE (CONT'D)

Now, as luck would have it, we've found a lead. Six months and finally he's in my grasp.

CUT TO:

INT/EXT. CAR - CITY -- DAWN

Poste sits in his car, peering across a long stretch of road which would otherwise be busy had it not been morning.

His eyes glance over his blind-spot mirror.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

-- TRISTIAN'S car.

He pulls out his phone, he quickly dials a number.

POSTE

I got him on my end.

He drives after him.

BEGIN TITLES.

Various shots inside the two of the cars, both Poste & Tristan.

-- he makes his way up to an exit ramp.

CUT TO:

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE ROAD - MORNING

Tristan rides along a winding stretch of road, glancing only at the scenery in front of him.

He looks at his rear-view --

-- no one to be seen.

He looks at his gas meter on the car.

-- Running low.

CUT TO:

INT. GAS STATION - MORNING

Fairly quiet setting. Away from all the traffic, little to no noise is heard but quiet hymns of the car's music player.

TRISTAN LEVI: Dressed like a chauffeur. Slender male, twenties, blank expression -- accentuated by dark sunglasses -- places gasoline inside his car. He doesn't watch the metre.

He releases the nozzle, stretching his white gloves outward.

He closes the door to the tank, taking out his wallet. Packed with tens, he licks his finger and begins to count to himself, by tens.

Over his shoulder, Poste looks over him dressed semi-casually in a dress shirt with rolled sleeves and dark pants.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Unlike the chauffeur, he's still putting in gas.

The chauffeur walks into the lobby, prepared to pay for the gas.

Poste picks up his phone, dialling a number.

POSTE

(Into phone)

Tristan's a chauffeur. I'm trying to keep my cover low.

A voice from the phone, AMANDA, responds.

AMANDA (V.O.)

(Through phone)

Does he *count money like a Frenchman?*

The chauffeur walks out.

POSTE

(Into phone)

Yes.

AMANDA (V.O.)

Pistols, knives, anything?

Poste checks him out.

POSTE

Hard to say, I've been trying to figure that out myself.

AMANDA (V.O.)

Alright, do we --

POSTE

Wait, I gotta go. Just sit tight and wait for me.

Poste goes back to pretending to put gas in his car.

The chauffeur -- let's remember, Tristan -- gets in his car. He proceeds leaves the gas station.

CUT TO:

INT/EXT. TRISTAN'S CAR - OPEN COUNTRY - TRAVELING

Tristan drives along the sides of fields, barns and cows present in the background.

PAN TO THE REAR WINDOW - Poste is in sight.

-- They stop at an intersection.

Suspicious, Tristan slowly glances to his rear view mirror. He notices Poste, tapping his steering wheel and moving to the beat of his song.

The light turns green -- Tristan continues straight through the intersection, whilst Poste makes a right.

EXT. SIDE ROAD - OPEN COUNTRY

Around a car with it's roof wide open, stand three people:

AMANDA, DANIEL and SEB.

Daniel looks in the trunk, while Amanda hangs up from talking to Poste.

AMANDA

(To everyone)

Tristan's on the road, so be on the lookout. I don't think we should engage if he comes along.

DANIEL

Why not?

AMANDA

Poste doesn't know if he's carrying anything.

DANIEL

So what does he want us to do?

AMANDA

I don't know. He just told us to wait for him.

SEB

Well then Poste needs to hurry up.

Seb leans against the car. He looks at his watch.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SEB (CONT'D)

(Annoyed)

Christ, this is ridiculous. How long're we gonna' keep this show on for?

DANIEL

"Keep on a show"? You're leaning on a car...

SEB

You don't need three people to fix a car.

(Points)

It's the little things, Dan. The little things get our cover blown.

Amanda shushes them both,

A car is heard in the distance. They stop their chattering, as they keep their ears open.

AMANDA

Do you guys hear that noise?

Amanda looks at Daniel, who looks to Seb.

SEB

Is it Poste?

Amanda eyes twitch from the left, to the right. No.

AMANDA

Shit, it's Tristan.
(beat - Secretive)
Keep it plain.

Seb and Daniel keep their faces serious, continuing their acts.

The car passes by them, screeching in the dirt.

TRISTAN

Hey, do you need any help?

Amanda puts her phone in her pocket. The rest of the team eyes her, trying to tell her to let him go off.

AMANDA

Yeah, we're been out here quite a while. Not sure if my friend's been making any progress here.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TRISTAN

Here, let me park and I'll give you
a hand.

Tristan parks along the side of the road. He gets out of the
car, walking towards the three.

Tristan looks at Daniel,

TRISTAN (CONT'D)

How's it coming there?

DANIEL

(Working on)

Uhm...

(beat)

... I'm still working on it.

Tristan walks over to Daniel, and looks into the hood. He
places his hand over the parts inside.

TRISTAN

Well, I know engines pretty well.
My dad was a mechanic, I used to
visit his shop all the time as a
kid.

He continues to look.

TRISTAN (CONT'D)

Was this smoking before?

DANIEL

A little bit.

TRISTAN

Well, seems like a case of
overheating then.

(beat)

You check your engine coolant,
brake, transmission, washer fluids
regularly?

Daniel shakes his head.

DANIEL

No...

(beat)

It's actually the company car...
We're, uh, pooling to a trade show.

(beat)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

DANIEL (CONT'D)

Sorry, I didn't quite catch your name?

Tristan smiles.

TRISTAN

Sorry, Tristan.

He extends his hand for a handshake. Daniel puts out his hand and accepts his gesture.

DANIEL

Daniel.

(Points)

This is Amanda, that's Sebastian. We just call him Seb, though.

(beat)

What brings you out here?

TRISTAN

Regular client. Lives out in the rural areas.

DANIEL

I see.

Amanda's phone rings. She picks it up,

POSTE (V.O.)

Did he pass-by?

AMANDA

(Under pressure)

Just hurry up.

She hangs up, reluctantly.

TRISTAN

Someone's coming to pick you up?

AMANDA

(Reluctant)

Yes.

TRISTAN

Very well, then.

He taps the trunk of the car.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

TRISTAN (CONT'D)

Hopefully she'll get back up
running!

(beat)

Good luck to you. Take care.

He walks towards his car, and gets inside. He turns on the car, then drives off into the distance.

They breathe a sign of relief.

Seb rubs his eyes,

SEB

I hate Mondays.

CUT TO:

INT/EXT. POSTE'S CAR - OPEN COUNTRY - TRAVELING

Poste aggressively racing down the road. He seems overly determined.

In the distance is the trio. They look towards him, looking at him awaiting his arrival.

He rolls down his window.

POSTE

Did you see him?

AMANDA

Yes, he stopped for us, but then he left.

POSTE

Excellent! Get inside, we have to get after him.

Seb looks over to the broken down car.

SEB

What about our car?

POSTE

The hell with it, get in!

They quickly get inside. Amanda in the front, Daniel and Seb at the back.

The car rides off, jackrabbit starting along the dirt.

INT/EXT. POSTE'S CAR - OPEN COUNTRY - TRAVELING

They ride along the empty roads, windows cracked down with wind spilling across their faces.

They follow -- from a far distance -- Tristan in the background, with cars constantly passing by.

POSTE

What happened over there?

DANIEL

We were just standing on the side of the road when he stopped for us. Apparently he knew his stuff and wanted to help.

(beat)

He invited his way out, we couldn't have done anything more.

AMANDA

Our guns were in your car, and we didn't know what he was carrying so we couldn't have arrested him even if we wanted to.

Poste temporarily throws his hands in the air.

POSTE

(Frustrated)

Well this is just great.

(beat)

He stopped to show he's in control and to feel make us feel distant, even when we're knocking at his very doorstep.

(Angered)

We can't let him manipulate us!

SEB

At least he's remote. Where do you reckon he's headed?

POSTE

Towards town.

SEB

Then we'll get him there.

POSTE

We better, or he'll disappear.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Poste sighs,

POSTE (CONT'D)

Let's keep at it. We'll need to play his game, and cleverly.

AMANDA

What about backup?

POSTE

No, no, no. The second he hears those whaling sirens, he'll be gone. That's why I wanted a small group on the case.

(beat)

Sometimes attacking an issue head on is best by small force.

EXT. TOWN - DAY (ESTABLISHING)

The crew drives through the beautiful town, at it's peak in morning.

INT/EXT. POSTE'S CAR - TOWN - TRAVELING

Poste drives down the street. Everyone but Poste notices Tristan's car parked on the side of the road.

DANIEL

(Pointing down the street)

There it is.

POSTE

Where?

DANIEL

Amanda, show him.

AMANDA

You see my finger?

