

"POSTAL"

FADE IN:

INT. OFFICE -- MORNING

Envelopes line the walls like books in a bookcase. Posters on the wall describe employment requirements and other postage regulations. We are in the office of KEVIN OGILVY, manager of this local branch of the post office.

An older man sits alone across the desk. He is somewhat plain looking but his features are chiseled. He nervously raps his fingers on the desk.

Kevin enters.

KEVIN

Marty, how are you?

MARTIN

Not to good I'm afraid.

KEVIN

What's the situation? You're not back from vacation until next week.

Kevin drops into his chair. Martin leans back and shuts the office door.

MARTIN

I need more time.

KEVIN

Time off?

MARTIN

Yeah.

KEVIN

I'm sorry Martin. We really need you back. I've got two other vacations starting Monday and Julianne is due to give birth any day now.

MARTIN

Just one more week. Maybe less. That thing I mentioned to you.

KEVIN

You'll have to refresh me Marty.

MARTIN

My other job. Things are real hectic right now.

KEVIN

I'm sorry Martin but whatever other commitments you have aren't exactly my concern. I have an obligation to keep this branch staffed.

Martin stands.

MARTIN

Then I tender my resignation.

KEVIN

What?

MARTIN

You don't understand how important this is, do you?

KEVIN

At least give me two weeks notice or something.

MARTIN

I can't. This is out of my hands.

KEVIN

Look Martin... tell you what, I'll make some calls and see what I can do.

MARTIN

Thank you sir. I'm sorry about this situation but I really have no choice.

KEVIN

I'll give you a call this weekend. But I can't guarantee anything. If I'm unable to make the arrangements, I expect to see you here on Monday. Okay?

MARTIN

Thank you sir. I will be back.

INT. MARTIN'S HOME -- EVENING

The house is very average. Though a mess of books and assorted papers clutter the rooms.

Martin scours the internet. Some type of research.

Suddenly, a dog barks from somewhere outside. Then approaching footsteps and the creaking metal sound of the mailbox opening on the porch.

Martin springs to his feet and sprints to the door. He sees a dark figure just turning the corner past the hedges.

EXT. MARTIN'S HOME -- CONTINUOUS

Martin flings open the door and rushes outside. Looking both ways, he sees nothing.

He returns to the porch and opens the mailbox. Inside is an envelope, addressed to him, no return label.

INT. MARTIN'S HOME -- MOMENTS LATER

Martin uses a letter opener to carefully slice open the letter.

He flips it over. Simple typed font reads, "*TOMORROW AT 12:00PM. WE WILL CALL WITH INSTRUCTIONS.*"

INT. MARTIN'S HOME -- NIGHT

A determined KNOCK pounds the front door.

Martin is jerked awake by the sound and rushes to the door. A pair of police officers hover over the entrance.

CUT TO

Martin in his chair. The policemen sit on the sofa taking notes.

OFFICER#1

I'm not sure what you want us to do Mr.Miles?

MARTIN

Look, this threat been going on for over a month now. I've had enough.

OFFICER#1

Unfortunately, I don't see any threat. You've shown us four letters. The first is an inquiry about your interest in a job. The second and third are just follow up letters and this new one just tells you they will be calling you?

OFFICER#2

Are you sure there wasn't some job you applied for and just forgot about it?

MARTIN

Certainly not. I've checked my computer over and over. Yes, there was a time when I was looking for new employment but I never applied and certainly never gave out any personal information.

OFFICER#1

The question still stands, what is it you think we should do?

MARTIN

You're the police. I need help.
(rambling)

Maybe check any internet sites that may have illegally gathered my information.

OFFICER#1

We don't have access to make that kind of investigation.

MARTIN

Can you at least monitor my phone? Noon tomorrow, they are supposed to call here.

OFFICER#1

Listen. To be honest, unless there is a direct threat, the department is not going to spend the time and resources on this incident.

OFFICER#2

Maybe, you could record the call yourself. If it ends up being something suspicious, bring it to us and we'll see what we can do.

MARTIN

Everyone says the same damn thing. We'll see what we can do.

The police scanner scratches out a call to the officers. They nod to each other and head for the door. Officer#2 waves his partner ahead and turns to Martin.

OFFICER#2

Listen Mr.Miles, I know this can be frustrating.

MARTIN

Tell me about it. I'm not normally like this officer but this thing has got me crazy right now.

OFFICER#2

Can I ask you a personal question? Off the record?

MARTIN

Certainly.

OFFICER#2

Do you own a firearm?

MARTIN

Stashed away. Back from my days in the service.

OFFICER#2

I would never encourage the use of force but if you really feel uncomfortable... maybe just stash it somewhere more...

MARTIN

Accessible?

OFFICER#2

(wry smile)
Have a good day Mr.Miles.

