

The Mailman's Son

J.B. Storey

J.B. Storey  
T: 206-579-2740  
jeremystorey@yahoo.com

**EXT. CUL-DE-SAC - MORNING**

**Super:** Monday

A MAIL TRUCK trundles along a picturesque, cozy street.

THE MAILMAN, (early-40s, proud, gentle, steadfast), pulls up to a BLUE MAILBOX, outside of a large suburban HOUSE. The DOOR of the home's decorated in CONFETTI and STREAMERS.

A colorful BANNER on the door reads: "WELCOME HOME".

Adjacent to the mailbox is a set of new PLANTER BOXES, each with a fresh, budding ROSE BUSH. Flowers in their infancy.

The Mailman tenderly gets out of the Truck. He wears a BABY SLING. He moves softly, so as not to disturb the sleeping INFANT cradled against his chest.

In his other hand, he holds a bundle of MAIL.

He sees the Mailbox's RED FLAG's raised. He opens the box, and an ENVELOPE is inside. He removes it. And places over a dozen similar shaped envelopes into the box. Cards.

As he is about to put the outgoing Envelope into the Truck, he notices that he is the recipient.

Then, the front DOOR to the house opens. The Mailman glances over to see THE MOTHER (early-30s) by the entrance. She too totes a BABY SLING.

She nudges gingerly down the driveway toward The Mailman. She gestures to the envelope, with a careful, kind smile.

The Mailman nods back, gratefully. Opens the envelope. It's a CARD. The front is a monochromatic drawing of FLOWERS. The words on the card read: "With Heartfelt Sympathy".

The Mother glances at the inside of his truck... On the DASHBOARD is a picture of a PREGNANT WOMAN (mid-30s). Faux CANDLES adorn the pic: It's a mini memorial.

The Mother gazes sympathetically at The Mailman. He turns away, as a single tear trickles down a cheek.

The Mother goes back to the House. The Father (mid-30s) awaits at the door. He makes brief eye contact with The Mailman, clumsily waves at him, then turns away.

The Mailman returns to the truck, fixes on the picture, and

blows a kiss to the pregnant woman. Then, starts the ENGINE.

The Mother passes The Father in the doorway. He sighs. Glances at the Mailman, then his wife. SLAMS the door shut.

**EXT. CUL-DE-SAC - DAY**

**SUPER:** Tuesday

The mail Truck pulls up to the *Blue Mailbox House*.

The planter boxes by the mailbox is a cacophony of colorful roses in various states of bloom.

The house's DOOR is decorated with BALLOONS. Stenciled on the door is: "HAPPY BIRTHDAY, ANGEL".

Outside on the lawn is a makeshift CUPCAKE STAND. THE DAUGHTER (10-years old, wears a ANGEL COSTUME), alone.

Next to the cupcakes is a collection cup with a small sign that reads: "\$1 For A Birthday Cupcake".

Accompanying The Mailman is his now 10-year old SON. The Son wears a ragged, pre-owned SOCCER SHIRT and SHORTS. Plus he sports equally beat-up old CLEATS.

He proudly holds a new SOCCER BALL. Beams, ear-to-ear. And when he sees The Daughter, his face lights up. As too, does The Daughter.

The Son shows her the soccer ball. She reaches under the table, pulls out a new VIOLIN CASE. Smiles, proudly.

The Daughter gestures for The Son to take a Cupcake. The Son then looks at The Mailman, who in turn nods his approval.

The Son takes a BITE of the cupcake, smiles. He then notices The Daughter scowling at his feet. Specifically at his tattered sneakers. The Son looks away, embarrassed.

Then, The Father appears at the house doorway. Brushes past The Mother, barely acknowledges her.

The Daughter sees her Dad. She quickly opens her VIOLIN CASE. Takes out the VIOLIN.

But then her Father answers a call. Heads to his car, distracted.