POSTE

Yes..

AMANDA

That's where it is.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

POST
(Confused)
I can't see it.

SEB
For Christ's sake, your going to
miss it if you can't find it.

DANIEL
Do you see that building right
there, to the left.

POSTE
Oh, there it is.

The team relieves a sign of how blind Post was to not see it.

POSTE(CONT'D)
I was never any good at "Eye
spy"...

They stop across the street from it.

They notice Tristan inside of a café.

DANIEL
Uhm, I think this guy's getting a
little too cocky.

POSTE
Criminals don't care anymore. It's
the new fad.

They look out into the café, observing.

AMANDA
Are we just going to stroll in
there, then?

There's a pause between them.

DANIEL
Why not?

AMANDA
So you're just going to waltz into
that café... Isn't that too
coincidental? Our car was facing
the opposite direction...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DANIEL

Who gives a damn? He can't leave.
Besides, he probably knows we're
cops.

SEB

Dan's got a point.

POSTE

That's not a half bad idea. You've
only got the barista and him, and I
doubt he'll make any sudden
movements in a place like this...

Seb starts to chuckle to himself.

POSTE (CONT'D)

What's so funny?

SEB

I have an idea!

DANIEL

It's going to be stupid, I know it.

AMANDA

Not another one of your brilliant
ideas...

POSTE

Guys, wait.
(Looks to Seb)
What do you have in mind?

AMANDA

(To Seb)
Seb, don't tell him.

SEB

Why not? It's just an idea.

AMANDA

No, 'cause he's going to like it.

SEB

I haven't even told him!

POSTE

Amanda, please. I just want to hear
him out.

CUT TO:

INT. CAFÉ

Tristan sits in the café, sitting down at a table modestly sipping a cup of coffee. His hat and glasses are placed upon the table.

The place is quite small; holds less than 20 people. The shop owner, LEO, polishes cups in the background.

Poste, Amanda, and Daniel enter the shop, the door ringing as it opens.

AMANDA

(Whisper - to Poste)

That's the guy who wanted to help us!

She goes up to Tristan, tapping him on the shoulder as he's about to take a sip.

He stops, mildly surprised. He turns his head around.

TRISTAN

Hey, it's you again.

AMANDA

How are you doing? What a coincidence, huh?

TRISTAN

Yeah... I thought you were on your way to a trade show?

AMANDA

Luckily for us it wasn't anytime soon. We thought we'd just quickly stop by for a chat n' cappuccino.

Tristan nods.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

This is Daniel, you saw him with me.

(To Poste)

And this is Poste. He's the one who picked us up...

Poste brings out his hand.

POSTE

How do you do?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TRISTAN

Quite well, and yourself?

POSTE

Not too bad, if I don't say so.

There's somewhat of an awkward pause. Amanda takes a deep breath.

AMANDA

Well, it was nice seeing you again.
Thanks for stopping before.

TRISTAN

No problem. Enjoy your "chat n'
cappuccino."

He turns his head around, back to himself.

He turns his wrist around to view his watch. The time ticks on and on...

He twists his wrist, looking through the reflection of the face of his watch. He sees the three drinking and having coffee.

He eyes them closer...

He quickly finishes his drink, then gets up from the table. He grabs his empty cup, then brings it over to the counter where Leo is. He nods, and says, SUBTITLED IN ENGLISH:

TRISTAN (CONT'D)

Merci. Au revoir.

LEO

De rien. Ciao.

Leo speaks with a musky voice; he nods his head to Tristan, who places his cup away.

Leo's eyes shift to Poste, who is caught eyeing him.

Leo's hand is on his shotgun under the counter, ready to be pulled out.

Tristan keeps his concealed eyes on Leo, then smiles. He nods back to him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

He walks slowly towards the door of the café, when Poste stands up, gun in hand, pointed at Tristan. He doesn't even flinch.

POSTE

Don't leave, Mr. Levi. You're under-arrest.

All of a sudden, a shotgun is cocked --

-- Leo has it pointed at Poste.

TRISTAN

I don't think so, Matthew.

Amanda and Daniel watch in shock.

TRISTAN (CONT'D)

Just like old times, huh?

Poste stares at him, then at Leo.

TRISTAN (CONT'D)

Are you going to let me go, or will forensics have a big cleanup of blood today?

Poste doesn't respond. All of a sudden, another gun is cocked,

SEB

Make that gigantic.

Seb has his gun pointed at the back of Leo's head.

TRISTAN

What do you think Matthew, we'll all go together?

POSTE

Sure, see you in hell then?

TRISTAN

Perfect, who's place?

No one replies. Poste takes a deep breath, then drops the gun on the ground,

SEB

What the hell are you doing?

POSTE

Shut up!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Tristan smiles at Poste, then leaves the café.

Poste looks at Leo.

POSTE (CONT'D)

Drop the gun, Leo. We'll forget
this ever happened.

Leo is hesitant, but then drops his gun.

POSTE (CONT'D)

Let's go, Seb.

There's a pause of disbelief.

SEB

What?

POSTE

(Reluctant)

Let him go.

SEB

Are you kidding me?

POSTE

Do it please.

Seb drops the gun. Poste runs out of the café, as do Amanda,
Daniel and Seb.

EXT. TOWN

Poste runs along the sidewalk. He calls out to his crew,

POSTE

(Shouts)

I'm going to run after him, take
the car!

CUT TO:

EXT. CONDO

The crew's car rides along the street again, towards a large
condo building amidst small town homes. It's design is very
French inspired; white bricks, intricate design.

The car drives along as Poste runs across the sidewalk.

INT/EXT. POSTE'S CAR - TRAVELING

The crew observes Poste running. They roll down the window,

SEB

(Shouts)

Is he in there?

POSTE

(Shouts - Breathless)

Yeah, wait for me out here.

(Humorous)

I've chased this man through wild
and crowded: he's not a bright one,
let me tell you!

DANIEL

(Shouts)

Whatever you say, Poste.

EXT. CONDO

He runs his way over to the entrance, entering the front
doors.

INT. FIRST FLOOR - CONDO

Poste, out of breath, slowly walks along the first floor
breathing to himself, taking in the luxurious furniture and
architecture.

Each step Poste takes, a crisp echo of the sole claps loudly.

The CONCIERGE awaits him with a smile, hands crossed in front
of him.

CONCIERGE

Good morning, sir. May I help you?

Poste stops in front of him.

POSTE

Yes. I'm looking for a fellow, he
just walked in... ?

CONCIERGE

The driver?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

POSTE
(Surprised)
Yes, him. Do you know where he
went?

He takes it out, showing it for a moment, then brings it back
in his pocket.

POSTE (CONT'D)
I'm police.

The concierge nods,

CONCIERGE
Third floor, seventh room. Can't
miss it.

Poste smiles widely.

POSTE
Thank you very much.

CONCIERGE
Hope all goes well!

He walks over to the stairwell entrance.

INT. STAIRWELL - CONDO

Poste slowly walks up the stairs, wary of the loudness of his
footsteps, trying to be silent.

INT. SECOND FLOOR - CONDO

Poste walks out of the exit. He walks down the hallways,
still as beautifully decorated as the first.

He walks by the room, labelled with a "1".

Hand to the knob, he slowly turns it. He holds on a gun on
his hand, finger on trigger.

He slowly enters the room.

INT. ROOM #1

He looks around at what has been exposed to him; luxurious
furniture of the highest class; beautifully and intricately
decorated.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He steps inside -- no one seems to be there.

In the living room of the condo, in front of a television, lies a CD case with a label of the top;

"NO ALIBI."

Poste stares at it, then walks over to open it up. There is an unlabeled CD inside.

Curious, Poste opens the television and places the CD inside the player. Already, a hint of guilt is seen in his face.

The CD loads...

It starts to play; the sights and audio of the film can't be seen or heard, but Poste is speechless.

He puts a hand up to his mouth. He watches in terror as the light from the television reflects in his eyes.

All of a sudden, a message types itself on-screen;

"RUN WHILE YOU CAN, Matthew."

Poste, in complete shock, stands up. He puts his hand against his back, taking in what he's seen.

He starts to slowly walk toward the entrance of the room, when he sees a bottle of wine on the counter.

He takes the bottle, removes the cork, and takes a large gulp of the wine. He stops again, reflecting, then he takes another big gulp.

He throws the bottle on the floor. It shatters.

He storms out of the room, back into the hallway.

INT. FIRST FLOOR - CONDO

Poste exits the stairwell. He still has a look of disbelief on his face.

The concierge greets him again, with a smile.

