

DEAD LETTERS

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FADE IN:

EXT. CITY STREETS - DAY

A cloudy platinum morning. We're in motion tracking --

JENNA MOREAU, 29, jogs through the city. She's attractive, but beneath the smiling, polished exterior lies a real Lady Macbeth.

Stevie Wonder's song rocks her ear buds "...Signed, Sealed, Delivered, I'm Yours..."

EXT. EXPENSIVE CONDOMINIUMS - DAY

Jenna finishes up her run to the locked GATE of a well-kept, upscale condominium in a nice neighborhood.

She pops out her ear buds. 'Stevie Wonders' song fades away. Reaches into her pocket, fishes for her gate key. DAMN. She locked herself out.

She peers through the slatted ENTRY GATE into the courtyard for someone to open the gate.

EXT. CONDOMINIUMS - COURTYARD - DAY

BRODY exits his condo. A deadly wolf in expensive sheep's clothing. A face equal parts brutal and handsome. Like a boxer's face. Not a face you mess with.

He embraces the day with a steaming HOT POCKET in one hand and a can of ice cold beer in the other.

JENNA

Excuse me. Hey?

Brody looks for who is interrupting his breakfast of champions and spots Jenna waving up at him.

JENNA

Can you buzz me in?

He regards Jenna for a beat. Brody approaches.

JENNA

My key must have slipped out. I should get one of those velco things.

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Brody regards her through the gate. He's firm, but playful.

BRODY

How do I know you live here?

JENNA

When I get back from my run you're always outside your apartment.

BRODY

And you know that because?

JENNA

I see you.

BRODY

So maybe you figured out I like to get some fresh air in the AM. And schedule your workout to coincide.

JENNA

Why would I do that?

BRODY

If you want a date, just ask.

She smiles. She wants to hate this guy. But he's handsome as hell. And he's delivery is charming. He seems honest.

JENNA

Let's call it a coincidence and move on.

Brody unlocks the gate. Jenna enters, passing him close.

INT. BAR/RESTUARANT - DAY

Brody and Jenna have finished dinner, the Waiter replaces an empty bottle of wine with a full one. They're laughing.

They look at each other. Their sexual attraction is palpable.

INT. JENNA'S CONDO - DAY

A nice condo. It's sparse. A few makeshift pieces of furniture. Lots of moving boxes. She hasn't lived here for long.

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Brody and Jenna pull on their clothes, having clearly had a quickie.

BRODY
(teasingly)
All right, you got the job. Calm
down.

She gasps, playfully tosses a pillow at him.

INT. U.S. MAIL REGIONAL FACILITY - SAY

A CLERK stops in front of the SORTING MACHINE, tosses A LAVENDER ENVELOPE into the great, moving maw of sorters and rollers.

The LAVENDER ENVELOPE makes its way down a conveyor belt.

A WORKER sort letters and packages, bags of letters are dumped into boxes and sorted onto conveyor belts.

Suddenly - the LAVENDER ENVELOPE is redirected to another conveyor. And another. And into a machine that stamps its envelopes with the words: "DEAD LETTER."

It falls into a mail bin on rollers and it is immediately covered by several other dead letters that are dumped on top of it by an unseen WORKER.

Who pushes the bin through a door that slams shut after him. The sign on the door reads: "DEAD LETTER TERMINAL."

INT. DEAD LETTERS' OFFICE - DAY

A cramped, messy room with bins and bins of dead letters.

Brody turns a watchful eye to the parade of envelopes, boxes, and cards that stream towards his office.

Jenna, postal uniform on but her shirt open too much, a hint of cleavage, sorting with that graceful yet superhuman skill.

Brody forces her up against a wall. Urgent. Passionate. Going at each other. Jenna losing herself in him.

BRODY
I guess as long as we're here, I
might as well show you my hard
drive.

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JENNA

No need to get vulgar.

Jenna watches him longingly. His adoration is cute, if a little obsessive.

Jenna rolls the large bin of letters over to Brody.

BRODY

Ah. Let's get to the real work, shall we? Now, I believe that there are no coincidences, Jenna. Everything happens for a reason.

JENNA

You really believe that?

BRODY

New girl in town. Well, take today, for example. Out of all the post offices in all the towns in all the world...

JENNA

You walked into mine...