EXT. MARTIN'S HOME -- MORNING

The sun has climbed over the horizon. A beautiful Saturday morning.

INT. MARTIN'S HOME -- CONTINUOUS

Martin is busy rigging up a tape recorder to his phone. Pieces and parts are scattered about. The man is whipped, looks like he's gotten little sleep, if any.

EXT. PHONE BOOTH -- MOMENTS LATER

Martin drops some quarters in the machine and dials. He sets the receiver down and rushes away.

INT. MARTIN'S HOME -- MOMENTS LATER

Martin bursts through the door. The phone is RINGING. He presses record and snatches up the phone.

MARTIN

Yes... I understand... fuck you!

He slams the receiver down. Hits rewind and plays it.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

(RECORDED)

Yes... I understand... fuck you!

He hits stop and smiles with perverse satisfaction.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

Gotcha!

INT. MARTIN'S HOME -- LATER

Martin paces around the living room. The silent phone grabbing his eye every few seconds. He also stares at a shoe box sitting close by on a bookshelf. A clock reads 11:00am.

CUT TO

Martin now sitting on the couch. Clock flashing 11:22am. He rubs his head in exhausted anguish.

CUT TO

Martin is scouring the bathroom. Ripping through medicine cabinets and drawers.

He discovers a bottle of pills. Empty. The date on the label has long expired.

RING!!!

CUT TO

RING!

Living room. Martin hurries to the phone. Eyes it suspiciously. Check the clock. 11:30am. He hits record and slowly gathers up the receiver.

MARTIN

Yes.

TOMMY

Martin. Is that you?

The voice is TOMMY KAHNE, a coworker at the post office.

MARTIN

Who the fuck is this?!

TOMMY

Whoa Marty... It's Tommy.

MARTIN

Tommy?

TOMMY

Is everything okay? I talked to Kevin. He said you stopped in yesterday. Said you seemed upset.

MARTIN

He wasn't supposed to say anything.

TOMMY

He really was concerned. Is everything okay?

MARTIN

I hope so Thomas. I have to get off the phone.

TOMMY

I'm getting ready for lunch. How about you get some fresh air and meet me at 'Harbor Grill' around noon?

MARTIN

TOMMY

Marty?

MARTIN

If they call. I'm afraid I will not make it. Tell everyone I meant no harm.

INT. MARTIN'S HOME -- LATER

The curtains are drawn. The room is dark. The clock reads 11:59am.

Almost simultaneously, as it turns to 12:00...

RING! RING!

A calm and confident Martin presses record and lifts the receiver.

MARTIN

Hello.

GARBLED VOICE

Mr.Miles?

MARTIN

Yes.

GARBLED VOICE

It is time.

MARTIN

Why are you doing this? What do you want from me?

GARBLED VOICE

You sought us out don't you remember? You said you've had enough. You were ready for a change.

MARTIN

What is it you want?

GARBLED VOICE

You must first prove yourself to us.
A test mission.

MARTIN

Go on.

GARBLED VOICE

You must eliminate one of our enemies.

MARTIN

What?

GARBLED VOICE

Kill Mr.Miles. Destroy. Along with
anyone who attempts to stop you.

MARTIN

This is insane! Who the fuck are
you?!

GARBLED VOICE

On the second letter you received
from us, there is an address etched
in the bottom right hand corner. It
is very small. You will need a
magnifying glass to see it.

Martin scrambles for the letters.

GARBLED VOICE (CONT'D)

On the third letter an address on
the bottom left, this is my location.

Martin uncovers a copy of the third letter.

GARBLED VOICE (CONT'D)

You will proceed to my address once
you have completed the mission.

MARTIN

Why would I do this thing? You're
messing with the wrong man!

GARBLED VOICE

How long since you've seen your SON?

MARTIN

What?

GARBLED VOICE

He is here with me. Unharmed. If you do what is asked... he will stay that way. A limousine is waiting for you down the street.

MARTIN

Fuck you, you son-of-a-bitch! I'll...

The other line clicks off to a steady ringtone.

Martin slams down the phone. He snatches up a magnifying glass and scopes out the address, then straight to the shoe box. He pulls a handgun from the box, loads a clip and burst out the front door.

EXT. MARTIN'S HOME -- CONTINUOUS

Martin scours the street. Far down the road he spots a big black car idling at the curb.

He chases after it. He reaches the car and forcefully leaps inside the back seat.

DRIVER

Where to?

Martin presses the pistol to the back of the man's head.

MARTIN

Drive.

INT. LIMO -- CONTINUOUS

The driver watches Martin in the mirror. Nervous. Shaking.

DRIVER

Please do not hurt me?

MARTIN

I will not kill for your demented organization. You will instead take me directly to the main office. Is that clear!

DRIVER

I'm sorry, I don't know...