CONCIERGE

Did you find everything you were
looking for?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

His smug remark doesn't impress Poste. At this point, he doesn't care to question him.

He continues to walk down the hallway of the condo, while the concierge watches.

POSTE
(To self)
No... no...

He notices outside where the car was, there are no people inside.

Poste takes out his cell phone,

-- He dials a number on the phone, then brings it up to his face.

No one responds.

He tries to dial it again, this time calling out the numbers to himself.

No one responds again.

POSTE (CONT'D)
Come on, pick up...

He throws the phone to the ground, smashing it into little bits.

He hesitates to go outside, but then decides to anyway, slowly walking towards it.

EXT. CONDO

He walks outside in front of the Condo. He smells the air of the morning sky, taking in his surroundings. All is calm.

He starts to walk away from the condo, in a slow walk which begins to gradually become quicker.

Behind Poste, we can see Daniel, who follows him from behind.

Poste looks behind him and sees just that. He turns his head back around, continuing to walk briskly.

He then makes a complete sprint down the street. Daniel flows.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DANIEL

Poste! Stop!

Poste ignores him, running across the street, towards the lake.

EXT. TOWN - DAY

He stops in the midst of people, stopping to act casually. He keeps his head low.

In front of him, he notices Amanda pacing her way towards Poste. She signals to someone behind him. He looks back to find Daniel again.

POSTE

God damn it.

He walks into the middle of the street, running further across the sidewalk on the other side of the street.

The two nonchalantly also walk across.

Poste continues to walk, keeping his head low as he paces quickly.

Meanwhile, Amanda and Daniel walk together, briskly walking.

EXT. TOWN HALL - DAY

Poste walks into the town hall.

Looking towards the protruding clock, he examines it. He continues to move forward.

Amanda and Daniel follow Poste.

Amanda pulls out her phone, then dials a number.

AMANDA

(To phone)

He's heading towards the lake. You can catch him on the street past town hall.

INT/EXT. POSTE'S CAR - TRAVELING

Seb and Tristan sit in the front seat.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SEB
(Into phone)
Got it.

He puts down the phone.

TRISTAN
Slow down!

Poste comes out of nowhere and is almost hit by the car. He stares at the two in the car in disbelief.

He continues to run.

SEB
(Shouts)
There he is!

He's about to exit the car, when Amanda and Daniel run past.

AMANDA
We've got him. Stay in the car!

Seb closes the door.

TRISTAN
Just keep going straight.

CUT TO:

EXT. PATH ALONG LAKE - DAY

Poste runs across a rock layered path. Daniel and Amanda sprint behind him.

He runs, breathlessly.

Amanda, almost catching up to him, tries to grapple, Poste.

AMANDA
No!

She slips, falling down and tripping Daniel in the process. They both wince, regaining themselves from the hard fall.

They get up, running again, when they realise Poste is nowhere in sight.

DANIEL
Where's Poste?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AMANDA

What the... ?

They continue to look around. Confused, she calls Seb.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

(To phone)

Seb, do you see Poste?

SEB (V.O.)

You didn't lose him, did you?

She looks around, puzzled.

AMANDA

Well... he's, um...

(Dumbfounded)

Gone.

SEB (V.O.)

What?

AMANDA

Didn't you hear me, I said he's disappeared!

DANIEL

Christ sakes.

INTERCUT: SEB & AMANDA

Seb has a puzzled look on his face. He turns to Tristan with it.

TRISTAN

(Curious)

What?

SEB

They lost him.

TRISTAN

No way.

SEB

(In phone)

You couldn't have lost him. He was right bloody in front of you!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

AMANDA

We tripped, and when we got back up, well... he was gone.

DANIEL

(to self)

I still can't believe --

Seb turns to Tristan.

SEB

They've actually managed to do it.

Tristan hits the dashboard.

TRISTAN

(Shouts - to himself)

How in the world did they not catch him? How did it NOT happen?

SEB

(To phone)

Tristan's not too pleased.

AMANDA

I'm going to ask a few people if they've seen him.

Seb hangs up the phone.

CUT TO:

EXT. LAKE SHORE - DAY

Seb and Tristan drive across the line of the lake. Dozens of cars are parked on the side of the road, citizens by the lake and walking about.

They park, then get out to greet Amanda and Daniel, who are talking to an elderly woman.

DANIEL

Are you sure you haven't seen him? Blue eyed, wearing [whatever clothing worn on set]?

AMANDA

He was running fairly quickly, it would be impossible to miss him.

ELDERLY WOMAN

I'm sorry, I haven't seen this man.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Seb and Tristan walk up to them.

SEB
Find anything?

DANIEL
Absolutely nothing.

ELDERLY WOMAN
Are you cops as well?

TRISTAN
Yes. Ma'am --

ELDERLY WOMAN
-- Is this really how bad our
police have become? An "on-foot"
criminal can't even be caught?

TRISTAN
Miss, there is no need to be
alarmed. Our squad includes some of
our most seasoned officers.

ELDERLY WOMAN
But I'm worried there's a killer on
the loose!

TRISTAN
We're not looking for a killer...
(Through with her shit)
Okay lady, we're done with you.
(To crew)
Let's go.

ELDERLY WOMAN
How rude!

They walk away.

ELDERLY WOMAN (CONT'D)
(To self)
Ah... I better go home. God knows
what will happen if I stay here.

The elderly woman opens her car door.

We PEDESTAL DOWN to the bottom of the car, where Poste is
grappling onto the engine with dear life.

CUT TO:

INT. ELDERLY LADIES CAR

She starts up the car...

INTERCUT: POSTE & ELDERLY LADY

Poste's eye widen.

The car drives away into the distance, slowly.

EXT. ROADS - DAY (MONTAGE)

The car takes various detours.

It makes itself away much farther from where it came from.

FADE OUT.

EXT. SIDE OF ROAD - DAY

No car in sight, only an empty street that's a detour from the main road.

All of a sudden, we hear coughing in the background.

Poste ENTERS THE FRAME. His face and clothes are black.

With worry in his eyes, he continues to walk down the road, into the distance.

CUT TO:

EXT. LIQUEUR STORE

Poste -- looking like a train wreck -- examines the liqueur store.

He walks into the store with a faint limp.

A few seconds later, Poste exits with two large bottles of liqueur.

He walks away towards the parking lot, when all of a sudden someone on the street examines him and his two bottles.

PEDESTRIAN (LIQUEUR)
(Jokingly)
Are those all for you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

POSTE

Yes.

PEDESTRIAN

(Surprised)

You serious?

POSTE

These wouldn't be enough, if you'd
seen what been through today.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - HOTEL ROOM

Poste struts over to the bed with the alcohol in his hand. He tries to drink the last sip, but there's nothing left.

Drunk, he collapses on top of his bed.

He sits there for a moment, thinking to himself.

He continuously thinks, sitting in the same position as the evening light from the window silhouettes the side of his face.

Poste lays in bed, staring up at the ceiling.

The ceiling is a pure colour. Projected onto it, is a memory of him driving along the countryside, a girl beside him. She glances at the camera, smiling with her huge sunglasses at him. The memory glances on her, fixated.

The memory glides into her eyes, which then turn into a reflection of Poste. He glares at us in hurt, then pulls up his pistol, aiming it at us. The memory enters his pistol.

The spiral of the gunbarrel begins to twist.

Here is Poste again, spinning with the gunbarrel. It stops. There is he, with a gun pointed towards him in small dark room.

-- bright lights are turned on, in a flash...

Poste covers the light with his hands. The blue tint of his eyes is revealed.

Glide into POSTE'S EYES --

EXT. BEACH (FLASHBACK)

A quiet, cloudy day encompasses the beach. No one is playing around.

Poste walks onto the beach, dressed formally in linen pants and a bright white shirt with suspenders.

He looks out into the sea, hands in his pockets. He takes a deep breath.

POSTE

This is perfect.

TIME SHIFT: Poste is sitting down with another woman:

NADIA, a girl in her mid-twenties, slender, brown hair and eyes at a table on the beach. She's wears a large beach hat, but the shade can't hide her smile.

They enjoy lunch together, silently. Only the clinging of cutlery can be heard.

POSTE (CONT'D)

You know in this moment, there's nothing more I could ask for in the world.

He smiles at her.

NADIA

Really?

POSTE

There's something about this that I love. The quiet nature of the ocean, the absence of people...

(beat)

But I have everything I need.

Nadia smiles at him.

NADIA

I think one day we'll take this for granted.

POSTE

How do you mean?

NADIA

Well... maybe one day something will happen between us, maybe we'll stay in love or out of love.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NADIA (CONT'D)

We never know what will happen.
It's best not to think about it.
But you can't take things for
granted.