The Daughter dejectedly puts her violin away. Then, a HAND

places \$5.00 into her COLLECTION CUP. It's The Mailman. He winks at The Daughter. She grins.

The Mailman nods to The Mother, smiles. The Mother furtively watches The Father on his phone, glum and disappointed. Looks back at The Mailman, musters a forced, razor-thin smile.

The Mailman gestures for The Son to get back into the truck.

As The Son turns to the Truck, The Father's car starts. He then speeds away without looking back at The Daughter.

The Mother returns to the house, shuts the door.

The Son returns to the Truck. The Mailman blows a kiss to the Picture on the dashboard. He looks back expectantly at The Son, who in turn does the same.

They start to drive away. The Son glances back at The Daughter, all alone in the garden, only her cupcakes for company.

**EXT. CUL-DE-SAC - MORNING**

**Super:** Wednesday

The Mail Truck sputters down the street, and comes to a *stop-start-stop* in front of the *Blue Mailbox House*.

Sitting at the wheel of the car is The Son (now, 15-years old). The Mailman's next to him. The Son's flustered.

The Mailman squeezes The Son's shoulder, gives him a reassuring nod, then pats him on the back.

The Son wears shiny, BLACK tapered SOCCER SWEAT PANTS and a zipped-up SWEATSHIRT. A CREST on the chest and thigh indicate it's from a YOUTH SOCCER CLUB. It's in *pristine condition*.

Next to the picture of The Son's mother--on the truck's dashboard--is also a photo of The Son, in his soccer kit, holding up TWO TROPHIES.

One trophy reads: STATE PLAYER OF THE YEAR, U15s

The Son helps The Mailman with the mail. The Mailman pauses for a moment, COUGHS. Takes a moment to catch his breath.

The Son glimpses the planter boxes. The Roses are intertwining with each other, competing for space.

The Son approaches the *Blue Mailbox*, when he hears a HONK.

In the Driveway is a pre-owned CAR, with a BANNER along the side of the car: "HAPPY 15th, ANGEL"

The Daughter is behind the wheel. By herself. She waves enthusiastically at The Son. He waves back.

The Son looks back at the Mail Truck. The Mailman ushers him to come back to the driver's side.

The Son scuffs over slowly, glancing enviously at The Daughter's new car. The Mailman notices. Smiles at The Son, holds out his hand for the truck's keys.

The Son is relieved. Hands over the keys.

As they are about to depart, The Son looks through the doorway of The House.

The Mother and The Father argue heatedly. The Father points at the car angrily. The Mother shakes her head in disbelief.

As the altercation intensifies, The Daughter amplifies the RADIO in her car. The Son can see The Daughter's sobbing.

The Son glances at The Mailman, who sharply inhales when he observes The Daughter. He shakes his head, in sympathy.

The Mailman starts the engine, blows a kiss to his wife. Looks at The Son, who automatically does the same.

The Daughter's Radio music grows louder and louder.

**EXT. CUL-DE-SAC - DAY**

**Super:** Thursday

The Mail Truck's parked in front of the *Blue Mailbox House*. GARBAGE CANS are by the side of the road, awaiting pick up.

The Daughter's car has a 'FOR SALE' sign on it.

The Son (now 18-years old), gets out of the driver's side. He's hobbling. There's a HEAVY BRACE around his KNEE.

His mood is dark, as he limps behind the Truck and back around to the passenger side, where The Mailman sits with a BLANKET over his lap. His skin's pallid. His body, frail.

The Son opens the door. The Mailman hands him the mail.

The Son notices one of the letter's is from THE JULLIARD school of music. He raises an eyebrow, shows it to The Mailman. Who in turn *whistles*, impressed.

This prompts The Mailman, to reach into the inside POCKET of his COAT. Pulls out a set of PAMPHLETS. Tilts his head, looks at his Son, then nods to the pamphlets.

The Son frowns, agitated. Pauses, notices the planter boxes, and how the ROSES have started to rot and fester. He looks down at his own crippled knee, bites his lip.

