

I CAN SEE YOU

written by

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While delivering the mail, a joyless postal worker begins to see messages in the form of graffiti, but his life changes when the seemingly harmless words take a dark turn.

FADE IN:

EXT. SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD - AFTERNOON

Signs of summer are everywhere. Flower beds exploding with color, sprinklers on, kids on bikes and a mailman, on foot, going box to box.

The mailman, CARSON FOX(27), skinny, nerdish guy with long hair and kind face. From his headphones the muffled sound of STYX seeps out while his black Doc Martins pound the sidewalk.

He stops. A fluffy grey cat lay in his path.

Carson approaches carefully, he gingerly steps toward the mailbox but the cat aggressively stands his ground, his hair raises and he lets out a demonic hiss.

Carson tosses the mail toward the box and runs.

INT. LETTER SORTING ROOM - POST OFFICE - LATE AFTERNOON

EDDIE (40), hard-to-look-at psoriasis on his head, stands miserably in front of a letter sorter.

Carson walks in and hangs up his mail bag. Eddie lifelessly looks up. He whines.

EDDIE

How ya like your new route?

CARSON

Good. Longer than I thought.

EDDIE

Run into Satan yet?

Carson's eyes widen in alarm.

EDDIE

Evil cat. George used to shoot him with water. Said it helped.

CARSON

Oh. Thanks.

Eddie, zombified stare, turns back toward the sorter.

INT. LIVING ROOM

FRANK FOX (35), flabby and just all around lazy looking, stares at a basketball game on TV. The slouch doesn't even look up when Carson walks in the house.

CARSON

Hey, Frank.

Frank grunts and takes a sip of his Mountain Dew. Carson looks around toward the kitchen and dining room.

CARSON

Shelby around?

FRANK

Yeah. Somewhere. She's in a mood.
Probably riding the cotton pony.

Carson looks out the window. His eyes soften at the sight of SHELBY (25), a natural beauty covered in dirt as she plants flowers around the huge back yard.

EXT. BACKYARD

Humming as she works, Shelby studies a handful of fertilizer.

CARSON (O.S.)

Hi Shelby.

Startled she looks up then smiles when she sees Carson. She stands, brushing herself off. Carson is mesmerized.

CARSON

I didn't mean to scare you. I was just wondering if you had an extra spray bottle?

SHELBY

Sure. What for?

CARSON

To ward off evil cats.

She cocks her head.

CARSON

On my route.

They laugh as they walk toward a cute potting shed, over the door a handmade sign reads: "Shelby's Shed".

Their undeniable chemistry flusters Carson. Shelby enters the shed. He's entranced by her behind as she bends over, searching for a spray bottle.

SHELBY (O.S.)

How's your new route?

CARSON

Oh, it's good. It's beautiful.

(staring at her ass)

I Luh. . .I love it.

She quickly whips around and playfully sprays him. He quickly snaps to attention, like he's been caught.

SHELBY

I'm glad Carson.

(softer)

I'm glad you love it.

Their eyes lock but the moment is interrupted.

FRANK (O.S.)

SHELBY! You making dinner or what?!

Their stare turns to a mutual sorrow.

EXT. SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD - AFTERNOON

Carson's eyes are fixed on the sidewalk. He stares at square after monotonous square as he walks his route. Until. . .

He steps over a square with pictures stenciled in black spray paint. He stops, backs up and studies the square: an eye, a tin can, the letter "C" and the letter "U".

He shrugs it off and moves on, unaffected until a few squares down, another stencil: a car and a sun.

He looks around nervously as if someone is watching him.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Carson enters, this time Frank's Lazy Boy is empty. He looks out the window, sees Shelby and smiles.

EXT. BACKYARD - DUSK

Again studying a handful of fertilizer, Shelby kneels in front of a bed of listless flowers.

CARSON (O.S.)

You must really love dirt.

Startled, she looks up and smiles.

SHELBY

Not this dirt. Hey, you got good grades in Science. . .

CARSON

You remember that?

SHELBY

Yeah well, I sort of had a crush on you. Didn't you know?

Carson, in shock and disbelief, shakes his head "no".

