

I CAN SEE YOU

Written by

Marnie Mitchell-Lister

**FADE IN:**

**EXT. SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY**

Flower beds explode with color, sprinklers dance, kids ride bikes and a mailman, on foot, delivers mail from box to box.

The mailman is CARSON FOX (27), skinny, nerd-ish, long hair and kind face. Muffled music comes from his headphones while his black Doc Martins pound the sidewalk.

Ahead, a fluffy grey cat lay in his path.

Hesitant, Carson gingerly steps toward the mailbox. Things seem to be going smooth until -- the cat's hair raises and he lets out a demonic hiss.

Startled, Carson tosses the mail toward the box and runs.

**INT. POST OFFICE - SORTING ROOM - DAY**

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

Carson walks in, hangs up his mail sack, takes off his work jacket and grabs his back pack. Lifeless, Eddie looks over.

EDDIE

How's the new route?

CARSON

Longer than I thought.

EDDIE

Run into Satan yet?

Alarmed, Carson looks at Eddie.

EDDIE

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

CARSON

Oh. Okay. Thanks, Eddie.

Carson leaves. Zombie-like, Eddie turns back to the sorter.

**INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY**

Flabby and just all around lazy looking FRANK FOX (35), 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, takes a sip of his Mountain Dew. Carson looks around, puts down his back pack.

CARSON

Shelby around?

FRANK

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

Preoccupied, Frank doesn't notice Carson's goofy expression when he finally spots SHELBY (25), through the window.

She's in the back yard. A natural beauty, clothes covered in dirt as she plants flowers in a garden.

**EXT. BACKYARD - MOMENTS LATER**

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

CARSON (O.S.)

Hi, Shelby.

Surprised, she looks up, smiles when she sees Carson. She stands up, brushes herself off.

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.

Confused, she cocks her head. It's cute. He smiles.

CARSON

On my route.

She giggles, then leads him toward a

**POTTING SHED**

Over the door is a handmade sign: "Shelby's Shed".

Shelby enters, Carson stands just outside, entranced by her behind as she bends over, searching for a spray bottle.

SHELBY  
How's your new route?

CARSON  
Oh, it's good. It's --  
(staring at her ass)  
-- beautiful. I Luh. . .I love it.

She whips around and playfully sprays him. Caught, he snaps to attention, his face now red.

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 gaze turns to a mutual sorrow.

**EXT. SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY**

Eyes fixed on the sidewalk, Carson 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 image: an eye, a tin can, the letter 'C' and the letter 'U'.

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

Nervously he looks around, 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 - MOMENTS LATER**

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?

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

SHELBY

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

Still stuck on her confession, he stares blankly.

SHELBY

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

CARSON

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

SHELBY

Egg shells? Really? That works?

CARSON

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

By the disgusted look on her face, he realizes he's gone too far. She picks up a small shovel, digs out the dead flowers.

CARSON

Sorry. So -- where's Frank?

Her digging becomes a bit more aggressive. Her jaw clenches.

SHELBY

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

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

**EXT. SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD - MORNING**

Carson trudges along. Just ahead, next to his mail truck, a couple of sidewalk squares have something black sprayed on them. He looks around, approaches apprehensively.

First square: "Love is a seed that grows in your heart."

Second square: "With nourishment it will blossom."

Bewildered, he gets in his mail truck, taking one last look before pulling away.

**INT. POST OFFICE - BREAK ROOM - DAY**

The room is so bland. Deep in thought, Carson sits at a table, untouched white bread sandwich in front of him.

Scabby Eddie walks in, sits, eyes the sandwich.

EDDIE

You gonna eat that?

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

CARSON

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

EDDIE

(mouth full)

Like what?

CARSON

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?

With a grave expression, Eddie puts the sandwich down, looks at Carson.

EDDIE

Shit, man. You're too young for this.

Eddie takes a deep breath before delivering the news.

EDDIE

You're going. . .postal.

Carson laughs but quickly realizes, Eddie isn't joking.

EDDIE

It usually happens back here, in the sorting room. 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. Carson pulls the sprayer from his bag, holds it at his side. The cat sees it, doesn't flinch.

They stare at each other, it's a stand off.

Cautiously, Carson reaches for the mailbox, places the mail inside then slowly backs 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 approaches, nods at the boy then looks at the words and pictures on the square.

A number '4', a shell and a bee. Next to it, arrows point to a beautiful flower growing from a garden by the mail box.

Carson looks at the flower then at the boy.

The boy looks at Carson then glances toward his house.

As Carson reaches for the flower, the boy gets off his bike.

Carson stops mid reach, his arm hovers. The boy glares, daring him with his eyes to pull his mother's flower.

They stare each other down.

Suddenly, 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 cries as he runs to the house.

**INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

Basketball game on TV and surrounded by empty, partly crushed Mountain Dew cans, Frank is one with his Lazy Boy recliner.