The House door opens. Out walks The Father with two BOXES. He opens up the trunk of his car. More boxes.

The Son notices the Mother in the upstairs window peeping between a set of CURTAINS, down at The Father. Her face is puffy with tears. Her demeanor, distant.

A loud CAR thunders down the road. SCREECHES to a stop in front of the house. The HORN HONKS obnoxiously.

The Daughter (now, 18-years old), stumbles out of the house. She's scantily clad. Eyes like a racoon. Strung out.

The Driver of the car is her BOYFRIEND (20-years old, your prototypical 'bad boy').

The Daughter trudges past The Son. They make eye contact. And for a split second, he sees shame and sadness in her eyes.

The Son passes The Daughter the *Julliard letter*. As she reaches for it, the sleeve of her SHIRT runs up her arm a few inches to reveal TRACK MARKS on the inside of her elbow.

She tentatively takes the letter. The Son half-smiles in anticipation, and encouragement. This prompts The Daughter to open the letter.

However, just as she is about to, she hears the TRUNK of her Father's car SLAM SHUT.

The hopeful moment is gone.

She goes to one of the Garbage Cans and throws the letter away. The Son sees that The Daughter's old VIOLIN CASE has also been stuffed haphazardly into the garbage.

The Daughter gets into her Boyfriend's car. They speed away.

The Father glances at The Mother. Takes a KEY off of his KEY

RING and drops it onto the driveway. Then gets into his car.

The upstairs CURTAINS close. The Mother's gone. Gone. Gone.

The Mailman *coughs and splutters*. The Son retreats to the truck. The Mailman blows a kiss at the picture of his wife. He looks at the Son to do the same, but he's distracted, scowling at his knee brace.

**EXT. CUL-DE-SAC - DAY**

**Super:** Friday

The mail truck glides to a stop aside the *Blue Mailbox House*. The Son (now, 20-years old) gets out of the driver's side. He's wears The Mailman's old *Post Office* JACKET. He's alone.

The house is eerily quiet.

The Son places mail into the mailbox.

He briefly glances down at the Planter Boxes. Everything is dead. Only decrepit dirt and wretched weeds remain.

The Son dips a hand into his pocket. Fumbles around with something between his fingers. He squints hesitantly at the house, unsure of how to proceed.

Before he can decide, the front door unlatches. At the doorway is The Mother. She stands tall. Present.

The Daughter (also, 20) emerges behind The Mother. She has a blanket wrapped around her, yet she shivers. Her face is pale, forehead sticky with flop sweat.

The Son advances toward the door. The Mother carefully hands him an ENVELOPE. He nods to her, contrite.

Then he pulls from his pocket a small statue of: THE ANGEL OF ETERNAL LIGHT. He places it in The Daughter's shaking hands.

The Daughter regards the statue, and manages to offer back a small smile of gratitude. The Son nods back.

The Son, then returns to the mail truck as The Mother and Daughter retreat back into their hushed home.

The Son shuts the door of the truck. Looks at the empty passenger seat. Sighs.

On the dashboard is a PICTURE of The Mailman, and his Wife.

They're kissing each other, in front of a large statue of '*The Angel of Eternal Light.*'

The Son looks at the envelope The Mother handed to him. He opens it and pulls out a CONDOLENCE CARD.

The image on the card is a drawing of a Father and a Boy *playing soccer in a park.* The Son rubs his eyes. Thinks for a moment, remembering something.

He then opens the GLOVE COMPARTMENT, rifles through PAPERS, and then pulls out a set of old PAMPHLETS. One is from: U.S. SOCCER COACHING FEDERATION.

He opens it up. Reads. He then looks at the picture of his parents. Blows them a kiss. Then starts the engine. His eyes suddenly full of purpose.

The Daughter observes from the upstairs window. She holds the *Angel Statue* close to her heart.