SHELBY

Anyway, I keep trying different combinations of fertilizer for this spot. I can't keep anything alive here for some reason.

He stares blankly. Her words still linger in his head.

SHELBY

The poor things, they deserve to thrive but this good for nothing soil sucks the life out of them. Can you help? Carson?

CARSON

Oh, ah, well. . .have you tried egg shells?

SHELBY

Egg shells? Really? That works?

CARSON

Yeah. Some farmers even use the carcasses of dead animals. They have high levels of potassium, phosphorus. . .

By the look on Shelby's face he's gone too far. She picks up a small shovel and digs out the dead flowers.

CARSON

Sorry. So. . .where's Frank?

Her digging becomes a bit more aggressive.

SHELBY

He said he had an interview. . .
But I'm sure he went to the track.

She now uses the shovel to repeatedly stab the ground. He watches her with sadness.

EXT. SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD - MORNING

Carson trudges along, approaching the end of the street. Ahead a couple of the sidewalk squares have something black sprayed on them. He nervously looks around.

First square: "Love is a seed that grows in your heart."
Second square: "With nourishment it will blossom."

Not knowing what to make of it, he heads toward his mail truck. He looks one last time before pulling away.

INT. BREAK ROOM - POST OFFICE - AFTERNOON

The room is nondescript. Carson, his untouched white bread sandwich in front of him, sits in deep thought.

Scabby Eddie walks in and sits. He eyes the sandwich.

EDDIE

You gonna eat that?

Carson snaps out of his fog and pushes it toward Eddie.

CARSON

Eddie? Did you ever, like when you used to have a route, did anything weird ever happen?

EDDIE

(mouth full)
Like what?

CARSON

Like I don't know. . .like
did you ever get the feeling
someone was watching you. . .

Eddie's chewing slows as he listens intently.

CARSON

and sending you secret messages?

Eddie stops chewing, puts the sandwich down and looks at Carson very seriously.

EDDIE

Shit. You're too young for this.

Eddie takes a deep breath before delivering the news.

EDDIE

You're going. . .postal.

Carson laughs but realizes that Eddie isn't joking.

EDDIE

It usually happens back here but
every once in a while. . .the
route gets to ya.

EXT. SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD - LATER SAME DAY

Now in a paranoid state, Carson walks his route.

Up ahead, Satan. He pulls the sprayer from his bag as he slowly approaches the cat. The cat sees it and doesn't flinch. It's a stand off.

Carson reaches for the mailbox, places the mail inside then carefully walks away, bottle in hand.

With no incident, he struts away proudly but stops when he sees the sidewalk a few feet ahead.

A BOY(5), on a red tricycle stares at what's written on the square in front of him. Carson nods at the boy then looks at the words and pictures on the square.

Number "4", a shell and a bee. Next to it, arrows point to a beautiful flower growing from a garden.

Carson looks at the flower then at the boy. The boy looks at Carson then looks at his house.

As Carson reaches for the flower the boy gets off his bike. The boy glares at Carson, daring him to pull his mother's flower. They stare each other down.

The boy makes a move but Carson is quick on the draw. He sprays the five year old in the face, pulls out the flower and sprints away.

BOY

MOM!!!!!!

Blinded by water, the boy recklessly runs to the house.

INT. LIVING ROOM - EARLY EVENING

Surrounded by empty Mountain Dew cans, Frank melts into his Lazy Boy.

The front door opens and in walks Carson. He hides the flower from Frank who doesn't look up anyway.

He sees Shelby in the kitchen, his face lights up.

KITCHEN

Shelby, her mind a million miles away, stirs some sauce in a pot. From behind, Carson reaches around and puts the flower in front of her.

She spins around and doesn't seem surprised to see Carson. She accepts the flower.

SHELBY

What's this for?

CARSON

I don't know. I saw it and it made me think of you.

Her eyes get teary, she's clearly touched.

SHELBY

You're nothing like your brother

CARSON

Half brother. And thanks.

They laugh. She sniffs the flower and smiles.

FRANK (O.S.)

Any day now Shelby!

Her smile fades. Carson looks toward the living room, his expression hardens.