(beat)

One day we'll miss it, together or
not. But I'll remember it forever.

POSTE

I don't like the word forever.

NADIA

Why not?

POSTE

Forever... it's too much of a
promise. There are promises, and
then there's forever. Promises AND
forever really do not go together.
Because, like you said, you don't
know what'll happen.

(beat)

Once feelings change, suddenly
things aren't forever and promises
are broken.

(beat)

That's why I hate the prospect of
marriage.

NADIA

I know you said that... but, a
promise is a guarantee that you'll
keep trying, no matter what
happens. You can't promise
happiness, but you can promise to
stand up after you've fallen.

(beat)

People who break promises are
people who let obstacles get in the
way of themselves.

POSTE

What if they cheat? How do you work
that out?

NADIA

Are you saying I would cheat?

POSTE

No, but theoretically if someone
were to cheat, it would be
acceptable to move on even if you
promised?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

NADIA

Well, what are you really promising when you marry someone? You don't promise intimacy, you promise love and support. Just because someone makes love to someone other than their significant other, does not mean they don't love you.

POSTE

Yeah, but what are you saying then? Marriages are built on intimacy.

NADIA

Then you don't know marriages then. Marriages are built on friendships, partnerships. A great piece of advice my mother's always given at weddings is to "stay friends."

POSTE

Interesting. Well, I have no doubts about their opinion, they're still doing well, unlike mine.

Poste laughs.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARK - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Poste and Nadia walk side by side. They walk over towards their car at the side of the road.

Poste walks over to the passenger door, and opens the door for her.

He turns his head to find a MAN WITH A SKI MASK holding his gun to her head, his gloved hand around her mouth.

He glares at Poste.

MAN WITH SKI MASK

Give me your wallet.

Poste hesitates. Nadia looks at Poste, scared.

MAN WITH SKI MASK (CONT'D)

If she makes a sound, I'll blow her brains out.

She breathes quickly to herself.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

POSTE

Alright Dia, just stay calm.

She continues to stare at Poste.

He goes into his back pocket. He feels around, but doesn't feel anything.

POSTE (CONT'D)

Look, I forgot my wallet back at the inn --

MAN WITH SKI MASK

I need money, now.

Nadia starts to get scared.

MAN WITH SKI MASK (CONT'D)

(Aggressively)

Quiet or you're dead.

POSTE

(Not trying to make noise)

Nadia, please calm down.

MAN WITH SKI MASK

(To Poste)

I need something right now.

POSTE

I don't have anything!

MAN WITH SKI MASK

You had a diamond, I saw you.

POSTE

You were watching me?

Nadia looks confused.

MAN WITH SKI MASK

Give me the ring.

Poste doesn't response.

MAN WITH SKI MASK (CONT'D)

You have three seconds: One...

POSTE

Please, don't do this. Let me go back and get my wallet --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MAN WITH SKI MASK

Two...

She starts to get very scared.

POSTE

I swear to God I'll come back,
(Angry - Impatient)
Just let me get my fucking wallet!

MAN WITH SKI MASK

Three --

POSTE

-- Okay, okay!

He goes into his pocket, hands shaking. He takes out the beautiful diamond ring but because of his shaking hands, he drops it on the floor.

The man releases her. She runs into Poste's arms.

He slowly backs up, and with his gun still aimed at them he picks up the wallet.

He drops the gun, then runs away.

Poste watches him.

NADIA

Oh my God, Matthew...

POSTE

I was going to give that ring to
you Nadia... I saved up so much for
that... It's okay, you're
alright...

FADE OUT.

INT. NADIA'S HOME - MORNING

Nadia sits by herself in her kitchen table sipping a cup of tea. She reflects upon herself.

Someone knocks on the door.

Confused, Nadia reluctantly gets up and walks towards the door. Someone knocks the door again.

She doesn't answer it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TRISTAN (O.S.)
(Formally)
Hello, ma'am. We're the police.

Nadia starts to slowly walk towards the door. She opens it up, to find Tristan looking seriously at her, with his crew behind him.

TRISTAN (CONT'D)
Hello --

NADIA
Who are you?

Tristan corrects his frown with a smile. He pulls out his badge,

TRISTAN
I'm detective Tristan Levi,
division seven of the federal
police.

He points over to the rest of his members,

TRISTAN (CONT'D)
These are the police.

TRISTAN (CONT'D)
You're Nadia?

NADIA
... Yes.

He puts the badge away.

TRISTAN
Nadia... there's no need to be
alarmed, we came here to inquire
about your husband.

NADIA
I guess if you want to call him
that...

They stand confused. Nadia corrects herself.

NADIA (CONT'D)
(Wants to know)
So?

TRISTAN
... Do you mind if we come in?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Nadia shakes her head. She welcomes them in,

NADIA

Sure. I'm sure you guys could use
some espresso.

TRISTAN

(Surprised)
Espresso?

He turns around,

TRISTAN (CONT'D)

You hear that? Some hospitality for
the police, finally.

CUT TO:

INT. TRAIN STATION

Only a few people walk around the station, as it is early in
the morning.

Poste opens the front two doors. He goes over to a section of
the station with coin operated phone stations.

He puts his hand on the wall, leaning over and catching his
breath. He rubs his face, then takes the phone in his hands.

He gets ready to dial; he starts by punching in three digits,
but then stops.

POSTE

(To self)

No, no, no, no, no....

(beat)

Not her...

-- He hangs up the phone again, forcefully.

CUT TO:

INT. NADIA'S HOME

Nadia pours hot espresso into different cups at the table.
The members take their hot drink to themselves at the table,
then drink it.

Tristan takes a special note of the drink she's made.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TRISTAN

(Pleased, not satisfied)
Good. You put too much grind, it's
come out a little bitter. Just a
tip next time you're making
espresso.

She doesn't respond. Tristan notes her drink choice,

TRISTAN (CONT'D)

You don't like coffee?

NADIA

-- What has my husband done?

Tristan sighs.

TRISTAN

I dislike the part of my job where
I deliver bad news. But it's
necessary, never-the-less.

(beat)

A video's been leaked.

He takes a moment for it to sink in. He looks straight into
Nadia's eyes:

TRISTAN (CONT'D)

Do you know about this tape?

Nadia pauses to herself.

TRISTAN (CONT'D)

You're not in trouble if you do.

Nadia reluctantly nods her head.

NADIA

Yes, I know about it.

TRISTAN

What's on this tape, is illegal. Do
you understand?

Nadia nods. Tristan leans in.

TRISTAN (CONT'D)

I have orders for his arrest, but
he's gotten away.

(beat)

We need your help.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Nadia crosses her arms.

NADIA

So, you're coming to the only
person he trusts.

TRISTAN

Correct.

Nadia sighs.

TRISTAN (CONT'D)

I'm only doing my job, Nadia. Help
me and do your duty as a citizen.

Nadia stays silent.

CUT TO:

INT. TRAIN STATION

Poste mumbles angrily to himself, as he picks up the phone
and dials nine digits without hesitation.

CUT TO:

INT. NADIA'S HOME

Ring, ring. The phone rings.

Everyone stops, listening to the phone sing.

TRISTAN

Do you think that's him, Nadia?

NADIA

I don't know.

TRISTAN

Pick it up.

She hesitates.

TRISTAN (CONT'D)

(Firm)

Nadia, please. Pick it up.

She doesn't.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TRISTAN (CONT'D)
(More firm)
Pick it up.

Nadia finally stands up, and heads over towards the phone on the counter.

Looking at Tristan, she picks up the phone.

NADIA
Hello?

INTERCUT: NADIA AND POSTE

POSTE
(Into phone)
Guess who.

NADIA (V.O.)
(Sediment)
Matthew...

Tristan smiles to himself as she says his name.

NADIA
(Serious)
What is it this time? Another drunk phone call?

POSTE
(Frantic)
Nadia, it's an emergency.

NADIA
Are you drunk again?

POSTE
No!

NADIA
Okay, calm down Matt, what's the problem?

POSTE
It's... It's... I can't. I can't explain it on the phone. Dia, I need to come and visit.

NADIA
(Shouts - Anger)
Wait, Matt, listen to me, just tell me in a calm voice what's --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

POSTE

Damn it, I need to see you!

Nadia pauses, both hands on the phone.

TRISTAN

(Mouthing)

Make a meeting, make a meeting!

Nadia hesitates, but then talks.

NADIA

Meet me here, tonight.

POSTE

I'll see you then.

(beat)

Bye Nadia.

She hangs up the phone.

INT. TRAIN

Poste, sitting on a train seat as the scenery passes him by, reflects upon himself as he stares out the window.

