

REFLECTION

written by

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A troubled teen comes face to face with his demons when
he spends the night in a post office basement.

FADE IN:

INT. DARK BASEMENT

The upstairs door opens, letting in a shaft of light. In a corner, a child lay curled on a mattress on the floor.

The steps creak as someone descends.

The child, JACK KELLY (8), cowers as a shadow approaches. A leather belt is raised then strikes his body making a horrible slapping sound.

INT. POST OFFICE - LAKEWOOD, NJ - DAY

The slapping sound is now letters shooting through the sorting machine.

Manning the machine is Jack Kelly, now 18, gaunt and pale with shoulder length black hair and piercing blue eyes. He has a shiner under his left eye and scratches on his face.

BIG DANNY (55), carries a full bin over to a loading area. SHELLEY (37), grabs the bin and shoves it in a mail truck.

SHELLEY

You get a load of Jacko today?

They look over at Jack who stares blankly at the mail as it shoots though. Shelley concerned, Danny unmoved.

DANNY

Saw it. What the hell happened to him this time?

SHELLEY

Don't know. I heard his Dad's a drunk. He must beat on him. I feel bad for him. He's so . . . removed.

DANNY

That kid gives me the creeps.

FRANK (50), sweater vest over his perfectly ironed shirt, walks in with clipboard in tow. He and Shelley exchange a secretive smile. Frank approaches Jack.

FRANK

Jack, I need to move you this week.

Jack looks up at Frank. He listens but his eyes look right through him. Frank doesn't notice.

FRANK

The basement needs to be organized.
It's been a few years.

INT. BASEMENT

Jack stares at the piles of stuff. Old equipment, mail truck parts, signs, it's a mess.

BASEMENT - LATER

One corner is now cleared. Jack pulls a box cutter from his pocket and breaks down some empties.

He steps back, knocking a box over. A stack of Lakewood Post Office blank checks spills out, "VOID" stamped on each one. He tosses them back in.

The upstairs door opens.

SHELLEY (O.S.)

Jack? It's almost five.

INT. MAIL ROOM - LATER

Shelley and Danny punch out for the day. Danny bundles up.

DANNY

You comin'?

SHELLEY

You go ahead. I left my book up front.

Danny waves then walks out. She waits for the door to close then enters the door to the front room.

Jack pops out from behind a mail bin, sneaks over to the basement door, opens it then disappears.

The mail room lights go out, followed by the front room lights.

INT. BASEMENT

Jack constructs a bed out of foam packing wrap. Exhausted, he lies down. His eyelids soon get heavy.

DARK BASEMENT

The upstairs door opens, letting in a shaft of light. Jack is asleep on his foam wrap bed.

The steps creak as someone descends.

A belt comes down on him hard. His eyes pop open.

There's no one but him in the post office basement.

He sits up, grabs his head in agony and rocks back and forth squeezing his eyes shut.

MOMENTS LATER

A woman SCREAMS. He opens his teary, bloodshot eyes.

He now looks at the basement of his house.

He pulls himself off the mattress on the floor and heads for the stairs.

Another SCREAM penetrates his ears.

HALLWAY

He walks out of the basement, moving toward the sound of GROANS and muffled words.

Stained, peeling wallpaper surrounds him. The hall narrows as he closes in on a door. The sounds come from inside.

BEDROOM

Jack bursts through the door.

His mother IRIS (38), a drunken mess, sits on the side of the bed. His father JACK, SR (45), lay with a needle in his arm, his eyes rolled back in his head.

Iris, enraged at the sight of Jack, lunges toward him wielding a belt.

He fights back, pulling a box cutter from his pocket. He slashes her mercilessly. She SCREAMS.

His father lay helpless and watches, terrified.

Jack continues to stab lifeless Iris. He glances up and watches his reflection in a mirror, stabbing, stabbing. . .

He shuts his eyes.

INT. FRONT ROOM - POST OFFICE

Jack opens his eyes.

He watches his reflection in the glass of a framed poster as he repeatedly stabs Shelley.

Frank lay naked on the floor, too scared to move.

Shelley's lifeless body falls to the ground.

He turns his attention to Frank. He attempts to scream, Jack kicks him in the face.

Jack wipes the handle of the box cutter. He places it in Frank's hands and slits Frank's wrist, straight up, opening his vein.

He carefully steps away from the bloody scene. He takes off his shoes and bloody clothes and throws them in a "U.S. POST OFFICE" plastic bag.

INT. HALLWAY

Stained, peeling wallpaper surround Jack.

He carries a "U.S. POST OFFICE" plastic bag. His arms and hands are covered in dried blood, the name "BILL" is embroidered on the baggy uniform he wears.

INT. BASEMENT

Jack sleeps on a mattress on the floor. Iris stands over him.

He wakes up, sees the belt then pulls a box cutter from under his pillow.

He slashes her repeatedly.

An alarm clock BUZZES.

Jack wakes up, eyes wide, out of breath and sweating.

INT. HALLWAY

Dressed in his postal uniform, Jack walks down the hall. He peaks in his parent's bedroom. They're both asleep.

EXT. POST OFFICE - MORNING

A dozen police cars are parked erratically around the building. Yellow caution tape cordons off the area.

Jack approaches a crowd of people watching the scene. Big Danny looks over, they make eye contact.

JACK

What happened?

DANNY

Fucking murder/suicide. Frank killed Shelley then off'd himself.

"ONE MONTH LATER"

INT. MAIL ROOM - MORNING

Jack, fresh scratches and a bruise on his cheek, stares blankly at the envelopes as they shoot out of the sorting machine. Slap, slap, slap, slap.

FADE OUT