EXT. SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD - AFTERNOON

A dark aura surrounds Carson; his expression, his stride, very negative.

He approaches Satan. The cat doesn't move as Carson opens the mailbox. Carson stares at him, egging him on but Satan isn't interested.

Carson grabs the water bottle and sprays him anyway, he screeches and runs away. Carson laughs wickedly.

He walks toward his mail truck, checking the sidewalk as he goes. He throws his bag in the back and gets in.

FRANK (O.S.)

Hey Carson.

Carson is shocked to see Frank in the opposite seat.

CARSON

What the hell are you doing? I could get in trouble if anyone saw you in here.

FRANK

Chillax bro. No one is gonna see us.

Very nervous, Carson looks around, but there's no one.

CARSON

Where's your car?

FRANK

It kind of got repossessed.

CARSON

You own it. You paid for it out of your inheritance. How could it be repossessed?

FRANK

I owe some people some money.

Carson chooses not to address the obvious.

FRANK

Listen, I know I've been a schmuck since Dad died but I'm ready to start over. Ready to do right by Shelby.

Frank lights up a cigarette, Carson is mortified.

FRANK

I need a loan.

CARSON

Are you fucking crazy? You can't smoke in here!

Frank flicks the butt out the window and it hits a white, cement retaining wall. On the wall are words stenciled in black spray paint.

"Sometimes LOVE means making a sacrifice". Next to the words is a drawing of a red heart with drawn drops of blood coming from it.

FRANK

What'd ya say bro? If not for me, do it for Shelby. She deserves to be happy.

Carson stares at the words, his heartbreak transparent.

INT. BREAK ROOM - POST OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Instead of lunch, a piece of paper and a pencil sit on the table in front of Carson. He stares at the paper.

Eddie quietly watches Carson's strange behavior. Carson bangs his fists on the table, gets up and storms out.

Curiously, Eddie checks out the paper he was staring at. It's a drawing of a heart with drops coming from it. He shakes his head in concern.

EDDIE

Postal.

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

Frank's chair is empty and the house is quiet when Carson walks in.

Things are strewn about the room as if there was a fight. He looks out the window. Shelby is in the yard.

EXT. BACK YARD

As Carson approaches he hears sniffing. He stands behind Shelby, she turns around. She has a black eye.

INT. KITCHEN

Carson readies an ice bag and gently places it on Shelby's eye.

SHELBY

He just went crazy when I asked
him where the car was.

The tea pot whistles. Carson turns toward the stove as he makes her some tea.

SHELBY

I don't know how much more I
can take.
(hesitates)
I think. . .I'm going to leave
him. . .I'm moving out.

His body freezes. His expression is chilling.

EXT. SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD - AFTERNOON

Poor Carson, he's a beaten man. Every step he takes appears to use every ounce of energy he has.

Satan watches him carefully but Carson doesn't even look his way.

Just ahead, the five year old boy is perched on his tricycle. Carson ignores him but the boy is out for revenge. He pulls out a super soaker and douses Carson with water.

The boy is pleased with himself but when Carson shows no reaction and walks away, the boy is obviously let down.

Water drips from Carson as he drags himself down the sidewalk.

He stops. Under his feet are two stenciled pictures in black spray paint: First a bottle with skull and crossbones on it, the second is a hot dog.

He stares at it as drops of water splash the graffiti.

CARSON

Poison hot dogs?

INT. LIVING ROOM - DUSK

No sign of Frank and the room has been straightened up.

Carson walks in and sees Shelby in the kitchen.

KITCHEN

She's at the stove making dinner. Carson knocks lightly on the door jam. She turns and smiles warmly.

SHELBY

There you are. You hungry?

CARSON

Where's Frank?

SHELBY

Who knows. He got the car back somehow and then took off again.

CARSON

What you making?

SHELBY

Well I had no car to go to the store so I had to use what we had. It's franks and beans.

CARSON

Franks?

SHELBY

Yeah, you know. Hot dogs all chopped up into little pieces.

Realization comes across Carson's face.

CARSON

Sounds good.

Shelby tends to the stove. Carson opens the fridge, sneaks a Mountain Dew and heads for the basement door.

