

Sneak Peek

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EXT. HOUSE - DAY

A tall express delivery postman, in a blue uniform and cap approaches a suburban weatherboard house carrying a parcel. His name is Pete (26).

EXT. FRONT DOOR - HOUSE

He stops at the front door and presses the door bell. It doesn't ring, so he knocks on the door. The door is opened by NADINE (38) an attractive blonde who is scantily clad in pink satin dressing gown. They lock eyes and smile. There is instant chemistry.

PETE

Hi.

NADINE

(smiles)

Hi.

PETE

I've an express delivery for a Roger Clark.

NADINE

He's not here. (grins) In fact he'll be out all day, but I can take it.

Pete smiles and slowly hands Nadine the parcel. They continue looking into each others eyes the entire time. Nadine takes hold of one end of the parcel and Pete keeps hold of the other.

PETE

That's cash on delivery Ms....

NADINE

Nadine.

PETE

Nadine.

NADINE

Sure. (she looks at Pete's name tag) Pete. My purse is in the kitchen.

Pete looks past Nadine and towards the kitchen.

PETE

Oh. Okay.

NADINE

Come on in.

Be pauses for a moment unsure of what to do.

NADINE

Come on. I won't bite. (grins)Not unless you want me to.

Nadine steps a side to allow room for Pete to walk in and she does her dressing gown comes apart slightly revealing her ample, firm breasts. Pete smiles and steps inside.

PETE (VO)

The guys at the post office are never gonna believe this.

Nadine closes the door behind him.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Pete and Nadine are on Nadine's bed kissing passionately. Pete works his shirt off whilst continuing to make out with Nadine and Nadine dressing gown slides delicately off her shoulders revealing sexy black lace underwear. The kissing become more intense and Pete starts fondling Nadine's breasts. Suddenly Nadine stops.

NADINE

Did you hear something?

Pete oblivious to what Nadine said continues on with the foreplay and starts kissing Nadine's neck. But it all comes to an abrupt end when they hear Nadine's husband RODGER yell out from somewhere else in the house.

RODGER (OS)

Nadine!

Nadine and Pete stop immediately and look at the bedroom door.

NADINE

(alarmed)

Holy shit! My husband. Quick hide.

PETE

But you said he.....

NADINE

Never mind that. If he catches us
he'll kill us. Now hide.

Pete frantically looks around the room and then looks underneath the bed and dives under a second before a panic stricken Rodger (38) bursts in the room. Rodger is dressed in a blue suit and of medium height and build.

Nadine pulls her dressing gown back on and crosses her legs.

NADINE

(nervously)

What are you doing home
already? Is everything alright?

RODGER

(breathing heavily)

Everything's fucked.

NADINE

Why what happened? Did you get the
money?

Rodger starts pacing around the room. From underneath the bed Pete watches his feet walk around the room.

RODGER (OC)

Yeah. I got out with the money.
But they must have a mole in the
police force, because they've been
tipped off.

Nadine stands up.

NADINE

How do you know?

Rodger takes his cell phone out of his pants pocket and holds it up.

RODGER

Because they've left about ten
messages on my phone. We have to
get out of here. Shit, If it
wasn't for you I wouldn't have
come back at all. I tried calling
you before. Why didn't you answer?

NADINE

I...Um.....

RODGER

Don't worry about it. Let's just get our shit and go. They could be here any minute.

Rodger walks briskly into the en suite next to the bedroom. Nadine looks down at the bed unsure about what to do.

RODGER

Come on. Move. Fuck ya.

Nadine walks over to a cupboard and starts skimming through her clothes looking for something to wear. Rodger rushes back into the room, crouches down next to the bed and sticks his hand underneath it feeling for something.

NADINE

(gasps)

What are you looking for?

RODGER

My piece. I tapped to the bottom of the bed.

Underneath the bed Pete holds his breath as he watches Rodger's hand fumble around inches from his face as it probes for a glock 9 which is taped up directly above his face. Pete inches a little further back towards the wall to get out of Rodger's grasp. Suddenly Pete hears a new voice in the room scene. It's the voice of TITS

TITS (OC)

Hey Rodge. Remember us?

Rodgers hand withdraws from under the bed. Rodger stands up and tries to fake a smile as TITS (28) a fat bald guy with noticeable man boobs walks into the room with his two associates, DUTCHY (20), a blonde guy with a medium build, white tracksuit and a monotone Dutch accent, and RED (35) a tall masculine guy with a military haircut dressed in a casual navy blue suit.

RODGER

Aye, Tits. I was just coming to see you.

TITS

Sure that's why you were packing a suitcase. Where's my money?

RODGER
In the boot of my car.

TITS
That's all I need to know. Boys.

RODGER
Wait. I can explain.

From underneath the bed Pete watches the various pairs of feet shuffle around as the situation unfolds. Then he hears the dull thud of a fist hitting flesh and sees Rodger crashes down on to his back about two feet away to Pete's right.

NADINE (OC)
Hey, what the fuck.

TITS
Dutchy.

Tits points at Nadine. Dutchy wrestles Nadine to the ground as Red gags the semi-conscious Rodger with gaffer tape and ties up his hands with plastic flexi-cuffs. Dutchy does the same to Nadine and as he stands up he notices Pete's postman's hat sitting on a chair by the window. He picks it up.

DUTCHY
What's with the hat?

