

GOOD LITTLE BOYS

by

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A SMALL BRASS BELL rings above the front door.

ANNA (28) enters the tiny post office. She's holding her son TRISTAN (3), who's clutching a COWBOY DOLL.

Anna meanders around the quaint little room. This place is a postal service museum.

Vintage PONY EXPRESS POSTERS adorn the walls, along with a leather mail satchel. CARVED WOODEN HORSES share shelf space with teddy bears in mail carrier uniforms.

A miniature of the post office itself sits on the counter.

MRS. KIRKE (O.S.)

You must be the Davins.

Anna turns to see a much older woman.

MRS. KIRKE

I'm the postmistress, Mrs. Kirke.

MRS. KIRKE (82) is wearing a country dress, her white hair pulled back and tied in a bun. She's holding a LETTER.

Anna sets Tristan down and extends her hand in greeting. Tristan starts exploring right away.

ANNA

Anna. And this is Tristan.

Mrs. Kirke doesn't shake Anna's hand. She's watching the boy. Anna lets her hand fall to her side.

ANNA (cont'd)

Tristan, honey. Be careful.

MRS. KIRKE

Busy little man.

ANNA

My little explorer. He's always getting into something.

As if on cue, Tristan bumps one of the carved horses. It CLATTERS to the floor. Tristan's expression suggests that he might have knocked it down on purpose.

Mrs. Kirke picks up the carving and checks for damage.

(CONTINUED)

ANNA (cont'd)

I'm so sorry. Tristan's a little upset that his father didn't come with us. (beat) We just separated.

Mrs. Kirke returns the horse to its shelf.

MRS. KIRKE

A boy needs his father.

Anna changes the subject.

ANNA

We moved in yesterday, down the street. When we heard about your-

MRS. KIRKE

(distant)

He reminds me of my son.

ANNA

Oh? Is he still in the area?

MRS. KIRKE

He's dead. (beat) He was a little explorer. Wanted to see the world.

An awkward silence settles. Mrs. Kirke bends low, face-to-face with young Tristan.

MRS. KIRKE (cont'd)

Do you want to see the world, Tristan?

The boy nods, not sure what to make of the old woman.

Mrs. Kirke ruffles his curls.

MRS. KIRKE (cont'd)

Good little boys always get what they want.

She stands and hands the letter to Anna.

Anna accepts it, opening the letter as Tristan returns to exploring the post office.

The letter contains a HANDWRITTEN NOTE, along with a BLANK CHECK. The check is signed "Paul Davin."

The note reads: "No lawyers. Take what you need. I trust you'll be fair."

(CONTINUED)

Anna's upset, but she tries to hide her emotion. Mrs. Kirke doesn't care. She doesn't even notice.

Her gaze is fixed on the little boy.

2

INT. ANNA'S STUDY - DAY

2

Anna sits at her desk, pen in hand. She stares at the blank check as if she's trying to calculate the price to put on her marriage.

After much deliberation, she tears up the check and throws away the pieces.

She opens her laptop and begins typing an email to Paul.

Tristan plays with his cowboy doll on the floor. He peers over the edge of his mother's desk.

TRISTAN

Mommy, do you want to play with me?

ANNA

I do, honey, but Mommy's busy right now. Let me finish this first.

He's heard that line before.

He stands, dancing his cowboy on the chair, on the shelves, on the window sill.

And that's when he sees it.

Outside, sitting on the sidewalk, is a CARVED WOODEN HORSE.

Tristan looks over his shoulder.

TRISTAN

Mommy?

Anna continues typing without looking up.

ANNA

Hmmm?

TRISTAN

I really want to play.

ANNA

(distracted)

Then go play, Tristan. Just stay out of trouble.

Tristan bounds out of the room, clutching his cowboy doll.

3 INT. ANNA'S STUDY - LATER 3

Anna closes her laptop and leans back. She sighs with relief, a smile on her face.

Everything's going to be okay.

That's when she realizes how quiet it is.

ANNA

Tristan?

No answer.

She checks the clock. 6:35pm. Is it that late already?

She stands.

ANNA (cont'd)

Tristan? Honey?

More silence.

Now she's worried.

4 INT. ANNA'S KITCHEN - EVENING 4

Anna still hasn't found her son. She scans the kitchen.

The kitchen door is hanging open.

ANNA

Oh, God.

She rushes outside.

5 EXT. ANNA'S YARD - EVENING 5

She looks all around, but there's no sign of Tristan. She hurries to the sidewalk.

ANNA

Tristan? Tristan!

Nothing is familiar. She's a stranger in a strange land. Tears well up in her eyes.

That's when she notices the POST OFFICE.

She sprints toward the one place in this entire town that she's familiar with.

6 INT. RURAL POST OFFICE - EVENING

6

The BRASS BELL rings as Anna enters, breathless.

ANNA  
Mrs. Kirke? It's Anna.

Silence.

She moves to the counter. A PACKAGE rests in the very center.

ANNA (cont'd)  
Mrs. Kirke, I'm looking for  
Tristan. I think he may have-

She stops when she recognizes HER NAME is in the return address.

She turns the package to get a better look at the shipping address. BEIJING?

She pulls her hand away and notices that it's wet with BLOOD. The package is LEAKING.

Frantic, Anna tears into the box.

ANNA (cont'd)  
No, no, no, no, no.

She RIPS the package open and SCREAMS, tipping the box over.

Protruding from the box is a CHILD'S SEVERED HAND, clutching Tristan's COWBOY DOLL.

Anna falls to the floor in shock. From that angle, she sees an entire STACK OF BOXES behind the counter. A POOL OF BLOOD is beginning to form around their base.

Mrs. Kirke enters from the back room. She smiles at Anna.

She's carrying ANOTHER BOX for the stack.

MRS. KIRKE  
Good little boys always get what  
they want.

CUT TO BLACK