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LOVE LETTERS

FADE IN:

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

A crisp fall day. Clear blue sky and trees explode in fiery colors.

An old US Mail jeep speeds down the two lane road.

The jeep slows, turns down a dirt road.

INT. MAIL JEEP - MOVING - DAY

BERNARD JONES (55), obese, thick glasses, long greasy grey hair and sweaty too, drives the jeep along the road.

He reaches down on the passenger side to the floor of the car, fishes out an "Ice House" beer from a case.

He pops it open, starts to drain it.

The jeep hits a bump in the dirt road. Beer spills down his chin, drips down onto his tight light blue US Mail shirt.

He wipes his chin with the back of his hand.

BERNARD

Fuck!

EXT. FRONT YARD - DAY

The jeep pulls up to a small, but cute, neat and tidy house, parks carelessly with one front wheel in a flower bed.

Bernard climbs out of the jeep. He's got the case of Ice House brew in one hand, the open can in the other.

He steps to the property, opens the front door, steps inside.

INT. HOUSE - DAY

Bernard enters a foyer.

He is greeted by EDNA JONES (50), a plump, buxom of a woman. She matches the house perfectly, cute, neat, tidy in a proper dress with an apron.

She studies Bernard for a moment, tries to get a read on him. With disappointment she notices the case of beer, but still manages a smile.

EDNA

Welcome home Bernard. How was your day today?

BERNARD

Same as any other day. What'd you think?

He shuffles off into the...

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

... takes a seat in his favorite recliner chair in front of a big screen TV. He pulls a remote control out from an armrest pocket on the chair, aims it at the TV, flips it on.

Edna gingerly strides over to Bernard, pulls another can out of the case, hands it to him then picks up the case.

EDNA

Here you go dear. I'll put the rest of them in the fridge for you... I made you fried chicken and hush puppies for dinner.

Bernard grabs the beer out of her hand, his eyes never leave the television report on the upcoming football games being broadcast over the weekend.

BERNARD

Did you use the recipe Mother gave you?

EDNA

Oh yes, Bernard. I made them just the way you want them.

She stands, waits for a moment as if she's got something else to say. She fiddles with her apron.

EDNA

Would you like me to bring you the mail?

Bernard takes a long swig from the can, lets out a burp.

BERNARD

Don't bring me no fuckin' bills
though. I ain't in the mood for
that kind of shit.

Edna briskly leaves the room.

Bernard sits, drinks another beer, mindlessly watches the TV.

After a short moment Edna re-enters the room. She's got a
stack of mail in her hands. She smiles at Bernard.

EDNA

Looks like you got a letter from
someone.

He glares up at her.

BERNARD

What? You reading fuckin' my mail
now?

EDNA

No, no. I just happened to notice
there was a letter in there... It's
handwritten... Looks like a lady
wrote it.

A confused look floods over Bernard's face. He grabs the mail
from her hand, looks through it, finds the handwritten
letter.

He stares at her.

BERNARD

What do you want me do? Read it to
you?

EDNA

No dear. I just thought it was
rather exciting getting a real
letter like that.

Bernard stares at her. She backs away.

EDNA

I'll have your dinner ready
shortly.

Edna leaves the room. Bernard opens the letter, pulls out two
handwritten pink sheets of paper and a photo of a young
gorgeous woman in a bikini by a pool.

He glances over his shoulder to make sure Edna is nowhere near.

He fingers the photo then reads the letter.

BERNARD (V.O.)

(reading)

"Dear Bernard, I've been watching you from afar for a long time. I don't know what to do. I feel so confused. You're all I can think about."

Bernard's eyes bug out as he reads the letter. He stares at the photo again.

Photo of a young woman in a bikini by a swimming pool.

Bernard takes a long swig of his beer.

BERNARD (V.O.)

(reading)

"When I watch you drive down my street in that hot mail car my knees go weak and my thoughts immediately run wild. I imagine what it would be like to be with a man like you. As these thoughts race through my head I can feel your big masculine hands all over my trembling body".

Bernard's chin drops down, his mouth agape.

Edna enters the room with a tray of food and another beer.

Bernard quickly hides the letters and the photo under the rest of the mail in his lap.

EDNA

Who was the letter from, Bernard?

BERNARD

Some advertising shit.

He grabs the tray from his wife.

BERNARD

Now go make yourself useful and
leave me the fuck alone. I want to
hear about tomorrow's games.

She smiles to herself then leaves the room.

Alone now, Bernard reads the letters. He gently carries the
photo, smells the letters.

A bulge in his pants, uncomfortable, he adjusts his crotch.

BERNARD

Fuck! The guys at the post office
are never gonna believe this.

EXT. FRONT YARD - DAY

Bernard mills about in the front yard randomly pulls weeds,
picks things up. He checks his watch over and over again.

Edna peeks out of a window from behind some curtains.

Suddenly the sound of a car tears down the dirt road.

Bernard looks up, hurries down towards his mail box.

A US Mail jeep, exactly like his, pulls up.

TOM NIETSCHE (60) an old Vietnam vet, long grey-hair in a
pony tail and no skin surface left from political tattoos
which adorn his body. He drives up, stops by the mail box.

TOM

Bernard. How's it goin'?

BERNARD

Tom! Good to see 'ya. How 'ya
doin'?

Tom pulls out some mail from a plastic tub in the back of his
car, hands it to Bernard.

TOM

I'm not snoopin' or nothin', but
you know how you notice things when
you deliver the mail?