MARTIN

You wanna play games? 622 Highland. And don't try to alert them or I'll put a bullet through your head!

EXT. MARTIN'S HOME -- CONTINUOUS

Tommy sits on the front porch of Martin's house, still wearing his postal uniform. A squad car pulls up to the curb.

Tommy stands to greet the same officers from before.

TOMMY

The door was already open. I didn't want to go in by myself.

OFFICER#1

Thank you sir. We appreciate your concern.

TOMMY

He really didn't sound right. Maybe I'm overacting?

OFFICER#2

We've been here before. You did the right thing. Let us take a look around.

INT. MARTIN'S HOME -- CONTINUOUS

The officers step inside. Cautiously searching the rooms.

OFFICER#1

Mr. Miles?

Officer#2 notices the tape recorder and alerts his partner. They rewind it and play the tape. It is Martin's voice...
ALONE!

MARTIN

Hello. -- Yes. -- Why are you doing this? What do you want from me? -- This is insane! Who the fuck are you?!

(sound of rusting paper)

Why would I do this thing? You're messing with the wrong man! -- What? -- Fuck you, you son-of-a-bitch! I'll...

INT. LIMO -- CONTINUOUS

The limo pulls to the curb of an office building.

DRIVER

Please sir. Whatever your plans...

MARTIN

I suggest you find new employment. This organization is about to collapse.

Martin jumps from the car. We now see it is not a limousine but a cab. The driver immediately dials his cell phone.

EXT. MARTIN'S HOME -- CONTINUOUS

The officers walk toward their vehicle.

TOMMY
What should I do?

OFFICER#1
Go back to work. If you see Mr.Miles
call us immediately.

The police scanner scratches out:

*"All cars. Report to 622 Highland Ave. We have a report of
an armed man entering the building."*

INT. BUILDING -- CONTINUOUS

Martin bursts through the door of the building. A metal
detector immediately BLARES it's alarm.

A security guard rises up.

GUARD
Excuse me Mister...!

Martin pulls his weapon and shoots the man down!

MARTIN
Nobody else move! Where is your
boss?!

Everyone is petrified with fear. Backing into corners.

Martin scurries down a hallway, looking for danger, something
pulling him in the right direction.

He arrives at the door to a small office.

INT. OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS

BOOM!

Martin kicks through the door and bursts inside. The man
behind the desk rises.

In the corner is a young man bound and gagged.

Martin eyes him painfully then turns back to the boss. We
recognize him. It is KEVIN. The Post Office manager.

BLAM! BLAM!

Gunshots ring out as Kevin is sprayed with blood. Not his
own... it is Martin's.

An officer stands out in the hallway. Gun still smoking.

INT. HOSPITAL -- EVENING

Martin wakes. Eyes staring up at white surgical lights. Doctors leaning over him.

DOCTOR
Mr.Miles? Can you hear me?

MARTIN
(nodding)
Yes.

DOCTOR
You've been shot multiple times but you are stable condition.

Martin looks around the room. In the corner stands the police officers from his house. Martin recognizes them.

MARTIN
Thank god for you gentlemen. Tell me you got them. Nobody took the threat seriously. The guys at the post office will never believe this.

The officers look to the doctors.

OFFICER#1
He doesn't know?

INT. POLICE OFFICE -- NIGHT

Tommy sits next to the cluttered desk of a detective.

TOMMY
His son was killed in battle years ago. Naturally, he had a bad time with it but he's seemed okay for quite a while. I should have known. Now that I think about it, he has seemed distant. Preoccupied.

DETECTIVE
Don't blame yourself. The warning signs always become clearer after the fact. That's what people never understand. If we arrested everyone for odd behavior, there wouldn't be many of us left on the street.

TOMMY
I suppose so.

DETECTIVE

Papers will just tell that a post office worker snapped. No disrespect to your profession but it ain't gonna shock too many people.

TOMMY

I'm used to the jokes.

DETECTIVE

Hell, it's not exclusive to you guys. Everyone has bad thoughts. For some reason, some of us cant control them. Can't distinguish the crazy ones from reality.

TOMMY

Scary world we live in.

DETECTIVE

If it wasn't I'd be out of a job.

Tommy stands and shakes the officers hand.

TOMMY

I better get back to work. See if they need anything.

DETECTIVE

You guys certainly have an unbelievable work ethic.

TOMMY

" Neither snow nor rain nor heat nor gloom of night stays these couriers from the swift completion of their appointed rounds."

Tommy gets up and starts for the door.

DETECTIVE

Whatever you say, you overly serious wacko! You're all fucking nuts!

TOMMY WHIPS OUT A GUN AND BLOWS THE DETECTIVE AWAY!!

Tommy pauses at the door, then turns around.

The detective sits behind the desk unharmed.

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)

Everything okay?

TOMMY

Yeah. Just a crazy thought.

THE END