He bites his nails.

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. NADIA'S HOME - NIGHT

The door is opened to Poste.

POSTE

Dia.

Nadia looks at Poste, who is looking like shit.

CUT TO:

INT/EXT. TRISTAN'S CAR

Tristan and his crew linger a block away from the house in the suburbs. They listen in.

Amanda listens into their tap via headphones.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NADIA (O.S.)
(Heard through headphones)
How have you been?

EXT. NADIA'S HOME

Poste shakes his head.

POSTE
I really need to talk.

NADIA
Come inside.

He walks inside. She shuts the door.

INT. NADIA'S HOME

Poste and Nadia sit at the kitchen table. Poste looks very distressed.

POSTE
Do you mind if we talk over a
bottle of wine, or --

NADIA
Matthew, don't start.

POSTE
I know, I know. I shouldn't have
asked. It's just when I'm
distressed like this...
(beat)
I got to get a grip.

NADIA
What is it you wanted to tell me?

POSTE
You're probably not going to
believe me, but I must tell you.

NADIA
Tell me.

POSTE
I'm in a story.

NADIA
What?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

POSTE

It sounds insane, but I was part of a scenario that was supposed to end well. A happy ending.

Nadia looks shocked.

POSTE (CONT'D)

But, the storywriter of it through me through a loop.

NADIA

Are you --

POSTE

Just let me explain. I was supposed to go to jail a long time ago. Back then, I had no memory of you. It was only when I called you this morning that I suddenly remembered.

(Break)

Do not try to question the logic of it. Just try to tell me what it means.

Nadia stares at Poste.

POSTE (CONT'D)

It's a little hard to wrap your head around, I understand.

NADIA

A little difficult?

POSTE

Whether you believe it or not just answer me please... that's all I ask of you.

Nadia stares at him in disbelief.

NADIA

Hold on just a second, you think you're in a story? You think someone's writing this as we speak?

Poste nods.

POSTE

Yes.

CUT TO:

INT/EXT. TRISTAN'S CAR

They all sit in silence.

AMANDA

... Are you getting this?

The tape of the recorder keeps rolling.

INT. NADIA'S HOME

Nadia stares at Poste.

NADIA

Is this a joke?

POSTE

You think I'd come here to joke around?

Nadia is unable to contain her shock.

NADIA

Well then...

POSTE

I can't get this though out of my head, Dia.

NADIA

But... why are you so convinced? Did you have a... vision, a dream...

POSTE

Well... it was a dream, alright. But here me out.

(beat)

It was vivid. And it's happened before. I know because when I woke up I remembered it.

NADIA

You remembered a memory, by having a dream of it?

POSTE

Yes.

NADIA

That's not too uncommon though.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

POSTE

But he... he spoke to me.

Nadia looks at Poste.

NADIA

It's God, isn't it? This is God who we're talking about.

POSTE

No. Because he didn't give me the free will to become this character. I don't feel like Matthew Poste.

NADIA

Matthew... that's a lot to take in.

POSTE

(Disregarding)

But why, if he wanted a bad ending, why not send me to jail right now?

Nadia appears to not believe him, but continues to answer in a dismissive tone.

NADIA

... He's keeping you for something else.

POSTE

But what for? Why is he torturing me like this?

NADIA

(Enough)

Stop, this is absurd...

POSTE

(Loud)

I need something.

Poste breathes.

POSTE (CONT'D)

Nadia, I can't do this anymore. I don't know why he's doing this to me...

Nadia stares at Poste blankly.

POSTE (CONT'D)

What?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

NADIA
(Whisper)
I have a tap.

Poste's face.

CUT TO:

INT/EXT. TRISTAN'S CAR

They all listen in closely.

SEB
What did she say there, Amanda?

Amanda takes off her headphones.

AMANDA
God damn it, she told him we have a wire.

TRISTAN
Shit.

Tristan turns around in his seat, turning around to face everyone.

TRISTAN (CONT'D)
We need to get in there now. We need to assign roles; Daniel, keep guard outside the car incase he tries to make an escape. Seb --

SEB
I'm going in with you guys.

TRISTAN
No, stay outside with Daniel. Two people inside and out.

SEB
So Amanda gets to go with you? What the hell is this?

TRISTAN
She's got a brain; you a trigger finger.

AMANDA
We don't have time, let's go.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Him and his gang get out of the vehicle and start walking towards the house.

Daniel and Seb guard the car, Amanda and Tristan walk towards the house.

INT. KITCHEN - NADIA'S HOME

Poste looks back at Nadia, his face white. A noise by the door is heard, he turns his head towards it.

Poste and Amanda start to unlock the door with a key. Once it's unlocked, Tristan kicks open the door, making a loud bang. He holds up his gun.

All is silent.

Tristan and Amanda walk into the kitchen. Nadia sits at the table, crying.

TRISTAN
Amanda, bring her to the car.

Tristan looks around the kitchen as Amanda goes to comfort Nadia.

He approaches her,

TRISTAN (CONT'D)
He wants to play hide and go sneak?

She nods in a sob. Amanda picks up her and comforts her out of the home.

INT. BEDROOM

Poste keeps his breath low, his back to the foot of the bed breathing heavily.

INT. STAIRCASE - NADIA'S HOME

Tristan walks up the staircase, then onto the second floor. He pauses, wanting to hear a noise, but doesn't.

He hears wind coming from another room. He slowly starts to approach, walking towards the room.

INT. BEDROOM - NADIA'S HOME

He slowly stands himself up from the floor, careful not to make much noise.

He looks at his surroundings.

-- An open window.

He temporally dismisses it, quickly scavenging around, looking for anything.

He drops a picture frame.

INT. STAIRCASE

Tristan hears it and stops.

INT. BEDROOM

Poste stops. He stays completely still.

INT. STAIRCASE

Tristan walks towards the room, quickly. He points his gun up to the room,

He opens the door.

INT. BEDROOM - NADIA'S HOME

He finds nothing. He pans his head around the bedroom, all the way to the roof.

Nothing there.

Tristan pulls out his phone. He dials Amanda,

TRISTAN
(Into phone)
You got Nadia there?

AMANDA (V.O.)
Yes, she's here. Did you find anything?

Tristan looks onto the floor at the fallen picture frame. He then looks towards the window again,

EXT. NADIA'S HOME

Poste climbs down from the roof and onto the driveway. He keeps his head low as he jogs down the driveway.

He runs towards the car.

INT. BEDROOM - NADIA'S HOME

Tristan runs towards the window, finding nothing. He then starts to run out of the bedroom towards the entrance.

TRISTAN

He's escaped through the window,
keep your eyes peeled. I'll be
there in a minute.

While Seb and Daniel are preoccupied with Nadia, Amanda acknowledges the call on her part and hangs up. Poste accelerates towards the vehicle.

Without having time to react to the situation, Poste jumps into the passenger seat, pushing the accelerator with his hands. His legs hang outside the window.

Amanda and the rest of the group run after the car, shouting at it to stop, but it escapes. Seb fires rounds into the car as it escapes.

The car screeches around the corner and it disappears into the night.

Tristan runs out of the house and onto the street, walking towards the group who is shocked on the street.

TRISTAN (CONT'D)

(Shouts)
What the hell is going on?

SEB

(Angry)
He stole our car and got away!

TRISTAN

(Shouts)
Are you fucking serious? Oh my god,
you brainless idiots!

Tristan shakes his head, and laughs out of disbelief.

TRISTAN (CONT'D)

Well, this is just dandy!

INT/EXT. TRISTAN'S CAR - TRAVELING

Poste gets up from the bottom of the seat as he drives. He takes a sign of relief.

EXT. SUBURBIAN TOWN

The car drives away quickly.

INT/EXT. TRISTAN'S CAR - TRAVELING

Poste takes a deep sigh at his escape. He relaxes in his seat, taking in what's happened.

Poste looks around the car. He opens the glove compartment, putting his gun inside.

He stops at the side of the road.

He turns off the ignition to the car, then puts the car in park. He opens the door.

EXT. CAR

Poste gets out of the car. He looks around, making sure no one's looking.

He throws the keys on top of the car, then starts to walk away casually.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY

Poste walks inside the lobby, making his way over to a phone booth.

He takes a look through the phone book.

He furiously looks through the pages...

He finds it.

He looks at the phone book, replicating the phone number he wants to dial.

POSTE
(Into phone)
Hello?

In the phone, a familiar voice talks to Poste: Leo.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LEO
Who's this?

POSTE
Good morning, Leo. This is Matthew
Poste.

CUT TO:

INT. CAFÉ

Leo frowns at the phone.