She watches the truck leave. Kisses the statue, holds it to her chest as she shivers and cries.

**EXT. CUL-DE-SAC - MORNING**

**Super:** Saturday

The mail truck lazily rolls to a stop next to the *Blue Mailbox House.* Out steps The Son (now, 22-years old).

It's a lovely, sun-kissed day.

The Daughter and The Mother are in the yard, tending to the Planter Boxes. They've started a VEGTABLE and FRUIT patch.

Propped on top of the planter boxes is the small statue of *The Angel of Light,* The Son had given The Daughter.

The Son waves to The Mother and Daughter. They wave back. The Daughter's in better health.

The Daughter stands, wipes her hands down, and picks up a small BASKET, full of VEGGIES and FRUIT. She offer it to The Son. The Son takes the basket, smiles thankfully.

The Daughter regards The Son, expectantly.

The Son remembers. Holds up a finger. Unbuttons his jacket, and underneath, reveals a SWEATSHIRT, with an insignia on the top right that reads: COACH, K.T.



The Daughter gives The Son a hug, and an unexpected kiss on the cheek.

The Son indicates he has something else to share. Reaches into his mailbag and takes out The Daughter's old Violin Case. He gestures for her to open it.

The Daughter tentatively lifts the lid. It's her old Violin. It's been refurbished. Plus, there's an old ENVELOPE.

She takes the crinkled, old envelope out: It's the *unopened Julliard Admissions letter* she'd discarded years ago.

She regards The Son, taken aback and touched. He then gestures for her to open the letter. The Daughter opens the old envelope. She pulls out the LETTER. Reads it.

She peers over the top of the PAPER at The Son. A full-faced smile emerges. She giddily brings the letter over to her Mom, who reads it and beams proudly.

The Son retreats back to his truck. Gets inside. Looks at the picture of The Mailman and his mother. Blows them a kiss.

As he is about to pull away, The Daughter knocks on the passenger side window. The Son opens the window.

The Daughter reaches across, and gives The Son a long, sweet and tender kiss on his forehead.

The Daughter then plucks a Strawberry from the basket she gave The Son. Takes a bite, and smiles. She then goes back to her Mom by the planter boxes, with a skip in her step.

The Son brims with joy.

**EXT. CUL-DE-SAC - NIGHT**

**Super:** Sunday

The Sun sets, as a MINIVAN stops in front of the *Blue Mailbox House*. A MAN (early-40s, brusque, working-class), gets out of the Driver's side. Opens up the TRUNK.

He grabs a couple of BOXES.

He waddles under the weight of the boxes to the Front Door. She places the boxes down. Then, the Door opens.

At the doorway is The Mailman's Son (now, late-20s). He wears a STATE COLLEGE SWEATSHIRT. A badge on the sweatshirt reads:

HEAD COACH.

Behind The Son, is The Daughter, (also, late-20s). She sports a big BABY BUMP.

A young Girl (12) emerges from behind The Daughter and The Son. She totes a *Violin Case*. She nods a '*Thanks*' to The Daughter. Who in turn, ruffles the girl's hair. Then hands the Girl a BINDER.

The Binder has a LOGO: "*THE (obfuscated name) VIOLIN SCHOOL.*"

The Girl get into the Minivan with her Dad. The Dad gives her a big kiss on the cheek. They wave to The Son and Daughter.

The Mailman's Son, and The Daughter wave back. The minivan HONKS back, before driving away.

The Son looks at The Daughter. They share a tender kiss. He puts a hand on the Baby Bump, smiles.

They retreat back inside the home. Softly close the door.

For a moment, the yard is dark. Then-

A set of faux CANDLE LIGHTS adorning the old Planter Boxes. come to life. They luminate a Statue of '*The Angel of Light*'.

Next to the Statue, is picture of The Mailman and his Son playing soccer in a park.

Elegant, beautiful Violin music emanates from the house.

**FADE TO BLACK**