BRODY

Yes! Just as everything in the Dead Letter Office was originally intended for another place, and yet, for some Providential reason, they have been misdirected. Temporarily, of course. Not unlike... you.

Brody kisses her-- then reaches under her navy skirt, stopping abruptly. He looks at her quizzically.

JENNA

Well...?

BRODY

That's new.

JENNA

What's better than Victoria Secret...? Nothing.

She wears nothing under her skirt. Naughty.

He kisses her sensually. She leans back, gripping the frame of the desk.

INT. BRODY'S CONDO - NIGHT

We haven't been here yet. It's exactly what you'd expect though: an elegant bachelor-pad. Modern furniture. Sleek. Everything just right.

Jenna in a sheer robe that definitely makes you look twice, tiptoes down the pristine, stylish hall, towards the main BEDROOM.

Moves right past the door, sees light spilling from a SPARE room. The door is ajar, WHISPERS coming from in there.

She approaches silently--

Jenna's POV: Brody in the room, whispering on the phone.

BRODY

No, I haven't gotten it yet. You sure you got my address right?

(listens)

Hmm, it could've gotten lost, or sent to the wrong address.

Shit!... wait, did you say a lavender envelope?... It's in my office. Phew. I'll get it in the morning. Love you too..

Jenna, upset, hurriedly turns to go, trips over a toy --

IN THE SPARE ROOM

Brody hears the sound. He stops talking. He carefully puts the phone down, and makes his way into--

HALLWAY

Brody looks around-- darkness. Must have been the wind. He goes back into the office, CLOSES the door behind him.

Jenna steps out of the shadows, as the embers of her worst fears start to burn inside her.

INT. BRODY'S CONDO - KITCHEN - DAY

Jenna refilling her large wine glass, She's wearing no panties, just a sweater that barely covers her ASS. She drinks.

Sees Brody watching her from the doorway, a look of disapproval on his face.

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She shoots him a look back - *don't say a word.*

BRODY

Just my sister. Scouts honor.

Jenna - not buying it.

INT. BRODY'S CONDO - BEDROOM - NIGHT

The room is blanketed in shadows. Brody sleeps. Jenna gets out of bed, trying to be quiet. Throws on clothes. Sneaks out.

On Brody, his eyes shoot open.

INT. DEAD LETTERS' OFFICE - NIGHT

Jenna, dead-tired, sort letters with a strange, balletic abandon. Nothing.

She crosses to his desk across the room, checking the door, she circles to the drawers --

She whips open the top drawer. Heart racing, she shoves aside papers, post-its. Nothing. She closes it, tries another --

A day planner. She flips it open -- empty calendar, empty contacts list, empty notes section. Crap.

She returns it. Opens another drawer. Stacks of work orders.

Finally, she inhales, exhales, pulls out the lavender envelope.

Sound of fast approaching footsteps startles Jenna.

She shuts the drawer and moves toward the door as Brody nears. With no choice, Jenna hides against the wall.

Brody enters, walking to his desk. With his back her, Jenna pulls off her heels and sneaks out of the office.

INT. JENNA'S CONDO - KITCHEN - NIGHT

A tea kettle on the stove, steaming hot.

Jenna stares at the envelope. No return address, but the forwarding name and address are incomprehensibly smudged.

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Jenna holds the seal in the steam, focused and serious as a surgeon. Takes a letter opener, opens the envelope, and removes a postcard of the Eiffel Tower.

JENNA (V.O.)

(recites)

"Dear Brody. I wanted to be sure we're on the same page. I want him DEAD. GONE. BURIED! My plane leaves at seven night. Peter will be home around eleven. Make sure you surprise him. The code is six... one... three... four. Don't hold back. Be brutal. A million dollars in life insurance. Payable to the grieving widow. All ours. From Paris... with luv."

INT. JENNA'S CONDO - BATHROOM/SHOWER - NIGHT

Jenna steps under the steaming hot shower. She looks straight into the shower head and lets it blast her face, not oblivious to the fact that the bathroom door just opened.

She throws on a towel, pulls at the towel rack. It snaps, leaving it with a jagged end. Jenna positions herself to the right of the door.

The shaft from the towel rack in her hand, its jagged end a wicked looking gaff.

The misty glass door slides open, she's about to deliver the coup de grâce with the gaff when she sees its Brody.

Not the slightest bit fazed by the gaff pointing at him.