RED
Huh. Costume for sex games maybe.

TITS
(to Rodger)
Ah. So you like to get kinky do you Rodge? Well, you're gonna love this then.

Nadine and Roger groan muffled groans through the gaffer tape and struggle in vain to break free. Red kicks Rodger.

RED
Shut the fuck up.

Rodger groans and turns his head towards the bed and finds himself starring eyeball to eyeball with Pete, who although is in plain view to him is still well concealed from Tits and his cohorts.

TITS

Now after your last screw up and against my better judgment , we gave you a chance to redeem , but we told you told in no uncertain terms that if you screwed up again it'd be mean your ass.

Tits looks at Dutchy and points at a sports bag that is lying on the floor. Dutchy picks it up and Rodger and Pete continue to stare at each other.

TITS

So, what I've got here, Rodge, is a piece of cooper pipe and a length of barbwire and I'm gonna stick the pipe up your ass, feed the barbwire up the pipe and then slide the pipe of the barbwire. Your ass will then contract on to the barbwire and then I'm gonna glove up and rip it out.

Nadine and Rodge start groaning in terror and struggling again.

DUTCHY

(grins)

Lol.

RED

(in disbelief)

Your gonna do what now?

TITS

You heard.

RED

Look you wanna kill him that's fine. But playing with the man's ass. Come on. That's fag shit.

TITS

What the fuck are you talking about it? There's nothing sexual about this. It's torture for Christ's sake.

RED

Pah. Says you. What do your think Dutch?

DUTCHY

It does seem a little homo erotic,
Tits.

TITS

Ah fuck you guys. You're both being
homophobic. This is a fuckn' old
school Sicilian method of torture.

RED

Bullshit. I didn't see nothing like
that in the Godfather.

DUTCHY

Or Goodfellas.

TITS

Ah. Fuck all that. Dutchy rip his
fuckn' draws off. I haven't got all
day.

Rodger groans and thrashes around on the floor, as Dutchy
removes his draws. Pete looks at the gun taped to the bed
and considers grabbing it.

TITS (OC)

Red hold him still. Dutchy give me
the pipe.

Red presses his knees into Rodger's back, shaking his head
as he does.

RED

This is bullshit.

Tits walks up in between Rodgers legs and kicks them apart
getting him to spread eagle. He then crouches down and gets
ready to ram up Rodger's ass.

TITS

Here comes the pain, Rodge.

Under the bed Pete stares at Rodger his eyes pleading for
Pete to grab the gun and act.

RODGER (VO)

Come on buddy. You've got the gun
and you've got the drop on them.
For fuck sake do something.

Pete closes his eyes and turns away.

PETE (VO)

If I pull out the piece and it's not loaded I'm a dead man. A dead man with a saw fucking ass. Sorry fella. I can't help ya.

TITS

Okay. One, two.....

Red stands up defusing the situation.

TITS

Whoa. What are you doing?

RED

Fuck it. I'm not doing this. Where's the honor in it? Let's just shoot him in the back of the head and be done with it. Am I right or am I right Dutch?

Pete looks at Rodger who lets out a sigh of relief and rests his face on the floor.

DUTCHY(OC)

Look, I'm not taking sides. You guys shoulda' sorted this out before we got. Just flip a fucking coin or some shit, so we can get out of here.

RED

Alright. I'll flip you for it. I'll flip it, you call it.

Red pulls a coin out of his pocket and flips it.

TITS

Heads.

The three crooks watch the coin as it spins through the air and then lands on the wooden floor and rolls under the bed.

RED

Shit.

Red steps over Rodger and crouches down next to the bed to find the coin. He looks under the bed and finds himself staring straight down the barrel of the Glock. He freezes and says nothing.

TITS
So what's the story?

RED
I've got a bit of a problem here
guys.

DUTCHY
What is it?

Dutchy takes a step towards the bed but before he can take another the deafening sound of a gunshot fills the room and Red's head is blown clean off. His blood sprays across the dumbfounded faces of Tits and Dutchy and his headless corpse falls on to Rodger. Pete then slides out from under the bed and pumps two shots into Dutchy's chest sending him flying back into a wall. Tits turns to run but before he can get away Pete puts two into his back and he hits the deck. Pete holds the smoking gun up for a few seconds after his last shot and then he lets his arm drop down.

PETE
It's okay guys. It's gonna be okay.

Pete slowly gets to his feet and surveys the carnage in the room. He dry reaches a couple of times but doesn't bring anything up. He pushes the headless torso off Rodger and then takes out a pocket knife and cuts the plastic flexi-cuffs of Rodger. He turns his attention to the weeping Nadine and cuts off her flexi-cuffs.

NADINE
Rodger.

Nadine steps up to Rodger and embraces him.

Pete picks his jacket up from the floor and puts it on.

RODGER
Thanks, buddy. If it wasn't for you
they would've killed us for sure.
Who are you anyway?

PETE
The Postman.

Rodger grins.

PETE
I take you're not going to want the
police involved in this, so if it's
all the same to you I think I'll be
leaving.

Pete walks towards the door.

RODGER (OS)
Thanks again, buddy. You're a
life saver, but just one more
thing.

Pete turns around to face Rodger who is pointing a gun at
him.

RODGER
What the fuck were you doing here
with my wife?

Pete sighs.

PETE (VO)
Like I said. The guys at the post
office are never gonna believe
this.

Fade To Black.