BERNARD

Yeah...

TOM

I noticed you got a fancy letter yesterday. Looked like it was from a lady... you know, all pretty and shit. Hand written too.

A proud grin appears on Bernard's face.

BERNARD

Yeah, some woman sendin' me letters thinkin' I'm hot.

TOM

For real?

BERNARD

Yeah, for real. I guess it's the uniform or somethin'. You know how some women get wet just lookin' at a guy in a uniform.

TOM

Well... like I said, I ain't snoopin' or nothin', but I think that woman send you another one.

Bernard rummages through the mail, finds the letter in question, rips it open.

There are two more handwritten letters, but also a handful of photos. Highly suggestive photos.

Bernard proudly shows them to Tom.

TOM

Whoa! The perfect facemask.

Bernard reads the letter.

BERNARD

Damn!! She want's to meet me!

TOM

No shit?

Bernard gets a dream-like look on his face.

BERNARD

Yeah. She wants to meet me tomorrow... She wants me to make her feel like a real woman.

TOM
 Damn! Didn't know you had that
 power over the ladies Bernard.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Bernard sits in his recliner. He barely touches his food on the tray on his lap. The Ice House beers go down easy.

Edna sits on the couch. She watches him with deep curiosity.

EDNA
 Is everything alright?

BERNARD
 Don't be so goddamn nosy!

He takes another swig.

BERNARD
 By the way, I'll be home late
 tomorrow. Got a meetin' I got to go
 to.

EDNA
 A meeting? On a Sunday?

Bernard becomes angry.

BERNARD
 What did I tell you? Didn't I tell
 just you not to be so goddamn nosy?

She gets up and leaves.

EDNA
 Yes, Bernard. Sorry Bernard.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

A country road. The full moon cast long spooky shadows.

Bernard's mail jeep drives down the road.

A church with an old cemetery is ahead in the distance.

INT. MAIL JEEP - MOVING - NIGHT

Bernard drives down the road.

He's got the letters and the photos from the woman spread out on the passenger seat.

He picks up one of the photos. Glances at it.

BERNARD

Babe, you pick a weird place to meet, but I'll do anything you want. Anything... Damn you're hot!

He turns his head just in time to avoid being hit by an oncoming truck. He swerves the car.

BERNARD

Fuckin, Jesus Christ!

EXT. CEMETERY - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

The US Mail jeep pulls into the parking lot.

INT. MAIL JEEP - NIGHT

Bernard parks the jeep, switches off the engine.

He looks at the pictures one more time, kisses them then climbs out the jeep.

EXT. GRAVEYARD - NIGHT

Bernard trudges down one of the paths between the headstones, scans the area.

In the distance he sees something move.

A slim dark shapely figure under a tree.

He hurries closer. Excitement. Anticipation on his face.

The slim dark shapely figure wears a skirt and has long hair just like the woman in the pictures.

A bulge in his pants, uncomfortable, he adjusts his crotch.

BERNARD

Oh, baby! I'm coming. I'm coming...

He inches closer and closer. The figure stands there with her back towards him in the shadows.

He moves closer still.

She stands by an open grave.

His brow furrows. He coughs and announces his presence.

The woman does not turn around.

He creeps up closer, close enough to touch her.

BERNARD

Reba?

She turns to look at him.

Bernard's face curdles like sour milk in disbelief. She's ugly. Fuck ugly. She looks like an old skinny hag in a poorly fitting wig and clothing.

BERNARD

What the fuck?

Edna steps out from behind an old large oak tree.

Bernard sees her. Now he's even more confused.

She raises her hand. She's got a taser gun.

EDNA

You stupid, stupid son of a bitch!
Did you really think some hot young
woman was going to fall all over
you?

Bernard looks around the cemetery as if looking for someone to tell him this is all a dream.

BERNARD

Edna?!... What the Hell are you
doin' here?

EDNA

What am I doing here? What the Hell
are you doing here?

Bernard is confused, then anger takes over.

BERNARD

Edna! I'm gonna give you five seconds to get out of here and if you don't I swear on my brother Bartram's grave I'm gonna kill 'ya`!

EDNA

Why don't you come a little closer Bernard so Bartram can hear you better.

He angrily takes a step closer to the open grave.

He stares at the ugly woman.

BERNARD

Billy Bob? What the fuck are you guys doin'?

Billy Bob shrugs.

Edna steps closer, the taser raised in her hand.

EDNA

I'm sick and tired of you Bernard! You're the meanest, nastiest son of a bitch of a husband any woman could ever have!

BERNARD

Edna! You put that taser down! That was a Christmas present to keep you safe from prying assholes.

She points the taser right at him

EDNA

I know! I just found me one!

She zaps him with the taser gun. Not just once, but two times, three times.

The electrical sparks shoot through Bernard's shaking body...

Bernard spasms one last time, then falls head first into the grave.

He lands on top of a casket.

Edna steps up to the edge of the grave.

She leans into the grave, zaps him with the taser over and over.

Suddenly, no movement from Bernard.

Edna looks over to Billy Bob. Billy Bob smiles.

Edna pulls out a wad of cash from her apron, hands it to Billy Bob.

EDNA

Great idea those letters, Billy Bob. Here, keep the change..

BILLY BOB

Thanks aunt Edna.

EDNA

If anybody asks where your uncle Bernard went, tell him ran away with woman who wrote him Love Letters.

FADE OUT:

THE END