BRODY

Are you going to use that thing?

JENNA

(lowers it)

You scared the shit out of me.
What are you doing here?!

BRODY

You're not all you pretend to be,
are you, Jenna?

His eyes drilling into her. *Does he know?* A jagged edge of sexual tension, suspicion and fear.

He moves closer, kisses her. She closes her eyes, sighs.

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In another context, it's almost romantic. But here, she quickly shakes it off with a shudder.

JENNA

Look, I need a little air.

BRODY

Do I suffocate you?

JENNA

No, Brody, it's not that, I just -
I don't date people I work with.

BRODY

I'm new here. Pretend I'm a
stranger.

JENNA

If only.

Brody's cell phone rings. Makes her jump.

JENNA

GET. THE. FUCK. OUT.

INT. DEAD LETTERS' OFFICE - DAY

No time to DILY-DALLY, Brody searches the bin. Grabs the slightly mangled envelope. Pumps his fist.

INT. JENNA'S CONDO - KITCHEN - DAY

Jenna WASHES her hands like a surgeon, both hands in the air, cleaning hard between each finger.

Jenna handles a knife - grips the fish. Anticipation wets her appetite.

With one FIERCE STRIKE, Jenna THRUSTS the blade into the fish -THOK! CHOK! CHUNK! - slicing it open, again, again into a bloody, mutilated mess.

Jenna eyes the bloody knife, breathing quickens, excited.

EXT./INT. BLACK HUMMER - NIGHT

Jenna drives through a quiet residential neighborhood. Eagerness in her eyes. Palpitating with anticipation.

On the navigation system, the LOCATOR ARROW approaches its target. Jenna slows to a crawl. Scanning the houses.

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NAV SYSTEM

Your destination is on the left.
You have reached your destination.

There it is...THE DEROCHE HOME. A beautiful large house in the tranquility of the hills. All the lights are off.

INT. DEROCHE HOME - FOYER - NIGHT

At the entrance, the door is pushed open.

A stocking-faced Brody enters with the key. The security keypad is exactly where she said. He enters the code.

Brody rips off his nylon, reaches into his jacket and pulls out a hammer. He cases the place.

The front door kicks open. Jenna blows in like a wraith, pistol with silencer coming--

PFFT! Unceremoniously blasts a massive hole in his leg.

He screams-- seeing the gunshot to the leg has severed the femoral artery, he's in high danger of bleeding out.

As Brody lies in a pool of his own PISS and BLOOD - he tries vainly to stanch the flow with his hands.

JENNA

Think it got an artery, honey.
Stay with me, okay?

Brody, pales, shocked. Tries to nod. Looks bad. Jenna pulls out duct tape and wraps his wound.

INT. BLACK HUMMER - NIGHT

A bundle is thrown in. It's Brody. Bound psycho-style with duct tape. Eyes wide with fear. His SCREAMS muffled.

Jenna climbs in, slams the door shut, sealing them in the dark, claustrophobic space.

His eyes focus on; a rack of shiny cutting tools velcro'd to the rear of the hummer padded with insulating egg crate.

Much blood has been lost, which Jenna drops right into. He struggles desperately, trying to scream. There's an erotic perversity in the way she says this:

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JENNA

There's some things in this world that everyone should try just once. Murder is one of them. People just don't understand. The thrill, worry, and lust of death until they've tried it. Until they've had blood on their hands -- in their mouth -- soaking into their clothes. Staining them forever with the sin they have just committed.

Jenna selects a scalpel. Brody's even more scared.

JENNA

The pleasure in the foreplay and act itself, it's enough of a heat to cause wet dreams for days beforehand. It's an addiction in ways. The chase. The capture. The torment. The kill and the secret knowledge that you alone did it.

She rips the tape from his mouth. Brody grimaces.

JENNA

What did he ever do to you, huh? All for what? Sex? Money? Love?

BRODY

Suppose it was. What you got cooked up for tonight any better?

Jenna's face ices briefly before she recovers.

JENNA

Ah, one difference. I have a strict code of conduct... only kill the guilty.

Jenna covers his mouth with duct tape, gets behind the wheel, turns on the stereo. She guns the engine. *VROOM!*

Stevie Wonder's *"Signed, Sealed, Delivered, I'm Yours..."* kicks in...

FADE OUT.