LEO
Last time I saw you, my shotgun was
pointed right between your eyes.

INTERCUT: POSTE AND LEO

POSTE
Yeah well, listen. I need your
help.

Leo laughs, hysterically.

LEO
You're not in jail, are you?

POSTE
No.

LEO
Ah, I guess things didn't work out
so well for Tristan. I don't care,
he left me to be beaten...

POSTE
You know, he's a policeman now.

LEO
(Surprised)
You don't say?

POSTE
Ay.

LEO
It's not a shock. A criminal turned
into police? Not necessarily
original...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

POSTE

There's a twist. Now he's after me -
- with my OWN team -- and I have no
alibi.

Poste snickers.

POSTE (CONT'D)

How's that for a story...

LEO

Wait -- let me guess: Now you are
coming to the only person you
really know, which is me.

POSTE

(Embarrassed)

Yep.

LEO

That's quite sad.

There's a pause between them.

POSTE

I don't really have a choice,
Tristan's got me nailed down.

Leo contemplates.

LEO

Very well, I will help you,
considering our history. Consider
this a resurrection of my faith.

(beat)

But liberation from it all? Why do
you think these thoughts?

POSTE

... Because what I live in is like
a story. It's rather complicated
Leo.

(Putting it all out)

You won't believe me, but I have no
one to tell. I'm in the midst of a
writer's story. I don't know why or
how I know, but I'm stuck here. I
have memories of a past life, but I
can't seem to comprehend it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

LEO

Surely it was a dream?

POSTE

No Leo, there's a difference between a dream and a memory; memories have emotions attached. A dream is only a blur.

LEO

I don't know what to say. I find it hard to believe we exist in a story. I mean, whose story is it anyway?

POSTE

I don't know.

LEO

Maybe this storywriter you are referring to is God?

Poste stops.

POSTE

But it can't be God... I remember being selected a character; Poste, the detective. But I remember my other life.

LEO

Hmm...

POSTE

You don't believe me, do you?

LEO

I find it difficult, but not impossible. I'm a very open minded man. My God, how things escalated between a couple of days.

POSTE

Let's talk in person. Can you meet me in the park at La Salle?

LEO

See you there.

They hang up.

LEO (CONT'D)

How the hell did this happen?

EXT. LA SALLE PARK

A nice morning at a park. Not many people are around, and Poste -- who sits thinking on the park bench -- enjoys it.

Leo sits beside him.

LEO
Good morning.

POSTE
Morning.

Leo sits down, with a quiet moan. They don't look at each other, but just stare out.

There is a silence between them. Leo breaks the ice.

LEO
It sounds quite crazy, I started to believe you, really.
(beat)
So you're saying this...
storywriter. He's got you in a bit of a situation?

POSTE
(Confused)
Where do I begin...
(To Leo's question)
Well, yes.

LEO
So why you then?

POSTE
I don't know. Someone has to play the part.

LEO
And the rest of us? We're creations in the story?

POSTE
I don't know... maybe you're a projection, maybe you're real but I'm artificial...
(beat)
But what I do know is that I was assigned a story and now I'm acting it.

There's a pause between them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LEO

... Do you remember your childhood?

POSTE

Not as Matthew Poste. Not in his memory. You see, I have two memories. The memory of me before, and the memories that I think were planted in my brain to forefill the story.

Leo sits there, in silence.

LEO

So what were your dreams as your other self?

POSTE

There was an old man... I vaguely remember his face but, it didn't matter.

(beat)

He was bringing me to school, handling me on a tricycle...

(beat)

... That's all I remember.

Leo sits there, dumbfounded.

LEO

That's a lot to take in.

They sit in silence for a while.

POSTE

How do you think I'll get back?

LEO

Well, what is it you are looking for?

POSTE

Liberation.

LEO

Well, if you want liberation, I guess you must free your mind.

Poste chuckles.

POSTE

Very poetic.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

LEO

No, it's true. He believe this man controls your head, no? Take back the control. Make charge of the story. As much as he can manipulate, he cannot change your free will. Characters do as they will, regardless of any story they're given.

POSTE

And so how do you suppose I do that?

Poste's face.

EXT. CITY - MONTAGE

The city is vibrant but calm as it is the morning. Poste drives through the town in more formal attire.

He stares out into the city with a blank expression.

He makes his way along, examining different aspects of the city.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING

Poste walks inside the office building. It's beautifully decorated, with contrasting dark and light furniture.

He walks down the steps to a lower floor, where people are dinning at their tables at a restaurant. He sits down at a sofa, a desk present.

He goes into his pocket, then takes out a handful of envelopes. They are all labelled "Poste" and are already opened.

He opens one of them up, removing his sunglasses from his face.

It appears to be a love letter.

TRISTAN (O.S.)

Well, well, well, look who it is...

POSTE

(Sarcasm)

Oh no, you've caught me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Tristan grins. He looks down at the table to find a hot beverage for himself too!

TRISTAN
What's that?

Poste takes a quick sip,

POSTE
A cappuccino.

Poste pauses.

POSTE (CONT'D)
It's for you.

He extends his hand,

POSTE (CONT'D)
Please, sit.

Tristan slowly approaches the other side of the sofa, then sits down.

Poste pushes a letter in front of Tristan.

TRISTAN
What's this?

POSTE
It's evidence.

Tristan picks up the letter, reading "Poste"

-- He opens it up.

He starts to read it.

TRISTAN
A love letter? How old are these?

POSTE
The question is not how old, but where from.

Tristan stares at Poste.

TRISTAN
Tell me, how did you find them?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

POSTE

They were in my suitcase.

TRISTAN

Okay... where did you get the suitcase?

POSTE

Well, I...

Poste looks confused.

-- Tristan smiles. He looks back at the letter.

TRISTAN

(Reading from letter)

My dearest Matthew...

(Grin)

Oh this is good...

(Continues)

My love for you is like an autumn wind...

He looks up at Poste.

TRISTAN (CONT'D)

Aww...

(Continues)

It caresses and whispers, it's touch a blanket of sincerity and warmth.

(beat)

It's always present... but invisible.

(beat)

There's no need to know why, as it's beautiful unexplained.

Poste looks stunned.

Tristan puts down the letter,

TRISTAN (CONT'D)

Tell me about your little plan, Matthew.

He doesn't reply.

TRISTAN (CONT'D)

I mean, you've got me here, is there going to be a surprise? Maybe I'd rethink that.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

He doesn't reply.

TRISTAN (CONT'D)

Leo's at the police station, for your information. He's not going to be going through with any plan.

Poste rubs through his hair.

TRISTAN (CONT'D)

What was it you wanted to talk to me about again?

POSTE

I'm not talking to Tristan, am I?

He stares out at him. Poste leans in closer to him.

POSTE (CONT'D)

(Softly)

Tristan... how can I get back?

TRISTAN

Where is back to you?

POSTE

I have these memories... they're not of this life.

TRISTAN

This is your life, Matthew.

(beat)

You've been created to become this person.

POSTE

Why?

TRISTAN

Because you were.

(beat)

Everything around you, is merely an idea.

POSTE

An idea for what?

TRISTAN

An idea for something... it seems to have failed though, it's worn out it's wing.

Poste looks confused.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

POSTE

I don't understand.

Tristan becomes more serious.

TRISTAN

Let's look at your wife... do you remember your wedding with her?

Poste remains silent.

TRISTAN (CONT'D)

Yet somehow you feel you should know her... this is what it is to be in a story.

(Points to ceiling)

You're a puppet of it's mind. But you have a mind of your own. And it doesn't matter because you're just stuck in this idea.

Poste is dumbfounded.

POSTE

So that's what this all is? My existence, this world... it's meaningless?

TRISTAN

Well, that's up to you to decide. But think on everything you've been through and really ask yourself what it really means.

All of sudden, with our subject being Poste, we PAN OVER to Tristan, who is now Poste but with Tristan's same clothing.

POSTE

But... my memories...

TRISTAN

These are not your memories Poste.

POSTE

They're not mine?

TRISTAN

No.

POSTE

I don't get it...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

Tristan shrugs his shoulders.

TRISTAN

I can't help you, I can only tell you how it is.

(beat)

I'm a puppet too, in a way. I'm a figment that doesn't exist, yet I always do.

POSTE

But can't you argue the same thing about God? Is it God we're talking about?

TRISTAN

I can only tell you how it is not why or how.

Poste nods his head, in disbelief.

POSTE

No, it's too much...

He pauses.

POSTE (CONT'D)

I can't... I don't believe it.

TRISTAN

How come?

POSTE

I can't be here only to satisfy a scenario! A notion of someone else's mind!