The front door opens, in walks Carson. He hides the flower behind his back, but Frank never looks up anyway.

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

**KITCHEN**

Her mind a million miles away, Shelby stirs sauce in a pot.

From behind, Carson reaches around and puts the flower in front of her.

She spins around, happily 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.

Clearly touched, her eyes get teary.

SHELBY

You're nothing like your brother.

CARSON

Half brother. And thanks. I appreciate that.

They laugh. She smells the flower, smiles.

FRANK (O.S.)

Any day now Shelby!

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

**EXT. SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY**

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

He approaches Satan. Indifferent, the cat doesn't move as Carson opens the mailbox.

Carson glares at him, egging him on with his expression but Satan isn't interested.

Carson grabs the water bottle, sprays him anyway.

The cat screeches and runs away. Carson laughs wickedly.

Checking the sidewalk as he goes, Carson heads toward his

**MAIL TRUCK**

He tosses the mail bag in the back and gets in.

FRANK (O.S.)

Hey Carson.

Carson gasps when he sees Frank in the passenger seat.

CARSON

What the hell are you doing? I could get in big trouble if anyone saw you in here. This is a government owned vehicle.

FRANK

Chillax bro. No one is gonna see us.

Nervous, Carson scans the area.

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.

Disgusted, Carson rolls his eyes.

FRANK

Listen, I know I've been a schmuck since Dad died but I'm ready to start over.

Frank lights up a cigarette, Carson is mortified.

CARSON

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

FRANK

I need a loan.

Carson watches as Frank flicks the cigarette out the window.

It hits a cement wall. Carson's eyes widen. He doesn't hear Frank as he yammers away. He just stares at the wall.

On the wall, stenciled in black spray paint: "Sometimes LOVE means making a sacrifice". Next to the words is a drawing of a red heart, drops of blood coming from it.

FRANK

So, what do ya say bro? If not for me, do it for Shelby. She deserves to be happy. I'm ready to be a good husband. Maybe I'll even let her have a baby.

Carson snaps to. Frank's words hit him like an arrow through his heart.

**INT. POST OFFICE - BREAK ROOM - DAY**

Concerned, Eddie watches from a few feet away as Carson sits at the table, staring at a piece of paper in front of him.

Eddie flinches as Carson bangs his fists on the table, gets up and storms out.

Eddie walks over, checks out the paper. It's a drawing of a heart with drops coming from it. He shakes his head.

EDDIE

Postal.

**INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY**

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

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

**EXT. BACK YARD - MOMENTS LATER**

As Carson approaches, he hears Shelby sniffing.

He stands behind her. Sensing his presence, she turns. She has a black eye.

**INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER**

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

SHELBY

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

Carson tries to hide his anger.

The tea pot whistles. He turns toward the stove to make 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 Carson.

Tea pot in hand, he freezes mid pour. Rage in his eyes, he stares out the window, steam from the pot rising to his face.

**EXT. SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY**

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 look his way. He listlessly tosses the mail toward the box. It falls to the ground.

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 Carson shows no reaction, he just tosses the mail in the box, some gets in, some falls.

Obviously let down, the boy watches as dripping wet Carson drags himself down the sidewalk until ---

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. Water from his wet clothes drip on the graffiti.

CARSON

Poison hot dogs?

**INT. LIVING ROOM - EARLY EVENING**

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 stands in the doorway, watching her. She turns, 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 are 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 when dinner's  
ready.

**INT. BASEMENT - LATER**

Carson pulls a string turning on a bare bulb.

He approaches a messy work bench, reads the labels on several  
cleaning type bottles. He finds one 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 fakes another cough.

CARSON

No Eddie. I'm not staying home to  
devise a plan to kill my coworkers.  
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 do 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, 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.

Carson quickly makes the Mountain Dew exchange -- his for Frank's.

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?

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 Carson put there, and brings it to his lips.

Carson can't breath.

Just as the can hits Frank's 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 and his sports page. He looks back to check on Carson, who stands at the door staring at him.

Caught. 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 chain saw.

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

**EXT. BACK YARD - DAY**

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, tosses it out the door. He moves a cardboard box so he can reach a hoe shoved in a back 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 beautiful blossoms that fill the flower beds. Shelby hums happily as she guides the sprayer.

The bed she had trouble with, now houses the most vibrant flowers in the yard.

Carson walks up behind Shelby. She smiles, turns to face him.

SHELBY

Thanks for helping with my garden.

CARSON

All I did was add fertilizer. Those  
ahh -- egg shells really work.

They gaze at each other. Carson doesn't know what to say. Shelby smiles at his nervousness.

SHELBY  
Carson?

CARSON  
Yes, Shelby.

SHELBY  
I can see you --

His eyes widen at the pause. His body tenses.

SHELBY  
-- want to kiss me.

Relieved, he smiles and slowly leans.

They kiss.

**FADE OUT**