CARSON

Will you excuse me? I have to
. . .go to the basement.

SHELBY

Sure. I'll call you up when
dinner's ready.

INT. BASEMENT

Carson pulls on a string turning on a bare bulb.

He approaches a messy work bench and reads the labels on several cleaning type bottles. He finds a couple he likes and pulls the Mountain Dew can from his pocket.

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

80's rock posters cover the walls, black curtains cover the windows. The room is clean but dismal.

Cough. Cough. Carson lay on the bed, phone to his ear.

CARSON

Not sure. . .maybe the flu.

He forces another cough.

CARSON

No Eddie. I'm not staying home
to create a plan to kill my co
workers. Okay. . .Bye.

He hangs up the phone. Next to the phone is the Mountain Dew can, he stares at it intently.

The front door slams. He runs over to the window and watches Shelby get in the car and drive away.

EXT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

Sprawled out on his Lazy Boy, Frank consults the sports page of the newspaper while he screams into the phone.

FRANK

What'd ya mean you won't take
any more bets from me?!

He angrily pushes his legs down, closing the recliner.

FRANK

You gotta give me a chance to
make my money back asshole!

Still on the phone, Frank storms out the back door.
Carson's bedroom door opens. He pokes his head out and
looks around.

Mountain Dew in hand, he sneaks over to the window and
looks out. Frank is in the yard, on the phone, his arms
flailing about as he yells (MOS).

Carson quickly but carefully makes the Mountain Dew
exchange. Done.

The back door swings open and Franks stomps in. Carson
stands like a deer in the headlights. Frank sees the
Mountain Dew can in Carson's hand, he's enraged.

FRANK

You drinking my Mountain Dew?
Did I say you could have one
of my Mountain Dews?

Carson is speechless. Frank, still holding the sports
page, evaluates the situation.

FRANK

What am I saying? Of course
you can have one bro.

He plops back down into his Lazy Boy, picks up the
Mountain Dew next to him and brings it to his lips.

Carson doesn't breath.

Just as the can hits his lips, he stops. He puts the
can back down.

FRANK

I never thanked you for helping
me get my car back.

CARSON

No problem. Th-that's what
brothers are for.

Frank puts the can to his lips again, but then stops.

FRANK

You know, I was thinking. . .
maybe you could help me just
one more time. I think the
reason I'm having a hard time
getting a job is, I need some
new suits.

CARSON

A new suit could make a great
impression.

FRANK

Exactly. I think a thousand
would cover it.

CARSON

Sure. Sure Frank. No problem.

FRANK

Excellent.

Frank raises his Mountain Dew in a toast to Carson and
then finally takes a big sip. Carson watches in
anticipation.

FRANK

Will you excuse me bro? I have
to make a call.

CARSON

Sure. I have stuff to do anyway.

Carson walks to the basement door.

Frank picks up the phone, readies his sports page and
looks back to check on Carson who stands at the door
staring at him.

Caught and feeling awkward, Carson smiles nervously and
heads down to the basement. Frank shakes it off and
dials the phone.

BASEMENT

Carson pulls the string turning on the bare bulb. He eyes a row of power tools and slowly approaches the chainsaw.

A very loud THUMP comes from upstairs, like something big has hit the floor. Carson picks up the chainsaw.

EXT. BACK YARD - AFTERNOON

Several green trash bags are piled by the shed. The door is open and Carson rummages around inside.

INT. SHELBY'S SHED

He grabs a large shovel and throws it out the door. He moves a cardboard box aside so he can reach a hoe that's shoved back in a corner.

He grabs it and walks out, never seeing the contents of the cardboard box. Inside are a couple cans of black spray paint and a pile of stencils.

He closes the shed door.

EXT. BACK YARD - DAY

A stream of water sprays the beautiful flowers that fill the flower beds. Shelby hums happily as she guides the sprayer to reach every bloom.

The flowerbed she had trouble with, now house the most vibrant flowers in the yard. A cute garden sign pokes out from in between the flowers, "FRANK'S GARDEN".

Carson sneaks up and wraps his arms around Shelby.

She smiles and turns to face him. Their expressions convey true happiness. They kiss.

FADE OUT