TRISTAN

Well, what is back then?

POSTE

Back is... going back! My memories, that's back!

TRISTAN

And what makes that more real than this?

POSTE

Because... because I had feelings!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

TRISTAN

What are feelings? How do you know they're yours or just of someone else higher than you?

POSTE

Stop that!

TRISTAN

Stop what?

POSTE

Stop saying such abstract things, it's making me crazy...

TRISTAN

I'm just offering an alternative possibility, Matthew. Because like myself I don't know what's real or what's fake.

(beat)

But in the end, does it even matter?

POSTE

I just want to get back to the happiness I had before, Tristan.

TRISTAN

Everyone does, Matthew. If you didn't, you wouldn't be human.

(beat)

Your memories are just a vision of something long gone... nothing more abnormal than remember what day it was yesterday.

POSTE

But things here aren't consistent. I should remember everything... like my own wedding for Christ sake.

TRISTAN

Like I said... these are not yours.

POSTE

Then what memories are mine?

(beat)

I have to be stuck somewhere...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (7)

POSTE (CONT'D)

I was thrown into this situation
without remembering the past...

TRISTAN

But you did mention how shitty of a
criminal I was.

POSTE

No I didn't?

TRISTAN

Yes you did. On your way to the
café.

POSTE

How would you know?

TRISTAN

This is all I'm going to say.

(beat)

I enjoyed our chat, Matthew, but we
must continue on with this.

POSTE

No, I have too many questions.

TRISTAN

In about a minute this whole
building will be surrounded by the
police. They're going to come in
and arrest you, where you'll spend
the rest of your days locked up
inside a jail cell.

(beat)

Or, you can run right now and
continue the story the way it sees
fit.

Poste is dumbfounded.

TRISTAN (CONT'D)

What do you want to do?

Poste gets up, walking away. He starts to sweat, breathing
deeply at his new thoughts.

POSTE

No, it can't be...

The concierge nods at him.

CONCIERGE

Mousier.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (8)

Poste looks at him, but continues down to the door of the staircase.

Police sirens are heard in the background.

POSTE
(Shouts)
No!

He runs into the stairwell.

Shadows creep from the interior of the building as the door opens. They walk inside with a haunting demeanor.

-- Meanwhile, Tristan has a nice sip of his cappuccino. Sounds of the police raiding the building are heard.

INT. STAIRWELL - OFFICE BUILDING

Poste runs up the stairwell in a hurry, running as fast he can.

The police run through the door, they run up as well.

POSTE
(Shouts)
No! Leave me alone!

He continues to run.

POSTE (CONT'D)
Leave me alone!

He runs up,

And up,

And up...

At the top, is a door.

He tries opening it, but it's jammed.

He furiously tries to open it, but it's stuck he can't!

The running and shouts get closer and closer...

He tries hitting the door with his shoulder. It budes. He takes another leap towards it --

-- nothing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He stands back father now and the noises get closer and closer...

He sprints towards the door, throwing himself at it.

The door opens, and Poste falls through the darkness, like an endless hole.

ENDLESS HOLE

Poste falls through the endless hole. At first he waves his arms around in a panic.

After a few moments his rests through his fall.

His eyes start to close, as if he's falling asleep.

He glides through empty space, then through the visions of his past.

Pictures of his childhood,

Him driving along with the girl...

Them standing in front of a large field, staring out into the sunset...

Hands being held...

A wedding ring...

CUT TO:

EXT. FIELD - COUNTRYSIDE -- DAY

In the distance, a car drives towards Poste, whose face is in the ground.

The car stops beside him. Tristan and Amanda stare out at him.

They exit out of the car and walk towards Poste.

AMANDA

What should we do with him?

TRISTAN

Put him in the backseat.

(point)

Open the door.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She goes to the door and does so. Tristan picks up Poste and lays him down in the backseat. The doors close --

-- the car starts.

INT/EXT. CAR - EVENING - TRAVELING (LATER)

Poste wakes up in the backseat of a moving car. In the front, is Amanda and Tristan.

POSTE
(dazed)
Where am I?

Post awakens but aches painfully. He doesn't budge and squints at Tristan and Amanda in the front seat.

TRISTAN
There's no more "video tape",
Poste.

POSTE
What do you mean? It's there,
evidence in plain sight of -

TRISTAN
- well I've thrown it away.

POSTE
Throw it away? Why?

TRISTAN
I don't want to hand you to the
police.
(beat)
You're in my possession now.

Amanda turns her head towards Tristan.

AMANDA
Your possession? We're bringing him
to the station.

TRISTAN
This isn't my plan.

Amanda starts to become frustrated with Tristan.

AMANDA
This is against the law!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TRISTAN

Like a criminal like me would know.

AMANDA

We trusted you, Tristan.

TRISTAN

Then next time you, Poste, and your
little team shouldn't be so
gullible with you emotions.

(beat)

I don't give a damn about the law.

He pulls a gun out of his pocket and shoot her coldly. He
topples over in the seat head down as if asleep.

Poste watches, barely conscious.

POSTE

So are you going to kill me?

Tristan, after a short pause, responds.

TRISTAN

I want to show you something.

CUT TO:

EXT. OLD MILL - EVENING

A presumable younger Poste walks along a sidewalks leading up
to a old structured building.

TRISTAN (V.O.)

Do you remember?

EXT. COURTYARD - OLD MILL -- EVENING.

Poste walks into the beautiful looking courtyard.

POSTE (V.O.)

This was the first lead I had on
you.

He walks past the little waterfall, which flows down into the
lower levels of the old mill. He looks inside --

-- guests are dining.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He enters.

CUT TO:

INT. SEATING AREA - OLD MILL

A dozen people are seated around a table, Tristan being one of them.

Poste stares blankly at him, taking his glass of wine. He leaves nerved with it.

POSTE (V.O.)
Ever since that day, you became a
disease.

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM - OLD MILL

Tristan is washing his hands in the bathroom, looking at himself in the mirror.

Poste slowly enters the bathroom, eyeing Tristan then moving past him.

CUT TO:

EXT. OLD MILL (VARIOUS)

Tristan runs out the door of the large building, Poste running after him.

They run through various places; typical cat & mouse.

TRISTAN (V.O.)
You were a gullible young man then.
The harder you tried to catch me,
the more vulnerable you became
yourself.

POSTE (V.O.)
We're not talking about us, are we.

TRISTAN
What we talk about is not of this
world, Poste. It is much more
simple.

Poste freezes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

POSTE (V.O.)

You haven't answered my first
question: Are you going to kill me?

TRISTAN

That's up to me to decide. We'll
continue this facade for now.

FADE OUT.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM

Poste wakes up in a hospital bed, bandages wrapped around his
head.

Sitting by his bed, is Nadia.

She smiles.

Poste moves his head around, his mind flustered so he speaks
as if he's still half asleep.

NADIA

Good morning sleepy.

Poste makes out a smile.

POSTE

Hey.

(beat)

What happened?

NADIA

Nothing.

(beat)

Everything's alright.

She smiles.

Poste tries to get up from his bed,

NADIA (CONT'D)

Don't get up Matt, just stay in
your bed.

POSTE

But I want to get up.

NADIA

You can't get up right now, you'll
have to wait for the nurses to tell
you that it's alright.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

POSTE

But...

NADIA

Just rest.

(beat)

I'll take care of everything.

POSTE

But Tristan... he's going to get me, I need to hide.

Nadia shushes him.

NADIA

It's alright Matt, go to sleep...

POSTE

But...

She puts a finger to his mouth.

NADIA

Stop. Everything will be alright, I promise.

FADE OUT.

INT. NADIA'S BEDROOM

Poste gets dressed in his suit for Tristan's wedding. He tries to tie his bow according to what is said on paper instructions.

Nadia comes up from behind him, putting a hand on his shoulder.

NADIA

Need help?

He smiles.

POSTE

No, I can do it myself.

NADIA

(Sarcasm)

I can see...

He tries again as she watches through the mirror. He fails.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She gets in front of him and ties his tie. Poste continues to look at himself in the mirror. Nadia notices Poste's strange glare.

NADIA (CONT'D)

What's wrong?

Poste doesn't respond for a while, but then says:

POSTE

Nothing.

He smiles. She finishes.

He takes a good look at himself in the mirror, then looks towards Nadia.

POSTE (CONT'D)

Do you need help putting on your dress?

NADIA

Now what would the surprise in that be?

She teases him with a smile, then leaves the room.

CUT TO:

INT/EXT. POSTE'S CAR - CITY - EVENING - TRAVELING

Poste drives along with Nadia in the passenger seat. Nadia has the same glare again.

NADIA

You have that glare again.

Poste doesn't respond.

POSTE

I have a feeling that I can't shake.

NADIA

What is it?

POSTE

It's nothing.

He touches her hand softly.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

POSTE (CONT'D)

Hold on, Nadia. Before we go there -
- and since we're early -- I wanted
to stop by somewhere.

NADIA

Where did you want to stop by?

POSTE

Hold on, we're almost there.

He smiles at her.

EXT. MARILYN MONROE BUILDING

They stand small, looking at the beautiful shaped buildings.

POSTE

Quite a view, isn't it?

Nadia stares in awe.

POSTE (CONT'D)

Let's go inside, I want to go to
the top.

NADIA

(Wants, making excuse)
But we have a wedding to go to!

POSTE

We'll only be a couple of minutes.

They start to walk towards it, holding hands.

INT. HIGHEST FLOOR - MARILYN MONROE BUILDING - EVENING

The sun fades into the horizon in the background. They watch
as the busy city makes it's descend into the night.

Poste stands, hands in pocket, looking calmly out the window.
Nadia stands beside him.

NADIA

What do you see, Matt?

There is a pause.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

POSTE

I was once told that if I ever
wanted to go back to a different
time, all I had to do was stare and
let my mind do the trick.

(beat)

Sometimes it's nice to go back.

Nadia looks at Poste.

POSTE (CONT'D)

Try it, look about the window.

NADIA

Just look?

POSTE

Just take a glance, and open your
eyes. When you open your eyes, you
will unlock your mind.

NADIA

Let me try it.

She stares out with Poste...

TRACK INTO the view of the city...

CUT TO:

INT. STUDY ROOM - NIGHT

In the midst of a rainy, dark night, we fixate on a type
writer's keyboard. A man's hand is still.

We reveal THE writer in s silhouette, from the dark light of
the window behind him.

He pauses his writing.

CLOSE UP: Keys of type writer.

He starts to type again.

CUT TO:

INT. HIGHEST FLOOR - MARILYN MONROE BUILDING

Nadia stares, but then walks away.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NADIA

This is silly, come on let's go.

Poste keeps staring out the window in disappointment, then slowly starts to follow her.

EXT. WEDDING HALL

Poste and Nadia drive up into the wedding hall's parking lot.

NADIA

Not a lot of people here yet, do you think we're early?

POSTE

By an hour and a half yes, because you always want to be early.

NADIA

Well, I thought it'd take longer to get here. You always get lost and can never find anything.

POSTE

Oh quiet.

NADIA

You first.

INT/EXT. POSTE'S CAR

Poste turns off the engine.

POSTE

Do you want to wait in here?

NADIA

Maybe, I don't want to go inside and start my aching with these high heels...

A song is suddenly heard in the background, from the hall.

POSTE

Do you hear that?

Nadia listens.

NADIA

Yeah, do you want to go inside?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Poste pauses. He responds,

POSTE
Worth a shot.

They exit the car.

CUT TO:

INT. WEDDING HALL

Beautiful decorated wedding hall. At the end of the long corridor, nothing can be seen.

NADIA
Which room is it?

POSTE
I guess we keep following the music.

They continue down, as then all of a sudden Tristan pops up, dressed in a suit.

TRISTAN
Hey Matthew.

Poste jumps.

POSTE
Jesus Christ, don't scare me like that.

TRISTAN
So glad you guys could come. It's actually very early, and none of my guests like being early apparently - - with the exception of you of course -- so you may have to wait a little bit.

POSTE
Where's the wife?

TRISTAN
(Laughs)
In the loo.
(Continues)
But I'll greet her as soon as possible.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

POSTE

Please do. Is the hall open?

TRISTAN

Yes, here's your table number.

He hands them a number: one.

NADIA

(To Poste)

Table number 1. We're really special, aren't we?

Poste responds via grunt. They enter the hall, where the music plays loudly.

Poste walks into the hall, staring at the number one. But Nadia stays behind.

POSTE

Hey Nadia, why did you...

Nadia looks at Poste. She starts to close the hall doors.

He runs towards the door in a hurry, but the door shuts on him.

On the other side of the door, Tristan takes a piece of metal and places it through the handles.

Poste is stuck.

The music stops.

Tristan walks towards Poste, who is again transformed into Poste.

He stops behind him, bringing his gun in his hand up pointed towards Poste.

Poste turns around and sees this. His attention arises, but he masks it.

He doesn't speak a word.

Poste stands in silence.

Tristan fires a bullet into him,

Poste stands stunned, then slowly slides down the large doors in a blood trail.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Tristan walks up to him. Poste looks up into his eyes, speaking to him slowly and with pain in his voice, looking straight into Tristan's eyes:

POSTE (CONT'D)

So, we've finally come to this, my friend.

TRISTAN

It had to end like this one way or another... there's only so much you can evade.

Poste sighs. He looks down at his wound, smiling. He speaks:

POSTE

This was never about me, was it?

TRISTAN

No, it was always about you Poste. It was never about the tape...

(beat)

Never-the-less, I've got you and now you'll be liberated.

(beat)

Goodbye myself.

Tristan, who is Poste, nods, turning his back towards him, making his way to the exit.

Poste is left to bleed to death...

FADE TO:

INT. STUDY ROOM

Thip, thip, thip. The storywriter continues to type during the following voice-over.

The camera TRACKS the writer's hand as he finishes typing,

POSTE (V.O.)

And so, at the end of my life, I was liberated by my master's selfish fate that was my very demise. It wasn't the way I wanted to go, it could have been more clean, but it was to the point.

(beat)

You can't ask for a better death. Some men don't get that luxury.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He pauses, his hands suspended in mid air. He continues once again,

POSTE (V.O.)

(beat)

Although I won't be alive anymore,
I'll still be present in the mind's
of those who consider themselves
inflicted with hope through
suffering. Tristan will also be
present, with those who face
sorrow. No matter who you are,
Poste and Tristan always have their
cat and mouse game. But like all
endings of cat and mouse, the
ending is determined on who's
willing to be the cat.

(beat)

And so, I leave you with my most
humble farewell. I'll be seeing you
soon.

(beat)

Sincerely, Matthew Poste.

A gunshot is heard. Blood splatters over the keyboard.

With bloody hands, the writer puts his hands over the typewriter. He stops typing.

He pushes back the lever of the typewriter, making it's "spring" noise. His hand slowly slips off.

-- it falls onto the floor. In his other hand, a bloody wedding ring drops onto the floor and bounces for a few moments, then stops peacefully. The ring lands on a letter on the floor.

The writer winces on the ground from the bullet wound.

Knock, knock. Someone knocks on the door.

EXT. WRITER'S HOME - NIGHT

In the pouring rain, a figure stands outside the home, her hair silhouetted by the moonlight.

She knocks again.

CUT TO:

INT. WEDDING HALL

Poste lies on the ground, covered in blood. He breathes slowly to himself, and his other self leaves him.

He squeezes his wound, looking out into nothingness.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. WRITER'S HOME

-- Same position the writer has.

EXT. WRITER'S HOME - NIGHT

She knocks again --

-- no response.

She comes closer to the door, revealing the light on her face.

Nadia.

Her eyes glisten, as she glances at the door.

NADIA
Matthew, it's me.

CUT TO:

INT. WRITER'S HOME

The writer turns his head towards the window,

-- it's Matthew Poste.

His eyes glisten as hers did.

He has tears in his eyes. He then speaks, pain clearly in his voice.

POSTE
Nobody's home.
(beat)
Nobody's left.

He breathes slowly, but heavily...

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. WEDDING HALL

Poste does the same.

POSTE
(Screams)
Don't come inside!

Just as his eyes start to close, a light flashes in front of his face.

He is unsure of what it is, as he passes out while seeing it.

CUT TO:

EXT. WRITER'S HOME

Nadia bangs on the door.

NADIA
(Shouts)
Matthew!

She stands back from the door, unsure of what to do. She looks down at the place mat in front of the door, looking under it.

She bends down and checks it --

-- a key.

She grabs it and uses it to unlock the door.

INT. WRITER'S HOME

Poste lies on the floor, eyes closing.

Nadia enters the room.

-- Poste lays his closing eyes on her.

Thunder strikes!

She runs over to him, grasping him in his arms.

POSTE
(Whisper)
I'm sorry Nadia, I'm sorry...
(beat - whisper)
It had to be this way.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

We only focus in on his dying face, as Nadia is there caressing him.

He looks into the camera.

POSTE (CONT'D)

(beat)

I'm finally liberated...

He closes his eyes.

FADE OUT.

THE END.